

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF E. C. S.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

AND art thou gone! has death's cold hand again,
With iron grasp, rent dearest ties in vain?
Art thou already in the silent grave—
And youth, and goodness—love, could not thee save?
Still in the morning of thy days, so soon
Thy sun went down, ere it had reached its noon.
O, death! thou hast all seasons for thine own—
Since now again thine arrows have been thrown.
The wound was scarcely healed, made by thine hand,
Which touched one dear one in a distant land;
And now, another victim's claimed by thee—
The youngest branch upon the parent tree.
They loved in life, but now in death are laid,
Far, far apart—and the first grave was made,
By stranger's hands upon a foreign shore,
In tropic climes, and where old Ocean's roar,
By day and night yet sounds the funeral knell—
More sad and solemn than the passing bell.
Great God! how wondrous are thy ways to man!
We know but "part," and "darkly" see thy plan—
Through eye of faith, we know thou doest well;
But why 'tis so, is not for man to tell.
The time will come, when all shall be revealed,
Which now, by love eternal is concealed—
When we shall see our Maker "face to face,"
And each shall stand in his appointed place.
Though we must mourn, for nature has her tears,
Yet let us joy, that he has passed the fears,
The suffering, sorrows, tending on the way,
Of life's too thorny path, from day to day—
We thank thee, Father! thou didst grant him strength,
And showed him light, through the dark valley's
length—
So strong his faith, and hope, and trust in God,
He meekly bowed his head, and kissed the rod.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE BEREFT.

(CONCLUDED.)

YEARS passed on, and no shadow had as yet been cast on the path-way, or dimmed the prospects of our young friends. But in the enjoyment of happiness so undisturbed, they would soon have forgotten that they were *Pilgrims*. In the world we must have tribulation, and the followers of Jesus must all feel the weight of the cross. An infant daughter was added to other blessings—a lovely gift; like its mother, fair and beautiful in feature, and like the chiselled ivory in form. The little Caroline was but one week old, when the father received a summons to a distant city, on important business connected with the interests of his Master's kingdom. His presence was essentially necessary, and at any other time he would not have hesitated a moment about the course he ought to pursue. He now felt that he ought to go; but as he looked on his infant daughter, and the feeble frame of his wife, the yearning of the husband and father, almost triumphed over the servant of the church. He did not inform his wife of the circumstance; but, spreading the matter before the Lord, he determined to communicate it to her the next morning. With the quick eye of affection, Caroline had observed the anxious expression upon his countenance, and inquired the cause.

"Speak, Herbert," she said—"You think, because my health is feeble, I must not share your anxieties. Recollect that my faith is not unfeebled by this indisposition, but grows stronger in the hour of bodily weakness." When she heard the circumstances, she exclaimed—"My dear husband, can you for one moment hesitate? Go, and may our Master's blessing go with you. Your presence is the solace of my lonely hours, the light of my sick room; but I could not love you so well, loved I not Jesus and his service more.—You leave me with every comfort—a quiet home, my kind mother constantly with me, and many friends near at hand; and, best of all, you leave me with our God.

At the dawn of the next morning, Herbert stood beside his wife. She was awake, and extended her hand to him. "One duty, my husband, remains to be performed, and then we shall be separated for the first time. Our little Caroline must be dedicated to her Saviour in the holy ordinance of baptism. I have fondly looked forward to the Sunday morning when I should present her at the altar where we pledged ourselves to each other, but it is better not to defer it. I trust she shall be spared to us many years; but it may please her Father to call her to himself even before your return, and I would have our lamb included now in the fold of the great Shepherd."

The little family assembled. The font of pure water was placed beside the bed, and the voice of prayer arose. The parents renounced for their offspring the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," and the little one was received into the congregation of Christ's flock.

In a few days Herbert found himself in the midst of his clerical brethren at C——, and his feelings were soon intensely engaged in the business that had called them together. His thoughts often turned homeward, but not with anxiety, for he felt that the banner of divine love overshadowed the dear inmates of the parsonage, and that all was "well" with them.

He had been several days at C——, when a letter from home was handed him, and he perceived with surprise the well known hand of his wife. Caroline had exerted herself to write, that she might with her own pen assure him, that all were well at home. She expressed her deep interest in the important business that engaged him, and closed the few lines with a renewed assurance of her fond affection, and perfect trust in heaven.

Herbert read these words with gratitude, and with increased interest finished the work on which he had been sent.

The next week he turned his face homeward with a cheerful heart. The journey occupied three whole days; but on the afternoon of the fourth, he drew near the vine-covered piazza of his little cottage. As the green lawn before it, and the white fences that encircled it, rose upon his view, he inwardly prayed that he might be prepared for any sorrow that the Almighty might have in store for him. It was a kind admonition of the blessed spirit, and it helped to sustain him in the sad event.

The carriage stopped at the gate, and Herbert descended with a light step. No voice greeted him, and a dreadful weight fell upon his heart as he looked up and perceived that each window-shutter was closed. He rushed forward, and meeting no one below, hastily passed on to the chamber of his wife. At the door the mother of Caroline met him—she threw her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

Herbert was now prepared for the worst! He entered the chamber, and the lifeless forms of his wife and child were before him!

He sunk upon the floor for a time insensible.

When consciousness returned, he gave way to one deep long paroxysm of grief.

But in time the Christian triumphed over the man. "Father! thy will—thy holy will be done," were his first articulate words. The tumultuous heaving of his bosom subsided, as he knelt beside his wife, and poured out his soul before God.—His compassionate Saviour answered him while he was yet speaking;—a voice almost audible seemed to say—"She is not dead, but sleepeth," and as the rich consoling promise arose in his mind, a degree of peace that cannot be described stole over his feelings.

Caroline was apparently well when she wrote to him, but the next day there were symptoms of fever that were communicated to her child before the physician was aware of their existence. Her disease increased with fearful violence. The brain became affected, and of course she was at times insensible. Letters were despatched to Mr. Singleton, but they could not reach him.—The husband and the wife were to meet no more until the morning of the resurrection.

On the fifth day of her illness, Caroline slept for some time, and when she awoke, her friends perceived that reason had returned. She spoke to each of those around her, and asked their prayers—"Not," she said, "for my recovery, but that the Lord will deal gently with me, and enable me to glorify Him in the hour of death. Mother," she added, "forgive me all I have ever said or done to wound your feelings; and forgive me that I have left so much undone that might have added to your happiness—forgive me, for Jesus' sake;—now kiss me, dearest mother—nay, do not weep—it is the Lord's will, and we must not even seem to oppose it."

"Tell Herbert," and she paused,— "tell Herbert that at first I prayed I might be spared until his return—but that now, through divine grace, I feel willing to go even without seeing him, for Jesus calls, and his voice alone is dearer than my beloved husband. Tell him to remember the seal—to keep it beside this." and her trembling hand drew her Bible from beneath her pillow—"beg him, to be as faithful to his Saviour as he has been to me, and then, we shall meet there." She turned her mild blue eyes to heaven as she spoke, and then they closed for ever!

The spirit of the child was reunited to that of the mother in the course of a few hours, and they slept together in one long, cold embrace.

The same kind Christian brother of whom we have before spoken read over the remains of the mother and infant, the sublime service for the burial of the dead. Dust was committed to its kindred dust, and the stricken mourner returned to his lonely cottage, where every light was now dim but that of the Saviour's countenance, which shines with double radiance in the season of affliction.

His friends urged a change of scene, and the family of Caroline affectionately entreated him to make his home with them. At the cottage every thing reminded him of his loss, and the recollection of past happiness made the present desolation greater. But he gently declined their request. He felt that the Lord was now especially conversing with him, and that it was his duty to wait and listen.

With heaven-born hopes and heavenward eyes, the lonely pilgrim awaited the days of his appointed time. But though "cast down," he was "not destroyed." Religion, the religion of the Cross, glittered like a gem on his dark-robed fortunes, and pointed them to fairer worlds, where the love that grew here amidst clouds, will be made perfect in a light that knows no shadow, and where he and his departed Caroline would again have one home, one altar, and one resting-place.

As a Christian minister, he felt that he was now especially called upon to practise himself that childlike submission and patience that he had so often enjoined upon others. "Now Lord, I would be thine alone," was particularly his language, and the scenes of this facing life seemed nothing to him, compared with the safety of the soul, and realities of eternity.

