

# Christian Mirror

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### THE SABBATH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was a pleasant morning, in the time  
When the leaves fall, and the bright sun shone out,  
As when the morning stars first sang together,  
So quietly and calmly fell his light  
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf  
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all  
Was still. The labouring herd was grazing  
Upon the hillside quietly, uncalled  
By the harsh voice of man: and distant sound,  
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not  
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,  
And then another of the morn, calm  
And still as Eden ere the birth of man,  
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells,  
And the old man and his descendants went  
Together to the house of God. I joined  
The well apparelled crowd. The holy man  
Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith,  
And the gray saint, just on the wing for Heaven,  
And the fair maid, and the bright-haired young man,  
And child of durling locks, just taught to close  
The lash of its blue eyes the while—all knelt  
In attitude of prayer, and then the hymn,  
Sincere in its low melody, went up  
To worship God.

The white-haired pastor rose  
And looked upon his flock; and with an eye  
That told his interest, and voice that spoke,  
In tremulous accent, eloquence like Paul's,  
He lent Isaiah's fire to the truths  
Of revelation, and persuasion came.  
Like gushing waters from his lips to hearts  
Unused to bend were softened, and the eye  
Unwont to weep sent forth the willing tear.  
I went my way; but, as I went I thought  
How holy was the Sabbath day of God,

### DEATH.

An unseen, cold, and uninvited visitor,  
Who hustles by the porter at the gate,  
And the loquacious lackey at the door—  
Although it be a palace,—rushes up  
Unceremonious, to the inner chamber;  
Giveth no card of entrance, doth not knock  
Before he enters, though a king be there!  
Undraws the curtains of the princely couch,  
And tips his arrows in the very room  
Where monarchs breathe their last;

### THE CASKET.

**FEAR AND HOPE.**—True religion consists in a proper mixture of fear of God, and hope in his mercy; and whosoever either of these is entirely wanting, there can be no true religion. God has joined these things, and we ought by no means to put them asunder. He cannot take pleasure in those who fear him with a slavish fear, without hoping in his mercy, because they seem to consider him as a cruel and tyrannical Being, who has no mercy or goodness in his nature; and, besides, they tacitly charge him with falsehood, by refusing to believe and hope in his invitations and offers of mercy. On the other hand, he cannot be pleased with those who pretend to hope in his mercy without fearing him; for they insult him by supposing that there is nothing in him which ought to be feared; and, in addition to this, they make him a liar, by disbelieving his awful threatenings denounced

against sinners, and call in question his authority, by refusing to obey him. Those only who both fear him and hope in his mercy, give him the honour that is due to his name.

**CHRIST OUR REPRESENTATIVE.**—Christ "bore our sins" in the same sense in which the Jewish sacrifices under the law were said to bear the sins of him in whose behalf they were presented. The lamb which was offered, did not itself become a sinner, and as little did Christ, our great sacrifice, become sinful by bearing our sins. When therefore, it is said that God laid on him the iniquities of us all, and that he bore our sins in his own body on the tree; the meaning is, that God laid on him, and that he bore, the punishment which our sins deserved. Our sins were, by his own consent, imputed to him; or as the word signifies, laid to his account: and he, in consequence, though innocent, was treated as a sinner.

**THE BIBLE ENTIRELY PRACTICAL.**—We may challenge any man to point out a single passage in the Bible, which does not either teach some duty, or inculcate its performance, or show the grounds on which it rests, or exhibit reasons why we should perform it. For instance, all the perceptive part of Scripture prescribe our duty; all the invitations invite us to perform it; all promises and threatenings are motives to its performance; all the cautions and admonitions warn us not to neglect it; the historical parts inform us what have been the consequences of neglecting and of performing it; the prophetic parts show us what these consequences will be hereafter; and the doctrinal parts show us on what grounds the whole superstructure of duty, or of practical religion rests.

**THE SOUL.**—What makes the soul so valuable? Its immortality. When endless years have run on, the soul will still exist: amazing thought! Will it never tire? Will the ethereal pulsation of sublimated existence never grow heavy? Will the wheel never be broken at the cistern? Never! The soul will endure as long as the throne of God! As heaven's wall shall gather no mosses from age, neither will the soul become decrepit; and in all the multitudes of heaven not one shall be seen leaning upon his staff for very age! What! like the angels never grow old! to be always the same through dateless centuries as when first created! But cannot she annihilate herself? Oh no! the soul's literal suicide cannot be performed! No Judas Iscariot can find a sulphureous tree, or jutting wall, which in Gehenna's cavern, or burning fields, may afford him suspension between life and death. The soul must live on.

You have, doubtless, often observed that when your minds have been intently and pleasingly occupied, you have become almost unconscious of the flight of time; minutes and hours have flown away, with apparently unusual swiftness, and the setting or rising sun has surprised you, long before you expected its approach. But in heaven, the saints will be entirely lost and swallowed up in God; and their minds will be so completely absorbed in the contemplation of his ineffable, infinite, uncreated glories, that they will be totally unconscious how time, or rather, how eternity passes; and not only years, but millions of ages, such as we call ages, will be flown ere they are aware. Thus, a thousand years will seem to them but as one day, and yet so great, so ecstatic will be their happiness, that one day will be as a thousand years. And as there will be nothing to interrupt them, no bodily wants to call off their attention, no weariness to compel them to rest, no vicissitude of seasons or of day and night to disturb their contemplations; it is more than possible that innumerable ages may pass away, before they think of asking how long they have been in heaven, or even before they are conscious that a single hour has elapsed.

Nothing can be more proper for a creature that borders upon eternity, and is hastening continually to his final audit, than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and frequently to relinquish the hurry of business, in order to meditate on the things that belong to his eternal peace.

**REFLECTION.**—Reflection, among other advantages, enables men to arrive at the point to which they would go by a plainer and shorter pathway, than that usually trodden. How often have we accomplished undertakings with great labour and pains, which experience has afterwards enabled us to effect, in a much better manner, with half the exertion.

Reflection serves alike the small and great, it smooths the rough, and makes the crooked straight.

But if reflection is useful for regulating the affairs of this life, it is equally useful in directing us in the path to heaven. How many a stumbling-block in the road of Christian duty is removed; how many a rough dispensation has been made plain; how many a crooked providence has been straightened by reflecting on God's goodness, and meditating on his precious word! "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." Call to mind the faithfulness of God, the boundless love of the Redeemer, and "meditate therein day and night." "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Ps. i.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**—What is so firm? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it and still it smiles unchanged; or the more potent allurements of fortune, opulence, and pride, power and splendor, may woo her—and yet she is unmoved! Mother "loves and loves forever." What is so faithful? From infancy to age, "through good report and through evil report," the dew of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned, when branded by shame, followed by scorn, her arms are still open; her breast still kind. Through every trial that love will follow, cheer us in misfortune, support us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain, and moisten the bed of death. "Happy is he who knows a mother's love."

**IRRESOLUTION.**—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution: to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent: to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night, till he is starved and destroyed.

Were governments Christian, they would not violate the repose of countries. Were people Christians, they would not hire themselves out to kill without knowing why; the military profession would be at an end. There would not be less courage in the world. The first Christian dared to die, but not to fight. They would not kill at Caesar's command, but they submitted to be killed, and dying, overthrew the altars of his gods.

He who knows, and knowing, can acknowledge his deficiency, though his foot be not on the summit, yet hath he his eye there.

It has been wisely observed, that the body cannot be healthy unless it be exercised; neither can the mind. Indolence nourishes grief. When the mind has nothing else to think of but calamities, no wonder but it dwells there.

Those who piously and conscientiously discharge the duties of the closet, generally prosper both in temporals and spirituals.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

## THE DEAD ALIVE.

A POWERFUL SKETCH.

(From Hood's Magazine.)

