

# CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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## POETRY.

For the Christian Mirror.

### TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

ADDRESSED TO \* \* \* \* \*

THERE'S a home in the heavens, a blessed sphere,  
Where the eye is ne'er dimm'd with a single tear;  
There's a world without sorrow, or pain, or care,  
And the child that thou mourn'st is there, is there.

There's a land where the evils of sin are unknown,  
And the enemy Death is hurl'd from his throne;  
A region of spirits—all bright and fair—  
And the child that thou mourn'st is there, is there.

There's a garden of blossoms, all blooming and bright,  
The chosen, the cherish'd, the children of light;  
Whose souls are as pure as the robes that they wear,  
And the child that thou mourn'st is there, is there.

There are mansions of bliss in the realms above,  
And thrones that resound with a Saviour's love;  
Where millions with millions in happiness share,  
And the child that thou mourn'st is there, is there.

He was thine, but the Saviour has call'd him away—  
Oh! would'st thou restore him to death and decay?  
No—rather in Heaven to meet him prepare;  
For the child that thou mourn'st is there, is there.

Montreal, June 2, 1842. J. D. M.D.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

[In a late number, we inserted a short account of a most affecting and truly distressing circumstance, which occurred in the month of April last, in the township of Preston, Nova Scotia. The following narrative of the transaction, which we copy from *The Church*, originally appeared in the *Nova Scotian*. It will be read with interest, especially by our young friends.—Ed.]

### THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

Most children, who can read, have read the touching little Nursery Tale of the Babes in the Woods, and thousands, who cannot read, have wept over it as better informed playmates, nurses, or grandmothers, poured it into their infant ears, with variations, embellishments, and exaggerations, which, if all duly preserved, would fill a book as large as Robinson Crusoe. We have seen all the touching incidents of the scene so often portrayed in woodcuts and engravings, that at any moment we can conjure up the bed-room in which the dying parents consigned the innocents to the cruel but fair-spoken uncle—the wild glen in which the ruffians quarrelled, upon the point of conscience, as to whether they should be murdered or left to perish in the wood—and then, the wood itself, in which they wandered so long, hand in hand, quenching their thirst in the running brook, gathering sloe-berries to satisfy their hunger, and sleeping at night beneath the trees in each other's arms.—Truly this little legend has enjoyed a popularity more extensive than thousands of tales of more complicated plot and elaborate execution. The boys and girls of the present generation read

and listen to it with as much delight and as tender a sympathy as the boys and girls of the past, and who can say how many centuries may pass before it shall cease to be remembered, or be shorn of any proportion of the popularity it now enjoys.

We have had of late our "Babes in the Woods," and the object of this little sketch is to record some incidents, in humble life, in which the people of Halifax, Dartmouth, and the settlements in their vicinity, take at the present moment a very lively interest, and which it is probable will be held in painful remembrance by hundreds until their dying day. Our story lacks something of the dramatic cast of the old one—there being neither avarice, cruelty, nor crime in it, yet 'tis "pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful." The town of Dartmouth lies on the eastern side Halifax harbour, directly opposite to the city of that name. The township of Preston lies to the eastward of Dartmouth, and embraces scattered agricultural settlements, through the principal of which the main road runs which leads from Dartmouth to Porter's Lake, Chizetcook, Jedore, and all the harbours upon the south-eastern seaboard. About half a mile from this road, at a distance of some four miles and a half from the Ferry, lived John Meagher, a native of Ireland, his wife, and a family of four children. His house is prettily situated on an upland ridge, between two lakes, and overlooking the main road. His cleared fields were chiefly in front, the rear of his lot being covered by a thick growth of bushes and young trees, which had sprung up in the place of the original forest, long since levelled by the axe, or overrun by fire. Behind the lot, in a northerly direction, lay a wide extent of timber and scrambling woodland, granite barren and morass, the only houses in the neighbourhood lying east or west, on ridges running parallel with that on which Mr. Meagher lived, and which are separated from it by the lakes that extend some distance in the rear of his clearing.

On Monday morning, the 10th day of April, Meagher, his wife, and two of the children, lying sick with the measles, the two oldest girls, Jane Elizabeth, being six years and ten months, and Margaret only five years old, strolled into the woods to search for Lashong, the gum of the black spruce tree, or tea berries. The day was fine, and the girls being in the habit of roaming about the lot, were not missed till late in the day. A man-servant was sent in search of them, and thought he heard their voices, but returned without them, probably thinking there was no occasion for alarm and that they would by and bye return of their own accord. Towards evening, the family became seriously alarmed, and the sick father roused himself to search for his children, and gave the alarm to some of his nearest neighbours. The rest of the night was spent in beating about the woods in rear of the clearing, but to no purpose, nobody supposing that girls so small could have strayed more than a mile or two from the house. On Tuesday morning, tidings having reached Dartmouth,

Halifax, and the neighbouring settlements, several hundreds of persons promptly repaired to the vicinity of Meagher's house, and, dividing into different parties, commenced a formal and active examination of the woods. In the course of the day the tracks of little feet were discovered in several places on patches of snow, but were again lost—the spot at which the children crossed a rivulet which connects Lake Loon with Lake Charles was also remarked. A colored boy named Brown, whose dwelling lay about three miles to the north and west of Meagher's, also reported that he had heard a noise, as of children crying, the evening before, while cutting wood, but that on advancing towards it and calling out, the sound ceased, and he returned home, thinking, perhaps, it was a bird or some wild animal.

The tracks, the coloured boy's report, and the subsequent discovery of a piece of one of the children's aprons, stained with blood, at the distance of three miles from their home, gave a wider range to the researches of the benevolent, who began to muster in the neighbourhood of the place in which the piece of apron was picked up, and to deploy in all directions, embracing a circle of several miles beyond and in rear of it. Monday night was mild, and it was pretty evident the children survived it.—Tuesday night was colder, and about two inches of snow having fallen, the general conviction appeared to be, that, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and having no outer clothing, they must have perished. Still there was no relaxation of the exertions of the enterprising and benevolent. Fresh parties poured into the woods each day, and many persons, overpowered by the strength of their feelings, and gathering fresh energy from the pursuit, devoted the entire week to the generous purpose of rescuing the dead bodies, if not the lives of the innocents, from the wilderness. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed away, and no further trace was discovered of the Babes in the Woods; every newspaper that appeared was eagerly searched for some tidings—every boat that crossed the harbour was met by anxious and enquiring faces—Dartmouth was constantly occupied with vehicles and pedestrians moving to and fro.

As the week closed, all hopes of finding the children alive were of course abandoned, and yet nobody thought of discontinuing the search. An air of mystery began to gather about the affair. The accounts of the man-servant and of the coloured lad were eagerly canvassed—what meant the blood upon the scrap of the apron? Had there been crime? Had wild animals destroyed them? How could they have wandered so far? How could hundreds of persons have traversed the woods for five days, without finding them? All these were questions which every body put to his neighbour, and which none could answer.

On Sunday morning, it was quite evident that the interest had deepened rather than declined. A load seemed to hang upon the mind which was excessively painful. Many who had been confined all the week, unable to join in the good work, determined to

spend the Sabbath in searching for the babes, in imitation of Him who went about doing good, and who gave examples of active benevolence even on the day set apart for rest and devotion. Many others sought to throw off by locomotion, and a sight of the localities, the load of doubt, and mystery, and apprehension, which oppressed them. From early morning till eleven o'clock, groups might be seen entering the steanboat, with hunting-coats, and strong buskins, evidently bound for the woods. The Preston road was covered with the ardent and eager, of all ranks and all ages, pressing onward with a zeal and determination worthy of any good cause.

