

Christian Mirror,

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE ROBBER SON.

IN the North of England, not many years ago, there lived a hard-working farmer, whose heart was divided between the world and an only son. Rising early, and pushing with untiring industry the labors of the field, he was steadily amassing a handsome property. But he labored not for himself. He was ever willing to forego the ordinary comforts of life, for the sake of laying up the money which he thus saved, adding yearly to the sum which he would leave behind him when he came to die.

So stern was this farmer in his intercourse with his fellow men, so harsh in his treatment of the labourers whom he employed, so repulsive to the poor who sought alms at his gate, that it was hard to believe there was any tenderness in his heart where affection could take root. But his great weakness was fondness for his boy. He doted on his son; thought nothing too good to lavish on him; indulged him in all the waywardness of a childish temper, and suffered no one to control his will. But when the severe labors of the day were over, he seemed to become a father, and with his son on his knee, or sporting around him, he gave way to the strong impulses of his un subdued heart. The future looked bright to Mr. Wilson, only as it brought before him the pleasure he should find in the society and improvement of his son. John was his father's pride, and Mr. Wilson never cherished a thought that this boy could be otherwise than kind and dutiful, fulfilling all his hopes, and yielding a rich harvest of comfort to his father in his old age.

John was a promising lad, active, intelligent, amiable. Had he been set to work at the proper time, and required always to obey; had his will been early restrained by proper counsel, and suitable truths inculcated, perhaps he would have shamed his father only by showing how much better was the son than the sire. But his father loved him too much to make him work; and loved him so much that he never saw his faults. While Mr. Wilson was hard at work in the field, John was left to amuse himself as he pleased; and as it was lonesome to play ALONE, he found company with idle boys in the neighbourhood, who readily helped him to spend his time. When he became old enough, the boys led him off, fishing and bird-nesting, and in these excursions they, not very seldom, were tempted to trespass on private grounds, at the risk of arrest and punishment. This was a sad school for an ungoverned boy, but he learned his lessons rapidly, and they made deep impressions on his heart. He loved to stroll over the country in pursuit of amusement, and when no incidents occurred to enliven the day, his companions were not slow in devising mischief, in which John heartily joined. This mischief was not always of the most harmless kind, and when once entered upon, a train of deceit was laid to conceal the authors.

But I will not trace the progress of this youth in the road of ruin; nor stop to notice

the gradual influence of evil associations upon his susceptible mind. It was with him as with other boys who are suffered to go ungoverned, to spend their days as they please, being supplied with money freely, and encouraged, rather than checked, in the pursuit of pleasure. That he became a profane swearer was almost a matter of course. That he was reckless, dissipated, and impatient even of the slight restraint that his father's house imposed, was natural. He knew that his father loved him, and that sometimes served to hold him back in his prodigal career. He often wished that he was away from home, and when he hinted to his father that it would be better to let him go to the city, and engage in some kind of business, for the first time in his life, his father denied his request, and told him he could never consent to have him go from home. Not that Mr. Wilson had any fears of the consequences. He knew that John was inclined to some bad habits, but he said he was only "sowing his wild oats," and would be sober when he became a man.

When John found he could not leave home, he resolved that he would. One of his boon companions railed at him for being governed by his "old father," and he soon made up his mind to seek his fortune on the world. He left his father's house in the night, and never entered it again.

Mr. Wilson was inconsolable when he found that he was childless; and childless not by the stroke of death; that might have been borne. But when the son on whom he had doted from infancy, around whom all the affections of a strong heart clustered, the only being in the universe whom he loved, and the only hope that smiled on the gloom of his dark soul—when that son deserted him and became a vagabond, Mr. Wilson found how

—“worse than serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.”

He sought him, but he found him not. He sent advertisements to the city papers, and offered strong inducements to “a wandering child,” to persuade him to come back; or if he would not, “his father would only ask to know where he could be seen, and his wants should be abundantly supplied.” But no answer came. Perhaps his son never saw his appeals. Or perhaps he did, and laughed at them.

In those long, anxious nights which followed the departure of this prodigal son, Mr. Wilson was compelled to review his mode of training up his child, and his own good sense convinced him that he had suffered his affection for John to blind him to his faults, and that those faults were the appropriate fruits of parental indulgence. He had never governed his son, and how could his son be expected to govern himself? He had never required his son to obey when he was a child, and why should he obey now that he had grown to be a young man. These reflections were like daggers in his heart; and bitter were the tears with which his pillow was wet, when he felt that his darling boy was probably ruin-

ed, and that ruin caused by his father's excessive love.

Months passed, and years wore away, but John returned not. No tidings reached his father's ears; hope failed, and John was seldom or never mentioned. Mr. Wilson was a stern man, and no one wished his displeasure; and as all allusion to the lost one evidently roused strong emotions, John was never referred to in his hearing.

Several years after his son's departure, Mr. Wilson was returning one evening from a distant market town, and having been detained later than usual, the night set in before he reached home. He had occasion to pass through a piece of woods; the darkness and silence of the place and the hour, were congenial to the sadness that had now so long been on his heart, and it was natural that he should become wrapt in thought of his loved and long lost son. The memory of his infancy and childhood came up, and his sweet boy laughed by his side as he trudged after the plough, or nestled in his arms when the day's work was done. But now he was returning to his solitary home, and none that loved him would greet him; and what would he give could he once more meet his wayward but still cherished John. Thoughts like these were crowding on him; and the old man wept like a child as he rode through the woods. A robber rushed from the thicket, and seizing his horse—demanded his money.

The stout farmer, under other circumstances, might have offered resistance, but now he had no heart left, and as he delivered his purse, could not refrain from disclosing the thought that rushed upon him:—“I hope my boy is not a robber.”

The villain, who had already the purse in his hand, tossed it back with intense emotion, as he cried:

“FATHER! if you had governed me when a boy, I should not have robbed you when I am a man!!!”—and with these words he plunged into the thicket, and was out of sight in an instant.

Mr. Wilson's cup of anguish was full. He had met his son; he had heard his voice; had been called “father,” by his own boy; but alas for him, his boy was a highwayman, an outlaw, and, as his last crime, had plundered his own father! And more than this, his son had planted another dagger in his heart that never would be drawn. His lost son had indeed come back, but only to tell the care-worn father, that early indulgence, prompted by parental love, had made his son a robber! Oh! could he forget those words; they rang in his ears as he pursued his journey; they startled him as he tried to sleep after he came home; they followed him into the field by day, and haunted his pillow by night; the weeks were long, and the months dragged on, and with sorrow the gray hairs of the old man were soon brought down to the grave. He never heard from his son again. Parental indulgence ruined the son, and filial ingratitude murdered the father.

Shall I follow up this narrative with any other appeal than the record makes? In the recital I have not mentioned the mother of this ruined boy—for the history as I found it did not allude to her, and I presume that she died in his infancy. This may be one reason for the excessive fondness which Mr. Wilson, in his life of loneliness, felt for his only son. But mothers are more apt to indulge their children than fathers are, and therefore the lesson of this thrilling fact should come with force to their souls. It inculcates this great truth, that parental authority must be established early, and faithfully maintained so long as the child is under the paternal roof. AT ALL HAZARDS this point must be gained, and, once gained, it should never be lost. Not that I would inculcate a Roman austerity—there are means by which the victory over a child may be won, without teaching it to regard a parent as a tyrant—but I mean to say, the child must learn that the will of the parent is *supreme law*. It is a sad mistake of many, that children will not love those who restrain and thwart them. Children are reasonable beings, and ought to be treated as such. It is at the peril of his present and future and eternal happiness, that you allow your child for *once* to have his own way in opposition to your expressed will. I know it is not well to seek occasions for a controversy, but when you have given a command, every motive of hope and fear urges you to insist on its implicit obedience.

Where one child has had his affections alienated by severity, hundreds have been spoiled for this and the world to come by weak indulgence. All the teaching of inspiration, all the counsels of wisdom, all the lessons of experience combine to inculcate this great truth: "ungoverned children generally make lawless men." "Had you governed me when a boy," said John, "I should not have robbed you when I am a man."—*Rev. S. I. Prime.*

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS.

[CONCLUDED.]