It was four o'clock; and I had not yet prepared myself to give my lecture. The heat was oppressive, the air heavy, the sky tempestuous, and I felt a sensation of restlessness and nervous irritability quite unusual to me. During the last week I had not enjoyed one hour's tranquillity: several persons, dangerously ill and requiring my attention, had called for me. One in particular (the only support in a large family) gave me great anxiety; and excited in my mind extreme sympathy. In this state I got into the carriage to go to the University. At that moment an unsealed note was put into my hand. I opened it immediately, and found it to announce the death of poor H—for whom I was so much interested; and this news affected me deeply.

The stroke was the more severe as I had not foreseen the event, and, consequently, had not the consolation of having been able to prepare the family of my patient for so great a misfortune. Hitherto the chair of declamation had always been to me rather a pleasure than a labour; the abstract theories of the science had amused my mind; but this evening I felt a degree of uneasiness on my spirits for which I could not account. The events of the day had so deeply affected me that I felt an almost insurmountable inclination to repose. When I reached the entry of the hall, I cast a look around at the unusually full audience, and as I passed through the crowd I heard the name of a celebrated doctor, spoken of as being among the hearers. At another time these were circumstances that would have given me pleasure, but now they increased my confusion, which was indeed complete when I discovered that I had left my notes in the carriage, which I had dismissed at the door, intending to walk home. It was too late to send for them; and as I was now in great perplexity I opened my portfolio, and hastily ran through a number of remarks that I had thrown in there without arranging them; happily, I fell upon some novel observations upon insanity, and I then determined to make that the subject of my off-hand lecture.

I have but a confused idea of what then followed: but I remember the applause which saluted my entrance, & which became still louder when my confusion was observed. As soon as there was silence I summoned all my courage and began. The first words cost me infinite pains: I hesitated and stopped continually; but by degrees I recovered myself, and the great attention paid to me gave me confidence. I soon found the cloud that overspread my senses, clearing off; my ideas became less confused; the words came readily, and comparisons and expressions crowded upon me. I had only to choose them. As I went on my observations became more striking, and my demonstrations more clear and comprehensive. I was astonished at the fluency with which I expressed myself. I found great facility in treating several difficult subjects, which at another time I should hardly have dared attempt. They seemed to me clear and simple, and I got through them as trifles. Still greater became my surprise to find that my memory, which had hitherto been slow and imperfect, was suddenly become miraculously faithful, and brought back the most trifling circumstances of my long career. I cited one author, and with so much exactitude, that one might have imagined that I held the book in my hand; facts and anecdotes came to elucidate my theories and demonstrations; the cases of insanity that I had witnessed in my youth and which I thought were effaced from my memory, rushed back upon it as if they had recently happened. I became every moment more at ease, the promptness with which one idea followed another exciting every faculty; and words came to give them expression. At that moment great terror took possession of my mind. It seemed to me that some unknown danger, which it was not in my power to avoid hung over me.

The supernatural power that had hitherto supported me began to sink; my thoughts became confused: strange faces and fantastic images flitted before my eyes. The objects of which I had been speaking came to life, and I seemed like a magician who, by a word, rendered visible

the living and the dead. I stopped! The most perfect silence reigned in the hall, and every eye was turned towards me. All at once a horrible thought seized me, a convulsive laugh broke from me, and I exclaimed, "I also am mad!" All the assembly rose instantaneously like one body. Every voice raised a cry of surprise and terror; and of what afterwards happened I knew nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was in bed. I looked around—I knew every object in the room. The sun shone upon the window curtains, which were half closed: I was sensible that it was evening; I saw nobody in the room; and when I endeavoured to comprehend who I was, and why there, a faintness came over me: I shut my eyes, and tried to sleep, when some one entering the room awakened me; it was my friend Doctor G—, who approached the bed and attentively examined me for the space of a few moments. Whilst he thus looked at me I perceived that he changed color, his hand trembled whilst feeling my pulse, and in a low and melancholy whisper he said, "My God, how he is changed!" I then heard a voice at the door say, "May I come in?" The doctor did not answer, and my wife came gently into the room. She looked pale and sorrowful; her eyes were wet, and, as she bent anxiously over me burning tears fell upon my face. She took my hands in hers, bent her lips close to my ear, and said, "William, do you know me?" A long silence followed this question. I tried to answer, but was incapable of pronouncing one word. I wished to show by some sign that I was sensible of her presence. I fixed my eyes upon her; but I heard her say, amidst deep sobs and tears, "Alas! he does not know me!"—And thus I perceived that my efforts had been vain. The doctor now took my wife by the hand to lead her from the room. "Not yet, not yet," she said, withdrawing her hand, and I relapsed into delirium. When again I became sensible, I felt as if I had awakened from a long and deep sleep. I still suffered, but less severely; extreme weakness had succeeded to fever; my eyes were painful, and a mist was over them; at first, I was not sensible that any one was in the room, but gradually objects became more distinct, and I saw the doctor seated by my bed. He said, "Are you better, William?" Hitherto my ineffectual attempts to make myself understood had not given me pain; but now the impossibility of doing so was a martyrdom. I soon became aware that my strength of mind was leaving me, and that death approached. The efforts that I made to rouse myself from this sort of death like slumber must have been very violent, for a cold sweat came all over me. I heard a rushing as if my ears were full of water, and my limbs were convulsed. I seized the doctor's hand, which I pressed with all my strength. I rose in my bed and looked wildly at him. This did not last long; I soon fell again into weakness: I dropped the hand which I had grasped, my eyes closed, and I fell on my bed. All that I remember at that moment were the words of poor Doctor G—, who, thinking me dead, exclaimed, "At last his sufferings are over!"

Many hours passed before I recovered my senses. The first sensation of which I became sensible was the coldness of the air, which felt like ice upon my face; it seemed as if an enormous weight was on it; my arms were stretched against my body, and though I was lying in a most convenient position, yet it was impossible to change it; I tried to speak, but had not the power.—Some time afterwards I heard the steps of many people walking in the room, something heavy was set down, and a hoarse voice pronounced these words: "William H—, aged thirty eight: I thought him older!" These words recalled to my mind all the circumstances of my illness; I understood that I had ceased to live, and that preparations were making for my interment. Was I then dead?—The body was indeed cold and inanimate; but *thought* was not extinct. How could it be that all traces of life had disappeared exteriorly, and that sentiment still existed in the chilly frame that was now going to be conveyed to the grave?—What a horrible idea! My God! is this a dream? No; all was real; I recalled to my mind the last words of the doctor; he knew too well the signs of death to allow himself to be deceived by false appearances. No hope! None! I felt myself being placed in the

coffin. What language can describe all the horror of that moment?

I knew not how long I remained in this situation. The silence that reigned in the room was again broken, and I was sensible that many of my friends came to look at me for the last time. My mind was awake to all the horrors of my situation; in a moment my heart became sensible of acute suffering. But what! thought I to myself, is everything within me dead? Is the soul, as well as the body, inanimate? My *thought* nevertheless was proof to the contrary. What has become of my will to speak, to see, to live? Everything within me sleeps, and is as inactive as if I had never existed! Are the nerves disobedient to the commands of the brain? Why do those swift messengers refuse to obey the soul? I recalled to mind the almost miraculous instances of the power of the mind directed to one purpose and urged by strong impulse. I knew the history of the Indian who, after the death of his wife, had offered his breast to her infant, and had nourished it with milk. Was not this miracle the effect of a strong will? I had seen life and motion restored to a palsied limb by a mighty effort of the mind, which had awakened the dormant nerves. I knew a man whose heart beat slow or quick as he pleased. Yes, thought I, in a transport of joy, the will to live remains. It is only when this faculty has yielded that Death can become master of us. I felt a hope of reviving, as I may express it, by the vigour of my will; but alas! I cannot even now think of it without fear! The moments were speeding fast away, and by the noise around me I comprehended that preparations were making to close my coffin. What is to be done? If the will has really the power attributed to it, how shall I direct it? During all my illness I often strongly desired to speak and move, but could not do so. As the wrestler puts forth the utmost strength of every muscle to rise up his antagonist, so I employed all that my will could command, and endeavoured to impart to my nerves the impulse of that energetic volition, my last hope! *It was in vain.*—In vain did I try to raise one breath within my breast—to utter one sigh. And oh, what increase of horror! I heard the nails applied to my coffin! Despair was in the sound.