The anguish that the bitter pang of separation at first caused, soon softened into soothing reflection. To see Caroline happy had been the fondest wish of his heart, and he knew that she was now in the enjoyment of bliss that she would not exchange for the sweetest of earthly portions, or the dearest of earthly friends. His sweet child, too, was folded in the arms of Jesus, before sorrow could fade her infant loveliness, or the sad air of earth chill her young affections. Their souls were now filled with immortal happiness, and with humbled faith he looked forward to the time when he should meet them and his sainted mother at the right hand of God.

Gorrow turned not Herbert from the path of duty. His subdued voice rose again from its accustomed place. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it," were the chosen words of exposition; and the calm manner, and serene countenance of the sufferer, showed that, with the Psalmist, his soul had bowed to the Lord. Tears fell fast around him, but none from his eyes. To win souls to Christ was now the first and nearest object of his life; and in the holy effort, he found, as all have done who entered upon it, that the path of righteousness was the path of peace.—*Religious Souvenir.*

From the Christian Intelligencer.

LUTHER'S PRAYER.

The second volume of d'Aubign's History of the Reformation, just issued, contains some choice materials—but the following is one of the most impressive among the novel facts which that edifying work contains. It represents that renowned champion for the truth, Martin Luther, in all that character in which Christians delight to contemplate him:—

On the seventeenth of April, 1521, the Marshal of the empire, Ulrich Pappenheim, cited Luther to appear in the afternoon in the presence of Charles V. and the Diet at Worms. He was in deep exercise of mind. God's face seemed to be veiled. His faith forsook him! His enemies seemed to multiply before him, and his imagination was overcome by the aspect of his dangers. In that hour of bitter trial, he threw himself with his face upon the earth; and thus uttered his broken cries:—

"O God, Almighty God! everlasting! How dreadful is the world! Behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! O! the weakness of the flesh, and the power of Satan! If I am to depend upon any strength in this world, all is over! The knell is struck—sentence is gone forth. O thou, my God! help me against all the wisdom of this world. Do this, I beseech thee! Thou shouldst do it by thy own mighty power. The work is not mine, but thine. I have nothing to contend for with these great men of the world! I would gladly pass my days in peace. The cause is thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord, help me! O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not upon man. It were vain! Whatever is of man is tottering—whatever proceeds from him must fail. My God! dost thou not hear? Art thou no longer living? Thou canst not die. Thou dost but hide thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it! Therefore, O God accomplish thine own will! Forsake me not, for the sake of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler and my strong hold! Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee! I AM READY. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth—Suffering like a lamb. The cause is holy—it is thine own! I will not let thee go. No, nor yet for all eternity! Though the world should be thronged with devils; and this body, which is the work of thine hands, should be cast forth—trodden under foot—cut in pieces—consumed to ashes—MY SOUL IS THINE! I have thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee for ever. Amen.—O God, SEND HELP! Amen."

God heard his prayer. When he quitted the Hotel to attend the Diet he was calm. As he ap-

proached the door of the Hall where the Diet assembled, George Freundsberg, one of the most fearless knights of that age, patted the shoulder of his magnanimous fellow-champion, and shaking his head, kindly said to Luther, "My poor Monk! thou hast a march and a struggle to go through, which neither I, nor any other Captains, have seen the like in our most bloody battles. If thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing! HE WILL NOT FORSAKE THEE!"

The gray-haired old General predicted right, for the answer to Luther's prayer is found in the demand of the Pope and Charles V., that he should retract.

"I cannot submit my faith," said the great Reformer, "to the Pope or to Councils. They have often fallen into error and glaring inconsistency with themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scriptures—if I am not satisfied by the very texts that I have cited—and if my judgment is not thus brought into subjection to God's word, I neither can nor will retract any thing—for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience."

Then defying all the power of the Dragon and the Beast combined together in the Diet, he added: "Here I stand, and can say no more—God help me! Amen." The Diet was motionless with astonishment, as well as the Emperor.

THE DAY OF REST.

"Wherefore," said Samma, the youth, to his preceptor, "does the Eternal require the service of man? Wherefore the celebration of the Sabbath day? It was ordained for the discipline of barbarous ages. Is not one day like unto another? Does not the light of the sun shine equally on all?"

But the rabbi answered and said, "When the children of Israel were returning from their captivity into the promised land, there lived, with his wife and family, on the borders of Mesopotamia, an Israelite of the name of Boni, a Levite and a wise man. And the angel of the Lord appeared to him in the form of a messenger from the King of Artahastata, and said, 'Arise, thou and thy wife, and thy children, and thy men servants and thy maidens, and go into the land of thy fathers; that thou mayest counsel thy people, and aid in ordering aright the city and the land.'

"Then Boni answered and said, 'The king my master will graciously receive the thanks of his servant; but how shall I traverse the desert with my wife and children, seeing I know not the way?'

"But the messenger said, 'Arise, and make thee ready, and learn to trust thy sovereign.'

"Then Boni arose, and journeyed, as the angel of the Lord commanded him, with his wife and children, at dawn of day. But Boni doubted, and said in his heart, 'How shall it be with us?'

"And they journeyed through the desert until even. And when they had gone six parasangs, and were very weary, behold! there stood by the wayside a tent; and a man came out of it, and said to Boni and his people, 'Here rest ye.'

"And they rested, and refreshed their souls. And Boni said, 'It is the King's goodness that allows us to rest, and refresh ourselves here; but who shall conduct us farther on our way?'

"Then the man came, and showed Boni both the right and the wrong way, and drew for him the road, on a sheet, for six parasangs farther, and said, 'Now depart in peace.'

"And Boni travelled onward with his companions, on the road that had been pointed out to him; and they bore with patience the fatigues of the way, for they thought of the refreshment that they had received.

"And when they had left six parasangs more behind them, another tent arose by the wayside. And here too they found another servant of the King, who comforted them, and showed them again the right way and the wrong, that they might choose. And so it continued for eighty days' journey; and when they had accomplished them, they found themselves in the Land of Promise. Then Boni perceived that the angel of the Lord had guided him, and he took care, with Ezra and Nehemiah, that the Sabbath was kept holy, for the people had grown reckless and wild.

"Sceat thou, Samma," continued the preceptor, "the life of man is as this pilgrimage; the six parasangs are six days; but the seventh is a day of rest; and the tent of the Lord stands open

to man, that he may enter in, and reflect on his ways, and trust in the Lord. The reckless care not for the tent, and his track loses itself in the desert; but the wise find refreshment, and reach at last the promised land!"

THE TRAVELLER.

READING THE BIBLE IN PALESTINE

HAVE you never been absent from home for years, and as you returned, and looked at the fences and trees, the rocks and the hills, have they not seemed to bid you welcome? So it is, when you carry the Bible to Palestine. That is its home. Here you labour from week to week, by maps and paintings, and geographical descriptions, to understand the allusions contained in the Bible; and still you form but imperfect and feeble conceptions of them. But there the Bible is perfectly at home. Let me give you a specimen:—

Suppose you are reading the fourth chapter of John. There is before you the Well of Jacob, in the parcel of land which Jacob gave to his son Joseph: it stands at the foot of the mountains, where the Samaritan woman inquired of our Saviour, whether in Jerusalem or in this mountain it was where men ought to worship. Turning to another passage, we find this parcel of land was that which Jacob bought of Shechem, when his tent was pitched in the valley before Shalem. I have been at the well. It is now called the well of Jacob. I have seen that valley, and that mountain—and across the valley is still a village called Salim. But turn to another, the delivery of the law upon Mount Sinai. Here is such a description of the scene as renders it necessary to suppose there was a mountain, by the side of which was a plain large enough for the whole of the children of Israel to assemble in.

Now, if no such plain could be found adjacent to such a mountain, what would be the natural conclusion? Travellers have asserted that there is not. Going from Suez, on the third day you begin to enter the mountains. On the seventh day you behold a mass of mountains still more elevated. Within that cluster is Mount Sinai. There is an easy way of access to it through a valley on the other side, by which travellers usually approach. But we worked up our way through ravines and precipices, till in three hours we reached the top. There we found a plain. On one side it was hemmed in by mountains, to appearance destitute of vegetation, and presenting a gloomy aspect. On the other were mountains still more lofty, and alike destitute of verdure. We passed through this plain, and at the other end it rose Mount Sinai. It seemed, as we approached, that Mount Sinai was made on purpose for the giving of the law. There was the plain descending towards the mountains, to give an audience the better opportunity to approach to its base; it was indeed the "mount that might not be touched." We ascended first to a spot farther back, but from this place no plain could be discovered. We then went to the other end overlooking the plain. Our guide said it was impossible to ascend that rock. We attempted to ascend, and were obliged to return. At length we worked our way up; and what do you suppose was our first act? I had taken my Hebrew Bible—and I opened to the 20th chapter of Exodus, and read aloud the ten commandments, the very words which were spoken from the mount in a voice of thunder. You will not accuse me of weakness if I say I almost felt the mountain shake. Since that day the thunders of Sinai have had new meaning to me.—*Rev. Eli Smith.*

MECCA.