REFLECT for a moment upon the amazing extent to which we are enabled, with the aid of a telescope, to penetrate the depth of the stellar space, so as to pick up and examine a single star, 192 times further than the remotest which can be seen by the naked eye! or such, that light must occupy more than 12,000 years in coming to us! And does this fix the limit to creation? Can it be believed that at this distance, inconceivable as it is, we have reached a point beyond which there is *nothing*, and where the wearied energies of creative power could do no more?—Have your eyes beheld the last solitary orb, situated on the very verge of creation, and looking into the awful vacancy which stretches onward to absolute infinity beyond it? This we should hardly be persuaded to admit, much less to assert, even though our vision could go no further. But we are not left in doubt on this point. The spots of diffused nebulous light which are thickly scattered in many parts of the heavens have been examined. Some of them were revolvable into stars, with the use of the lower powers of telescope. Others, which the lower powers could not resolve, yielded to the higher. And thus, using powers which varied from 400 to over 6000, it was found that the higher the power the greater the number of those faintly shining spots which were resolved into distinct stars. It is computed that many of these nebulous clusters must contain at least *twenty thousand stars*, in a space not more than *one-tenth* of that covered by the moon's disc. Then, besides these resolvable clusters, there are very many others, which as yet remain irresolvable. After many efforts to determine the reach of his instrument, Herschel conclu-

ded that with its highest powers, "he could descry a cluster of 5000 individuals, were it situated *three hundred thousand times deeper in space than Sirius probably is.*" Light from such a cluster must have occupied at least *one million of years in coming to us!* Is this possible? Does it contradict any known law of the system? Does it conflict with any of the analogies which we are able to trace in the physical universe? Startling and incredible as this conclusion may at first appear, no astronomer would have the hardihood to pronounce it impossible. Nay, further; every sound mind would doubtless admit the separate probability of every step in the chain of evidence upon which it depends. It is clearly possible, then, that Herschel, on some clear evening when the starry firmament was rejoicing in its utmost splendor, may have caught glimpses of light which *ten thousand centuries* had only sufficed to transmit from its remote origin to your system? We say nothing of the bearing of this fact, such allowing it to be, upon the chronology of the creation. We regard it merely as illustrative of the *vastness* of the material universe. And in what commanding tone does it speak to us of the all-pervading presence and the ineffable glory of that Being, who, from his lofty throne, looks down upon his vast domain, this boundless range of worlds, and covers them all with the shadows of his wing!

How impressive are the teachings of science? And how evanescent are the days and years, and ages of man's chronology, compared with the prolonged annals of the skies! And how ennobling is the thought that the being of an hour, whose life is precarious as the tempest's breath, should be able thus by the aid of the science to surmount the heavens, wander among the stars, and note those vast cycles by which alone the ages of eternity are shadowed forth! Surely, the deep impress of immortality is upon the spirit of man!—*Athenaeum for July.*

A CHAPTER OF DEFINITIONS.

FOREIGN words, and words of a technical meaning, must often occur in missionary journals. A knowledge of these will add much to the distinctness and consequently to the interest of the information communicated. An occasional chapter of definitions may therefore be useful to the readers of the Dayspring.

Bungalow.—A building or place of shelter, open on one or more of its sides, and so slightly constructed as scarcely to merit the appellation of a house.

Dragoman.—The men employed as secretaries and interpreters to foreign ministers and consuls in Turkey, Asia and Africa, are designated by this term. It is applied sometimes to a higher class of servants and messengers.

Emir.—This is a title of dignity and of office among the Turks. The word literally signifies a *prince*. It is sometimes applied to the pashas and to the highest officers in the government. As used in missionary journals it mostly designates the governor of a province or city.

Fakeer.—A Mohammedan devotee, a religious mendicant.

Firman.—A royal order, or a passport.

Ghaut.—A pass through a mountain, but generally an extensive chain of hills. On the Ganges, a landing place or stairs, which lead down to the river.

Lac.—One hundred thousand, a lack of rupees, 100,000 rupees.

Khan.—This is the name of an officer in Persia; it nearly answers to the term governor. There are khans of provinces, counties and cities. It also designates a building used as a public inn, sometimes inhabited by a keeper, and sometimes not.

Junple.—Forests of trees and shrubs. In Bengal the word is also applied to tracts of long grass, which grows to an extraordinary height in uncultivated parts of the country.

Kishik.—Title of a Mohammedan priest.

Pagoda.—A Hindoo temple; also in the Madras presidency a gold coin, worth about one dollar and eighty-five cents.

Pandit.—A learned Brahmin; an interpreter of Hindoo law; the missionaries designate by this name those whom they employ to teach them the native languages.

Sahib.—A respectful appellation in Hindoostan, literally *lord*, or *master*.

Shastras.—Sacred books, or any book of instruction, particularly such as contain revealed ordinances.

Sheikh.—Among the Druses it designates the head of a family or clan, a sort of feudal chief. The name is sometimes applied to the head man of a village, and more loosely like the title of esquire.

Tank.—An artificial pond or lake, or excavation, for holding water, built round with stone, with steps leading down into it. They vary from a few feet to a mile in length.

Tabu.—This means prohibition. It was a term of the ancient idolatry in the Sandwich Islands. The plate or thing tabued, could not be approached or touched.

Vartabed.—An Armenian monk in priest's orders.

The vartabed constitute the monastic priesthood, are always connected with convents.—*Dayspring.*

THE TRAVELLER.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

AT a quarter after one o'clock they passed the river Gometti, the boundary of the plain: they were now ascending a very steep and rugged mountain, the worst pass they had met on the whole journey. They had no other path but a road made by the sheep or the goats, which had no appearance of having been frequented by men; for it was broken, full of holes, and in other places obstructed with large stones that seemed to have been there since the creation. Besides this the whole was covered with thick wood, which often occupied the very edge of the precipices on which they stood, and they were everywhere stopped and entangled by that execrable thorn the kantuffa, and several other thorns and brambles nearly as inconvenient. Bruce ascended, however, with great alacrity, as he conceived he was surmounting the last difficulty of the many thousands he had been doomed to struggle with.

At three-quarters after one they arrived at the top of the mountain, from whence they had a distinct view of all the remaining territory of Sacala, the mountain of Geesh, and the Church of St. Michael Geesh. 'Immediately below us,' says Bruce, 'appeared the Nile itself, strangely diminished in size, and now only a brook that had scarcely water to turn a mill. I could not satiate myself with the sight, revolving in my mind all those classical prophecies that had given the Nile up to perpetual obscurity and concealment.' Bruce was roused from this reverie by an alarm that Woldo the guide was missing. The servants could not agree when they saw him last. Strates the Greek with another of the party were in the wood shooting, but they soon appeared without Woldo. They said that they had seen some enormous shaggy apes or baboons without tails, several of which were walking upright, and they, therefore, concluded, either these creatures had torn Woldo to pieces, or he was lagging behind for some purpose of treachery; however, while they were thus talking, Woldo was seen approaching, pretending to be very ill, and declaring he could go no farther. Bruce was at this moment occupied in sketching a yellow rose tree, several of which species were hanging over the river.

'The Nile,' he says, 'here is not four yards over, and not above four inches deep where we crossed; it was indeed become a very trifling brook, but ran swiftly over the bottom of small stones, with hard black rock appearing amongst them: it is at this place very easy to pass, and very limpid, but a little lower, full of inconsiderable falls; the ground rises gently from the river to the southward, full of small hills and eminences, which you ascend and descend almost imperceptibly. The day had been very hot for some hours, and my party were sitting in the shade of a grove of magnificent cedars, intermixed with some very large and beautiful cusso-trees, all in

flower; the men were lying on the grass, and the beasts fed with their burdens on their backs in most luxuriant herbage. Above was a small ford where the Nile was so narrow that Bruce stepped across it more than fifty times: it had now dwindled to the size of a common mill stream.

When Woldo came to Bruce, he declared he was too ill to proceed, but this imposition being detected, he then confessed he was afraid to enter Geesh, having once killed several of its inhabitants: however Bruce gave him a very handsome sash, which he took, making many apologies. "Come come," said Bruce, "we understand each other; no more words; it is now late; lose no time, but carry me to Geesh, and the head of the Nile directly, without preamble, and show me the hill that separates me from it. He then carried me round to the south side of the church, out of the grove of trees that surrounded it. . . . "This is the hill," says he, looking archly, "that, when you were on the other side of it, was between you and the fountains of the Nile; there is no other. Look at that hillock of green sod in the middle of that watery spot; IT IS IN THAT THE TWO FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE ARE TO BE FOUND! Geesh is one on the face of the rock where you green trees are. If you go the length of the fountains, pull off your shoes as you did the other day, for these people are all pagans, worse than those who were at the ford; and they believe in nothing that you believe, but only in this river, to which they pray every day as if it were God; but this perhaps you may do likewise."