We strolled into Meagher's early in the forenoon. The sick husband was in the woods. The bereaved mother, whose agony must have been intense throughout the week, while there was a chance of her little ones being restored to her alive, seemed to have settled into the sobriety of grief which generally follows the stroke of death, and when hope has been entirely extinguished. One sick child rested on her lap. Friendly neighbours were sitting around, vainly essaying to comfort her who could "not be comforted," because her children "were not."—All they could do was to shew, by kind looks and little household attentions, how anxious they were to prove that they felt her bereavement keenly. We plunged into the woods, and at once saw how easy it might be for children to lose themselves in the dense thickets and broken ground immediately in the rear of the house, and how exceedingly difficult it might be to find their bodies had they crept for shelter into any of the fir or alder clumps, through hundreds of which they must have passed, or laid down beneath the spreading roots of any of the numerous windfalls, which lay scattered on either hand. We wandered on, and on, occasionally exchanging greeting, or enquiries with parties crossing and recrossing our line of march. We reached the house of Brown, the coloured lad, who thought he heard their voices, and questioned him. His story was natural, and consisted with the facts as subsequently disclosed. He probably heard them, but not being aware that any body was lost, and finding his call unanswered, had thought nothing of the incident until subsequent information gave it importance. If they heard him, they may have heard in following sound, or shrunk from a strange noise, at a distance from home, with childish apprehensions. Leaving Brown's house, we again took to the woods, and, as we beat about north and east, to the neighbourhood of where the tracks and the piece of apron were found, voices were heard in the distance—well known faces crossed our path every few moments, and the tracks upon the light snow, remnants of which still lingered in the glens and thickets, became numerous, and in some places paths were beaten by the frequently recurring footsteps of the searchers. As we went on, and on, and on, clambering over windfalls, brushing our feet against granite rocks, or plunging into mud holes, the sufferings of those poor babes were brought fearfully home to us, as they must have been to hundreds on that day. If he who had slept soundly the night before—were well clad, and had had a comfortable breakfast, were weary with a few hours tramp—if we chafed when we stumbled, when the green boughs dashed in our faces, or when we waded through the half frozen morasses,—what must have been the sufferings of those poor girls, so young, so helpless, with broken shoes, no coverings to their heads or hands; and no thicker garments to shield them from the blast, or keep out the frost and snow, than the ordinary dress with which they sat by the fire or strolled abroad in the sunshine? Our hearts sunk at the very idea of what must

have been their sufferings. We would not have laid down in the warmest nook we could select in that wide wilderness, clothed as we were, and pass a single night at such a season, without food or fire, for an Earl's ransom. What then must they have endured as night closed on them, perhaps on the dampest and bleakest spot, to which mere chance directed their footsteps? We were pushing on, peering about, and dwelling on every probability of the case, when, just as we struck a wood-path, we met a lad coming out, who told us that the children were found, and that they were to be left on the spot until parties could be gathered in, that those who had spent the forenoon in search of them, should have the melancholy gratification of beholding them as they sunk into their final rest on the bleak mountain side.

In a few moments after we met others rushing from the woods, with the painful and yet satisfactory intelligence, hurrying to spread it far and wide. We soon after hove in sight of Mount Major, a huge granite hill, about six miles from Meagher's house, and caught a sight of a group of persons standing upon its topmost ridge, firing guns, and waving a white flag as a signal of success. The melancholy interest and keen excitement of the next half hour we shall never forget. As we passed up the hill side, dozens of our friends and acquaintances were ascending from various points—some, having satisfied their curiosity, were returning, with sad faces, and not a few with tears in their eyes. As we mastered the acclivity, we saw a group gathered round in a circle about half way down on the other side. This was the point of attraction. New comers were momentarily pressing into the ring, and others rushing out overpowered by strong emotion. When we pressed into the circle, the two little girls were lying, just as they were when first discovered by Mr. Currie's dog. The father had lifted the bodies, to press them, cold and lifeless, to his bosom, but they had been again stretched on the heath, and their limbs disposed so as to show the manner of their death. A more piteous sight we never beheld. There were not the holiday dresses of the Babes in the Woods, for their parents were affluent, and it was for their wealth their wicked uncle conspired against them. Jane Elizabeth & Margaret Meagher were the children of poor parents, and they wore the common dress of their class, and scanty enough it seemed for the perils they had passed through. The youngest child had evidently died in sleep, or her spirit had passed as gently as though the wing of the Angel of death had seemed but the ordinary clouds of night overpowering the senses.—Her little cheek rested upon that of her sister—her little hand was clasped in hers—her hair, almost white hair, unkempt and dishevelled, strewed the wild heath upon which they lay. The elder girl appeared to have suffered more. Her eyes were open, as though she had watched till the last—her features were pinched and anxious, as if years of care and of anguish had been crowded into those two days. If life is to be measured by what we bear, and do and suffer, and not by moments and hours, that poor girl must have lived more in two days than some people do in twenty years. From the moment that she found herself really bewildered, and began to apprehend danger, until that in which she threw the remains of her little apron over her sister's face to keep the snow out of her eyes, pillowed that cold cheek upon her own, and grasped the hand by which she had led her for long wearisome hours, what a world of thought must have passed through that youthful brow—how must that young spirit have been over-informed, that young heart been tried!

Neither of the girls had any thing on their heads. Their legs were dreadfully torn and lacerated—the large toe of the elder, which protruded from her boot when she left home, was much cut. To this wound, or to one upon her leg, occasioned by a fall, it is probable that a piece of apron, which directed the search so far into the wilderness, had been applied. We were reminded of the Corn Law Rhymers' lines—

And the stones of every street,  
Knew their little naked feet.

But the stones of the street are smooth compared with the rough rocks, and tough branches and brambles, which these poor Babes had encountered. We pity the man who could have stood over them for an instant without shedding a tear, for their fate and for their sufferings. There were few who did. We looked round us as we broke from the circle—there were men of all ranks, and ages—Soldiers in fatigue dress—the merchant, the mechanic, and the professional man with the town garb variously disguised—the Preston, Lawrence Town and Cole Harbour farmers, in their homespun suits,—the Chizeetcook Frenchman in his moccasins—the coloured man in his motley garb,—and apart from the rest, a group of Indians, sharing the common feelings and sentiments of our nature, but calm and unruffled amidst the general excitement of the scene. The hill on which the children were found, was the last place any body would have thought of looking for them, and yet when upon it, the reason of their being there seemed sufficiently clear. A smooth platform of rock, clear of underbrush, and looking like a road, approaches the base of the hill, from the direction in which the children probably came. They doubtless ascended in order that they might ascertain where they were: and it is more than likely that when they saw nothing but forest, bog and wild barren, stretching away for miles around them, without a house or clearing in sight, that their little hearts sunk within them, and they laid themselves down to refresh for further efforts, or, it may have been, in utter despair, to cling to each other's bosoms and die.

There was one thing which brightened the scene, sad as it was, and seemed to give pleasure even to those who were most affected by it, "In death they were not divided." It was clear there had been no desertion—no shrinking, on the part of the elder girl, from the claims of a being even more helpless than herself. If she had drawn her sister into the forest, as a companion in the sports of childhood, she had continued by her in scenes of trial and adversity that might have appalled the stoutest nature, and broken the bonds of the best cemented friendship. Men, and women too, have been selfish in extremities, but this little girl clung to her sister with a constancy and fidelity worthy of all praise. From the tracks, it was evident, that she had led her by the hand, changing sides occasionally as the little one's arm was weary. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the tenderness and constancy of this poor girl, no less than the sufferings of them both, seemed to speak but one language to every heart on that wild hill side, no matter what garment covered it, and to call forth the same response: "Thank God, there was no desertion—in death they were not divided," seemed to be the language of every one, as they turned away from the spot where the "Babes in the Woods" lay in each other's arms.

The bodies have been buried in a rural and quiet little grave-yard, about two miles from Dartmouth. It is proposed to build a monument over their remains, to which the person

who found them has contributed the sum offered as a reward for their discovery. We trust a liberal subscription will enable the Committee to put up such a one as will do credit to the good taste and liberality of the Capital and its neighbourhood. A rude Cairn was hastily erected on the hill where the babes were found, but we understand that it is in contemplation to smoothe the front of a huge granite boulder, near at hand, and point out, by a suitable inscription, the spot which will, we venture the prophecy, be a resort of our youth and of strangers, during the summer months, for whose information this simple narrative has been prepared.

### BIOGRAPHY.

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

BY REV. JOSEPH BELCHER.

A VILLAGE, called Ugborough, near Madbury, in the country of Devon, gave birth to the subject of this sketch, in the year 1804. To wealth or worldly honour his parents had no claim. They were, however, esteemed for their correct, moral and Christian deportment. The father of our friend now resides in the metropolis to enjoy the filial gratitude of his honoured son, and to rejoice as a father and a Christian, in his success and his popularity.

While he was young, John Harris removed with his parents to Bristol, and was admitted to the Sunday-school connected with the Tabernacle in that city. At this period of his life, we have reason to know that his ready obedience, amiable manners, and cheerful sociability, secured for him the high esteem of all who knew him. Nor were indications wanted, even then, of that brilliant genius, and that determined labour in the acquirement of learning, for which he has since become eminently distinguished. We have heard the doctor relate, in his own playful and interesting manner, an account of a visit once paid to the Sunday-school by the distinguished Joseph Lancaster, who, with a happy instinct, singled him out as the first lad of the school. It happened at that time that a Mr. Bird, a popular lecturer on astronomy, who, we believe, still resides in the neighbourhood of Windsor, was then lecturing on his favorite science at Bristol; and Lancaster, by a note still in existence, introduced his little friend to the lecturer, as one who would greatly profit by an attendance on his instructions. The lectures to which he thus listened, opened to his mind worlds, and systems, and facts, which astonished and delighted him, and contributed in no small degree to expand his understanding, and increase his thirst after knowledge.