At that very instant E—, my oldest, my dearest friend, came into my room. He had performed a long journey to see me once more, to bid an eternal farewell to the companion of his childhood. They made way for him. He rushed forward and laid his hand, his faithful, fond hand upon my bosom. Oh, the warmth of that friend's hand! It touched the inmost fibres of my heart, and it sprang to meet him. That emotion acted upon my whole system; the blood was agitated; it began to flow, my nerves trembled, and a convulsive sigh burst from my disenchanted lungs; every fibre moved with a sudden bound, like the cordage of a vessel struggling against a mighty sea. I breathed again! But so sudden and so unexpected was the change in my frame, that no idea came into my mind that it could not be real—that I was again deprived of reason. Happily this doubt soon ceased. A cry of terror, and these words, "he lives!" uttered distinctly enough for me to hear, put all beyond doubt. The noise and hustle became general, and some voice exclaimed, "E— has fainted; raise him up, carry him hence that he may not, when he opens his eyes, first behold his friend." Orders, exclamations, cries of joy and surprise, increased every instant; all that I now recall is, that I was lifted out of my coffin, and, before a good fire, was completely brought to life, and found myself surrounded by friends. After some weeks I was restored to health: I had seen death, as nearly as possible, and my lips had touched the bitter portion which one day I must drink to the last drop.

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

## ILLUSTRATION OF MARK V. 39.

"Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

"The assembling together of multitudes," Mr. Harmer observes, "at the place where persons have lately expired, and bewailing them in a noisy manner, is a custom still retained in the East, and seems to be considered as an honour done to the deceased."

"The most distinct account of the eastern lamentations that Sir J. Chardin has given, is in the sixth volume of his MS.; by which we learn that their emotions of joy, as well as of sorrow, are expressed by loud cries. The passage is extremely curious, and the purport of it is as follows: "And he wept aloud, and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharaoh heard." This is exactly the genius of the people of Asia, especially of the women. Their sentiments of joy or of grief are, properly, transports; and their transports are un-governed, excessive, and truly outrageous.

When any one returns from a long journey, or dies, his family burst into cries, that many he heard twenty doors off; and this is renewed at different times, and continues many days, according to the vigour of the passion. Especially are these cries long in the case of death, and frightful; for their mourning is right down despair, and an image of hell. I was lodged, in the year 1676, at Ispahan, near the Royal Square; the mistress of the next house to mine died at the time. The moment she expired, all the family, to the number of twenty-five or thirty people, set up such a furious cry, that I was quite started, and was above two hours before I could recover myself. These cries continue a long time, then cease all at once: they begin again, as suddenly, at day-break, and in concert. It is this suddenness which is so terrifying, together with a greater shrillness and loudness than one would easily imagine. This enraged kind of mourning, if I may call it so, continued forty days; and equally violent; but with diminution from day to day. The longest and most violent acts were, when they washed the body, when they performed it, when they carried it out to be interred, at making the inventory, and when they divided the effects. You are not to suppose that those who were ready to split their throats with crying out, wept as much; as the greater part of them did not shed a single tear through the whole tragedy.

"The shadow of death," is a kind of proverbial phrase, which often occurs in the Old Testament, and sometimes in the New. It generally denotes some dark or gloomy scene, accompanied with imminent danger, fear, or terror, but has no immediate reference to death: the shadow of death is not death. In Job. xxiv. 17, the wicked, who had been committing their crimes during the night, are represented in the morning to be in the shadow of death: that is, they are in fear lest they should be discovered; light to them is what darkness is to others. The phrase occurs in the 23d Psalm, which David hunted from place to place. Though he was obliged to lie concealed in caverns and dreary forests, and suffered much affliction, yet he expresses his full confidence in God, as his Shepherd, who would guide, protect, and provide for him. This phrase should not be restricted to death; though it has often been improperly so applied.

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

#### "THERE IS NOTHING BUT TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD."

CONVERSING with men of different ages, and in various circumstances, I have heard many of them speak of the unsatisfactoriness of worldly enjoyments: nay, it has been very frequently affirmed, *There is nothing but trouble in this world.* Having heard this hackneyed expression drop from the lips of a person in company the other day, I was led to examine it. And was the more inclined to do so, because, I myself never found the world to be so much a vale of tears, as to afford "nothing but trouble." I have had that share of the troubles of life, which divine Providence has seen good to appoint, or to permit; and have several times been in circumstances peculiarly painful and trying. But on a cool, dispassionate review of the good I have enjoyed and the evil I have suffered, the former far outweighs the latter.

The enquiry then arose in my mind, "Is the world more indulgent to me than to others? The Maker and Governor of the world has been kind and gracious to me in every point of view; and he is loving to all, and his mercy is over all his works. I am not, indeed, sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances, comforts, and sorrows of others; to determine, with certainty, how far the one exceeds the other. However, so far as one

can judge from appearances, mankind, in general, have a greater share of good than evil. I say, in general, for there may be exceptions: Some particular persons are perpetually troubled on every side, and all under the sun, is, to them, "vanity and vexation of spirit." Allowing these exceptions, (which are comparatively few,) notwithstanding all the evils which sin has introduced into our world, through the merciful indulgence of God, our cup, though mixed, has more of the sweet than the bitter.

From these views, it is natural to enquire, how it comes to pass that such multitudes who are, at least, in tolerable circumstances, so often declare, "There is nothing but trouble in this world?"

To form a right judgment on this subject, it is necessary to attend to the character, spirit, pursuits, and conduct of men. By this means we may ascertain the true causes of that general dissatisfaction and discontent which prevail amongst men of all ranks.

1. The natural ingratitude of the human heart is one principal cause of those complaints of the world which are so common. A gracious Providence daily loads us with benefits. We receive ten thousand thousand precious gifts at his hands, and think little of them. But if any of them be withdrawn, we immediately complain as though we were injured: And when sickness, losses in trade, or loss of friends check our path, we arraign at our bar the Judge of all the Earth; "re-judge his Justice;" pass a severe censure on the divine conduct, and exclaim, "There is nothing but trouble in this world."

2. One extreme frequently produces another: and men, like the wind, turn about from East to West. Hence, an undue, idolatrous attachment to the world often produces dissatisfaction and discontent.

In the morning of life, while the spirits are vigorous, and the heart beats high for happiness, and the mind is blinded by the god of this world, many please themselves with flattering prospects of uninterrupted prosperity. The path through life appears smooth and flowery: No thorns or briars in the way. The voyage of life is to be accomplished without storms, without danger, or inconvenience. Every succeeding change in their connections and condition is to be a gradual ascent from pleasure to pleasure; and the deluded mind sees no end of its enjoyments. For a while, perhaps, a variety of agreeable events, confirm the high expectations of the enraptured soul. But soon the path of life becomes rough and thorny,—the sea becomes tempestuous,—"Disappointment smiles at Hope's career." Those changes which promised increasing delight, are sources of sorrow, and the mind, soured by disappointments, can relish none of the enjoyments of life.

3. The observation just made seems, however, to apply to those only who have been what is commonly called unfortunate. There are others whose path scarcely appears chequered: Health and prosperity have been their constant attendants. They are not in outward trouble like other men, and have more than heart can wish. Yet even some of these will join in the common cry, "There is nothing, &c." The reason is obvious. They put the creature in the place of the Creator; and find, by sad experience, that the best things the world can afford, are disproportionate to the desires of the rational, immortal mind.

But this general complaint of present troubles, is not confined to worldly men. Religious persons not unfrequently fall into the same error.