To be a meshedee, or an 'hadji', is in fact, deemed a great honour. The latter title is to be obtained at Mecca only, and then the black cap is exchanged for the turban. They will sometimes take two years to perform this last pilgrimage, leaving their worldly pursuits, and sacrificing half their wealth thus to propitiate the prophet. The Koran thus enjoins the pilgrimage:—"Verily, the first house appointed unto me to worship was that which is in Mecca, is blessed, and a direction to all creatures. Therein are manifest signs, the place where Abraham stood; and whoever entereth therein shall be safe; and it is a duty towards God, incumbent on those who are able to go thither, to visit this house." At Mecca they show the stone, and pretend that there is on it a print

of Abraham's foot. So respected is the house said to be, even by the birds and the beasts of the field, that the former never light upon it: and the latter, upon their approach, immediately lose their fierceness!

JEW'S PLACE OF WAILING.

"In the afternoon I went to the place where the Jews are permitted to purchase the right of approaching the site of their Temple, and of praying and wailing over its ruins, and the downfall of their nation. The spot is on the western exterior of the area of the great Mosque, considerably south of the middle; and is approached by a narrow crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall, in a very small open place. The lower part of the wall is here composed of the same kind of ancient stones which we had before seen on the east. Two old men, Jews, sat there upon the ground, reading a book of Hebrew prayers. On Fridays they assembled here in great numbers. It is the nearest point in which they can venture to approach their ancient temple; and, fortunately for them, it is sheltered from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead walls around. Here, bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which so many thousands of their forefathers once moistened with their blood."—*Robinson's Researches in Palestine.*

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]
ON FAMILY WORSHIP.

NO. II.

"Then David returned to bless his household."
2 SAM. vi. 20.

"The galeman waukens wi' the mornin' ray:
Soon as the family are rous'd frae sleep
They're a' assembled, to begin the day
Wi' praise to Him whose watchfu' hand did keep
Their silent helpless hours, when slumber deep
(Sair wrought and toil'd, and laid upo' their beds)
Did o'er their wearied limbs refreshin' creep:
He then wi' reverence next a chapter reads;
Syne prays the Lord would shield,—an' ay supply
their needs."

EVERY Christian parent, or master of a family, if he would follow the dictates of his social nature, the directions of the word of God, and the examples of the best of men—if he would improve himself in the power and comfort of the Divine life—contribute most effectually to the support and propagation of true religion—do the highest honour to God, and the greatest good to the world,—must employ the influence he possesses, in advancing the honour of his Creator—must use the authority assigned him by God, over his offspring and his servants, and gather them together for the worship of God, morning and evening. Not only the natural authority which the master of a family has over its members, which makes it incumbent on him to worship God with them, but the affection which he bears them, should prompt him to the sedulous discharge of this duty.

Love, if genuine, cherishes a desire to promote the welfare of its object; and no surer proof can be afforded that the professions of it are insincere, than the absence of those efforts which such a desire would produce. Ought not the love which parents entertain toward their children, instead of being confined in its exertions to what is in itself of comparatively little value, and must soon pass away, extend its influence to what is of highest importance, and what must endure for ever? Ought it not to urge them to the unwearied application of every method, by which not only their welfare in this time-state may be forwarded, but their happiness in the life to come be made certain? If divine worship be eminently fitted to impart to the youthful mind deep and lasting impressions of religion—to form it to habits of godliness and devotion—surely then parents are obliged, by all the ties of tenderness and endearment whereby they are knit to their children, to imitate the conduct of David, in blessing their households.

History informs us, that family worship has generally prevailed throughout the heathen world. The

Greeks and Romans had their household gods, which their families worshipped, as well as their religious rites in their temples and groves. It is evident that the Syrians had their *teraphim*, or household idols, which they worshipped and consulted: as "Rachel had stolen the images that were her father's," (Laban the Syrian.) And of the same description were those taken by the Danites, from Micah the Ephraimite,— "Ye have taken away the gods which I have made, and the priest, and what have I more?" The Egyptians had theirs—"Upon the Egyptians' gods also the Lord executed judgment." Indeed, "every nation had gods of their own; they feared the Lord, and served their own gods." No doubt this was idolatry; but it ought to be borne in mind, that this idolatry was substituted in the place of true religion. The conceptions which they formed of the Divinity were miserably defective; but the fact that they offered prayers and sacrifices to them, shows that they entertained an idea of some superior being or beings, whose favour they wished to possess—whose displeasure they were desirous to avoid; and each family, worshipping them in their own dwellings, shows, that they considered it no less their duty than their privilege, to bless their households.

It is true that there is no express command in the Holy Scriptures, that families, as such, are to hold family worship, morning and evening—and some have excused themselves for the neglect of it, from this circumstance—yet there is sufficient ground to demonstrate it to be a duty—and the omission of it a crime of no slight aggravation. There are general precepts delivered in the Scriptures, applicable to this particular case; and those in reference to prayer can only be satisfactorily explained by including the idea of family devotion.

We are required, "in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make our requests known unto God; to pray always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and to continue in prayer." Wherever the duties of the domestic relations are noticed, in the sacred writings, an injunction to prayer follows. Paul, writing to the church at Ephesus, after exhorting them to those relative duties, which are the great ornament of Christianity, concludes with an exhortation to prayer and vigilance; and at the conclusion of a similar detail, in his Epistle to the Colossians, he gives the same injunction. The apostle Peter enforces the rules he lays down for the regulation of domestic intercourse, with the consideration—"the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." And Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, declares,— "I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting." Now surely a man's family cannot be excepted, if he is to pray *everywhere*, or whenever it is convenient! These several precepts require us to embrace all fit opportunities for prayer and praise; and reason, as well as experience, show us, that families supply both time, place, and occasion best suited for these exercises. But beside these, there are many other passages which may be fairly understood to refer to it, and to sanction it,—as when Jehovah says, that the "voice of melody and salvation is heard in the dwellings of the righteous;" and threatens to "pour out his fury upon the nations, and upon the families that call not upon his name."

We likewise find this duty recommended, by the example of Abraham, who reared up altars, wherever he sojourned, for the purpose of offering sacrifices, and calling upon God with his household; and we find that God, in commendation of him for his care over the religious interests of his family, affirms of him,— "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Job "sent for his sons, and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings for each of them;" and it is added, lest it might be considered accidental or occasional, "thus did Job continually." We find Joshua resolving, that though all Israel should rebel, yet that "he and his house would serve the Lord." Daniel, though second in rank to the King of Persia, "went into his house, and knelt up-

on his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks to his God, as he did aforetime." Unless this was family-prayer, how could it have been known that it was his manner aforetime? If it was secret devotion, how could his enemies ascertain that it was formerly his custom, and how could they have been qualified to support the accusation which they preferred against him? It is related in the New Testament, that Cornelius, the Roman centurion, "was a devout man, and one that feared (worshipped) God with all his house."

But above all these examples, there is one, that of our Lord Jesus Christ, which we are bound to imitate: for although he had no home, his disciples who attended him, were to him as a family, he calling him, if their master, and speaking of them as his household; and we find that he did not only instruct them, but prayed with them,— "He was alone praying, and his disciples were with him." We again read of him praying in a certain place, and at its conclusion, his disciples saying, "Lord, teach us to pray."

Were it necessary, many illustrious Christians, in the primitive church, as well as in latter times, might be brought forward, as an addition to these instances recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, of family-prayer; but enough, we trust, has been advanced, to convince every reflecting mind, that it is not only a duty, but a privilege, to return, like David, and bless his household.

January, 1812.

I. Z.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

JOHN xi. 43.