"Half undressed as I was, by loss of my sash, and throwing my shoes off, I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was in form of an altar apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it.

"It is easier to guess than describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years! Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my mind, over Kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain-glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence. I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers which I had already passed, awaited me again on my return—I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself. [How forcible the moral here! ED. CHR. GUAR.]—Sir Francis Bond Head.

HINDOO SHEPHERDS.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

The shepherds of antiquity were "an abomination unto the Egyptians," and so they are among the Hindoos; and as the Egyptians would not eat with the Hebrews, so neither will the various castes of India eat with their shepherds. The pastoral office in the East is far more responsible than in England, and it is only by looking at it in various relations and peculiarities, as it exists

there, that we gain a correct view of many passages of Scripture.—Flocks at home are generally in fine fields, surrounded by hedges or fences; but there they are generally in the wilderness, and were it not for the shepherds, would go astray, and be exposed to the wild beasts. As the sons of Jacob had to go to a great distance to feed their flocks, so still they are often absent for one and two months together, in the place where there is plenty of pasturage. In their removals, it is an interesting sight to see the shepherds carrying the lambs in their bosoms, and also to witness how gently they "lead those that are with young." Another interesting fact is the relationship which exists betwixt the pastor and his flock; for being so much together, they acquire a friendly feeling; hence the sheep "know his voice, and a stranger will they not follow." Does he wish to remove to another place, he goes to such a distance as that they can hear his voice, and then he imitates the noise made by a sheep, and immediately they may be seen bounding along to the spot where he is. Thus "he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." But another way of leading a flock, especially where there are goats, is to take the branch of a tree and keep showing it to them, which causes them to run along more cheerfully. He also calleth "his own sheep by name," and it is interesting to notice how appropriate the names are to the animals. Thus, should a sheep or a cow have a bad temper (or any other failing,) it will be called the angry one, the malicious, or sulky, or wandering one; the killer of her young, the fiend; the mad one, the jumper, the limper, the dwarf, the barren, the fruitful, the short, the fat, the long, the tricky one. The cows also are named after some of their goddesses, particularly after the wives of Siva, Vishnoo, and Scandan; thus Lechymy, Parvati, and Valle, may be heard in every herd. To bulls are given the names of men and devils; as Vy-raven, Pulliar, Mathan, &c. Before the sun shall have gained his meridian, the shepherds seek out a shady place, where they may make their flocks "to rest at noon." As the shepherd who mounted the throne of Israel, carried his sling and his stone, so they generally have the same missiles by which they correct the wanderers, and keep off their foes; hence the dog is scarcely ever used in the tending or guiding of flocks. As was Jacob, so here the shepherds are often remunerated in kind, and therefore have not any other wages (except now and then a little cloth or rice); hence, often, a certain number of the rams are given as pay, and to this also the Patriarch may allude: "The rams of thy flock have I not eaten." In most of these particulars we see illustrations of Him who "is the Shepherd, the stone of Israel," who laid prostrate the "roaring lion" of hell, and who keeps us in safety, so that the foe cannot pluck us out of his hand.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

HAVING occasion to spend a day or two upon business in a lonely quiet village in the interior of the State of New-York, I attended the funeral of a child. The villagers had laid aside their several occupations, and were there. The young mother was overwhelmed with anguish for the loss of her loved one, and the father's rough features were softened by unaffected sorrow. The appearance of the preacher was calculated to increase the interest of the occasion. The frosts of nearly seventy winters had whitened his locks for the grave, and his trembling limbs and faltering voice gave warning that his race was well nigh run and his messages of mercy almost ended. His prayer was simple, heartfelt, sincere. It was an old man's appeal to the mourners: God for the consolations of his Spirit, and his Spirit was there. The increasing interest of the scene was further increased by the mere announcement of his text: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? and so said it is well."

The sermon was eloquent, the simple eloquence of nature and of truth. It came from the heart and reached the heart. He diverted their sorrowing thoughts from their child that was dead, to themselves who were yet living, and accountable. He appeals to the mourning mother to know whether it was well with her, whether her hopes of heaven were fixed in the cross, and whe-

ther she could say, though death has taken my babe away, I know that my Redeemer liveth. He also touched another tender chord, and called into life those holy affections that twine around the heart of a wife, "Is it well with thy husband? Is he travelling with you the road to Zion? Has he made the God of Jacob his refuge?" And then, to bind up their broken hearts, he asks, "Is it well with the child?" And the preacher said, "it is well;" that, according to his belief, (and who, at such an hour, care to question the doctrine?) the child was happy in heaven—that they could not be so cruel as to wish to recall it from those holy joys back to this vale of tears, this scene of sorrow; and then lifting his dim eyes towards heaven he exclaimed,

"And who that has gazed his not long'd for the hour,
When misfortune and sorrow should cease,
And hope like the rainbow displays through the bow?
Her bright written promise of peace.
And oh, if that rainbow of promise should shine
On the last scene of life's chequered gloom,
May its blaze in the moment of parting be mine;
I ask but one ray from a source so divine,
To light the dark vale of the tomb."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

WINNING OTHERS TO CHRIST.

WHERE is the Christian almost that seriously thinks himself, what might I do to win souls? It may be you will go in the company of the godly, where you will be edified; but when do you go to your poor neighbor, whom you see to live in a sinful state, and tell him of his danger, and labor to gain him to Christ? If it were but his ox or his ass that lay ready to perish, you would make no question but it was your duty to help him out of the ditch. And do you in earnest think that you owe more to those than you do to his soul? "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise." Surely the lives of too many Christians speak the language of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Do you not know how to get into a poor neighbor's door? Carry an alms with you—do him a kindness—speak as a brother, or a sister, or a friend to his children, and you will prepare the way for a welcome reception. Then I shall look to see the kingdom of Christ flourish gloriously, when every one that professeth godliness shall arise and take hold of the skirt of his neighbor. Oh! see your neglect in this. Do not think it enough to keep your own vineyard—let your friends' and neighbors have no quiet for you till you see them settling in good earnest to seek after heaven. Oh! if you would bring in but every one his man to Christ, what a blessed thing were it. When so many are busy leading men astray, how active should the friends of Christ be in bringing back the lost sheep to him.—*Alleine.*

AN ANGEL STANDING BY.

WE read of a youth in the early days of Christianity, on whom his persecutors had put in practice a more than common share of their cruel ingenuity, that by his torments they might compel him to deny his Lord and Saviour. After a long endurance of those pains they released him, in wonder at his obstinacy. His Christian brethren wondered too, and asked him by what mighty faith he could so strangely subdue the violence of the fire, as that neither a cry nor a groan escaped him. "It was indeed most painful," was the noble youth's reply, "but an angel stood by me while my anguish was at the worst, and pointed to Heaven." Oh, thou, whoever thou art, that art tempted to commit sin, do thou think of death, and that thought will be an angel unto thee! The hope of heaven will raise thy courage above the fiercest threatenings of the world; the fear of hell will rob its persuasions of their enchantments; and the very extremity of the trial itself may contribute to animate thy exertions, by the thought that the greater the endurance now the greater will be thy reward hereafter.—*Bishop Heber.*

IN nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

JERUSALEM.

THE ensuing narrative is extracted from a letter written by Mr. Sherman, Missionary to Palestine, dated April 26, 1842.

SUPERSTITION AND WICKEDNESS OF THE PILGRIMS AND RESIDENTS IN THE HOLY CITY.—It would afford you great pleasure to receive accounts, as it would me to detail them, of a powerful work of the Holy Spirit in Jerusalem. Such accounts will at a future day be given, and cause the hearts of all true Christians to rejoice with exceeding gladness. But the statements which at present I am constrained to make, unfold an altogether different scene.