In some cases, this may arise from a culpable weariness of the world, an unwillingness to endure affliction. Such expressions often drop from the lips of pious persons of a gloomy, discouraged temper, under the pressure of present trials. Sometimes good men are so distressed with the views which they have of the corrupt state of mankind, and are so afflicted on account of the wickedness, perhaps, of near relatives, that they view the world through a wrong medium, and can see nothing but evil. And we frequently hear aged people, who are sinking under infirmities, whose "world is dead," and, therefore, have little left to endear life unto them, exclaiming, "There is," &c.

Learn, O my soul, 1. To value the comforts of life as the gifts of divine bounty, and improve them to the glory of God. Let the evils of life be so many means of weaning thee from the world and the creature.

2. Make thy God thy All: Then thou shalt preserve equanimity of temper in all conditions and circumstances.

3. Look at the things which are not seen. Soon shalt thou enter into that state and place where all is rest, quietness, and assurance for ever. Amen.

#### A SICK DISCIPLE.

I fell in with such an one lately, and felt moved to give some account of him. A few particulars may possibly help some to recover who are now sick, and keep others from becoming so.

1. *His countenance was changed.* Sick people's faces are not apt to look like other people's. They look pale, and often sad and sorrowful. The healthful glow had left the countenance of this disciple. Moses' face shone, and the Lord accepted Job's face, and a cheerful one, for that reason it must have been. David could say, "The Lord is the health of my countenance," and hence it could not look sickly and sad. And Paul's face was so steadfastly set towards Heaven, was so illumined with hope, and so animated by a cheerful courage, that it must have been a comfort to look upon it. But this disciple's face was the contrast of all this. There was neither courage, nor hope, nor peace, nor any of the characteristics of spiritual health upon it. This was partly the result of another thing.

2. *He had no appetite.* And if one has not, in due time his face will show it. I saw the very best of food offered him. It was such food that one of the best judges in the world pronounced it "the finest of the wheat." "Oil out of the rock, and honey out of the flinty rock, and more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." Patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles had fond it the greatest luxury in the world. But one disciple did not relish it. There was a banquet house near him where he could find this food served up in good style, once a week, and social repasts were very frequently within reach, beside having a store of it in his own house. But the unfrequency of going after it, and the indifference shown to what he had at home, manifested that he had a miserable appetite. The utmost pains had been taken to provide him with the most savory dishes, but all would not do.

3. *His weak and tottering steps* also showed that he was out of health. When I saw him, there was some appearance as though he was commencing a pilgrimage to a distant but beautiful country. It seemed as if something had been done towards having his loins girt about, and his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, and there had been hope that he would have walked on firmly and boldly; yea, even run without being weary. But those who had hoped for all this had to take it all back. He was scarcely in motion at all when I saw him. What there was of motion was so languid and feeble that there was little progress. There was no question about his being sick. People said he was a strong man to run a race in regard to the world, but I was looking at his progress to Zion. If he was worldly well, he was spiritually sick, that I shall not give up.

4. *Sick people are often excessively drowsy.* And this was one aspect of the disease of this sick disciple. A voice of prodigious energy and power, had often broke upon him in the appeal, "Watch!" but he would nod with drowsiness while it was ringing in his ears. And again, the same voice, waxing very loud, had sought to shake him with the sound, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" But his eyelids only opened a little way when they basted together again, and he was in as sound a slumber as ever. And he has been long in the same stupid state. And as all means, even the very best, have been used to rouse him into wakefulness, and have failed, there is great anxiety about his case.

There are several more things that I might say about the sick disciple, but I can stop now only for two.

1. *His sickness makes others sick.* Some diseases are not contagious, and thankful we might well be if this were one of them. But very sorrowful instances have I seen of the contrary. His drooping face has made other faces droop. His want of appetite for spiritual food has seemed to cause others to lose theirs. And some of his companions in the Christian pilgrimage here, appeared to learn of him to pursue their way with feeble, languid, and tottering steps. And his

drowsiness has given others the spirit of slumber. If he were sick alone, and were to have it all and keep it all to himself, it would not be so lamentable. If he would go outside the city, as the lepers of old used to, and cry "unclean!" when any body approached, we should not have so many sick disciples.

2. *He has no business to be sick.* Enough has been done for him to make his face shine like a prophet's, and to make him hunger and thirst after spiritual food, and to make his feet like a strong man's to run the Christian race, and to awaken into spiritual life all the energies of his nature. His sickness is not a calamity, not a providential visitation which he could not avoid. He is responsible for the whole of it. He is sound, healthy and hearty in every thing but religion, and for not being so there, his Lord will not hold him guiltless. He had better make haste and get well. If he does not, the great Physician will "let him alone," and then he will pine and waste away, and die in shame and misery, and have no part in the "resurrection of the just."—*Pascal.*

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE STORK.

"THE STORK'S the emblem of true piety; Because when age has seiz'd, and made his dam Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes His mother on his back, provides her food; Repaying thus her tender care of him Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her."

THE social affections are found to be stronger in their descent than in their ascent; the love of parents to their children, for instance, is commonly more ardent than that of children for their parents; though, from the state of things, and from the obligations which children owe their parents, one might reasonably expect it to be otherwise. However, there is a visible good design in this wise distinction; we see in it, as in every object we seriously contemplate, the determination of wisdom. The offspring both of the human and the animal race, come into the world feeble and helpless; and if the parental affection were not exceedingly forcible; they must perish in their weak and forlorn condition; and the creation would thus be speedily brought to an end. There is not the same reason for the return of affection in the offspring, and therefore, we rarely find it in the animal world: soon as the young is able to provide for itself, a mutual forgetfulness generally ensues, and the parent grows as regardless of its offspring, as the offspring of its parent.

There is, however, one creature, which contradicts this almost general rule in the animal world; and which is as remarkable for its love to its parents, as other creatures are for their love to their young. This is the stork, whose very name in the Hebrew language (*Chesidah*) signifies *mercy, or pity*, and whose name in the English seems to be taken from the Greek word *Storge*, which is often used in our language for *natural affection*.

The stork is a bird of passage, and is spoken of as such in Scripture; see Jerem. viii. 7, "The stork knoweth her appointed time," &c. Some say, that when they go away, the stork, which comes last to the place of rendezvous, is killed on the spot. They go away in the night to the southern countries.

The stork has a very long beak and long red legs. It feeds upon serpents, frogs, and insects; as it seeks for these in watery places, nature has provided it with long legs, and as it flies away, as well as the crane and heron, to its nest with its prey, therefore, the bill is strong and jagged, the sharp hooks of which enable it to detain its prey, which it might otherwise be difficult to hold. A friend of the writer, who has an estate bounded by a river, plentifully stored with eels, saw a heron one day carry off one of the largest of those creatures into his heronry in spite of the efforts and undulations of the eel to oppose his flight. Thus we see the wise Provider has not given those creatures such bills for nought: the storks dig with their bills into the earth for serpents and adders, which, however large, they convey to their young; to whom the poison of those reptiles is perfectly inoffensive. The plumage of the stork would be quite white, if it was not that

the extremity of its wings are black, and also some small parts of its head and thighs. It lays but four eggs, and sits for the space of thirty days.

But that which renders it the most remarkable is, its love to its parents whom it never forsakes, but tenderly feeds and defends, even to death. The learned and judicious *Bochart* has collected a variety of passages from the ancients, wherein they testify this curious particular, that the stork is eminent for its performance of what St. Paul enjoins, "Children's requiting their parents," 1 Tim. v. 4. This caused one of the seven wise men to reply to *Crasus*, when he asked, "which of the animals was the most happy?" "The stork, because it performs what is just and right by nature, without any compelling law."