WHAT a stupendous change bath passed upon the spirit of the Son of Man! But a few moments prior to the utterance of the above sentence, and he stood oppressed with human grief, an object of commiseration, and, in some instances, it may be, of contempt to his surrounding countrymen. Now he assumes the language and the prerogative of Omnipotence, calling on one to leave the dominion of Death, who had conquered and held in thrall the mightiest and the holiest of mankind.

Whatever doubts might be entertained as to the result of this extraordinary mandate, they were soon to be dissipated by obedience as extraordinary: for "he that had been dead came forth"—he in whom they knew that corruption had commenced its ravages—stood before them, a living man, in the habiliments of the grave. Here was no room for scepticism—it must be acknowledged that a "notable miracle had been done by him." In some, conviction produced faith—in others, rancour and hate: for they went to inform the Pharisees, his mortal foes, what things he had done; and they, actuated by the blind and furious zeal of bigotry and ambition, proceed to conspire against the life of Him who gave life unto the world; and not against Him alone, but "Lazarus also," who was a living monument of the truth of his claim to be regarded as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." Against Jesus, at least, they finally succeeded. They beheld, with savage delight, his mangled body ignominiously suspended from the accursed tree—they heard, with derision, his agonised cry—they saw his dead body taken down from the cross, and lodged in the silent tomb—and then retired, exulting, doubtless, in the success of their diabolical machinations.

Short-lived was their unholy joy. On the morning of the third day, it was announced to them, that, notwithstanding all their precautions, He had arisen. This fact they sought to conceal by a pitiful self-contradictory lie. But he had risen—yea, and he hath gone up on high—and as he ascended, so shall he descend, and his persecutors, and Lazarus, and all that are in their graves, shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall COME FORTH! And then—oh, then! Reader, may we then be found amongst the once despised followers of the lowly Nazarene.

January, 1812.

C. R.

TEMPER.—Be careful of your temper. A wise man never gets angry.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]
THE WISDOM OF GOD.

THE present imperfection of our faculties, and senses even, illustrate, in an admirable degree, the infinite wisdom of the great Author of nature. We are ushered into a world of beauty, while the mind is yet in an undeveloped state; the objects around us are thus gradually familiarized to us, and with the thirst for knowledge in due time awakened in our breast, the advancing powers of the mind enable us to open the Book of Nature, and there investigate phenomena, which at first, or at an earlier period of existence, might have paralyzed, or even destroyed, the balance of Infant Reason. Thus it is, that by study alone, and the careful exercise of the various mental faculties, we gradually unravel the wondrous mechanism of nature; and as the mind advances to perfection, the veil is gradually withdrawn from our eyes, only to be completely so when the termination of our existence on earth shall have prepared us for our removal to a higher sphere—a sphere in which the full magnificence of the design, with the Divine Author, will burst upon our admiring gaze, in all the splendour of HEAVEN!

January, 1842.

J. D. M'D.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 27, 1842.

WE are sorry to learn (says the *Boston Recorder*) by a letter received in this city from Beyroot, that the Rev. Colby C. Mitchell, who left Boston last January for the Nestorian Mission in Persia, died, while passing the desert in a village of the Koords. He was buried in a village of Jacobite Christians, near by, called Tebel. Five days afterwards, the company reached Mosul. The information was brought to Aleppo by a man who accompanied Messrs. Mitchell and Hinsdale from Beyroot. On his return, he was himself sick, and in the meantime robbed of all the letters which the Missionaries had entrusted him to convey to Beyroot, and which would have given the particulars respecting the journey, and the decease of Mr. M. The man states that Mrs. M. also was sick, and carried on a litter three days to Mosul; but when he left, three days after their arrival, it was thought she would recover. Mr. Beadel, of Aleppo, immediately on the bearer of the intelligence reaching there, despatched a Courier to Mosul, who was expected to return in about thirty days, with letters from the Missionaries—when more particulars respecting this mournful event will be forwarded to this country.

After the above was in type, we were kindly favoured with a copy of the *New York Observer*, containing the following interesting intelligence—which we hasten to lay before our readers:—

NESTORIANS.—RECEPTION OF DR. GRANT.

Letters have been received of various dates, from June 19 to September 4. Dr. Grant had entered the country of the Independent Nestorians by the shortest possible route from Trebizond and Erzeroom, passing along the eastern shore of Lake Van, and through the Koordish mountains from the north. He arrived at the Patriarch's residence, July 9. His reception was as favourable as he had been encouraged to hope. The Patriarch told him that the whole land was before him to teach, preach, and dwell where he thought best. The Patriarch himself would accompany him in visiting some of the tribes, and his brothers in visiting the rest. He commenced his visitations the next day, July 30, he wrote, that preaching the Gospel was take the precedence, to prepare the minds of the people for schools and other missionary operations; and that, owing to the manner in which the various tribes are scattered among almost impassable mountains, a large number of preachers would be indispensable. The people in various parts, too, insisted on having Missionaries among them; so that a few could not meet their desires for instruction.

When he had been employed in this visitation about six weeks, a messenger whom he had sent to Mosul,

returned, with information that Mr. Mitchell and his wife were sick. He considered it his duty to visit Mosul immediately. The Nestorians remonstrated; as the Koords, through whose country he must pass, were then peculiarly hostile to the Nestorians, so that they could not safely escort him, nor could he travel among them without danger. At length he obtained an escort to accompany him in the night to the vicinity of the Koordish town of Amadih. They left him on the mountains, two or three miles from the fortress, with a single friendly Koord. On their way to the town, they met two Koordish robbers, who seemed disposed to attack them, but finally let them pass. Having obtained a mule at Amadih, he went on; and after a narrow escape from a band of predatory Arabs, arrived at Mosul. He found Mr. Hinsdale dangerously sick; but the fever soon gave way to medical treatment, and he began to recover. Later accounts, by way of Beyroot, announce his complete recovery.

Dr. Grant writes that the Pope has sent a strong reinforcement of priests, to oppose this mission. The Papal Bishop of El Koosh had written letters against the American Missionaries, and was contemplating a visit to the mountains, to counteract their influence. He is attempting to bribe the Nestorians by the offer of immense temporal advantages, to be conferred through the French Consul General at Mosul. I suspect that this Bishop of El Koosh is of Nestorian descent, and is the same man who once set himself up as Patriarch of the Nestorians, with the hope of carrying the whole body of them over to the interests of Rome.

Mr. Perkins, of the mission at Ooroomiah, has sailed from Smyrna, with his family and Mar Yohanna, Bishop of Galavan, for New York; and some apprehension begins to be felt for his safety. It is now 100 days since he embarked; and the usual passage is only 70 days. Several vessels which sailed since his embarkation, have arrived at this port. He may, however, like some of his predecessors, have been obliged to visit the West Indies for repairs. It is remarkable that no Missionary of the Board has ever yet perished by the seas.—*Correspondent of N. Y. Observer.*

ON Monday evening last, the Tract Society held its annual meeting, in the Wesleyan Chapel, St. James Street—Colonel Maidland in the chair. The Report was read by the Rev. Mr. Girdwood. It represents the affairs of the Society as being in a very flourishing condition: upwards of 65,000 books and tracts have been sold, and given away as grants, during the past eleven months. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. H. Wilkes, J. Borland, M. Caruthers, Dr. Davies, R. Cooney, T. Osgood, and T. Rattray, Esq. The interest of the meeting was sustained throughout, and the speeches were marked by Christian liberality, ardent piety, eloquence, and humour. We do not remember to have seen so large a number of persons present at any former anniversary of this Society, nor do we remember one better calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds of the public, of the importance of this truly useful institution.

IN our last number, we took occasion to notice the liberality and benevolence of the citizens of Montreal; and we have now much pleasure in recording another instance of their anxiety, by every means, to relieve the necessities of the destitute and afflicted.

On Friday, the 14th inst., a meeting was held in the Ladies' Benevolent Institution, for the purpose of appointing a Committee of Management, for the Lying-in Hospital, which has been recently established in this city.

The Rev. H. Wilkes acted as Secretary, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson opened the meeting with prayer. The Rev. H. Esson then addressed the meeting, and stated that the public was indebted to Dr. Macnider Loth for projecting and actually establishing the Hospital. He stated that three patients had already been admitted; and then read a most interesting Report, which our limits deny us the pleasure of copying. Dr. Macnider stated that Dr. Robertson had assured him that he will gladly afford his professional services gratuitously, when required. The following la-

ties were appointed a Committee of Management for the ensuing year:—Mesdames Moffatt, Robertson, Dorwin, White, (Andrew) Richardson, Ogden, T. B. Anderson, M'Donald, Gunn, Ferrie, Macnider, Cushing, Court, Crawford, (Dr.) Neutz, J. G. Mackenzie.—Mrs. Wilson was nominated Secretary, and Dr. Macnider Treasurer.