The corruption & profanation of religion, instead of its reviving, especially attracts our notice, and calls for deep humility and prayer. The season of the year has returned in which the city is filled with visitors and pilgrims, drawn together, I had almost said, from every kindred and nation under the whole heaven. The ostensible motive of the thousands thus collected is to pay homage to the place rendered sacred by our Lord's ministry, sufferings and death. Not less than eight or nine thousand are now assembled here for this purpose. If we add the number of Moslems who have come to attend one of their annual feasts, the multitude of strangers now in the Holy City amounts to twelve or thirteen thousand. Were the object of this large assembly to unite in sincere and devout worship to Him who sent his Son here to die for the sins of the world, we should rejoice in the privilege of witnessing such a sight. But alas, we feel that Satan finds greater occasion for triumph at these seasons, than at any and all others. It is then that iniquity prevails in high and holy places. The wickedness of the priesthood shows itself out in a manner shocking to the feelings of true and humble Christians, if such are to be found witnesses of their deeds. It is not the worst of their deeds to persuade the multitude who come to worship, that they secure the highest favor of Heaven by going through the profane mummeries prescribed, by visiting and worshipping at the sacred places on appointed days; by manifesting a zeal in performances, which, to the eye of the unbeliever even, pour scandal upon the Christian name. An important ceremony on Friday of the present week, performed by the officiating clergy of the Armenians, Greeks, Copts and Syrians, is the literal crowning, crucifixion, and burial, in effigy, of the Son of God! It is thus they crucify him afresh, and put him to open shame. On the succeeding day is another ceremony, equally shocking and profane, guided by the bishop himself. I refer to the ceremony of the "holy fire." The zeal with which the pilgrims seize this fire, when issued from the place of the sepulchre, shows to what extent the delusions practised by the priesthood get possession of their minds. The sums they are urged to give in return, as the proof and measure of their love to Christ, and avowedly as the price they pay for, and for which they receive him, equally show the awful and daring profaneness of these professed spiritual guides. What, in the view of the world, is a religion like this! What may infidels and opposers justly say of a Christianity characterized by such scandalous perversion! Well may the Moslem and the Jew revile the leaders and the principles of such a religion. We cannot suppose that minds under the influences of delusion like these, can, in any way, be actuated by a genuine principle of love to God. Neither the love of God, nor a love for the truth, impels them to acts of devotion, self-denial, or sacrifice. It is not strange, therefore, that persons of such a character, however much zeal they may manifest in their religious observances, should be convicted, and prove guilty of falsehood, error, and crime, in their common intercourse with men. It was but last Sabbath we were shocked by an event which occurred in the very church of the holy sepulchre. An affray took place between an Armenian and a Greek Christian, which shortly enlisted a very large body of Christians of both sects in a violent fight, and had nearly ended in the destruction of several lives. All this occurred near to the sepulchre of our Lord, for which these multitudes, engaged in open quarrel, profess such supreme veneration! Do they truly love their Master?

Yesterday a vast crowd of pilgrims left for the Jordan, to return on Thursday. On Monday next they disperse for their respective homes. We cannot but hope that some seed has been scattered among them, which will ultimately spring up and produce rich fruit. We have had frequent calls for books by native visitors, and our depository not being well known to pilgrims, we have employed men to go out and expose our books for sale in the market places. We have thus been able to distribute a good number of copies in the Arabic, Greek, Italian, and Armenian, as well as several in the Hebrew language. The power of the Spirit is not limited. Often he chooses these simple and quiet means to prepare the heart for his renewing and saving influences. May he thus employ the messengers of truth we have been permitted to send out, "that his way may be known upon the earth; his saving health among all nations."

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

OUR Scotch papers of the 3d of August, do not furnish any additional information of the present state of the Church, or its prospects of adjustment of its difficulties. We see that the Episcopalians are flattering themselves that the Non-intrusion party, who are contending for the dearest rights of the Christian, will be ultimately thrust out from the establishment, and that then Episcopacy will be re-established, as it was in the days of the murderous Archbishop Sharp. We trust they may be disappointed, and we believe that they will be, until the remembrance of the persecutions endured from prelacy shall be effaced from the soul of every Presbyterian. The Scotch Church is at this present time suffering persecutions for conscience-sake, and the contest is between the civil power, held by men inimical to Presbyterianism, and we may say to godliness, and the friends of a pure, spiritual worship. The Edinburgh *Witness*, in alluding to the interference of the Court of Sessions, makes the following enumerations of its arbitrary acts: "They have held themselves competent to ascertain and decide actions for compelling Presbyterians to admit laymen to the office of the holy ministry, and give them the charge of souls, in opposition to the laws of the Church and the sentences of the superior judicatories—for preventing them from providing pastors to destitute congregations, though proposed to be done irrespective of the benefice, or any patrimonial right—for suspending and setting aside sentences of disposition and suspension pronounced by the Church in the exercise of the power of the keys,—for restoring the privilege of preaching the Gospel to licentiates, deprived by the Church of the license which the Church had given—for authorizing the minority of a Presbytery to act in the trials or ordination of a minister, in defiance of the Presbytery itself, and of the superior Church courts—for supporting settlements effected by the inferior Church courts, notwithstanding these having been rescinded by their superior judicatories—for preventing any distribution of the pastoral superintendence and sessional discipline in overgrown parishes, by the appointment of additional ministers and Kirk-sessions—for deciding what commissions to the General Assembly shall be sustained and what rejected, and prohibiting parties chosen as members from sitting and voting," &c.

Our readers may remember that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland at its last meeting, abrogated an odious rule which had existed for many years, and which closed the pulpits of their churches, against all exchanges with other denominations. We had hoped that this return to a right course would have been hailed by other sects with joy, and that a more fraternal intercourse would have been immediately established between evangelical denominations. In this, however, we were mistaken. The dissenting bodies, who it appears are represented by a Central Board, have rejected the overture; that is, if this Board have truly spoken their sentiments. Their main reason for this course is their hostility to establishments. Scrupulous as they may be on this point, we think the dissenting bodies should extend the right hand of fellowship to their brethren of the establishment, with whom they agree in their views of divine truth, especially at a time when they have to contend with popery, prelacy, infidelity, and political wickedness in high places.—*Presbyterian*.

LOVE FEAST IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.—The steady advance of Christian principle, Christian knowledge, and Christian piety, may be seen from the following account of a love-feast, held at Wesleyville, Kaffaria, during my residence on that station. After singing and prayer, the following testimonies were given to the power of divine grace: Jantje Nookoa rose, and said, that he first felt the power of God in the colony, and was constrained, by the influence of the Spirit, to enter the vineyard of the Lord, and interpret for the missionary; in doing which, he had not only obtained pardon, but had received much light; and he hoped to hold on to the end. Yosef Wesley said that he first heard the power of God in the colony, but did not seek the Lord until he came to Wesleyville; and here he had obtained mercy, and was now happy in the enjoyment of God's favour. David Boosak said that he left his garden and all its contents as soon as he heard that a missionary had come to Wesleyville with the word of God; and now he thanked God and the missionaries for what he had seen and heard, and felt, and he wished that his voice could reach all mankind, to tell of the mercy of God to him a sinner. Titus Dubulo said he was stripped of his cattle by a commando, and afterward came to the station to seek beads; and when he was in the way to Graham's Town with Mr. Wm. Shaw's wagon, his heart was broken to pieces by hearing the word of God. And while praying for pardon in the bush, all at once his heart was filled with peace and joy, so that he could neither eat nor drink that day. All his work was now to praise God. He was now sometimes ready to wish that God would take him to heaven, lest he should fall from his steadfastness. Peter Spokter said that he had lived in sin till he was an old man; and although a ball had been shot through his body in the war, yet God had spared him to hear the Gospel; and now, in his old days, new light had shined upon him, and he wanted words to express his joy. Leah Nonyama said she had been guilty of all kinds of wickedness, and was fond of smearing herself with red clay; but God's word had turned her about; and the things which she once loved she now hates with all her heart; and God had pardoned all her sins, although they were many. Elizabeth Nomantu said she first laughed when she saw the people coming together to hear the word of God; and she smeared herself with clay some time after her husband turned to God. Although he had often reproved her for it, she did not attend to what he said for a time, until the power of God's grace constrained her; and then she left fighting against God, and against her husband, and against God's people. Maria Nomali said she first heard the word God in the colony, but did not turn to God; but upon hearing Mr. William Shaw, she was constrained to break off her sins. And now she did not know how to express her gratitude to God for the great care that he had taken of her; for she had once fallen from the top of a rock, and was not injured; and had once been bitten by a snake, when she was expected to die every moment; but God had preserved her life, and she was now happy in God's love.—*Pitts. Chris. Adv.*