Having given evidence of the power of religion on his heart, and become connected with the Christian church in whose Sunday school he had been taught the doctrines of the Saviour, he entered the College at Hoxton, to prepare for the duties of the Christian ministry, in the year 1823, when scarcely nineteen. Here his character became more fully developed, and those who best knew him, and who were most fully qualified to form a judgment, predicted that he would attain to no small eminence among his compeers.

Having completed his preparatory studies at the "school of the prophets," in 1827, Mr. Harris became the pastor of a small church of Independents at Epsom, in Surrey. Here, surrounded by an affectionate and increasing congregation, he cultivated his personal religion, and acquired large stores of general and scriptural learning. His mind, equally capacious and clear, is remarkable for its readiness in apprehending truth in all its aspects and connexions; while, blessed with a retentive memory, he never seems for a moment to forget what he has once known.

Beyond a very limited circle around Epsom, Mr. Harris was scarcely known for eight or nine years after his ordination; but all this time the great Head of the Church was preparing him for his present extensive and successful labours. In this secluded situation he wrote the manuscript of his "Great Teacher," which, after several disappointments, he was enabled to present to the world; and which was silently, but certainly, making a deep impression on the public mind, when an event occurred which at once raised him to the pinnacle of fame.

About the time of the publication of "The Great Teacher," Dr. Conquest offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay against the Sin of Covetousness, constituting the Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel the adjudicators. Mr. Harris, after carefully surveying his subject, determined to become a competitor; and though nearly one hundred and fifty persons were candidates with him, to the delight, but not to the surprise of his intimate friends, he became the victor. Of this work nearly thirty-five thousand copies have been sold in Great Britain, besides a very large impression in the United States. Its influence on the Christian world is already known to have been great, in increasing the funds of benevolent institutions; but we apprehend that its most eminent usefulness has yet to appear; for we have been personally assured by a professional gentleman of undoubted veracity, that he can testify to its mighty influence on the authors of wills, involving property to an amount which, if stated, would scarcely be credited.

To be continued.

### THE TRAVELLER.

From the Edinburgh Quarterly Review.

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

We opened this work with the feeling of weary despondency at the prospect of three more volumes of Travels in Palestine; we closed them with respect and gratitude to the author, not unmingled with a little blameless national jealousy. We are not altogether pleased that for the best and most copious work on the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land, though written in English, we should be indebted to an American divine. The interest of Palestine and its neighbouring provinces is, and must ever be, inexhaustible—the Palestine of the patriarchs, where the pastoral ancestors of the Jews, having been summoned from Mesopotamia, settled with their flocks and herds among the agricultural tribes of its earlier inhabitants—the Palestine of the chosen people, with all their solemn and eventful history—the Palestine of our Lord and his Apostles—the Palestine of Josephus, with the awful wars which ended with the abomination of desolation in the Holy City—the Palestine of the early pilgrimages of Jerome and his monastic companions—the Palestine of the crusades, of Godfrey of Bouillon, of Richard Cœur de Lion, and of Saladin; we may descend still lower—of Napoleon, of Sir Sidney Smith, and of more recent British heroes: in every period, or rather throughout the whole course of time; this hallowed and marvellous country is connected with recollections which belong to the unlearned as well as to the learned, to the simple as to the wise.

Every scene has its sanctity or its peculiar stirring emotions; every name awakens some association of wonder, of reverence, or, at least, of laudable curiosity. We must confess, if it were possible to stay or to quench this ardent interest, it would have breathed its last under the countless volumes of travels which have poured, and still threaten to pour, upon us from all the gates of all the publishers in Europe. We have long been well nigh worn out, and could hardly have pledged ourselves that even our public spirit, our heroic and self-devoted sense of the responsibility of reviewers, would not have failed at the sight of new travels in Palestine.

These two American travellers (for we must not deprive Dr. Robinson's companion, Mr. Smith, of his due share of the common merit), by patient and systematic investigation, have enabled us to satisfy our minds on many points for which we had in vain sought a solution in the whole range of travels and geographical treatises. The authors have brought to their task strong, may we venture to say, English good sense; and piety, which can dare to be rational. With the most profound veneration for the truth of the sacred writings, they do not scruple to submit to the test of dispassionate inquiry, and of comparison with the records of scripture, every legend of which this land of wonders is so inexhaustibly fertile. Dr. Robinson has had the advantage of preparing his journals for the press in Berlin, unquestionably the city of Europe in which at present is centered the most profound erudition: he

names some of its most distinguished scholars as having assisted him with advice; above all, the great geographer, K. Ritter, whose testimony to the importance of these discoveries comes from perhaps the highest living authority. We should mention that Dr. Robinson's colleague, Mr. Smith, having long resided in the East, was intimately acquainted with the vernacular Arabic, so that, instead of depending, in his communications with the natives, on an ignorant, careless, or designing interpreter, he might be perfectly confident that the questions would be fairly and distinctly put, and the answers reported with conscientious accuracy. By this means he has obtained much useful information as to sites of towns and other local circumstances, from the unsuspecting tradition of the names by which they are now popularly known among the inhabitants.

But we must first accompany our travellers to the city of cities. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the topography of Jerusalem in this work by far the most full, complete, and satisfactory which has yet appeared in any language. The student of Jewish history may find his difficulties resolved, and every remarkable locality assigned, in general, on incontestable evidence; where the subject is more difficult and intricate, with a judicious choice between the conflicting theories. No city, indeed, in the greater part of its outline, could be so unchangeable as Jerusalem. The great outworks and substructions of nature still stand around and support the holy city. Her four hills, Sion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha, still rise up, far more distinct and visible than the seven heights of her conqueror on the Tiber. Her deep ravines—the Valley of Kidron or Jehoshaphat on the east—that of Hinnom to the south, curving upwards to the west—mark her unalterable boundaries. Though part of the ancient Sion is without the walls, and covered with fields and cemeteries, yet it required the utmost temerity of paradox to doubt the identity of the hill which has constantly borne that name with that which was crowned of old by the city of David. The valleys which intersected the city; that of the Tyropœon which divided Moriah from Sion, and, for reasons assignable from history, that which divided Acra from the Mount of the Temple, can be traced, more or less distinctly, if not throughout their whole length, in considerable parts. Some fragments of the older works of man, scarcely less imperishable than those of nature, part of the substructures of the Temple, and, according to recent accounts, the spacious excavations beneath it, bear the same undeniable testimony to the perpetuity of the sacred city.—Dr. Robinson has carefully examined, and brought to bear upon his investigations, the whole range of authorities, the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, Josephus, the fathers who had visited the East, the historians of the crusades, down to the interminable list of modern travellers of every period, and of every nation.—(To be continued.)

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best; the hour is coming, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless in death—the countenance must be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature—we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it attends us in solitude, it follows us into society, it lies down with us at night, it awakens with us at morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it. 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.'—Townsend.

REMEMBER THE ROCK WHENCE YE HAVE BEEN  
HEWN.

THE saints in heaven, whose salvation is perfected, and beyond the reach of injury, look back on the sinfulness in which they were involved, but from which they were mercifully rescued, and employ the recollection of it to inflame the gratitude which animates their bosoms, and pour from their lips, as they sing: "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." And if the gratitude of the saints in heaven is kept alive, and increased by the remembrance of that redemption which they experienced here below, as well as by the communication of that felicity which they participate above, surely it becomes the saints upon earth to be mindful of the change which their spiritual circumstances have undergone—to compare their present comforts and safety with their past disquietudes and danger—to meditate on the guilt, the pollution, the fears, the distresses, the ruin from which they have been emancipated, no less than upon the rich consolations which they enjoy, and the precious hopes with which they are inspired; so that by the contrast they may be led to set a higher value on the salvation of the Gospel, have a stronger sense of the obligation to him who is the author of it, and sing with a warmer heart, and in a higher strain, the song of thanksgiving and praise.—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."—*Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

## THE GLORIOUS FULLNESS OF CHRIST.

If the Lord Jesus Christ were not glorious in himself—strip him of the light he dwells in, silence the praises of heaven, remove far away the ten thousand adoring spirits who worship at his footstool, veil him once again in a body of humiliation—yet this one fact, that all blessedness which sinners ever knew has sprung from him, lays the believer at his feet in adoration and wonder. We esteem him rich, who after supplying his own wants, has still wherewith to relieve the wants of others; we call him great, who has preserved a nation; but here are riches that have unnumbered millions blessed for ever, and a power that has saved a world. It is this, which causes the Church below to glory in nothing save the Redeemer's cross;—it is this, which the Church above takes as the subject of its loudest praise.—It was the prospect of this glory, that enabled Christ himself to "endure the cross, and despite the shame;" it is the enjoyment of this, which now fills and satisfies his soul. And when the Son of man, at the last great day, shall "sit on the throne of his glory," what is it that will make him so glorious there? the hosts of mighty angels around him? an assembled world at his feet? the melting away before his presence of the earth he suffered on, and of the sun which beheld his reproach? No; the salvation of the lost. "He shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."—*Rev. C. Bradley.*