An opportunity will now be afforded to our citizens to contribute to this truly charitable institution—which we have no doubt will be gladly embraced, in that spirit of liberality which has always characterised the city of Montreal.

THE reader's attention is directed to the advertisement of the *Temperance Soiree*, to be held in celebration of the birth of the Heir Apparent to the British throne, which will be found on our last page. The selection of this mode of celebrating the important event reflects much credit on the citizens of Montreal; and furnishes a striking proof of the influence which the cause of temperance is exerting upon the community at large. The cause is good, and it must succeed.

TWO new religious periodicals have recently been commenced in this city—*The Register*, and *The Harbinger*. *The Register*, we believe, is intended to succeed the late *Baptist Advocate*, as the organ of the Baptist Church, and is published semi-monthly. *The Harbinger* is a monthly magazine of 16 pages royal 8vo., and is published under the auspices of the Congregational Church in Canada. We sincerely wish success to every means employed for extending the knowledge of the Saviour, and improving the spiritual condition of our fellow-men.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—I thank you for the hints which appeared in your last number, in relation to the poor of Montreal.

You have justly observed, that it is not sufficient to say, "Be ye warmed and be ye filled." The one half of what is foolishly expended annually in strong drink and other luxuries, would provide a refuge for the poor in every town throughout the empire.

All who are about to enjoy themselves at the celebration of the birth of the Heir to the British throne, are most earnestly requested to assist in raising a fund for the erection of a House of Industry, where all in want might find bread, clothing, and the means of instruction.

It is most painful, and very disgraceful, to suffer the poor to go from door to door, asking alms, when they might, in a school of industry or refuge for the destitute, support themselves.

That the benevolent example of Him who came from Heaven to save the lost, may be copied by all, is the prayer of
A FRIEND TO THE DESTITUTE.

Montreal, Jan. 24, 1841.

LITERARY NOTICE.

A SERMON ON ORIGINAL SIN. By Rev. DAVID DOBIE, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Huntingdon. Montreal: Campbell & Becket. Price One Shilling. 1842.

THIS is an attempt to prove that the doctrine of Original Sin, as understood by the generality of Christians, is wrong. The author has endeavoured to saw through some knotty points—the result of which, however satisfactory it may be to himself, we feel persuaded will not suffice to satisfy the serious enquirer after truth. He cannot surely have given sufficient attention to the 7th chapter of Romans, especially the 17th verse to the end. We think he will discover a very remarkable agreement between that and the 9th Article of Religion of the Church of England.

To the "two hundred individuals," alluded to by Mr. D., who, he says, "fled to the influence of Original Sin, as the grand and sufficient excuse for their

being sinners," a reply might easily have been given without attempting to disprove the doctrine altogether. Thousands, and tens of thousands, who believed the doctrine as taught in the Bible and the 39 Articles, "have fled for refuge to the hope set before them," and could say, "thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We have a high respect for Mr. DORRÉ's talents, and regret that we should have to differ from him in opinion. We hope that the Rev. Gentleman will bear with us, whilst we remark, that we doubt much whether the Sermon on Original Sin is calculated to produce those happy results which we humbly conceive should always be the aim of every Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. We prefer the good old way of pointing sinners to the Saviour, and directing them to "the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness: influenced simply by those two solemn truths,—the existence of sin and pollution in the heart of every unconverted man, and the absolute necessity of purification, in order to escape the awful penalty of the Divine law.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a very beautiful essay for youth, from the pen of our highly valued friend, J. D. M'D., with whose style the reader is already acquainted. Having arrived too late for insertion in this number, it shall appear in our next.

Our friend "B." is respectfully informed that prose articles would be preferred. Lengthy poetry is not generally acceptable.

"Encephalo" will appear in our next.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

THE packet ship *Mediator* arrived at New York, on the 16th inst, from Plymouth, whence she sailed on the 10th December. The news, as far as we have as yet seen, is not of very great interest; indeed, the only London paper brought was the *Times* of the 7th. The distress of the lower classes in England, which seemed to have reached the highest possible pitch, has been increased by alarming floods which have spread devastation over a large portion of the country. How this additional calamity can be supported it is difficult to foresee, nor can a remedy easily be found for evils so accumulated and pressing. Trade still continued dull; nor was there any improvement or change in the money market.

The attempt mentioned as having been made to blow up the residence and family of the King of the French, affords another proof of the degraded state of public virtue and morals in France, and the folly of those who suppose that the French people are fit for self government. It argues not only villainy of the worst character in the actual conspirators, but also that public feeling to a great extent is in favour of such outrages. The particulars of the attempt will be looked for with interest, and especially will it be interesting to see the effect which it has upon the Parisian public. One universal burst of horror would be occasioned by a similar attempt in the capital of England, nor would even the Chartists or the most Radical or suffering portion of the people for an instant sustain or countenance such cowardly and assassin-like attempts. Even in Paris, where excitement seems to have confounded all notions of right or wrong among the discontented mass of the population, there can scarcely fail to be exhibited a sensation of disgust and shame at the thought of national disgrace with which France must be loaded by the repeated attacks on the King's life. The more so in this present instance, where the innocent members of the King's family were to be involved in the same ruin, and hurried into eternity without an instant's warning. That Providence has again interposed to protect his life, is matter for the most devout gratitude—for on him, more than on any other personage, depends the peace of Europe and the happiness and prosperity of the great family of nations. The fickle enthusiasm of the nation Louis Philippe has restrained by his sage and steady government; their ardour for military glory he has restrained by pacific councils or amused by military spectacles, or war

which though not cheap or bloodless, yet are carried on at a distance from France.—*Transcript.*

TWENTY DAYS LATER—FROM CHINA.

By the Swedish brig *Albion*, Capt. Holdt, arrived at New York, advices from China are brought down to the 16th of September. Previous accounts were to Aug. 27th.

The *Albion* touched at Batavia on the 21st October, and there learned that the British fleet had taken possession of the Island of Amoy, situated on the Eastern coast of China, about 15 miles in circumference, with an excellent harbour. A strong Chinese garrison has usually been maintained on the Island.

Letters from Macao of the 15th Sept. state that the people along the banks of the River are so much exasperated that they have sunk blocks of granite and put other obstructions in a branch of it used by the men-of-war and steamers. The commanding officer had, notwithstanding these obstructions, proceeded up the River to Canton with a small force.

ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AT KINGSTON.

His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot arrived at Kingston on the 10th inst, about two o'clock. Most sincerely do we hope that his arrival may be productive of great good to Canada, and of honour to himself. His task is a difficult one, and will demand qualities of no ordinary kind to perform it well. Let us have an open straight forward policy, and honourable and persevering efforts for the good of the whole people, and there is nothing to be feared. Canada is sound at the core, in spite of all our past trouble and confusion; and the career of prosperity on which, with proper management, we might enter, is such as to call for unanimity and perseverance from all who wish well to the country. His Excellency comes amongst us with many and high claims to our confidence, and it is gratifying to think that there exists throughout the Province a disposition to bestow that confidence which we trust his acts will speedily secure to him in a far higher degree.—*Transcript.*

His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot arrived here yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock. A splendid procession had been arranged to meet Sir Charles at Hinckley's, on the south shore of Wolfe Island, and accompany him to town, but the ice was too weak to bear the passage of a line of sleighs. A large company of persons went to the island on foot. A light boat, which won the prizes at the Kingston Regattas, was fitted up at Garden Island with masts and rigging like a ship, a flag of *Queen Victoria* flying at the mast head, and other flags displayed around. Thus prepared, it was firmly secured on runners, and in it His Excellency was drawn across the ice by one horse, the boat's crew uniformly clothed in regatta dress, walking at each side, accompanied by the concourse from town. On reaching the foot of Block Street, His Excellency was received by a guard of honor composed of a company of the 14th Regiment, and Magrath's Cavalry, and by nearly the entire population of Kingston, who greeted Sir Charles with three British cheers and one cheer more, the Royal Artillery firing the customary salute. His Excellency courteously acknowledged his reception by uncovering, and repeatedly bowing to the assembled people, and stepping from his miniature frigate into General Clitherow's sleigh, he drove off to the Government House. A light boat had also been fitted up like a brig of war at the Marine Railway, and fixed on runners: the *Prince of Wales* flag floating at her mast head, the *Union Jack*, St. George's flag, and other colours, at different parts of her rigging, and with her crew of six true blue sailors aboard, she accompanied Sir Charles to the Government House, followed by the Garden Island boat—the two crafts, with their lofty masts and flying streamers, making quite a pageant of themselves, numerous sleighs filling up and completing the procession. The day was remarkably fine, mild and clear. A more formal procession would have been formed, but it was His Excellency's wish, communicated by the Chief Secretary to the town authorities, that no procession or formal reception should take place.—*Kingston Herald*, 11th inst.