How amiable is filial piety! Observe, oh ye children, and imitate; and let not the example of a bird upbraid and condemn you; but, on the contrary, stimulate your souls to the discharge of this most pleasing duty! Could you be sensible of the anxious thoughts, the sleepless nights, the watchful days, your parents have passed for you; of the bleeding fears, the affectionate hopes, and all the unutterable concern which throbs in their bosoms for you: a sympathetic gratitude would fill your souls, and you would think it your highest happiness, as it is your indispensable duty, by every possible means, to make them some amends, and to soothe the decline of their days with all the lenient assuages of filial piety and love. And oh! how exquisitely comfortable, how divinely pleasing "to rock the cradle of declining age," and to return the unspeakable obligations of parental care!

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDICATOR, OR HONEY-GUIDE OF AFRICA.

In the Philosophical Transactions is an account of a very extraordinary bird, found in the interior parts of Africa, called the Indicator or Honey-guide, which directs travellers to the spot where honey is to be found. It is a species of the cuckoo, but much smaller than that which is known in Europe. Honey being its favourite food, it is prompted by self-interest to point out the place where the booty is concealed, and it is generally paid for its intelligence, by a part of the spoil. The morning and the evening are the times in which it searches for food; and it is then heard calling, in a shrill tone, cheer, cheer; a note which immediately draws the attention of the honey-hunters, as they consider it a signal for the chase. From time to time they answer with a soft whistle, which the bird hearing, continues its note. As soon as it perceives the men, it flutters gradually to the place where the bees are situated, continually repeating its former call of cheer, cheer; nay, if it should happen to have advanced considerably before the hunters, (who are very liable to be impeded by bushes, rivers, &c.) it returns to them again, and redoubles its note, as if to stimulate them to more activity. At last the bird is observed to hover for a few moments over a particular spot, and then to retire silently to a neighbouring bush, or resting place, and the hunters are sure of finding the bees' nest in that identical spot, whether it be in a tree, in the crevice of a rock, or, as is most commonly the case, in the earth. Whilst the hunters are busy in taking the honey, the bird is seen looking on attentively to what is going forward, and waiting for its share of the spoil. The bee-hunters never fail to leave a small portion for their conductor, but commonly take care not to give him sufficient to satisfy his hunger, but only a taste, that they may incite him to seek for another nest.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE TAILOR BIRD, OF THE EAST INDIES.

This peculiar bird is a native of the East Indies, and makes a very extraordinary nest of the pendulous kind, hanging at the end of a bough, too slender to support its dreaded enemies. She picks up a dead leaf, and sews it to the side of one growing upon a tree; her slender bill is the needle, and some fine fibres her thread. When she has formed the external coat, she lines it with feathers, gossamer, and down. This fragile habitation is proportioned to the tenant; she is but three inches long, and weighs only three-sixteenths of an ounce. How great does the Almighty appear in his minutest works! and if he thus endows the birds of the air—what has he not done for man?

### ANTIQUITY OF THE I. O. O. F.

We find in an English paper the following extract from a speech delivered by a Mr. Cooper, at a meeting of the order, in Greenock, Scotland, on the occasion of a celebration of the institution of their Widow and Orphan's Fund, which will give our readers some idea of the standing and condition of the order in that part of the world.

Mr. Cooper said:—

"The origin of the order of Odd Fellows is of very great antiquity. It was first established by the Roman soldiers in the camp, during the reign of Nero in the year 55. At that time they were called 'Fellow-Citizens.' The present name was given by Titus Cæsar, in the year 79, from the singularity of their noting, and from their knowing each other by night or by day, and by their fidelity to him and their country; he not only gave them the name of Odd Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems, such as the sun, moon, stars, the lamb, the lion, the dove, and other emblems of morality.

"The first account of the order being spread in other countries, is in the fifth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, and in the sixth century, by King Henry in Portugal, and in the 12th century it was established in France, and afterwards by John de Naville in England, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which order remained until the 18th century, (in the reign of George the Third,) when a part of them began to form themselves into a union, and a portion of them remain up to this day. The Lodges which now remain are very numerous throughout the world, and call themselves the Loyal Ancient Odd Fellows, being a portion of the original body. The Manchester Unity is of more recent date, although there is no doubt of its emanating from the same source. Its first introduction into Manchester was about the year 1800, by a few individuals from the union in London, who formed themselves into a Lodge, and continued in connection with them for some time, when some difference caused them to declare themselves *Independent*.—They have kept their word—*Independent* they have been since.

"They have progressed in number, in talent, and respectability—and now the flag of Odd Fellowship proudly floats in many a clime, waving over the ruins of poverty and sadness. The genius of Benevolence may be seen pointing the way where sorrows may be solaced, and poverty ameliorated. Look to the increasing number in Great Britain—the United States, where it has stood the blast of twenty years and upwards—Holland, Germany, Spain, New South Wales, Gibraltar, Malta; in short, from the burning rays of the Torrid Zone, to the cheerless sky of the Frigid Zone, an Odd Fellow may find a brother who has inspired the same fraternal principles. The increase during the past year has been more than 100 per day, (Sundays excepted.) The aggregate number is now 240,000. It has been calculated that if this vast body were to form a procession two and two, and a yard asunder, that the line would extend sixty-seven miles, or from Greenock to Edinburgh, walking at the rate of three miles per hour, would require twenty-three hours to pass from first to last—so that 10,475 would pass before a standard observer per hour—and among this great and agreeable multitude, would be found admirals, generals, senators, magistrates, clergymen, and gentlemen of every rank and title, and last, though not least, the humble and industrious artisan.

"Such a spectacle, seen through the medium of the imagination, will form some faint idea of the number, the respectability, the talent of the Order, and in proof, I need only to refer you to those around me. The speaker then gave a lengthened and interesting detail of the principles and government of the Order, and adverted to the basis on which it was founded, and gave a luminous description of the working of a system in relieving the sick and the afflicted, and stated that should a brother's illness be of such a nature that he lingers long on a bed of sickness, his ailment is not reduced: and instanced a case where a brother who had been ill for 5 years, had received the enormous sum of £151 2s. 7d.—(applause)—and that the sum of £122,400 was paid by the Order last year for the sick and distressed. —(This announcement was received with great cheering.)

"Nor do we confine ourselves to our own brethren in particular. No. In every town where Odd Fellowship has raised its head, you will find its donations to some benevolent institutions: and at the general procession of the deaf and dumb in Manchester, in 1837, for the benefit of that institution, the Odd Fellows came forward with the sum of £406 18s. 4d., which caused one of the committee to exclaim: "If contributing to the charity the handsome sum of near £500 was a symptom of Odd Fellows, I can say I wish there may be more Odd Fellows in the world."—(Cheers.) And what will weigh more in the opinion of the public generally is, that out of 20,000 applications for relief to the poor-law guardians of Leeds, not one was from an Odd Fellow." (Tremendous cheering.)

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1844.

### "EXERCISE THYSELF RATHER UNTO GODLINESS."

In order that the physical powers may be fully developed, it is indispensably necessary that they be frequently exercised.

The same may be said of the powers of the mind: unless the faculties by which we *perceive* and *compare*, and imagine, analyze and synthesize,—the faculties by which we *infer* and judge, be either occasionally or frequently exercised, mental imbecility will be the consequence in a greater or lesser degree.

If this be true with respect to our physical and mental constitution, with how much greater truth may it be predicated of the spiritual; especially as there is in us by nature principles hostile to the growth of every Christian virtue. Hence the language of the Apostle above cited. He who in any degree "grows in grace" must habitually "exercise himself unto Godliness."

Why is it that aged servants of God generally withstand temptations, bear up under afflictions, vacillate less in their experience than the young in Christ? It is because by long continued exercises in Godliness they have become "established, settled." Religious feelings and habits and principles, have become so interwoven with their being, that wilful, deliberate transgression is to them unnatural; sin in their case is the exception, not the rule. He, therefore, who would "stand fast"—who would "grow"—who would be "perfect,"—must exercise himself in prayer, in faith, in love, in patience in self denial, in hope, in acts of benevolence; as well as in all other external and relative Christian duties. Thus shall he grow up into Him who is his "living head in all things," and have less occasion to complain of *weakness* and *leanness*.