## CLEANINGS.

LET no day pass without inwardly digesting some portion of Scripture: it will prove a guardian angel to you, and be the means of chasing away many an evil spirit from you.—*Marsh.*

The prosperous soul is a soul where the doctrinal and practical parts of religion are united in lovely proportion.—*A. Fuller.*

Truth, it is said, ought not to be spoken at all times. But there is a dangerous ambiguity in the aphorism, and hence it is employed to a pernicious purpose. It has two senses, one a bad, the other a good one. "Falseness ought sometimes to be spoken,"—this is the bad and perilous sense. Cases there are in which truth ought not to be spoken. What, then, ought to be spoken? Falseness? No! nothing at all. That is the good sense. And this is the sense in which only it should be employed as an aphorism by the moralist.—*Bentham's Deontology.*

The best way to please all, or displease any with the least danger, is to please Him, who is all in all.—*Anon.*

For the Christian Mirror.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL  
GIRL.

O THUS it is, the fairest and the best,  
Are ever summoned earliest to their rest,  
As if too pure to share the varying strife—  
The thousand ills that mark man's chequer'd life;  
As if the impress of their heavenly birth,  
Too brightly shone to bear the chains of earth.  
Thus with the maid, who lies on yonder bier,  
Whose death is mourned by sorrow's bitterest tear;  
Like some fair spirit from the world above,  
Unstained by sin, and all her nature love,  
She sought to soothe, to comfort, and to bless,  
And found her own in others' happiness.  
Meek, gentle, kind, in all her words and ways,  
No tongue spoke of her were it not to praise.  
Pure as the white bird laying on her breast,  
By which her early doom is well express'd,  
Plucked from its parent stem, ere yet the flower  
Had shown its beauty at the noontide hour—  
Before rude winds had bowed its gentle head,  
Or scorching suns a baneful influence shed.  
With tender care, and with a Father's love,  
God claimed this flower, and planted it above,  
Above, in heaven, to bear immortal bloom,  
And smoothed her passage to the silent tomb.  
Death came disarmed of all his dreadful state,  
His victim sank unconscious of her fate,  
Her spotless spirit scarcely felt the rod  
That called her to the presence of her God.

March, 1842.

M. S.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1842.

CONVERSING recently with a friend on the importance of union and co-operation amongst the true disciples of the Saviour, in whatsoever section of the Christian Church they may be found, and on the advantages which naturally would flow therefrom—advantages which, we are free to say, would be felt and seen, not only in our own immediate community, but throughout the length and breadth of the land, nay, to the utmost extent of the habitable globe;—he remarked, that his mind had been occupied for some time with a plan, that, if fairly tried, he thought would greatly assist in bringing about so happy a consummation: which was, the association of the pious and zealous of the different Protestant Churches in our city, by assembling together, statally, for the purposes of religious conversation and mutual edification and improvement.

The plan is a novel one; but is, nevertheless, worthy of a trial. Inasmuch as the "excellent of the earth" are not confined to this or that particular body of Christians; the experience and knowledge of those who, though not in immediate communion with ourselves, are remarkable for their piety, their works of active benevolence, and their untiring zeal in the spread of the blessings of practical religion; could not fail of quickening our zeal, and encouraging our hearts,—and thus, with the Divine blessing, would an increased energy and impetus be given to the combined exertions of Christians of every name, to spread the knowledge of the world's Redeemer on every side.

Never, in the history of the Christian Church, was there greater need for united and strenuous exertion on the part of Christians,

than in the present day. Whilst bigotry and superstition, in various forms, unblushingly raise their brazen fronts, and endeavour to fetter the consciences, and blind the minds of all who come within their influence; the friends of our common Christianity should rally round the standard of Immanuel, and heartily embrace every opportunity to spread pure and undefiled religion to earth's remotest bounds.

We would earnestly recommend this subject to the prayerful attention of the reader— fervently praying, that every species of bigotry and superstition may speedily disappear, and there shall be but "one fold under one Shepherd."

THE intensely important subject of Education, upon which principally depends the well-being of society, cannot be too carefully investigated.

In resuming this extensive field of discussion, apology were needless. We have, in our preceding number, touched only upon one topic, and we shall now take a general view of the present system, as it exists in the country parts of Canada, and endeavour to bring before the public the pernicious tendency of the system as it there obtains.

It seems to be the general feeling that a very superficial and elementary education is sufficient for the farmer; and this principle is too generally carried out in practice. This is a great error,—it is tantamount to the idea, that the animal part of a man is to hold intellectual improvement in bondage. This, in fact, is the sequence. Now, it must be very plain to any person, that man would not have had bestowed upon him reasoning powers and reflecting faculties, had they not been intended for cultivation and improvement, as a relief to manual labour.

What disgrace would attach itself to a farmer, were he to leave his grounds unploughed and unsown, and squander his precious time away. We should justly condemn him. Be it recollected, he who neglects the education of his children, when the means are within reach—(and there is scarcely a village in Canada where such means may not be enjoyed if exertion be put forth)—is far more culpable of an increasing, irredeemable error. The mind left to nature—the passions uncontrolled—and every impediment removed, that vicious principles may grow and flourish! Doubtless, Satan perceives a rich harvest in perspective. Here is a startling consideration, that should arouse the dormant energies of the country.

Nor is this a tithe of the mischief caused. Society is literally burdened with an ignorant generation, vicious and corrupt; and the very purpose for which man was created is inverted. Where a partial education takes place, the child perhaps does not attend, on an average, in the winter months, above three, or, at the furthest, four days in the week—in the summer, not at all; so that what is gained in winter, is lost in the successive season. Besides, the continual semi-annual change of masters and mistresses, in nine cases out of ten utterly incapable, presents another disadvantage of no small magnitude.

We might here point out other prevailing evils; but as that would not correct the folly of past years, we refrain from saying more than is requisite to form a striking contrast with a better state of things.

The laws of Prussia recognise the education of youth as a duty that every parent or guardian owes not only to the child, but to the state, and obliges them to "keep them at school from their

seventh to their fourteenth year;" and if resistance be offered, the services of the police are put in requisition. We have before us the whole of this excellent and judicious plan, which, however, is too long for present insertion. The children are progressively educated, and, consequently, the state of society in that country is equal, if not superior, to any other in Europe: simply because they are an educated people.

We sincerely hope the people of our adopted country will from henceforth become more alive to the intrinsic value and indispensable necessity of education—that our commissioners and superintendants will watch, with jealous care and zeal, the development of the mental faculties of the rising generation—and that Canada will no longer be proverbial for ignorance.

We have a cheering prospect before us, and all we want is a steady and experienced pilot to guide us clear of the errors of past years. As an incentive, too, let us bear in mind that education is the main-spring of national prosperity, and that a colony which is not advancing in intellectual and moral improvement, is, in effect, retrograding: for past time cannot be redeemed, and prejudice is liable to take deeper root. But we feel assured that the public mind is aroused from the indifference which has too long prevailed, and from that imbecility which has hitherto been the bane of this country.—*Com.*

For the Christian Mirror.

#### MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

##### NO. II.—INVISIBLE AGENCY.

INNUMERABLE channels are continually open to receive the suggestions of invisible agents; they are most undoubtedly the remote cause of thought. There are three other intermediate but passive agents—the past, the present, and the future; together with a thousand circumstances, commonly attributed by the thoughtless to chance, but really the ordination of a divine and inscrutable Providence. These aforementioned divisions of time are the only correct ones by which human actions can be measured. The past warns, and ought to guide us: the present is fully occupied by thoughts, words, or actions, which will redound eventually either to our everlasting contempt and confusion, or to our eternal felicity; and the future allures us onward. Rather, these are secondary causes. The fact that the mind is capable of holding invisible communion, is an incontrovertible and stupendous internal evidence of Divine Revelation and a future state; and the more frequently the mind does so, in the contemplation of the superior interests of eternity, the more exalted and refined and averse to evil it becomes—the more distinct and perceptible the lines of principle appear, illuminated by unerring Power from on high. This is proved not by the wildness of enthusiasm, or an over-wrought imagination, but by the commonplace experience of the everyday sincere and upright Christian, because the agency of evil spirits are thus counteracted.