The Kingston Correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* describes the personal appearance of the Governor General as follows:—

"Sir Charles, who was sixty years old last September, is a striking specimen of 'the fine old Eng-

lish gentleman," of about middle stature, with a pleasing and rather handsome countenance, a noble forehead, which (if there be any truth in phrenology) is an index of no ordinary intellectual faculties. His hair is gray, and he is somewhat bald. He is, on the whole, a fine looking man, and well calculated to grace, by his presence, the Colonial Court of his Sovereign."

The *Kingston Chronicle and Gazette* of the 12th says:—

"His Excellency appears to be in robust health, and excellent spirits, and seemed well pleased with the flattering reception given him, and does not appear to have suffered in the least from his long and protracted voyage, and tedious journey. His Excellency's personal appearance is very prepossessing, and he is extremely affable in his manners."

Captain I. W. T. Jones has been appointed His Excellency's Military Secretary, and principal Aide-de-Camp.

The following extract from the last number of the *North American Review* will be interesting to those who may not be acquainted with the past passages in the life of our new Governor General:

"Among the most distinguished diplomatists engaged in carrying out the intricate negotiations of the Dutch and Belgic question, was the British Ambassador at the Hague, Sir Charles Bagot, who had previously held the post of English Minister at Washington, and whose appointment to be Governor General of Canada has been recently announced. And it may be here observed, in passing, that few individuals could be better adapted for the task of consolidating the union of the two provinces, from his experience of the junction between Holland and Belgium—a case so marvellously analogous to the great experiment over which he has been chosen to preside. The similarity of the two cases is as nearly as possible complete—difference of races, language, and religion; disproportion of population, with equality of representation; far greater amount of public debt of the less populous division of the country, converted into a general liability to be shared by the other;—and many other minor resemblances, most striking to any one familiar with the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands—and to finish the picture, the proximity of a powerful nation is not wanting, with certain unequivocal yearnings for the possession of those adjoining provinces, which it requires no small exertion of domestic wisdom to suppress.

"Every one of the errors committed by King William, (of Holland) in his short and troubled reign must be fresh in the memory of Sir Charles Bagot. No individual was more prominent than he in endeavours to prevent the former, and mitigate the latter. He has learnt a lesson, the value of which may now be turned to practical account; and it is matter of satisfaction to every good citizen of the United States, that this critical trust has fallen into the hands of one, who is represented by those who know him best, to be honourable, able, and conciliatory; combining qualities of head and heart which fit him to be not only a good governor, but, what is still as important in the present aspect of affairs, a good neighbour."

FRENCH HALF CROWNS.—The Honourable Chas. D. Dey, Solicitor General, has given it as his opinion that certain specimens of French half crowns submitted in his inspection, "are a legal tender, as well in discharge of revenue duties as of other pecuniary liabilities." Mr. D. adds:—

"I would remark, in connexion with this opinion, that it may be doubted whether the mere use of a coin by use, ever affects it as a legal money, but it certainly does not while the impression is or can be made sufficiently apparent to ascertain the character of the coin; and a close examination of the French half crowns, Nos. 4, 5, 6, together with general observation, induce me to believe that there are few, if any, British or French crowns or half-crowns in circulation, whose character cannot be so ascertained."

UNITED STATES.

RUMOURS OF WAR.—The Washington Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, mentions that apprehensions were felt of a war with England. We quote the paragraph, without, however, attaching to it much importance:—

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.

During the last few days, there have been several Cabinet meetings of ominous import; and, from whispers around the State Department, corroborated by the tone of the Madisonian, there is reason to believe that our relations with England are not improving.

Indeed, the earnest appeal to Congress by the official organ for prompt and liberal action upon the suggestions of the War and Navy Departments would seem to indicate strong apprehensions of a rupture with that country.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE AND PERFECTIONS
OF A SUPREME BEING.

(Continued.)

THE care of an all-wise and good Governor is seen in nothing more clearly than in the preservation of the different animals, and the preventing also the different species from being so intermingled and blended together, as to produce some monstrous innovations in the animal creation. Infinite wisdom watches over the different species, so that none of the useful or important part of the creation has ever been lost. This will appear the more wonderful, when we consider the immense risk which threatens the destruction of different creatures. Besides the innumerable accidents to which they are exposed, they have to run through a series of direct attacks. Some are hunted down by tyrannical men. Some are preyed on by their own species: and then, inclement seasons have frequently threatened the total extinction of animal life. The hare, naturally so innocent, so helpless, and so timid, is, during its whole life, in a state of continual terror. Man seeks its destruction in all the stages of its existence, and assails it in every form. He attacks it with balls, with snares, with fire-arms, with stones, and with every kind of destructive dog. Bears, wolves, foxes, hawks, vultures, eagles, and every bird of prey; besides a variety of vermin, rats, weasels, and other contemptible animals, seek the life of this harmless creature. It can never be at ease, never at rest. Besides, no creature suffers more from the inclemency of the season. It has to struggle with want in common with most of the other wild animals. But it is debarred from that research and diligence which others enjoy. How, therefore, does it happen that this species has not long since been extinguished? Nothing but the protection of Him who watches over the life of every creature, could defend it from so many dangers. And it seems to be preserved, not so much for any enjoyment that this persecuted animal can have in life, but for the benefit of man, the pampered lord of this lower world.

This case will apply to many other creatures, and furnishes us with a striking instance of the presence and care of the great Governor.

Were we to suppose, that no supreme power and intelligence were concerned in this world—that what some of our philosophers call nature produced every thing, and that this nature must be blind and ignorant—(otherwise we shall make nature only another name for the great First Cause)—if we should suppose nature produces every thing, how happens it, that we never meet with instances of new beings arising either from the sea, or the land, or the air? Are the powers of nature exhausted, and is she now incapable of any new productions?

But the fact is, so far as history, natural history, carries us back, we find the same animals existed then, that do now. We may be perplexed sometimes with names, and we may be entertained sometimes with the wonderful and fabulous stories of Pliny and other naturalists; but when we come to a proper understanding, and divest history of every thing extravagant, we shall find that the same animals that existed then, exist now, and that we have not been able to add any new ones to this catalogue, except the animals of countries that have been discovered since their time.

Such things, duly considered, become beautiful and illustrious testimonies to the existence of that perfect power and wisdom, which first formed this world, and constantly interfere to preserve order and harmony in all God's works.

But whilst, in this general survey of God's works, we discover evidences of his existence, we shall find these evidences grow stronger and brighter by confining our attention to the examination of some distinguished parts.

Here we have no opportunity of examining more nearly, and are delivered also from some embarrassing objections, that come upon us on account of our situation, unfavourable to seeing and comprehending all the connections of the various parts of this universe.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

INTERESTING SCENE IN NEW ZEALAND.

On the 11th of February last, a missionary meeting was held in Kaitai, New Zealand. Portions of about twenty different tribes assembled. Those who were once "hateful, and hating one another," now met to manifest their gratitude to God for the word of his grace, by forming themselves into a Branch Society. Addresses were made by a number of the missionaries, and by natives. The natives then came, and placed their offerings on the plate; advancing in order, and depositing their gifts as they walked by the table. Each tribe came separately, headed by its chief. Old Witi, nearly ninety years of age, chief of the Mount Carmel tribe, walked up with a firm step, and placed two dollars on the plate. Another chief and his wife gave five sovereigns. Several other natives gave gold.

The scene was most picturesque, as the different parties came up, many being well dressed. When the collection was over, the chairman held up the plate to view, piled with gold and silver, for nothing else was offered. The collection was more than \$200.

MISSIONS IN JAMAICA.