A late number of the New York Christian Advocate has the following letter from the Rev. J. Trippet, dated London, April 3, 1844, addressed to one of the editors of that journal. We insert it in our columns, as it affords interesting intelligence of the Methodist boys' school at Kingswood, of the Rev. Mr. Jay, and of the Great Britain steamer:—

MY DEAR BROTHER COLES,—I remember you requested me, just before leaving New-York last summer, that if I visited the city of Bristol to give you some account of it. Well, sir, having met in London John Irving, Esq., of that city, a wealthy, generous Wesleyan Methodist, of the old

school, a local preacher, steward, &c., a gentleman with whom the late excellent Dr. Fisk and lady stopped when on a visit to that city; and by whom the pious doctor was kindly presented with a pair of globes, for the use of the Wesleyan University; this benevolent gentleman, joined by this very excellent lady, gave me a polite invitation to visit their somewhat celebrated city, and while there to take up my abode with them, which invitation I accepted, and left London for that place the 6th ultimo, by the Great Western Railroad train, and travelled over the distance of 117 miles in four and a half hours.

The last Sabbath I spent in Bristol I preached in Portland street chapel, where the remains of Col. Webb and his pious wife both lie; there is a picture of the colonel in the vestry, and a tablet to his memory in the chapel. The old house, which Mr. Wesley built, and in which that great and good man used to preach, was sold some years ago, (strange to say!) to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. I walked in one Sabbath evening, accompanied by a friend, when they were administering the Lord's Supper; and could not but feel grieved at the thought that the house had gone out of the hands of those to whom it originally belonged.

While at Bristol I paid a visit to Kingswood School, so famous in the history of Methodism; it is only about four miles distant from the city. The late celebrated Wesley had certainly something in his head when he built the school at Kingswood, which does not dwell in every one's head that builds schools in these days; for, as formerly, it is still surrounded with a rude set of colliers, who sometimes greatly abuse the boys of the school. Rev. Mr. Cusworth, the governor, told me that but a short time before my visit, one of the boys who had been sent out from the school into the village on an errand, returned with two of his front teeth knocked out by some of the colliers' boys. There are ninety-three boys in the school, and four on the sick list; an excellent garden of three and a half acres is attached to the school; in addition to which are 25 acres of land; and eight cows, kept for the benefit of all concerned.

Rev. Mr. Smith, who retired from his labours last year, had been governor of the school twenty-three years; a number of friends in Bristol, together with some of the boys in the school, had ordered a service of plate or silver pitcher, which they were about to present to him, as a token of high regard for his long and valuable services, and fatherly conduct to the scholars. The gardener and cow-keeper, too, is an old, valuable, and long-trying servant, of 35 years' standing.

I saw a number of old books in the library, which Mr. Wesley had abridged; down the middle of the page was a single line or stroke drawn with his pencil, which told him and others that the pith had been extracted.

The expenses of the school last year were £2,560 18s. 2d., and those of Woodhouse-grove £2,333 16s. 11d.

While sojourning at Bristol, I also paid a visit to Bath, the residence of the celebrated Mr. Jay, with whom I had an interview of some forty minutes. Mr. Jay is a very sociable as well as an able minister of Jesus Christ, now in his 75th year. He told me he had some time ago received a very handsome uniform edition of his works, from Messrs. Plasket, Armstrong and Co., of Baltimore; with which he seemed much pleased.—He asked me if Mr. Plasket was not a member of the M. E. Church. I informed him he was, and that I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Bath is one of the most elegant cities or towns in England, but I have not space nor time to describe it; it is only about twelve miles from Bristol, and 20 minutes' ride by the rail-road.

Through the politeness of Cap. Hoskins, I was favoured with a sight of the great colossal steamship "Great Britain;" and of all the huge productions of mechanism I ever saw, "not excepting the mighty iron shield of 200 tons weight, by which Sir Isambert Brunell excavated the Thames Tunnel," this monstrous vessel surpasses all.—The sight of her vast dimensions is confounding. She is stated to be about 322 feet in length, from figure-head to taffrail, or upward of 80 feet longer than England's largest line-of-battle-ship.—Her extreme breadth is 50 feet 6 inches, and the depth of her hold 32 feet 6 inches. She is registered 3,500 tons, builders' measurement, so that her bulk nearly equals that of any two steamers in the world. There are three boilers, capable

of containing 200 tons of water, which will be heated by 24 fires; and she has four engines, each of 250 horse-power, making in all 1,000 horse-power. And 252 passengers can be accommodated, each with a separate bed, without requiring a single sofa to be made up in any of the saloons. In addition to which, she can stow away 1000 tons of coals, and 1200 tons measurement of goods. Fifteen hundred tons of iron have been used in the construction of her and her engines.

It strikes me this great ship will not be ready for sea-voyage until the summer will have considerably advanced: and I think so for the following reasons: first, there is still much work to be done upon her; but the greatest difficulty is that which arises between the Steamship's Company and the Bristol Dock Directors. This mammoth vessel is so large that she cannot be got through the dock gates, and the alteration requisite to be made is estimated by some to cost \$35,000. This has created great difficulties between the two bodies; and the matter is now referred to the Board of Trade for adjustment. When I was in Bristol they were building large iron tanks to raise and lift her over the dock gates into the water; but this plan is now thought so dangerous that it is abandoned; and the dock gates will either have to be enlarged, or the great steamer confined a prisoner in the dock.

Most respectfully yours. JOHN TRIPPET.

### PORTFOLIO PICTURES FROM THE PULPIT.

NO. V.

A strong, nervous,—or, what Dr. Caldwell would call an "encephalo thoracic" temperament,—moderate reflective abilities,—a retentive memory,—ordinary powers of language,—and ardent piety,—constitute some of the leading features of the present picture.

The temperament we have mentioned, puts, in all cases, the powers of the body and the mind of its possessor in active exercise, and, when united with other impelling powers, as it is in the present instance, gives to the character an aspect which we cannot better describe than by calling it *restless* and *stidely*.

The second peculiarity we have mentioned, when found in connection with a strong imagination, is apt to lead into the regions of conjecture, and is the cause of many things being taken for granted which are totally unsusceptible of proof. With a speculative and incautious disposition, it is apt occasionally to plunge its possessor into the depths of abstruse divinity and metaphysics, whence he finds it difficult to extricate himself.

An excellent memory places some of the best ideas of our most excellent authors always at the disposal of this Minister, and the use of them renders some portions of his sermons invaluable compilations,—far preferable to more original productions.

In stating what he believes to be the truth, he is dogmatical and positive, as we conceive an ambassador of Christ should be. He never minces his commission, but declares boldly and fearlessly what he conceives to be the whole counsel of God.

A rapid succession of ideas is accompanied, as a natural consequence, by a rapid enunciation. It occasionally happens in this case that the latter cannot keep pace with the former.

In the pulpit this Minister appears to have but one object in view, that is, the performance of his master's work—the winning of souls to Christ. To this end, he stands, as it were, on the brink of the grave,—he places himself in the last moments of his existence, and from this solemn position points every sinner within hearing to a crucified Saviour, with all the emphasis and energy peculiar to himself.

His preaching is of a mixed character, but calculated to be eminently useful.

"Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEAUTIES OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—If you think the following original remarks suitable for your paper, they are at your service.

JUNIVS.