THE SAMARITANS.—The Samaritans are now reduced to a very small community, there being only 30 men who pay taxes, and few, if any, who are exempt; so that their whole number cannot be reckoned over 150 souls. One of them is in affluent circumstances. The rest are not remarkable either for their wealth or poverty. They keep the Saturday as their Sabbath with strictness; allowing no labor or trading, not even cooking or lighting a fire, but resting from their employments a whole day. On Friday evening they pray in their houses; and on Saturday have public prayers in the Synagogue at morning, noon and evening. Four times a year they go up to Mt. Gerizim in solemn procession to worship; and then they begin reading the law as they set off, and finish it above. These seasons are the feast of the passover, when they pitch their tents upon the mountains all night, and sacrifice seven lambs at sunset; the day of Pentecost; the Feast of Tabernacles, when they sojourn in booths built of branches of arbutus; and lastly the great day of Atonement in autumn. They still maintain the old hatred against Jews; accuse them of departing from the law in not sacrificing the Passover, and in various other points, as well as of corrupt-

ing the ancient text. They scrupulously avoid all connection with them. If of old, "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans," the latter at the present day reciprocate the feeling: and neither eat nor drink, nor marry, nor associate with the Jews: but only trade with them.—*Boston Recorder.*

PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN JAMAICA.—When I went to Jamaica, seventeen years ago, in the parish of Falmouth, there was one church, the Established Church. It would not hold 500 people. There was one school; kept by a man living in iniquity. Now there are five churches, that will hold 2000: there are three Wesleyan chapels, that will seat from 1500 or 2000; one Independent, I do not know what it will seat; and there are six Baptist chapels, that will seat 7500 persons. (Cheers.) When I returned to Jamaica, as my esteemed friend, Mr. Gurney, is well aware, the first letter that I received, congratulating me on my return, and wishing me every blessing, was from the hand of a man who fired one of our chapels, and destroyed another.—*Rev. Wm. Knibb, May, 1842.*

SINGULAR CUSTOMS OF THE IBO PEOPLE, AFRICA.—Infanticide of a peculiar nature prevails among them; twins are never allowed to live. As soon as they are born, they are put into two earthen pots, and exposed to beasts of the forest, and the unfortunate mother ever afterward endures great hardships. A small tent is built for her in the forest, in which she is obliged to dwell, and to undergo many ceremonies for her purification. She is separated from all society for a considerable time: her conjugal alliance with her husband is for ever dissolved; and she is never again permitted to sit down with other women in the same market or in the same house. To give birth to twins is, therefore, considered to be the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman of the Ibo nation. If any person wishes to annoy an Ibo woman, he lifts up two fingers, and says, "You gave birth to twins," which is sure to make her almost mad. If a child should happen to cut its top tooth first, the poor infant is likewise killed; it is considered to indicate that the child, were it allowed to live, would become a very bad person. "You cut your top tooth first," is, therefore, as much as to say, "Nothing good can be expected from you; you are born to do evil; it is impossible for you to act otherwise."—*Miss. Reg.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1842.

It is truly lamentable, that, among professing Christians, so little attention is paid to the plain and positive directions of the Word of God, especially with regard to the danger and imminent peril of conformity to the fashions and maxims of a thoughtless and sinful world. Every individual who has studied his own heart, must be convinced of the absolute necessity of keeping a constant and prayerful guard over his spirit, lest he be overcome by any of the innumerable temptations which meet him at every step in his progress through the wilderness of this world towards the heavenly Canaan. We believe that there is no evil more prevalent among Christians in the present day, than that treated on in the following communication. The language of the writer may seem strong; but it is, nevertheless, warranted by the united testimony of the Apostles of the New Testament. The fact of such conduct being inconsistent with the profession of the followers of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," is sufficient to recommend the subject to the serious and prayerful attention of all who are desirous of growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of

God. We trust that the extreme length of our friend's communication will in no case prevent its being carefully perused.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE LOVE OF FINERY, AND ADHERENCE TO WORLDLY FASHIONS & CUSTOMS.

How strange and unaccountable an infatuation, the love and power of this universal besetting sin is. Its influence and command, would seem to be of the most powerful and prevailing of the many hideous abuses existing at the present day. For adherence thereto, what will some, and the greater part of mankind, not do? What denial and sacrifice will be made, and gladly rendered, in order to gratify so sad and lamentable a propensity! What thought—what pains, trouble, anxiety and vexation, does it daily and hourly cause its numerous deluded victims!

What will some rather not do, than appear without or be found wanting in any article of fashionable dress orinery? How perplexed at the idea of not looking well, and what trouble will not be taken in order to look well. How they will fix and refix, look and relook, toil and toil away at the glass—for what? why for nought else than to decorate and make themselves becoming and engaging to the eyes of the world. To some nothing apparently could prove a sorer subject than the non-compliance with, or the least disappointment relative to their toilet, dress and appearance, and few subjects seem more fitted to cause ill-humour and discontent than any privation in this way.

How surpassing strange such a depravity and infatuation, so general at this day. Throughout all quarters of the habitable globe, among all ranks and grades of society—female and male—rich and poor—young and old—good and bad—yea all, sad to say, seem more or less in subjection and under control of this lamentable and despicable influence.

To a mind at all serious and given to reflection, the glaring truth of the present remarks cannot but be obvious and convincing. Such, I venture to say, have had the lamentable fact, by painful instances, again and again forced upon their consideration, and are fully prepared to admit, condemn, bewail, and strive against, so degrading and common a sin and failing. How painful the reflection that such a state of depravity should exist, and so prevail. Alas! how predominant in the heart must pride and vanity be—how deeply rooted indeed it must be—how alluring and powerful must its gratification be, that even Christians (or those striving to be so,) that even they, I say, should be overcome by it. Yea, even such are often found yielding and complying, to sad lengths, with the vain fashion and show, habits and customs of this depraved world of sin and vanity.

Think on the subject as you will, reflect for a moment, examine yourself, and even then, little as you may think such power controls, you will have to acknowledge the influence even in your own mind, and be convinced of the glaring truth before us—a truth no less evident than painful, to all serious and reflecting minds.

And on these things so—is it really the case. That mankind are so thoughtless, so stupid, and so blind? Can it be that they thus degrade and lower themselves! Oh too true is it, and confirmed does holy writ stand in so truly declaring, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit"—that in man dwelleth no good thing—that the heart is desperately wicked. And if these things are so—are they thus to remain? Will we not be convinced, be persuaded of the sin, folly, and madness of such depravity—will we not seek and strive and pray earnestly and diligently, that by the grace and power of God we may be enabled to watch against, and be victorious over sins, so gross and powerful. Oh, ye who are convinced and persuaded of the depravity and pride of the human heart—do ye at once flee to the throne of grace—seek to be more and more convinced of the trash and utter vanity of all earthly things—in no way desire to be conformed thereto—but flee from, hate and abhor, all conformity to the fashions and customs of this perishing and passing scene—oh, seek that the holy and blessed image of

God, which has been so sadly effaced from mankind, by sin, may by the blood of Christ be recalled, and in some measure again implanted upon you. Seek, I beseech you, for happiness where alone it is to be found—even in the service of God—whose favor and friendship is life, and loving-kindness better than life—in comparison with which nothing in this world is worthy of being mentioned, and altogether worthless, and nothing but vanity, vanity, vanity!