THE same spirit of liberality exists among the native converts in Jamaica, that we have noticed above in regard to New Zealand. At a station called Rural Hill, connected with the Church Missionary Society, the coloured people contributed about £200 per annum for missionary purposes, independently of the school payments, which amount to £50 more. The number of subscribers is 264. At Shiloh, more than £17 were collected; and at Mount Herman, £150. The Gospel is represented as making rapid progress among the lower orders of society, as well as in some respectable families. The labourers are teachable, well-disposed, and industrious; work continuously and faithfully when employed, and give general satisfaction to their employers.

CONVERSION AT MAST-HEAD.

A LETTER just received from the Pacific Ocean, gives an account of a revival of religion on board a whale-ship. In the account is one thing of unusual occurrence, "One man was hopefully converted at mast-head looking out for whales." Had he been converted in the cabin, or in the fore-castle—while upon duty on deck, or in a Mariner's Church on shore, it would not appear strange. Conversions under such circumstances are of frequent occurrence. It is estimated there are 600 or 700 truly pious captains on the ocean, and some 5,000 sailors who fear God. But that one should be sent aloft, and there find Him who made the great and wide sea, and "created great whales" to play therein, is somewhat remarkable! An interesting sketch published in the New York Observer a few months since—"Prayer at the mast-head"—showed us the sailor in the closet. This sketch exhibits the sailor in Christ. His convictions were carried from the fore-castle, where 12 or 14 of his companions were wont to meet for prayer and praise. With a broken heart he climbed to the mast-head to perform a whaleman's duty. And there he cried, *God be merciful to me a sinner.* There he cast himself on Christ.—There, in the language of penitential submission, he said,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away:
"Tis all that I can do."

And there his tongue first expressed the grateful emotions of a renewed heart.—*N. Y. Observer.*

MISSIONS IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian government has suppressed the Mission of the London Society to Liberia, and Messrs. Swan and Stallybrass, after labouring there successfully for several years, have been compelled to return to England. Thus do "the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed, saying, let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." But "the Lord shall speak to them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure."

DANISH QUEEN.

OF the present Queen of Denmark, Mr. Baird says, she is a very beautiful woman, of a most dig-

nified and graceful deportment; and her heart, we are assured, is as noble as her person. Withal, and better than all, she is an humble and sincere Christian. The interest which she takes in the schools, orphan asylums, and other institutions of beneficence, as indicated by the frequent visits she makes to them, as well as in other ways, greatly endeared her to the people.

THE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

Two beautiful paintings in oil colours have been published in London—one representing Mr. Williams, the missionary, landing at Tanna in the midst of a crowd of friendly Islanders—the other representing him in the waves, with his left hand lifted up to shield his head, while an infuriated native is striking at him with an enormous club; and others are attempting to do the same. The prints are published for the benefit of the widow and orphans, and have already produced profit to the amount of an hundred guineas.

HOLLAND.

JOSEPH J. GURNEY, and his celebrated sister, Elizabeth Fry, have been pleading the cause of emancipation in Holland and Denmark, with great success. Meetings for that express purpose were held at Rotterdam, the Hague, &c. They were largely attended, and much interest excited. J. J. Gurney's visit to the West Indies enabled him to bring forward very conclusive facts to prove the advantages of free labour. The king and queen of the Netherlands gave audience to these ambassadors of benevolence, heard very respectfully their opinions, and suggestions on the subject of slavery and prisons, and promised to consider seriously their wishes and remarks. A memorial has been sent to the king, through the medium of the British ambassador. The king and queen of Denmark likewise received these friends with great respect, and they are said to have made a deep impression on the royal mind on the subject of slavery.—*Anti-Slavery Stand.*

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE receipts of the last year were £60,643; the expenditures, £90,391. The number of stations and out-stations belonging to Society, in different parts of the world, is 337; missionaries, 163; assistants, European and native, 528; churches, 110; communicants, 11,485; scholars, 42,222. The Society has 15 printing establishments, and 18 missionary students. Seven missionaries and four female assistants have died in the service. Twelve labourers came back to England on account of bereavement or ill health, most of them not expecting to return to their missions. Thirty-seven brethren and friends have been sent forth to supply the place of those who have fallen, or who have left the missionary field.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MORTALITY OF MISSIONARIES.

NEAR one hundred missionaries, sent out by the Church of England, have died at Sierra Leone—showing that if Africa shall ever be converted, it must be done by the instrumentality of natives, rather than foreigners.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

MARKS OF A GOOD SABBATH SCHOOL
TEACHER.

THE importance of punctuality and faithfulness cannot be too frequently insisted on, whether relating to our civil or our religious duties. As the success of the Sabbath School teacher more particularly depends, in a very great measure, upon a strict attention to these particulars, we would earnestly recommend the following remarks, copied from the *Philadelphia Repository*, to all who are engaged in this most interesting "labour of love":—

He is sure to be in his place before the opening of the school, in all weathers—whether it rain or shine, whether it be cold or hot. As he is never late himself, he can recommend to his scholars, both by precept and example, the virtue of punctuality. He keeps his place during the whole time of school, and never engages in any conversation with his class or others, but such as is connected with his duties as a teacher. He is al-

ways acquainted with the lesson, and is ready to answer any question that may be proposed by the best scholar in his class. He will not allow himself the mortification of knowing less than those whom he has undertaken to teach. He does not confine himself to the questions in the book, but intersperses with the lessons such as are suggested by the subject in hand. These are generally practical, and are designed to make the scholars think for themselves. He is familiar with the books in the library, and knows which are the most suitable for his class; and when they return them, examines them in reference to their contents. If any scholar is absent, he visits him at home in order to ascertain the cause of his absence. He sympathises with those that are afflicted, and supplies the wants of such as are in necessity. He is especially anxious for the salvation of his scholars, and does not think his work done when he has heard them recite their lessons. He gives them much good advice—points out the temptations they will have to meet with, and endeavours to guard them against them. He is kind, affectionate, and cheerful, and has acquired a perfect control over the hearts of his scholars. They cannot fail to love him, and there is but little doubt of his being instrumental in their conversion. Such are some of the traits of a good teacher: when any of them are wanting, the effect will be evident in the minds and manners of the scholars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXPOSED INDIAN.

My attention was directed by Major Sandford, the Indian Agent, to one of the most miserable and helpless-looking objects that I had ever seen in my life—a very aged and emaciated man of the tribe, who he told me was to be exposed.

The tribe were going where hunger and dire necessity compelled them to go; and this pitiable object, who had once been a chief, and a man of distinction in his tribe, who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bones, was to be left to starve, or meet with such death as might fall to his lot, and his bones to be picked by the wolves! I lingered around this poor old forsaken patriarch for hours before we started, to indulge the tears of sympathy, which were flowing for the sake of this poor benighted and decrepid old man, whose worn out limbs were no longer able to support him—their kind and faithful offices having long since been performed, and his body and his mind doomed to linger into the withering agony of decay and gradual solitary death. I wept, and it was a pleasure to weep—for the painful looks, and the dreary prospects of this old veteran, whose eyes were dimmed, whose venerable locks were whitened by an hundred years, whose limbs were almost naked, and trembling as he sat by a small fire which his friends had left him, with a few sticks of wood within his reach, and a buffalo's skin stretched upon some crotches over his head. Such was to be his only dwelling, and such the chances for his life, with only a few half-picked bones that were laid within his reach, and a dish of water, without weapons or means of any kind to replenish them, or strength to move his body from its fatal locality. In this sad plight I mournfully contemplated this miserable remnant of existence, who had unluckily outlived the fates and accidents of war, to die alone, at death's leisure. His friends and his children had all left him, and were preparing in a little time to be on the march.

"My children," said he, "our nation is poor, and it is necessary that you should all go to the country where you can get meat; my eyes are dimmed, and my strength is no more; my days are nearly all numbered, and I am a burden to my children; I cannot go, and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout, and think not of me; I am no longer good for anything."

In this way they had finished the ceremony of exposing him, and taken their final leave of him. I advanced to the old man, and was undoubtedly the last human being who held converse with him. I sat by the side of him, and though he could not distinctly see me, he shook me heartily by the hand, and smiled, evidently aware that I was a white man, and that I sympathized with his inevitable misfortune. I shook hands again with him, and left him, steering my course towards the steamer, which was a mile or more from me, and ready to resume her voyage up the Missouri.