The soul is able to expand herself upon the past—to conjure up scenes that occurred centuries ago—and to receive as facts the very chance of probability; the natural consequences are produced according to the peculiar temperament of the mind; and not unfrequently we rise from the study of such subjects better informed, and more firmly resolved to chalk out a different path of conduct for ourselves in future. So far so good. But a little time elapses, and invisible agency annuls our determination. The waves of hell, driven over the garden of intellect, sweep away all our good intentions, and the road we had surveyed, scarcely now retains a saving mark.

If spirits were not acquainted with, and capable of exerting their agency upon the moral organisation, how comes it that evil thoughts we would often gladly banish, disagreeably intrude themselves at the most unseasonable hours? This can be accounted for in no other way but by admitting our position.

How far this interferes with the responsibility of man, we shall show hereafter. These are the aliens and strangers to which we have before alluded, and they cannot possibly become ours, consequently guiltless, until we encourage and adopt them as such. The very fact that the mind is sufficiently powerful to admit them as equal participants, detracts not one iota from the responsibility of man. Reason scrutinizes every thought with nicety and precision, sends them to the bar of conscience, and, with unflinching, unerring rectitude, she passes her verdict of safe or unsafe on each: and thus are we totally "without excuse." Then passion prompts, and perhaps a sinfully indulged inclination points the way—blinds the judgment—overpowers the intellectual check which ought always to be kept tightly reined, and involves the subject in crime and guilt; and so, every evil thought presented to the animal propensities either by Satan or his emissaries, becomes more and more powerful, and less able to endure resistance.

There are only two kinds of thought—those which are absolutely sinful, and consequently hurtful, and those of an exactly opposite nature; there can be no such thing as indifference in the matter—they must be all put into one or other of these scales. The moment the mind becomes the acknowledged receptacle of any thought, we become responsible for it; and it must be clearly evident to any one, that if we are accountable for our actions, we must be for our thoughts—without one, the other could never exist.

Even in sleep, when it might be supposed that the invisible world exercises the most potent influence during any of the various periods of human life, we will prove that even while the mind is partially delirious, man is somewhat accountable still for the very visions of the night season, and that he possesses a forensic control over the energies. If the intellectual powers have been exercised in the performance of benevolent actions—if our day has been spent in the faithful discharge of our duty towards God and man, in accordance with the golden rule—which is now, alas! substituted by the iron one of self-interest,—surely our dreams will not be dismal and dreary, but rather savour pleasantly of the reminiscences of the by-gone day. If, on the contrary, the animal propensities have had unlicensed and unrestrained sway—heedful of nothing but the gratification of our own injurious inclinations, bought at the expense of love to God and man—in what state of preparation will the mind be to receive the effusions of those invisible agents which continually assail the soul. The brain is the only tangible medium of ceaseless intercourse between the two worlds. But the spirit that acts upon it, and the spirit or spirits with whom it communicates, are two different things. How, and in what manner, and wherefore this is effected—what proportion of independence can be assumed by each respectively—what the secret springs are—remain an incomprehensible, and, therefore, an undefinable mystery. Why such a mode was, and still continues to be, adopted by the Father of lights, with whom there is no variability nor the shadow of a turning, is his prerogative, into which we durst not enquire—but, doubtless, will one day be revealed to our astonished and enlarged faculties, when mortality shall put on immortality.

What extent of communication man, in his primeval state of innocence, might have enjoyed with the vital cloud of consciousness surrounding the Deity, is forbidden ground of speculation; but that it did exist, we have the warrant of Scripture to confirm. I believe, too, even now, that every human being has his guardian angel administering to his spiritual wants—often forewarning him of evil in different ways—aiding the fallen-sullied light of conscience—exerting their kindly and providential influences on the mind—and the more so, as we yield ourselves up to their admonishing voice in the affairs of life. Of course, these are to be considered as secondary agents, which the all-merciful Creator is pleased to employ as ministering spirits; but too often counteracted, however, by our own obstinacy—and sometimes so despised and neglected, that at last some minds seem self-mortgaged, as it were, to the world of evil spirits: a state fraught, indeed, with the most tremendous results—

awful in the extreme to contemplate; and the end of which is past human comprehension.

Montreal, June, 1842.

OVERBURY.

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

##### REV. GEO. SCOTT'S PERSECUTION.

MUCH sympathy has been felt in this country for our beloved brother Scott, since the report was received that he has been suffering persecution for righteousness sake, in Stockholm. The following letter has been put into our hands by Rev. Mr. Kirk, to whom it was addressed by Mr. Scott, and we regret that circumstances have delayed its publication until this time. It will be read with painful interest.—*Eds. of Observer.*

STOCKHOLM, April 5, 1842.

My very dear Brother,—Your affectionate farewell is still sounding in my ears, notwithstanding the many conflicting sounds which have been heard since the evening we stood together on the platform of the Tabernacle. You may conceive, my conduct in not writing sooner, is sadly at variance with the above profession: but when you know all, you will more than forgive me—you will induce my many kind friends to forgive me too.

But now to the reasons for my long silence.

On safely reaching London in October last, I found a letter from my dear wife, enclosing a copy of a newspaper from New York, purporting to give a faithful report of my address at Dr. Spencer's church, Brooklyn, but the most grossly vulgar and misrepresented account that the vilest hatred of truth, and bitterest malice, could in brief space draw up. The Editors, meanwhile, rejoiced at the discovery, (they have always opposed all my proceedings,) and promised me a warm reception, if I "dared to return," which they appeared to doubt. My arrival in November was the signal for a simultaneous attack on the part of three journals, who had a little before espoused the side of Strauss's "Leben Jesu," and sought to undermine the faith once delivered to the saints. The attack, I venture to say, for virulence, falsity, continuance, and wicked reviling, is unparalleled in the history of newspaper literature. I repaid, by publishing a concentration of the strongest things I had said in any part of America, that the Swedish people might know the worst; and that "a word in season," much needed, and which under ordinary circumstances it would not have been easy to issue forth, might be circulated. The papers referred to fell over this truth, and being in the condition described (1 Cor. ii. 13,) they of course could not understand the motive for or manner of my proceedings. And as national vanity is peculiarly strong here, and spirituality very weak, many buoyed up on the fame of Charles XII, Gustavus Adolphus, &c., the attack took amazingly. I became an object of general contempt, and could, in my humble measure, apply Ps. xxii. 7. When general prejudice was sufficiently excited by the papers referred to, a caricature, purporting to unfold the secret machinations of the Methodist preacher, came out: and as such things are new and rare here, this produced its effect on a large class of this religiously ignorant, and generally light-minded people. Shortly afterwards a popular theatre manager brought out a piece called "The Jesuit," in which the hero is guilty of the most abominable crimes; and by his almost unrivalled power of mimicry, so personated the obnoxious individual, that the correctness of the representation called forth the enthusiastic paudits of the crowded audiences; and they left, carrying with them the impression that the person thus introduced was guilty in the manner represented. Meanwhile, the chapel was crowded service after service, and I opened it for preaching or lecturing every night, to make the most of the excitement, God giving me all the while unprecedented liberty and power in declaring his truth. Our annoyances were many; and attacks were again and again threatened on the chapel, or house, or myself, the vile abuse of the leading papers still continuing—but nothing decidedly serious took place till Palm Sunday last, the 20th March. The crowd was usually large, and I had scarcely begun my sermon when a disturbance commenced which necessitated me to pause, and request quietness; shortly afterwards, however, the noise, stamping, huzzains, whistling, squeaking, &c., &c., became so dreadful, that after repeated attempts to proceed, I was compelled to desist:

and thus the avowed object of the party (for the whole affair was preconcerted), was gained. On the same evening "The Jesuit" was performed without any molestation. A most characteristic and instructive coincidence, on which much, very much might with propriety be said, but I forbear. I saw that it was no use proceeding with the services, especially as the police authorities were any thing but active, and I have therefore inhibited the Swedish preaching for the present, continuing only the English. What the result will be it is impossible to foresee. The British minister has reported the outrage to England, and I have requested from the Governor written information as to whether I can expect proper protection for the prosecution of the services sanctioned by the government.