Such reflections are forced upon me by long persuasion of the painful reality. Such reflections and convictions I desire to consider and weigh over and over again, and to treasure them up within me, that I may not, while sensible of the evil and inconsistency in others, be found yielding and conforming in like manner myself. God forbid that I should even be tempted, or induced so to do. May I be firm and determined, by the grace of God, never to yield or conform to the foolish and frivolous ways of this perishing world. From the conviction, may I be led to pray earnestly—to pray for strength to overcome such vanity and vexation of spirit. Oh, may I be preserved from ever being a victim to such madness and frivolity. May I be enabled to cast out, to mortify and extirpate every such evil that is within me. Being grieved and disgusted with the glaring sin of pride and vanity in others, may I be led, and have strength, to flee from it myself. Being humbled and debased on account of my sin, and awful depravity, may I ever be found seeking to follow the example of our blessed Lord and Saviour, and, like Him, desire in no way, or the least degree, to be conformed to carnal and earthly things. To the eternal interests of my immortal soul, I would earnestly desire to devote my first undivided and serious attention. To spiritual things—to the service of God—I would devote myself entirely, unreservedly, body, soul and spirit. To the things of this perishing world, I desire to have no attachment; but be wholly engrossed with "Eternity." I would seek earnestly, yea diligently, with all my heart, and soul, and strength, the love, favour and friendship of God. Oh, may I be stimulated and excited to all earnestness concerning my immortal soul, be enabled to devote myself, entirely and perseveringly, to the service of God—have strength and grace to pass through this passing scene of sorrows, trials and temptations—supported by the hand of God—ever serving Him with all my heart, and soul, and strength—ever "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith," who alone can accomplish so great and blessed a work within me. Instead of partaking in any degree of the prevailing spirit of worldliness and ungodliness reigning here below—instead of joining with them in decorating my body, and viewing with interest so contemptible a thing, as the vain show and appearance of worldly, carnal and dying mortals—oh, may I, shunning so gross a sin and folly, be rather found anxiously and earnestly viewing and examining my soul and its appearance before Almighty God, in that spiritual mirror, his Holy Word—and endeavour to devote as much time, thought, trouble and anxiety, in thus decorating my soul, as far, far too many are found doing for their poor, perishing, vile and sinful bodies.

Of such depravity and folly, as well as the frivolity and madness of all worldly and carnally-minded people, I am so utterly convinced, that I desire most earnestly, most solemnly and sincerely, to vow, and resolve, and seek, by the grace of God, to be enabled to shun, to abhor, detest, and flee from any and all conformity or participation thereof—and to seek to partake and follow after the alone object worthy of pursuing or possessing, the salvation and eternal interests of an immortal soul. Oh, may I ever be found striving, watching and praying, that at last I may, through the mercy of God, be admitted to the enjoyment and celebration of His love and everlasting praises throughout a blessed, glorious and never ending eternity—to the honour and glory of the blessed Trinity—to whom—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—be ever ascribed everlasting praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A FRIEND AND SUBSCRIBER.

Quebec, 10th September, 1842.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following interesting and affecting account. Such cheering communications will be always gratefully received, and will doubtless be appreciated, especially by those who have the honour to be employed in that interesting "work of faith and labour of love"—Sabbath School teaching. We hope that others will imitate the example of our friend, J. P.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—Amongst the numerous subjects of interest & importance contained in your excellent publication, I think there are none more profitable to the souls of your readers than the accounts you sometimes give us of the lives and happy deaths of those who had believed in Jesus, and held fast the beginning of their confidence firm unto the end. I have, therefore, penned the following short sketch of one, who, though but a youth of sixteen, was truly "an example of the believers." Humbly requesting an early insertion,

I remain, yours, &c.

J. P.

JOSEPH WEGG, the subject of this memoir, was a scholar in the St. Anne Street Wesleyan Sabbath School, Quebec. Agreeably to the instructions he there received, he began early to feel himself a sinner by nature as well as by practice, and to manifest a desire to "flee from the wrath to come," and to be reconciled to his Heavenly Father through Christ, "the way, the truth and the life." In the winter of 1841, a gracious work of God commenced among the children of our school, and crowds might be seen hastening by moonlight to the places appointed for prayer-meeting, which were held two or three times during the week under the superintendance of a teacher. At one of these, our young friend obtained the evidence of his acceptance with God, and of his adoption into the family of his Heavenly Father. Since that up to the time of his death, (about a fortnight,) which was occasioned by drowning while bathing in the river St. Charles, it may truly be said, he walked as becometh the Gospel of Christ. As his teacher, I had many opportunities of observing not only his consistent deportment, but the zeal for the salvation of his school-mates which he displayed on various occasions; and can safely say, that in his little circle, he was a burning and a shining light. On the day before his death, which was the Sabbath, he seemed more earnest than usual, while his face beamed with holy delight as I spoke of the love of Jesus, frequently responding with emphasis to what I said. Alas! how little did I think, that he who was now before me, in all the rosy freshness of health, would, in a few hours, be numbered with the silent dead! But he has gone to enjoy an eternal Sabbath, and to sing the praises of Him who had redeemed him, and washed him from his sins in his own blood.

Sabbath-school teachers! let us deal faithfully with those placed under our care! how soon—how suddenly—they are called away! therefore, brethren, let us "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

We had the pleasure, on Tuesday evening last, of attending a Tea Meeting of the Committee and Teachers in connexion with the Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath Schools in this city. Never on any former similar occasion, were we more highly gratified. The religious character of the meeting was admirably sustained throughout the evening. Interesting addresses on the nature and usefulness of those valuable institutions were delivered, by the ministers present; and several beautiful pieces were performed during the evening, by an excellent choir, which added to the pleasurable sensations that appeared to be generally enjoyed. The entire arrangements reflected

much credit on the managing Committee. After the usual Doxology and prayer, the meeting broke up at a seasonable hour; and we have no doubt that lasting and useful impressions were made upon the minds of the teachers, which will be found valuable in the future pursuit of their interesting labours.

THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE began its sittings on Wednesday the 27th July, and, as we said before, Dr. Hannah was elected President, and Dr. Newton, Secretary. We are now enabled to communicate further particulars by late arrivals of the *Watchman*. The Rev. Messrs. Wm. Evans, John Bustard, John Radford, George Cubitt, Thomas Garbutt, Jos. Pretty, Robert Massaroon, and William Crook were admitted into the legal Hundred. An Address was voted to the Queen on her recent escape from assassination. The day following Bishop Soule, and his travelling companion, the Rev. T. Sargent, were introduced to the Conference, when the Bishop gave an account of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On Monday, Aug. 1st, the Ex-President preached in City Road Chapel to the Conference, and in the evening the Public Examination of the young men was commenced, and continued the following evening. 53 were examined. On Tuesday, in answer to the question, "What preachers have died?" it appeared that 31 had; among whom were the Rev. Messrs. Jonathan Edmondson, Joseph Entwistle, and Edmond Grindrod—pillars of Methodism. May their simplicity and holiness never become extinct in their successors! On Wednesday a Prussian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Sydow, and the Rev. Dr. Steinkoff, were introduced to the Conference, and delivered addresses, which obtained great attention and occasioned much pleasure. In the evening the Ordination of the young men took place, in which Bishop Soule assisted. The Ex-President, the Rev. James Dixon, delivered the Charge, which appears from the synopsis of it before us to have been of surpassing excellence. It is to be published; and Bishop Soule was requested by the Conference to publish a sermon delivered by him in City Road Chapel. On Friday the Sacrament was administered to the members of the Conference, the Bishop aiding in the service.—*Chr. Guardian*.

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE OF DIVINE WORSHIP.—Sunday morning divine service was performed at the Institution of the Refuge for the Adult Destitute Deaf and Dumb, in Bertlett's buildings, Holborn. The congregation was composed chiefly of deaf and dumb persons, and this is the first attempt at instructing in scriptural doctrines, by public worship, that class of the suffering community, laboring under the deprivation of the senses of hearing and speaking, ever made. The service was conducted in the following manner, and presented a most interesting scene:—Mr. Rosser, a deaf and dumb gentleman, performed, if it may be so termed, selections from the Morning Service, which was done by making signs with his fingers; and the rapidity with which he did it was wonderful. The Lord's Prayer was delivered entirely by pantomimical gestures, and was a beautiful specimen of expressive silence. After the morning service, Mr. J. G. Simpson delivered a short but eloquent discourse, from the 35th chapter of Isaiah, and it was conveyed to his audience through the medium of signs, as he slowly proceeded, by Miss Janet Crouch, a remarkably intelligent little girl, only eight years of age, who although neither deaf nor dumb, is as conversant with the signs as the oldest of the

adult deaf and dumb members of the institution. The rapidity of the child's notions, by which she conveyed the discourse delivered by Mr. Simpson, was astonishing. At the conclusion of the discourse, the deaf and dumb were asked by the same medium of signs, whether they perfectly understood what had been delivered, to which they assented. The singular spectacle of the Holy Scriptures being expounded by signs, was altogether of a most impressive nature. The service will be continued for the present, at the institution in Bertlett's buildings, every Sunday morning. It is in contemplation to have a regular place of worship in connection with this society, for the deaf and dumb portion of the community, of whom it is estimated that there are in London alone, several thousands, who will thus be enabled to participate in the benefits of the publishing of the gospel, from which they have up to this time been debarred.