This cruel custom, of exposing their aged people, belongs, I think, to all the tribes who roam about the Prairies; making severe marches, when such decrepid persons are totally unable to go, unable to ride or walk, when they have no means of carrying them. It often becomes absolutely necessary, in some cases, that they should be left; and they uniformly insist upon it, saying, as this old man did, that they are old, and of no further use—that they left their fathers in the same manner—that they wish to die, and their children must not mourn for them.

When passing by the site of the Puncah village, a few months after this, in my canoe, I went ashore with my men, and found the poles and the buffalo skin standing as they were left over the old man's head. The firebrands were lying nearly as I had left them! and I found, at a few yards distant, the skull and others of his bones, which had been picked and cleaned by the wolves: which is probably all that any human being can ever know of his final and melancholy fate.—*Callin's Letters on the North American Indian.*

THE TONGUE.

It has overturned kingdoms, convulsed empires, annihilated dynasties, subverted thrones, beheaded kings, embattled millions in the strife and confusion of war, drenched the world in blood, filled the air with the shriek of departing ghosts, driven the ploughshare of destruction, and hurled the thunderbolt of wo through the length and breadth of our fallen earth! Yes, indeed!—It has consumed property, stabbed names, butchered reputation, insulted innocence, corrupted virtue, blasphemed Jehovah, scoffed at death, ridiculed the judgment, mocked at eternity, assassinated the body, plundered the heart, slaughtered the spirit, and submerged forever in perdition the immortal soul!

St. James thought the "tongue" should be "bridled." And I think every candid and observing man is of the same opinion. I have therefore prepared, for the use of all who may need it, what may, perhaps, be properly termed *The Gospel Bridle*.

1. Let sobriety form the bits.
2. Charity the head-stall.
3. Humility the front piece.
4. Watchfulness the throat-latch.
5. Justice the curb.
6. Truth and love the reins.
7. Meekness the buckles.
8. Forbearance the leops.
- And 9. Forgiveness the slides.

Let holiness constitute the hand, faith the arm; and firm, prayerful decision, the authority by which the "tongue" is now to be managed. Thus this wild and terrible "member" may be "bridled," and disciplined into perfect submission, fidelity, and usefulness. And thus an ocean of tears, a flood of sorrows, and a tempest of wretchedness, will be prevented.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH.

A LITTLE boy in destitute circumstances, was put out as an apprentice to a mechanic. For some time he was the youngest apprentice, and of course had to go upon errands for the apprentices, and not unfrequently to procure for them ardent spirits, of which all except himself partook, because, as they said, it did them good. He however used none, and in consequence of it, was often the subject of ridicule from the older apprentices, because, as they said, he had not sufficient manhood to drink rum; and as they were reveling over their poison, he, under their insults and cruelty, often retired, and vented his grief in tears. But now, every one of the older apprentices, we are informed, are drunkards, or in a drunkard's grave; and this youngest apprentice, at whom they used to scoff, is sober and respectable, and worth \$100,000. In his employment are about one hundred men who do not use ardent spirits; and he is exerting on many thousands an influence in the highest degree salutary, which may be transmitted by them to future generations; and be the means, through grace, of preparing multitudes, not only for usefulness and respectability on earth, but for an exceeding and eternal weight of glory in heaven.—*London Weekly Visitor.*

A MAN without principles is like a ship without a compass.

THE PARSEE, THE JEW & THE CHRISTIAN.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire.

"What!" said he to the priest, "do ye worship the fire?"

"Not the fire," answered the priest; "it is an emblem of the sun, and of the genial heat."

"Do you then worship the sun as your God?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not, this luminary also is the work of the Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest, "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible Being who blesses and preserves all things?"

The Israelite thereupon rejoined: "Do your people, then, distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God; and descending from this to baser objects, they kneel before an earthly flame. Ye amuse the outward, but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to them the earth, ye withdraw from them the heavenly light. Thou shalt not make unto thee any image, or any likeness."

"How then do ye designate the Supreme Being?" asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adenia: that is, the Lord, who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime," said the Parsee, "but is awful, too."

A Christian then drew nigh, and said, "We call him Father."

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other, and said, "Here is at once an image and reality—it is a word of the heart."

Therefore, they raised their eyes to heaven, and said, with reverence and love, "Our Father!"—And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another *brothers*.—*Dr. Krummacher.*

ANECDOTES, TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

A CERTAIN sheikh said to his wife, "I wish to have such an one as my guest," naming one of the principal men of the city. "We can ill afford," observed she, "to entertain a man of his rank; but if you must needs ask him, be sure to slaughter an ox, a sheep, and an ass."—"I can understand," said the sheikh, "the propriety of slaughtering the ox and sheep, but I do not quite see what purpose is to be served by the ass."—"When the great and the noble," replied his wife, "put their hand to your salt, it is fitting that the dogs of the quarter should likewise be regaled."

Mansur said to an arab of Syria, "Why do you not give thanks to God, that, since I have been your ruler, you have not been visited with the plague?" "God is too just," was the reply, "to afflict us with two scourges at once." Mansur was mortified at this retort, and afterwards found some pretext for putting the Arab to death.—*Asiatic Journal.*

WOMAN.

PERHAPS one of the most indescribable and endearing qualifications of the feminine character is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her lips may not be sculptured in the line of perfect beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendour—but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome, and the glance fraught with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above gold or rubies. A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unhappiness; but the keen retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a cold and frigid duty.

VALUE OF RELIGION.

To incorporate religion into every action of life, will save us from wounding our conscience, from dishonouring our profession; it will calm us amid the perplexities of life, and greatly augment our religious enjoyment and fellowship with God.

HONEST PRIDE.—If a man has a right to be proud of any thing it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

TEMPERANCE SOIREE.

A GRAND SOIREE, on Temperance principles, in honour of the Birth of an HEIR APPARENT TO THE BRITISH THRONE, will take place in the St. Ann's Market Building, on THURSDAY EVENING, 3d February next.

LADIES' COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Madame De Montenach, Madame Berthelet, Madame Boucher, Madame Lacombe; Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. J. Savage, Mrs. W. Lyman, Mrs. Lunn, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Wilkes, Mrs. Redpath, Mrs. Mathewson, Mrs. Vennor, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. Court, Mrs. Do'gall.

STEWARDS.

Baron De Longueuil, Wm. Lunn, Esq., George Holt, A. Buchanan, Q. C., John Redpath, O. Berthelet, John E. Mills, S. S. Ward, John Mathewson, John Hilton, J. Thornton, B. Holmes, Esq. M.P.P., A. M. Delisle, Esq. M.P.P., Alderman Rodier, H. Vennor, T. McGrath, Samuel Mathewson, R. Morton, Jos. Fraser, D. Cotterell, W. Spiers, W. Watson, John Dougall.

PROGRAMME.

Doors will be open at six, and the company are expected to be assembled by seven o'clock, P.M. A Dressing-room for the ladies will be provided, with careful attendants.

As the Company enter, they will find Tea, Coffee, &c. in the supper-room.

Addresses suitable to the occasion, will be delivered by several gentlemen. Military Bands of Music will be in attendance, and ample space left to promenade.

At ten o'clock, the company will retire by small parties at a time, to the supper-room.

Queen's Anthem at eleven o'clock, when the company will separate.

Tickets—single, 7s. 6d.; for a lady and gentleman, 12s. 6d.; for a gentleman and all the ladies of his family, over 12 years, not exceeding 4, 17s. 6d.; may be had of the following gentlemen:—Messrs. E. R. Fabre, Bookseller, opposite the Court House; A. Savage & Co., Druggist, Notre Dame street; Wm. Greig, Bookseller, do.; Robert Graham, opposite the Post Office; R. Trudeau, Druggist, St. Paul Street; John Holland & Co., Comb Store, do.; James Milne, Bible Depository, McGill Street; or of any of the Stewards.

N. B.—All who wish to attend are requested to provide themselves with Tickets by Saturday, the 29th instant, at furthest, in order that the preparations may be on a suitable scale.

To avoid confusion at the doors, Carriages will enter from McGill Street to the door, on either side of the St. Anns Market, and retire in the opposite direction.

NEW PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, PLACE D'ARMES,

Next door to the Union Bank, entrance by the Green Gateway.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR, respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that having purchased a NEW PRINTING OFFICE, and established himself as above, he is prepared to execute, in the best style, every description of PRINTING, viz:

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MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES,
Gold, Plated and Gilt JEWELLERY, and
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St. Paul Street.

November 18, 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

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JOHN KELLER.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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