The government is convinced that there is no ground for the popular hatred; but such is the strength of the papers referred to, such the despotism they yield, that I shall not be at all surprised if the government give way, and offer me as a sacrifice to a Hydra which seeks to eat out all orthodoxy, piety and good order from the land. I shall not, however, continue long in suspense; and either from hence or from "merry England" write soon again to you or some other in New York. I am far from imagining that my journey to America is the cause of all this; it had indeed been seized hold of as the occasion, but the cause lies deeper. The operations in Sweden, with which I have during more than eleven years been connected, are producing their legitimate fruit; many, very many, have been, in various parts of the country, brought to a spiritual and life-giving knowledge of the truth which they have long possessed in the letter; the strong man armed is made uneasy when so many of his weapons, wherein he trusted, (particularly intemperance) are taken away, and his captives are emancipated; and as the influence exerted by this nominally Methodist, but really un denominational institution at Stockholm, is especially prominent in this island on that kingdom of darkness, the principal attack of the enemy is directed against us; while the large increase of power resulting from my visit to America greatly increases the rage of Satan. If God permits my being sent away, which I do not consider unlikely, it will be for the purpose of arousing universal attention to the much agitated question, "Is there religious freedom in Sweden?" and the result no one can foresee.

This country generally is in a strange state, besides many political reasons for uneasiness, besides the bold attempt to spread the infidelity of Strauss, an attempt too much supported by the people, strange scenes exist in a whole district, Smaland,—young girls from 12 to 20 years of age, under the influence of an impulse which, they say, they cannot resist, and which the authorities consider in part if not entirely the result of bodily sickness; hundreds, in some places thousands, gather to listen, and the effects in producing sobriety, restitution, &c., are surprising. I have no doubt but a time of general awakening is approaching the land. American Christians, keep your promise, pray, believingly, mightily, prevailing for a large outpouring of the Holy Spirit!—this is my salutation to all the anniversary meetings.

Farewell, beloved brother, farewell! Remember me in warm affection to all who care to remember,

Yours, in love, unfeigned,  
GEO. SCOTT.

#### NEW RAILWAY BILL—THE SABBATH.

THERE is at present before Parliament a bill for the regulation of railways, and we are happy to announce that Mr. Plumptre gave notice last night that he would propose in Committee to introduce a clause, "That no railway shall be used on the Lord's-day, except in cases of charity or necessity." Until the law shall be duly respected on railways, it will be absurd to say they are properly regulated. It is all very well to punish engine-men for drunkenness, guards for inattention, other servants for incivility; but that legislator must be blind indeed who does not perceive that to deprive engine-men, guards, and other servants, of the rest of the Sabbath, to shut them out from Christian communion on the Lord's-day, is to lay a sure foundation for drunkenness, inattention, and incivility. Regulate railways in obedience to the fourth commandment, and the result will

be decency and order; take away the Sabbath, and the issue will be shame and confusion. The engineman who, through the disorderly habits of railway proprietors, must be revereled daily more and more indifferent to the revealed will of God, and reckless of his own immortal soul, will become at the same time less and less careful of the lives and well-being of others. A moment's reflection must convince every enlightened mind, that a bill for regulating railways, which omits all reference to the law of God, and permits his holy day to be profaned, is a mere delusion. It is therefore a subject for congratulation that Mr. Plumptre proposes to rescue the British Parliament from the disgrace of such ignorant legislation.—*London Record.*

#### THE SABBATH IN FRANCE.

On the 20th of February last, the committee on petitions, in the Chamber of Deputies, made a favourable report on a petition which prayed for some barrier to the increasing immorality and impiety of the press, and for some religious observance of the Sabbath, in the profanation of which the petitioner charged the government with taking the lead by employing numberless laborers on the public works of every kind. The committee stated that the injunctions of religion in regard to the observance of the Sabbath accorded admirably with the exigencies of human nature, and the working and indigent classes, for whom repose, moral and physical, during one day of the week, was salutary in the highest degree. No order was taken on the report. The clamour was great which was made during its reading. But the mere presentation of such a report in Paris is surely a good omen.—*Bos. Rec.*

#### "SING SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

UNDER the labours of the missionaries in India, a young Brahmin was converted, and gave sweet evidence of his attachment to the name and service of Jesus Christ. He remained for some years a consistent and devoted Christian, but God was pleased to call him early to himself. He was attacked with the cholera. A little before he died, says Mr. Carey, another young native Christian came to see and comfort him; and as he laid his languishing head on the bosom of his young friend, he broke out in an ecstasy of joy, saying in his native tongue, "Sing brother, sing." "And what shall I sing?" asked his friend. "Sing salvation through the death of Jesus! salvation through Jesus Christ!!" and so he died.

And it was well to die with such words of triumph on his tongue, and such songs of praise in his ear. A sinner, a heathen sinner, hears of Jesus, and believes in his name. He feels the joy of pardoned sin, and trusting in the righteousness of Christ for salvation, he looks upward with gladness to the recompense of the just on high. Sickness seizes him, a terrible malady, that has scourged the nations, that brings anguish indescribable on its victim as it crushes him in its destroying folds; but this heathen sinner, sinking under its power, asks a friend to sing: to sing of Jesus, and salvation through his death!

It was a glorious theme. He was just commencing the song of the redeemed in glory itself. A few moments more and he would break out with rapture, in the midst of the throne, with multitudes innumerable, clothed in white robes and palms in their hands,—"SALVATION to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." And why should he not make the earth vocal with the prelude to heaven's own song? It was here on earth that he had tasted first the joy of redeeming love, it was meet that here he should join in the praises of Him by whose blood he was saved from hell.

#### INTERESTING CELEBRATION.

At the Anniversary of the Philadelphia Sunday Schools on Monday 23d ult., the first and only surviving Sunday school teacher (a citizen of Albany) in the first Sunday school established by the late Robert Raikes, was present. The number of Sabbath scholars of various ages, in attendance, was sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine. Including teachers, spectators and visitors, the number may be computed at twenty thousand souls. What a scene for contemplation! At the close of the exercises, a suitable hymn was sung by the teachers and scholars. "The rich and affecting harmony of whose voices,"

says the Philadelphia Inquirer, "ascended to heaven as the pure incense of the heart, and was responded to by deep feeling, and many a moistened eye among the listening thousands around."

#### MODERATORSHIP OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

WE understand that the Rev. Dr. Welsh is to be proposed as Moderator of the ensuing General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Our readers will agree with us in thinking, that a man better suited for taking the first place in our first Ecclesiastical Court at a time so momentous as the present is not to be found. No minister of the Church stands higher in character than Dr. Welsh; and there are few so peculiarly fitted for the duties of the office by a knowledge of ecclesiastical law and history, and by business habits and business talent. Though perhaps a smaller matter, it would be gratifying too, at a time like the present, when superficial writings and semi-infernal worldlings can describe our Assembly as ruled by a fanatical majority, to see at its head, as the choice of that majority, one of the soundest judgments & most philosophic intellects of Scotland.—*Witness.* [Dr. Welsh wrote the life of Dr. Thomas Brown and is the Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh.]

The English Church Pastoral Aid Society expends £22,000 in supporting, in whole or in part, 255 clergymen and 35 lay assistants.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### TROPHIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

A WRITER somewhere discourses with his readers in this manner: What terminated the horrid gladiatorial massacres and murders, which destroyed many thousands of unhappy persons among the Romans?—Christianity. What has instituted so many establishments for the reclaiming of the vicious, and for instructing even criminals?—Christianity. What has protected widows and orphans, against injustice; subjects, against exaction and oppression; the weak, against the powerful in suits of law; the goods and the persons of the shipwrecked, against plunderers; and, in short, every description of persons, against the distress which would otherwise have overwhelmed them?—Christianity. What has discouraged the suicides?—Christianity. What has discouraged the absurd practice of duels, or deciding disputed points by single combat, which obtained so generally in the north and west of Europe?—Christianity. And another writes thus: To whom are we indebted for the knowledge of antiquities, sacred and secular? To Christians. To whom for grammars and dictionaries of the learned languages? To Christians. To whom for chronology, and the continuation of history for many centuries? To Christians. To whom for rational systems of morality and natural religion? To Christians. To whom for improvements in natural philosophy, and for the application of these discoveries to religious purposes? To Christians. To whom for metaphysical researches, carried as far as the subject will admit? To Christians. To whom for moral rules, to be observed by nations in war and peace? To Christians. To whom for jurisprudence and political knowledge, and for settling the rights of subjects, both civil and religious, upon a proper foundation? To Christians—not to atheists or deists.

These, and ten thousand more, are all the trophies of CHRISTIANITY! and they shall show us THOU ART FROM GOD. Hasten—and let thy influence fill the world!—*Morning Star.*

##### COKE AND COOKMAN.

THESE names are associated by more than ordinary ties. The distinguished individuals who bore them, were not only natives of the same clime and ministers of the same church; but they both came to their end in a mysterious way, and now their bodies are tenants of the same watery grave, and their spirits, we doubt not, of the same heaven. The former was on a mission of mercy to the heathen,—the latter, on an errand of filial love to his native land; when, in the dispensation of a wise but mysterious Providence, they were arrested in the midst of their voyage, and cut off

in the height of their ministerial usefulness. But we may apply to each of them what the latter most eloquently said of the former in one of his most excellent missionary addresses:—"The ocean mas his *semichre*, but he being dead yet speaketh."—Little did Mr. Cookman think at the time he made this remark of Dr. Coke that it would ever be so applicable, and so applied to himself. But it has thus come to pass, and the remark is true in reference to both of them.