A CHURCH BUILT IN A DAY.—The parishioners of Rhyne, who had been denied by the possessor of the soil a place on which to erect a house of God, obtained a place on the confines of an adjoining parish. The 13th of June will be a day long remembered at Rhyne. At one in the morning a party, in charge of thirty horses, repaired to the woods to bring timber; others repaired to the hills to fetch stones, that had been made ready. A large company of masons and carpenters assembled. Their labor was gratuitous, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. By eight o'clock in the evening a large well-executed commodious church, was nearly prepared for the assembling of a congregation.—*Edinburgh Witness*.

STRANGE CONTRARIETIES:

1. The Saviour says—My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight; but now is my kingdom not of this world. It is a mistake, says the Pope; I am the head of the Church, and I am a temporal Prince; I levy armies, fight battles, and do all other things which earthly sovereigns may of right do.
2. Marriage is honorable in all, says the Apostle Paul. Oh no! says the Pope—not in all; for it is not lawful for priests to marry.
3. A bishop must be the husband of one wife, says Paul. He shall be the husband of no wife at all, says the Pope. I will suffer no such thing—not I.
4. Have I not a right to lead about a wife, or a sister, as well as Cephas and the other apostles of our Lord? says Paul. No, says the Pope; you may lead about a concubine, but a wife or sister you shall not.
5. By faith are ye saved, says the apostle—not by works. Paul! says the Pope, this is a grand mistake: by works, to be sure. Why, we have had saints with us who have had more good works than were necessary for their own justification; and the surplusage is left at my disposal for the notable offenders in all time to come.
6. Call no man Father on earth, [in Ecclesia,] says the Saviour. But is not the Bishop of Rome emphatically called Papa, Pope! Holy Father?
7. Search the Scriptures, says Christ. You shall do no such thing, says the Pope, without my express permission.
8. Now these [the Bereans] were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they searched the Scriptures, says Luke. O no! says the Pope; Luke, you are wrong. The Bereans had no business to search the Scriptures. It is very dangerous for Laymen to be permitted to do any such thing.
9. The Saviour, in giving the sacramental cup, said, Drink ye all of it; but the Pope says, all of you shall not drink of it. None of the Laity shall ever taste it. It is for the Clergy only.
10. There is one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus—says Paul. There are at least a thousand, says the Pope; and at the head of them stands not Christ Jesus, but the Virgin Mary.
11. Who can forbid water, says Peter, that these should not be baptised? Peter, says the Pope, your views are very defective: you should have said, who can forbid water, and oil, and salt, and spittle.

12. I had rather speak five words with the understanding, than ten in an unknown language, says Paul. My liturgy is in Latin; it is an unknown language to many, and is much better, says the Pope.

13. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them. In Roman Catholic cathedrals and chapels, there are images and likenesses of many things both in heaven and in earth; and who can tell how many times the priests, who minister at the altar, bow down before them?

14. Preach the word, says Paul. You will excuse me, says the Pope. I don't like to do it.

15. And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus; but the Pope preaches once a year, and not sure of that.

16. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, says the Bible. The Sabbath day is not half so holy, says the Pope, as All Saints' day.

17. Our Saviour has taught us to pray, Lead us not into temptation; but the Pope has framed a systematic plan of temptation, in linking these three things together—auricular confession, the celibacy of the clergy, and the power of absolution.

18. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. They are not blessed, says the Pope; for they must go to Purgatory; neither can they rest until many masses are said for the repose of their souls.

19. In the Bible, the Bishop of Rome is called 'the man of sin.' In the Papal Church he is called His Holiness.

20. The ministers of Christ are forbidden to lord it over God's heritage; but the Pope of Rome lords it over both God and man's heritage. He claims to be universal Bishop, and deposes monarchs.

Here are twenty strange contrarieties—but it must be confessed there is one coincidence. Diotrophes loveth to have the pre-eminence, says the Apostle John; and so do I, says the Pope. He receiveth not the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out of the Church, adds John; and this also is exactly what I do, says the Pope. One coincidence and twenty contrarieties!—*Protestant and Herald.*

THE RICH should be like a mountain reflecting the sun's rays on the vale beneath, rendering it more fruitful, and giving to surrounding objects new life and vigor. But, unfortunately for mankind, the man of wealth is too often like a mountain intercepting the rays of the sun, and thus depriving objects beneath of the common blessings of nature—covering the broad area of shade with blight and ruin.

DIED.—At Napierville, on the 24th July, after a protracted illness, of sixteen months, during which she evinced the most humble submission to the Divine will, Rebecca Scriver, the beloved wife of Mr. Albert Hatch, aged 21 years and five months.

DIED.—At Russelltown, on the 30th ult., John Wesley, son of the Rev. John Raine, Wesleyan Minister, aged one year and 17 days.

"As the sweet flow'r which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day!
Thus lovely was our infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away,
And as the flow'r that early dies,
Escapes from many a coming woe,
No lustrous lends to guilty eyes,
Nor blushes on a guilty brow;
So the sad hour that took our boy,
Perhaps has spared some heavier doom,
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.
He died before his infant soul,
Had ever burnt with wrong desires;
Had ever spurn'd at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
He died to sin, he died to care,
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then springing on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings and soared to God!
This the blest theme that cheers our voice,
The grave is not our darling's prison;
The 'stone,' that covered half our joys
Is 'rolled away,' and 'he is risen.'"

Russelltown, Sep. 3, 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RICHARD REYNOLDS.—The late Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, wife had amassed a princely fortune in the iron trade, looked upon himself merely as the steward of the Almighty. His entire income, after deducting the moderate expenses of his family, was devoted to benevolence; and he thought his round of duty still incomplete, unless he devoted his time likewise. He deprived himself of slumber to watch beside the bed of sickness and pain, and to administer consolation to the heart bruised with affliction.

On one occasion, he wrote to a friend in London, requesting to know what object of charity remained; stating that he had not spent the whole of his income. His friend informed him of a number of persons confined in prison for small debts. He paid the whole, and swept the miserable mansion of its distressed tenants. Most of his donations were enclosed in blank covers, bearing the modest signature of "A friend."

A Lady once applied to him in behalf of an orphan saying, "when he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor."

"Nay," replied the good man, "thou art wrong. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but as the man in the parable was accountable for his one talent, so am I accountable to the great Lord of all."

OLD ZEB.—Near the dwelling, under the wide-spread branches of an ancient live-oak, sat the master, a grave-looking old gentleman, whose locks told that he had seen many winters. Just opposite to him sat an old servant, whose age was several years in advance of his master's. He was just able, by the help of his cane, to hop about the yard. He seemed to be lost to everything of this world; but as soon as religion or heaven was named his eye gathered new lustre; his emaciated face kindled up with a glowing smile, and his tongue seemed unconscious of age and infirmity, as he told how he had been a member of the old Methodist Episcopal Church for sixty years. It was his delight to tell of the old Methodist preachers that used to climb the rugged hills, and penetrate the dark forests of old Virginia, forty or fifty years ago.