The human mind, cultivated or otherwise, naturally elings to the romantic in its associations. The pictures and stories of boyhood often haunt us in maturer years; and as it has been observed by one, it would be well if the pleasing ideas of youthful simplicity would gratify alike the days of manhood. The large family Bible, with its many engravings, can be recollected vividly even now: the scenes of patriarchal simplicity there delineated, and the great events and characters that excited our admiration, have formed a nucleus to ideas of a more comprehensive order, and fixed in our minds the leading truths and events of sacred story. And what history, let me ask, is conveyed in language so unadorned, and yet so profoundly striking, as the narratives of Holy Scripture? How sententious and yet sublime! Setting aside the beauty and variety of Oriental scenery, and even their venerable character as inspired writings, when other histories and biographies satisfy our curiosity after a few perusals, these excite a greater relish; and, though ages have revolved since they were written, the distance of the objects only seems like the mellow twilight of evening to render the landscape more lovely and impressive. To roam in the garden of sweets, and cull every inviting flower, is not our purpose; but merely to notice the sympathy that exists between our mental associations, in regard to their beauties, and the reasons that excite it. There is, indeed, little barren soil in this consecrated ground; its most lonely spots are distinguished by some mercies, or honoured by the abode of some servant of God. Whether we contemplate the first dawn of creation in the luxuriance of Paradise, or gaze on the lonely ark of Noah as it mounts the surges of a deluged world, or trace the wanderings of Abraham, with his cloud of servants and camels, thro' the Arabian deserts; or, last of all, recount the adventures of Joseph—that most touching of all narratives—do we not feel as if we had never read them or heard of them before, so powerfully do they entwine themselves with our natural feelings.

What fiction of romance can equal the forcible pathos of the young Joseph's misfortunes, or the becoming catastrophes of his subsequent elevation to Pharaoh's court. The famine in Canaan—the meeting of the brothers, after long years of separation and guilt—and, to finish the picture, the venerable old Jacob before Pharaoh, surrounded by his whole family, like the time-worn oak, grey with years, clasped round with the green ivy plants—We fancy we hear the tremulous accents of the aged seer, in the august presence of royalty, uttering, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained to the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." What can be more touching or natural.

Numerous other parts of Scripture furnish imagery of the like character. Can we forget the sling and stone of the stripling David—or the monstrous armour of Goliath?—the sudden destruction of the walls of Jericho at the blast of rams' horns. Elijah, in the treeless desert, fed by ravens,—his singular translation to heaven,—or the events that attended his successor, who inherited his mantle and his spirit; the simple furniture of the prophet's chamber; the table, candlestick, and stool, and his restoring the Shunamite's son to life.—I say, it is no febrile sensibility to pronounce, that these narrations have a power to interest the heart as long as memory holds her throne. Dignified in their catastrophe, simple in their narration, we linger over them as upon a well-executed painting, reposing in the subdued lights of other ages.

Turn we to the New Testament. The same beauty presents itself in other ways. Our Lord's birth in the humble village of Bethlehem—the midnight angelic choirs—the adoration of the shepherds and magi, at peep of dawn, led by the illustrious star to the manger and cradle of the King of kings. Or, if we glance at the most active scenes of his ministry, can we forget his numberless miracles and sweetness of demeanour towards the people—the novelty of his choice of teachers, of so humble a character? Can we forget his stupendous displays of power in assuaging the tempest, in feeding the twelve thousand; the preaching in Peter's boat and the blue lake of Genesareth; or the deeply affecting passion he exhibited at the grave of Lazarus, whom he restored to life, to the joy of the weeping sisters of Bethany? What is it, then, that throws over the scene such mystic light and loveliness? Is it the splendour of language, the riches of description, or the renowned characters on which it dilates? No; it is the meekness and divinity of the actor in all these wonders, that gives the charm and deepens the impression.

It was this heart-appealing influence that caused a Soame Jennings, a Lord Lyttleton, and a Rochester, (who searched the sacred records avowedly to find materials for their refutation,) to become humble converts to the faith, and levelled their scornful prejudices to the earth. Wearied with hackneyed philosophical enjymemes—tired of pleasure's flowry magic—sick of the world's hyocrisy, and yet no resource of consolation, they thought, at any rate, to revenge themselves on Christianity, as the disappointed man revenges himself upon the nearest object; but the beauty of everlasting truth captivated them, and its simplicity was as the angel of peace to their distracted mind.

The artist who admires the sublime creations of a Raphael, Rembrandt, or Michael Angelo, sees in them nature exhibited by the pencil in light and shade so vivid as to seem real. And who cannot but imagine, so natural and affecting are the portraits and scenes of Holy Scripture, that, while we are reading, we are present, treading those holy fields, over whose acres, eighteen hundred years ago, His sacred feet trod who was nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross?

From those few observations let us learn: 1. That the style of the Scriptures is certainly a proof of the antiquity and genuineness of the books themselves. 2. That the attractions they have are not literary ones merely, though the Old Scriptures furnish abundant examples of them, but it is their truthfulness that gives them their natural and impressive character. 3. The importance of the subject they relate to, should induce every person to read them as the oracles of God, and pray for its enlightening spirit to make him wise unto salvation.

St. Sylvester, July 20, 1844.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

LETTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Sir,—We refer to our former letters on this subject with considerable diffidence and consciousness of defect. And, as an ample apology, it would be perfectly satisfactory, could we fully explain the circumstances of inconvenience under which they have very often been composed. But we feel happy in having so triumphantly succeeded in establishing our original position and in animating the hopes and the efforts of the Church of Christ, in relation to the conversion of "the nation of the Jews."

Typographical errors have, in some instances, impaired, and in others completely perverted, the sense we intended to convey. As, for instance, in the last paragraph of our 24th letter; where the word *preceded* was printed instead of the word *succeeded*. The idea we meant to express was this: that the age of Gospel Millennium "will be succeeded by, at least, a short struggle, on the part of the powers of darkness, for their lost ascendancy. During that period, (Revel. xx. 7, 8.) "And when the thousand years are expired, Satan

shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth." But the Gospel shall PREVIOUSLY be preached, and shall prevail, "among all nations."

Our proofs of the approaching national conversion of the Jews, have chiefly been drawn from the New Testament. The same animating truth is taught, indeed, in the Old Testament, in connection also with their promised return to Palestine; which shall yet most assuredly take place. But more than ordinary discrimination, on the part of the reader, would be needful, in order to understand some of the Old Testament allusions to these magnificent events. And as we have written purposely for the benefit of the unlearned enquirer, we have restricted ourselves to what was more obvious, in argument, illustration, and proof, and have endeavoured to assist him by reference to straightforward, unfigurative, New Testament teaching. This, the use of but a very small portion of common sense, will convince any person, can only be REALLY understood in ONE WAY.

We have shown, beyond any questioning, that the Epistle to the Romans is eminently A JEWISH EPISTLE. It was written by a learned and converted Jew, in relation to the church-standing of his converted Jewish brethren. It was written to a church in which there were strong tendencies, on the part of converted Gentiles, unduly to disparage even the converted Jew; and it contains a most logical and scriptural argument, in reproof of such disparagement, and in demonstration, that Jewish "blindness" shall yet be removed in connection with Gentile "fulness," and that the whole nation shall then be converted to God.

The chief weight of our argument has been made to rest on Rom. xi. 25, 26, 27. An impartial analysis has conducted the reader to that part of the epistle, which some have either inadvertently or "ignorantly" applied to "the spiritual Israel;" or to those already converted by the Gospel. "This their way is their folly."

We have seen:—

I. This passage refers to an "Israel" said to be under the influence of "blindness." But it cannot be said of "the SPIRITUAL ISRAEL," "that blindness hath happened unto them."

THEREFORE they are not here intended; but clearly the Jews, as a nation, who still have "the veil upon their hearts."

II. This passage declares, that the "blindness" of Israel shall only continue "until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

But this blindness, still continues, until this day:

THEREFORE "the fulness of the Gentiles" has NOT YET "come in."

III. This passage teaches, that when "the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, all Israel shall be saved."

But none can be "saved" unless "converted." THEREFORE "all Israel" shall then be "converted."

IV. What Holy Scripture announces, we are authorised to believe and expect, with unwavering assurance.

But Holy Scripture announces the approaching "fulness of the Gentiles," as characterising the era in which "all Israel shall be saved."