Through their pious lives, their extensive labours, their writings and their mysterious deaths, they yet speak, and will long continue to speak, to their survivors and to posterity. Yes! Long will it be ere the ministers and members of the Wesleyan church especially, on either continent, can forget the names of "Coke and Cookman," so harmoniously and mysteriously blended! Their spirits in the skies—their bodies in the deep. But the time is coming when the "sea shall give up her dead." And in reference to that period we may again apply to both of these ministers what the eloquent Summerfield, also on a missionary occasion, with unequalled beauty and sublimity, said of the former:—"In that day when Christ shall come to make up his jewels, Coke shall be gathered from the ocean's bed—a diamond of the purest water."—This to some, if not to an equal extent, may also be applied to Mr. Cookman. And as diamonds of the finest lustre we think it likely the Saviour himself will deem them worthy of being forever set in the crown of his own glory.—*Rich. Christian Advocate.*

#### AFFGHANISTAN.

The early history and origin of the Affghans appears to be veiled in obscurity; the general impression is, that they are descendants of the Jews, to which race they bear, in some respects, a striking resemblance. The several tribes which inhabit the country between the river Indus and Persia are included under the general denomination of Affghans; they are of a predatory, wild, and savage character, and bear a resemblance to the ancient clans of Scotland in habits and manners, and have very limited ideas of any form of government. Many of the tribes have lasting animosities, and occasionally dead feuds occur; however, upon cases of emergency, every Affghan is called upon, and expected to join the general standard, by which means large bodies of the several tribes are assembled, who being undisciplined, might be conquered by but a few well trained men; but the natural defences of the country are their safety and barriers against a systematic form of invasion. The national character was well defined by an old warrior of their own nation, who observed, that "they were content with discord—content with alarms—content with blood—but would never be content with a master." Awfully, indeed, and to England's sorrow, has the characteristic portrait of these savage tribes been, but too faithfully delineated.

The distance between Cabool and Jellalabad is 105 miles. Down the valley of Cabool, which runs nearly due east, there is a considerable descent for 18 miles, then turning south, at the distance of 10 miles, runs a long and narrow defile between lofty, barren and craggy hills, through which rushes an impetuous mountain stream that must be repeatedly crossed. The greatest elevation in this pass is considerably higher than Cabool, being 7,500 feet above the level of the sea; on a still higher ground, and at a distance of about 10 miles beyond this defile, is situated the small town of Tezeen; through the whole of this distance, and for 60 miles beyond Tezeen, the country wears a most savage, wild and uncultivated aspect; it is intersected with rough and naked hills, encompassed by inaccessible mountains, overlooking which, on the north, are seen the summits of the Himmalaya mountains, on the south, the Safaed Koh, the tops of both ranges are crowned with perpetual snow. The route through this mountainous district abounds with greater difficulties than the Bolan Pass. On approaching Gundamak, at the commencement of the valley of Jellalabad, the country improves in cultivation, and contains numerous small villages, which are surrounded with orchards and gardens; proceeding onwards, the country becomes wild and hilly, and is intersected with deep ravines. On approaching Jellalabad, cultivation and fertility again appear; the town is situated in the middle of a plain, extending from east to west about 20 miles, and from north to

south about 12 miles; it contains but few houses, and stands about 2000 feet above the level of the sea; the town is exceedingly dirty, as also are the inhabitants, who are generally very poor. The sugar cane, cotton, rice and Indian corn, are cultivated on the borders and near the Cabool River, which runs through the plain. The natives have a very curious method of ferrying over the stream, it is performed by stuffing a bullock's hide with straw, upon which they place their garments; then throwing themselves flat upon this pile, propel themselves forward by striking the water with their feet.

Jellalabad is distant from Peshawur about 90 miles; the road traverses a barren and hilly country, between two ranges of mountains; at the greatest elevation is the Lungi-Khama Pass; descending from this height into a narrow valley the entrance to the Khybur Pass is approached; it is a narrow ravine running in a tortuous direction between steep and barren hills; in the centre of this pass is the fort of Ali Musjid. Peshawur is situated in a plain, 15 miles from the Khybur Pass; it has an extensive bazaar reaching from one extremity of the town to the other; the environs are well laid out in gardens and orchards, which are very productive in fruits, vegetables, &c.

EFFECTS OF POVERTY ON THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.—The more delicate sentiments find much to chill them in the abodes of poverty. A family crowded into a single and often narrow apartment, and must answer at once the ends of parlour, kitchen, bed-room, nursery and hospital, must, without great energy and self respect, want neatness, order, and comfort. Its members are perpetually exposed to annoying, petty interference. The decencies of life can with difficulty be observed. Woman, a drudge and in dirt, loses her attractions. The young grow up without the modest reserve and delicacy of feeling in which purity finds so much of its defence. Coarseness of manners and language, too sure a consequence of a mode of life which allows no seclusion, becomes the habit almost of childhood, and hardens the mind for vicious intercourse in future years. The want of a neat, orderly, home, is among the chief evils of the poor. Crowded in filth, they cease to respect one another. The social affections wither amidst perpetual noise, confusion, and clashing interests. The poor man's table, strewn with broken food, and seldom approached with courtesy and self-respect, serves too often to nourish only a selfish animal life, and to bring the partakers on it still nearer to the brute. We speak not of what is necessary and universal; for poverty, under sanctifying influences, may find a heaven in its narrow home; but we speak of tendencies which are strong, and which only a strong religious influence can overcome.

#### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

##### PROVINCIAL.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.—The three Boundary Commissioners appointed by Massachusetts, are said to have signified their acceptance of the trust, and were to proceed to Washington on the 8th instant.

Alphonzo Wells, Esq., whose long and able services as a Provincial Land Surveyor are so well known and appreciated, proceeded from Montreal on Monday last, to Washington, with a view to communicate to Lord Ashburton certain details and statistics relative to the Boundary line, and especially that portion of it which separates Vermont from this portion of the Province. It is well known that the boundary line of 45° is from half a mile to a mile and a half south of the actual boundary; and it is more than probable that this strip of land will be offered towards compensating any loss of territory in Maine. The sovereign and independent State of Vermont will thus be reduced to its just limits; but an arrangement would of course be made to reannex the strip of land to the State, and some kind of a family arrangement must take place between the members of the Confederacy to "fetch things all square." Lord Ashburton will have to rise early to hold his ground against President Tyler's Cabinet, to say nothing of seven Commissioners, and a host of Agents and Surveyors, whose practical knowledge of the question in dispute is far more accurate than any possessed on this side,

#### LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE Great Western brings our London and Liverpool dates to the 21st ultimo. The most important item of news is the confirmation of the refusal of France to ratify the treaty relating to the right of search. The effect of this refusal, which was emphatically made by M. Guizot, will have a very sensible effect on this side of the Atlantic, and must render the final adjustment of this disputed point more difficult than if France had acceded to, or rather finally ratified the treaty. Philanthropists will deeply regret this untoward result, which must postpone for some time the accomplishment of this great object, which has cost England so much, and which, after all, can never be carried into complete effect without the active co-operation of all the great civilized powers of Christendom. The London Sun, speaking of the refusal of France and America to ratify the treaty, holds the following language:—

"What, then, remains for Great Britain to do? Enforce the treaty alone, and, if resisted, declare war against France and the United States? Heaven forbid that we should be guilty of such madness!

"We have already expended more blood and treasure for the suppression of slavery than sound policy and the happiness of the African race would warrant. Sir E. Buxton, in his recent clever book on the subject, distinctly states that we have given an impetus to the slave trade, by our expensive but blundering ill-directed efforts to suppress it.

"It may be asked what we would recommend the British Government to do in the present emergency. We answer distinctly, abandon the treaty altogether."

England is, however, too firmly pledged to the abolition of the nefarious traffic to think of abandoning her efforts. Her plans may be changed, but the great end—the total annihilation of the Foreign Slave trade—will not be given up as long as England continues an enlightened and Christian nation.—*Trans.*

##### DREADFUL FIRE AT HAMBURG.

The papers contain the news of a dreadful conflagration at Hamburg, on the morning of the 5th May, by which 1500 to 2000 houses, embracing the finest part of the city, are laid in ruins. 30,000 inhabitants are rendered houseless—four large and splendid churches are consumed, and property estimated from four to five millions sterling, is destroyed. A considerable number of lives were lost; forty or fifty dead bodies have been found, and 120 persons wounded. The amount of the killed is supposed to be greater. About a quarter of the city is destroyed. The population of the city is 150,000.