Among others, he said, he had often harnessed old Bishop Asbury's horse; and the last time he saw the bishop he told him to meet him in heaven. He says he is on his way, and will soon be there, God being his helper. But he wondered whether the bishop, and all those old preachers he used to wait upon that are now in heaven, would know old Zeb, when he gets there?—"Ah! well," he adds: "it makes no odds, if they don't know me. I think, I sure, Master Jesus, he will know Zeb, and that'll be enough!" In the story of his life, he told me he had been living here for twenty years; and as it is very remote from church, he had heard but three or four sermons in all that time, until in the year 1841 the missionaries visited the place, and built up a flourishing society. He said he was now willing to depart and go hence for he had seen the salvation of the Lord.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF SECTARIANISM.—The following anecdote is related of a Mohegan Indian, in Connecticut. "Supposing you get to heaven, the Lord Jesus ask you who you be; you say, you are a presbyterian. Then he say, you sit there on that little seat, and there you stay; don't you go any where else; keep your place. Another come to heaven. He ask, who are you? He say, I am a Baptist. Then you sit there on that little narrow seat; let no one sit nor eat with you, nor come near you. Have all the seat yourself: keep all your singing and rejoicing to yourself. Another come. He say, who are you? He say I am a Methodist. Then he say, you sit in that corner; and let one stand to keep all away that do not make as much noise as you make in your worship. Another come. He say, who are you? He answer I am a quaker. Then Christ say, you sit way out yonder alone, that the noisy ones may not distress you, while you worship by thinking without singing, bowing, looking joyful, or joining with others who come to speak of my goodness, or talk of my power.

After all these, by and by, Indian come. The Lord Jesus ask him who he be? He say, I love our Lord Jesus with all my heart and soul, and I love all who love Him in sincerity. Then the Lord Jesus say to him, "You may sit where you please, may walk all over Heaven, eat where and what you please, enjoy all the liberty Heaven affords, be equal to angels, and not be confined to any seat."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND LEGERDEMAIN.—In order to preserve rectitude of mind amidst the various inpositions of the age, it is important not only to be settled in fundamental principles of truth, but to be aware of the exceeding skill and expertness of deception. Let any man who gapes and wonders at the exploits of the magnetisers and the magnetised, until he is half constrained to think there must be something in it, go and witness the tricks of common jugglers, and he will find mysteries equally beyond his uninitiated mind. When he is once informed of their secret, he laughs at his former obtuseness, and wonders more that he could not of himself detect the fraud than that the juggler could perform the trick. So it would be, if the manœuvring of the magnetiser was understood. At least, so we should conclude it would be, rather than to forsake the fundamental laws of mind, and the dictates of common sense.—*Evangelist.*

LONGEVITY.—The following most extraordinary instance of longevity appears in the *Cork Reporter*, and its accuracy is vouched by a gentleman of fortune in the county of Cork, Mr. Nagle, of Ballinamona castle, who in a letter, dated July 26, thus writes to the editor:—"I think you will not have any objection to insert in your next publication the death of a very old man, my pound-keeper, on part of the lands of Clogher, near Doneraile, named Louis Wholehan. He died yesterday, at the age of 118 years and 7 months; he was married to his first wife more than 50 years, and had no offspring. He married a second wife at the age of 109 years, by whom he has had a son, a fine boy, and very like the father. From his great age I have given him his house and the parish pound many years rent free, which made him comfortable and prolonged his life. He never lost a tooth, nor had a gray hair in his head."—*English Paper.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

THE Halifax papers of the 10th inst. contains three days later intelligence from England, brought by the steamship *Margaret*, 22d August from Liverpool, and arrived at Halifax on the 8th, in 17 days.

The insurrection in the manufacturing and mining districts, having spent its violence, was subsiding, and the restoration of tranquility was becoming general. At many places, the disturbers of the peace have returned to work. In Yorkshire and Lancashire, the women were among the most active of the rioters. The turn out in Scotland, regarded as the project for a general movement, has been a failure.

It is doubted whether a regular steam communication between Europe and America, except by the Cunard steamships, can be sustained any longer. The proprietors of the Great Western are so deeply embarrassed by the expenses incurred in keeping her employed, that they cannot, in reason, hazard their funds any further in the prosecution of such an unpromising speculation. It appears that the concern stands indebted to their bankers in the sum of £15,000, and also £10,000 to other parties, and have a large iron steamship now on the stocks at Bristol, which will require, to complete her, at least £15,000 more.

The report of Sir Robert Peel's seat at Tamworth having been burned by a mob on the 10th ultimo, (the evening previous to the departure of the *Calcedonia*), is not confirmed, and it appears was only a false alarm.

Mr. O'Connell has announced that he shall not again stand for the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin, intending to devote all his future time to the furtherance of Repeal.

The Royal George yacht, together with the royal barges, have got ready at Portsmouth for Her Majesty's excursion to Scotland.

An important inquiry is now pending at the Custom House, connected with fraud to a great extent on the revenue having been committed by parties holding high and responsible situations. Already seven officers have been suspended. One of the party has absconded.

A young woman named Jane Cooper, committed suicide by throwing herself from the Monument.

POETRY.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. D——,
ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER INFANT.

Tho' dark the ways of heav'n, yet still we view
Enough t' assure us they're all just and true;
Those dispensations which to mortal eyes
Seem ill, are only "blessings in disguise,"
And what we fancy oft with bliss replete,
Ends in vexation, sorrow, and regret.
Had heav'n prolong'd thy lovely infant's date,
Who knows the perils of its ripper state,
What ill might vex it, and what woes await?
Heav'n saw thro' all, and with the lightning's speed,
Sent the kind mandate, and the pris'ner freed.
As some blest swain, to whom his sov'reign yields
His blooming gardens, groves, and flow'ry fields,
To nurse the plants, to graft th' inserted fruit,
And teach th' obedient branches how to shoot;
If while he blissful roams, some lovelier bloom
Of richer foliage, texture and perfume,
Attract his eye—suspicious lest some rude blast
Should nip the tender blossom, and lay waste,
He hasty plucks it, young and immature,
And bears the grateful present to his Lord.
So when the guardian angel of thy race
Saw this sweet flow'r adorned with blooming grace,
Fearful of future harms, and heavier fate,
By heaven's permission, circumscribed its date,
And pleas'd above th' ambrosial gift to bring,
The garden entered with impatient wing,
And cropt, and bore it to th' eternal King.
Montreal, Sept. 2, 1842. 107A.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIBLE WARNING!!!

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the people of every Religion based upon the Word of God, that I, J. P. WILSON, a man of the common people, (having been brought up as a farmer,) have read the Discussion which took place in the year 1838, between the Rev. Mr. Gregg, Minister of the English Church, and the Rev. T. Maguire, Roman Catholic Priest, the great advocate of the Church of Rome; in which a man of the common people, that is, an ignorant, Protestant, as the Rev. Gentleman is pleased to call one who is not learned in several tongues, is called upon to come forward, and to let him know how long such a man would take to read the Bible, and how he could interpret it.

Whereupon I call upon all men holding either the Bible of the Church of England, or the Bible of the Church of Rome, to commence and read them through from beginning to end. All such as are not bound to the hours of a labouring man, may read it through in one year from this date; and tradesmen and labourers can have it read by the year 1845.

Further, in the year 1843, God willing, I will challenge the great Rev. T. Maguire to stand to his writings. I will also call upon the Jew to come forward, and I will engage to confound him out of his own Scriptures.

In this great undertaking, I will ask the opinions of some on the 11th chapter of Ecclesiastes, 2d verse, and will expound the SEVEN, wherever an opportunity is afforded me. The contents of this verse order my expenses to be borne.

You may now see the three men that the Prophet DANIEL saw, as recorded in his last chapter.

Four different Scriptural Questions have been proposed to me by four different Clergymen, since the year 1830; who, however, denied me the privilege of answering them in public. The Rev. T. Maguire will, however, I trust, give me an opportunity of answering those questions, in the presence of himself and others.

The fact of the Church of Rome having called upon a "common man" to explain so wondrous a book, planned by the wisdom of the Most High, in visions, parables and numbers, and prepared to meet the times and laws of the lower world, furnishes proof that "the clouds have emptied themselves upon the earth."

But I address you, friends, in the language of David, "Let no man's heart fail;" I will go and interpret the Book. Four great men have already fled from before me. Newry in Ireland, St. Helen's in England, and the township of Clarke, Upper Canada, can add shall prove the fact.

I hope that Brother Jonathan will put his hand under this garment.

The prayers of all are earnestly entreated, that I may be enabled to act justly with the Word of God. Peace be to man, woman, and child.

Editors of papers are requested to notice the above. The attention of the authorities is also respectfully invited.

Those who will not hear this, must be ranked amongst the dead; those who will hear this, must stand up, and give their voice among the living; for it is written, "He that is not with me is against me."

The public's humble servant in the Word of God,
J. P. WILSON,
Or, WILSON THE LAYMAN.
MONTREAL, September 14, 1842.

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Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

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