A meeting was held in London on the 20th, for the relief of Hamburg, the Lord Mayor presiding. A large committee was appointed to receive donations. The British government had sent over a large supply of tents and blankets, and £10,000, already subscribed, had been sent over.

The King of Prussia has given 50,000 dollars; and has ordered a general collection to be made throughout the kingdom.

The city of Berlin has given \$10,000.

The King of Denmark 100,000 florins.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, 30,000 florins.

The Estates of Hanover have granted \$100,000.

The city of Frankfurt 100,000 florins.

The city of Bremen 30,000 dollars.

In the British Parliament, Sir Robert Peel was still carrying out his measures with a strong hand and large majorities.

There continued to be a great many failures in the commercial business of London, and also in the manufacturing towns. One of the heaviest houses in Manchester stopped payment on the 14th.

The southern countries of England had suffered somewhat from drought, while in the northern part the season was quite wet. On the whole, vegetation was quite promising.

Seven more ships, with 1400 troops, had sailed for India, which shows a determination on the part of the government to push the war against Affghanistan.

The disturbances in some portions of Ireland still continued, and were generally traceable to the excitement on the subject of "repeat." The country in and about Tipperary was in a very excited condition.

##### WEST INDIES.—THE EARTHQUAKE IN HAITI.

The particulars of the earthquake at Cape Haitien, which are contained in the letters, are appalling. The worst of all is the following endorsement on one of the letters which we have seen. At any rate, the city is overwhelmed by a destruction such as has seldom befallen any place.

"PORT AU PRINCE, May 12, 5 P.M.

"Just before despatching this letter, news has reached us that only one person has been saved—a Mr. Dupuy—all the others being either drowned by the sea, or crushed to death. The Cape itself is one mass of ruins."

"Port au Prince, May 12, 1842.

"On the 7th inst., at half-past 5 o'clock, P.M. we experienced one of the most severe earthquakes that has happened since the destructive one of 1770. The first shock lasted from two to three minutes, if not

longer; and occasioned great damage to numerous buildings, particularly those occupied by foreign commerce. We have since had repeated shocks, of short duration. The town is a picture of consternation; and will remain so until after Pentecost, the anniversary of the terrible convulsion of 1770. Our stores and dwelling-houses are shattered from roof to base. Accounts from Gonaives of the 8th are more deplorable; the place having been visited by fire at the same time, and our correspondent there was writing literally in the street. We are most anxious, however, for intelligence from the Cape. A Government Courier arrived here last night from the neighbourhood, with most dreadful tidings, that the city and most of the inhabitants had perished, the sea having risen during the convulsion and submerged the town in its vicinity. The surviving inhabitants are said to be without food. What tends to confirm the report, is the activity of government in sending round provisions. We are in dreadful suspense, as you may well imagine; as one and all of us are without a line from any of our friends there."

**JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,**  
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.  
St. Paul Street.

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.  
August 12, 1841.

**W. GETTESS,**  
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER  
IN  
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,  
Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,  
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.  
N. B.—Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.  
August 12, 1841.

**BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN  
BOOT AND SHOE MART,**  
NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.  
EDWIN ATKINSON, in tendering to his Patrons, the Gentry and inhabitants of Montreal generally, his thanks for the distinguished encouragement he has received, begs to assure them, that the advantages that have hitherto signalized this Establishment, and gained him a preference for a good article at a moderate price, will ever be adhered to; and as it is his intention to sell ONLY FOR CASH, he will be enabled to offer a further Reduction of from FIVE to TEN PER CENT.  
This Establishment is constantly receiving from England BOOTS and SHOES, of the first make and quality.  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

**THE SUBSCRIBER.**  
HAS just received from his brother in London, an excellent assortment of—  
BRACKET and OFFICE CLOCKS,  
PATENT LEVER, LEPINE and OTHER WATCHES,  
MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES,  
Gold, Plated and Gilt JEWELLERY, and GERMAN CLOCKS, Warranted at \$5 each.  
JOHN WOOD,  
St. Paul Street.  
November 18, 1841.

**ROBERT MILLER,**  
BOOK-BINDER,  
No. 9, St. Dominique Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.  
PAPER RULED and BOUND to any pattern; and every description of BINDING, executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.  
N. B.—Orders for the Country punctually attended to.  
May 5, 1842.

**WILLIAM GEMMILL,**  
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,  
BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public in general, that he still continues the business at the old stand, No. 2, Place d'Armes; where he will be happy to execute all orders on the shortest notice and LOWEST TERMS, for cash or short approved credit.  
N. B.—Three first rate Journeymen Tailors wanted immediately.  
February 10, 1842.

**SHEFFORD ACADEMY.**  
THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution has now commenced, under the superintendance of  
S. C. L. CURTIS, A.B., PRINCIPAL.

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

TERMS.  
English Branches, 5s. per quarter.  
For Pupils in the Classics, an extra charge of 5s. do.  
Board—including washing—can be procured in the Village, by Pupils from a distance, at from 7s. 6d. to 8s. 9d. per week.  
By order of the Trustees.  
DAVID FROST, Secretary.  
Frost Village, }  
April 25th, 1842. } 20c

**J. H. TAAFFE,**  
GENERAL GROCER,  
No. 85, Notre Dame Street,  
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,  
MONTREAL.

**SEIGNIORY OF MONTREAL.**  
THE SEMINARY OF SAINT SULPICE of MONTREAL being, under the necessity, in compliance with the requirements of the Ordinance, to REGISTER THEIR CLAIMS to the ARREARS of SEIGNIORIAL RIGHTS, request all TENANTS in the TOWN AND SUBURBS OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL to call and settle immediately their accounts for LODS ET VENTES; and also to bring with them their Title Deeds.  
Office hours, from 9, A.M. to 4, P.M. every day, (Sundays and holidays excepted.)  
JPH. COMTE, P.T.R.  
March 24, 1842. 17-h

**AGENCY & COMMISSION BUSINESS.**  
THE Subscriber begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared, on the opening of the navigation, to transact business as a GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and GOODS BROKER.  
He will give his best attention to the sale of consignments, and purchase of every description of GOODS, PRODUCE, &c., Liquors excepted, and will spare no exertions that will render his services advantageous to those who may confide their interests to his care.  
He begs to say, that for the last eleven years he has been employed in one of the most extensive HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, during the last seven of which he has had the charge of the business, and that for the seven years preceding he was employed in the GROCERY LINE, and has engaged the services of a person who possesses an intimate knowledge of DRY GOODS.  
In offering his services as a Goods Broker, he begs respectfully to remind Importers and Consignees of Groceries, Produce, &c. that this mode of effecting sales substituted for auctions, would save the Provincial and Municipal Auction Duties.  
Will purchase Goods merely as an Agent, not in his own name.  
Will have correspondents in QUEBEC, NEW YORK and LIVERPOOL.  
Charges very moderate.  
Premises St. Jean Baptiste Street.  
Has the pleasure of referring to  
Messrs. FORSYTH, RICHARDSON & Co. Montreal.  
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ALEX. BRYSON.  
Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

**JOHN LOVELL,**  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,  
St. Nicholas Street.  
MONTREAL.  
All orders punctually attended to.  
**JOSEPH HORNER,**  
SILK-DYER,  
Notre Dame Street.  
MONTREAL.  
August 12, 1841.

**NEW  
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,**  
GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,  
Next door to Messrs. R. Robinson & Son, and opposite Dr. Holmes's.

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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Law Blanks,  
Circulars, Cards, &c.  
Funeral Letters,  
Bill Heads,  
Labels of all kinds, &c. &c.  
All Orders entrusted to his care, shall meet with immediate attention.  
Charges very moderate.  
JOHN E. L. MILLER.  
Montreal, May 5, 1842.

**EDWARD HOWELL,**  
GROCER,  
OPPOSITE MESSRS. GIBB & CO.  
Notre Dame Street.  
August 12, 1841.

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PROPOSITION  
To Clergymen, Students, and Others.

ANY Clergyman, Student, or other person, who will send us the names and Post-office address of six new subscribers to the CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, together with fifteen dollars, current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to Prof. Robinson's work, and Maps complete,—delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.  
And any person who will send us the names and Post-office address of four new subscribers, together with ten dollars current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to the "Encyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge," delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.  
Any person who will send us the names of five new subscribers, together with twelve dollars and fifty cents in current funds, free of expense, will be entitled to a complete set of Dr. Chalmers' Works, viz. seven volumes.  
New York, May, 1842.

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