THEREFORE, we ought to expect, with unwavering assurance, both "the fulness of the Gentiles," and that then, "all Israel shall be saved."

Affecting it is, to see certain individuals, from whom better things MIGHT have been expected, holdly affirming that both the conversion of the Jews "and the fulness of the Gentiles" NEVER WILL "come in!"

After mistaking Scriptures so PLAIN, intelligent persons will be able to judge of their COMPETENCY to understand the more obscure and difficult portions of "DANIEL" and "THE REVELATIONS!"

Yet they undertake to LECTURE even on these!

These, they do truly "darken, BY WORDS WITHOUT MERE."

Whatever allowance may be made for their MOTIVES, it is, clearly, a solemn duty to expose their MISTAKES. No sincere persons become "deceivers," but by themselves, "being deceived." And we have devoutly dropped this clue of truth,

among such, to enable them to find their way again out of the mazes of a labyrinth of error, where they may lose souls "in destruction and perdition."

Concerning such "deceivers," we affectionately offer the same counsel which our Saviour gave his disciples relative to those who, in the primitive days, should "make merchandise" of "the Second Advent?" "The days will come," said Christ, "when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man, and ye shall not see it. And they shall say unto you, See here; or See there:—Go NOT AFTER THEM, NOR FOLLOW THEM!" Luke xvii 22, 23.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space you have been so good as to afford me, in your useful journal,

I remain, dear Sir, yours,

STILL, AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST. Near Lake Champlain, July 25, 1844.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A JEWISH PARLIAMENT.

In the reign of Henry III. a Jewish Parliament was held in England. That Sovereign directed writs to the Sheriff of each county, commanding them to return before him at Worcester, upon Quinquagesima Sunday, six of the richest Jews from every town, or two only from places where they were but few, to treat with him as well concerning his own, as their benefit; and threatening the Sheriffs, that if they failed, he would so terribly handle them that they would remember it as long as they lived. Great, no doubt, was the surprise of these unhappy people, to find themselves thus, all of a sudden, made counselors to the King, after so many years spent in ignominious servitude. But they found they were only called together because his Majesty wanted money—they must raise him money; twenty thousand marks! Their consternation was inexpressible. But there was no remedy. Liberty of speech, for this one time, was denied in Parliament; and they were only commanded to go home again, and get half of it ready by Midsummer, and the remainder by Michaelmas.

### CARD-PLAYING.

A gentleman, in public company, inveighing against the prevailing custom of card playing, was requested to give his reasons for such invective, which he did in words to this effect: "I will, (said he,) since you desire it, give you my reasons: first, in general; and then, in particular. I have observed that card playing wastes a great deal of time, which I esteem the most valuable treasure that God hath bestowed on us: In the next place, they exclude conversation, which is the highest of all social pleasures: And, lastly, they too frequently excite envy, repining, and ill-humour. To be more particular.—In young persons, the habit of playing at cards absorbs many of those hours which should be spent in improving the mind, and which, thus simply lost, can never afterwards be repaired; and by thus losing the opportunity of improvement, are utterly unfit for proper employments, and, of course, fall into pursuits unworthy of the situation they might have filled, and become insignificant in themselves, and useless to society. With respect to the old: This humour of card-playing is a most wretched example, and contributes greatly to ruin the rising generation: It removes that reverence which ought naturally to wait upon years, and renders that season of life disgraceful which ought to be the object of veneration: It increases avarice, the too natural vice of age, and corrupts the heart, at a season when it should be employed in more serious pursuits. In a word, this is one great cause of that incapacity so justly deplored in our youth of both sexes, and of that profligacy which disgraces those in advanced years."

### FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

We agree with the Boston Mercantile Journal, that there are few things more calculated to excite a just indignation, than an attempt on the part of young persons to frighten little children, or each other. In this way impressions are often made on the plastic minds of youth, which remain through life, and cause many an hour of anxiety

and perhaps agony. In this way a species of cowardice is produced which cannot be overcome in after years—and the man who would be the first to plant a standard on a hostile fort, or to board an enemy fighting hand to hand, has been known to turn pale with affright at the idea of passing a churchyard alone in a dark night—or even at entering a lonely and lofty garret, in the dark, after the family have retired. Marshal Saxe, one of the bravest men who ever commanded an army on the embattled field, would never retire to rest until he had carefully examined the closets in his chamber, and looked under his bed!

It is sometimes the case, however, that these sudden shocks of fear, when young, administered not unfrequently by the unthinking, for the joke's sake, are attended with more serious consequences. We sometime since saw mention made of a child in Virginia, who was frightened to death. The circumstances which led to this melancholy catastrophe are not of unusual occurrence. The child was playing with its companions, and was told by them in sport, that a rag-man was about to carry him off in his bag. Alarmed with fear, the child ran into the house, when the object of his terror, unfortunately, also coming into the house, he uttered a shriek and instantly expired.

This is not the first or only instance of the fatal consequences of fright upon children, and even upon adults peculiarly susceptible of fear.—We have given many cases of this kind in the Journal, and we think the subject needs no further illustration.

Indeed, cases are known where young persons have had their minds entirely overthrown—and been doomed to lives of helpless idiocy, by the unprincipled follies of their acquaintances, who have devised and executed some cruel plan of making sport of their fears. Such conduct has no apology. Those who are guilty of it should be held as accountable as the man who levels a deadly weapon and destroys the life of a fellow creature.

Terror is too often the governing principle in families and many young and promising mind has been weakened and depressed by the dread of some threatened danger. And yet the attempt to excite the fears of a child, is not unfrequently resorted to by parents, as a salutary punishment! Bugbears are created to frighten the young innocents into obedience. Such a course cannot be too severely rebuked. It is unphilosophical and in the highest degree barbarous in its nature, often entailing wretchedness, in the shape of unnecessary fears, on the being whose courage and determination should be fortified and strengthened, instead of being sapped and destroyed by the unnatural or unthinking parent.—*Asylum Journal.*

**EFFECTS OF A SEVERE SENTENCE.**—An Irish girl named McKenzie, only 17 years of age, was tried at Stafford for stealing a gown and petticoat. She was of a reputable family; her character had heretofore been unimpeached, and there was reason to believe that she took the goods to wear upon some particular occasion, rather than actually to appropriate them to her own purpose. Her mistress was to appear and vouch for her character, but arrived too late, the poor girl's trial being taken number one on the list. She was sentenced to seven years' transportation. She heard the judgment and remained stupefied; in 24 hours she was a lunatic, and is now in the Infirmary, with no hopes of recovery. She was a remarkable handsome girl, but from the period of her sentence her health has visibly declined, and her hair has actually turned grey.

**PUBLIC WORSHIP AT SEA.**—It is a fine spectacle to see a ship's company assembled at public worship. Every feeling mind must rejoice to see the deck of a large vessel covered with her crew, in the humble attitude of devotion; surrounded by the boundless ocean; the foundation of their august temple, and the cerulean expanse of heaven its magnificent canopy:—to see them in the midst of this noble element, when separated from their friends, adoring the universal Friend, and Father of the creation, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind, who raiseth the tempest, and saith to the raging waves: "Peace, be still!"—*Forbes' Memoirs.*

Waste not a moment of your time; for a moment of time is a moment of mercy

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

### EXTRACTS FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

**Lord Heytesbury, G. C. B.**, the successor of Earl de Grey in the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, is in his 65th year, and has been ambassador at the Courts of St. Petersburg, Naples, Madrid, and Lisbon. He was appointed Governor-General of India on the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office in 1834, but on the return of the Whigs, in 1835, the appointment was cancelled. The noble Lord married the daughter of the late Hon. W. H. Bouvier, grand-daughter of the first Earl of Radnor. His Lordship's son, the Hon. W. H. A. A'Court Holmes, who married the daughter of the late Sir Leonard Holmes, is Member for the Isle of Wight.

**THE WELLINGTON STATUE.**—The cost of the statue and pedestal of the Duke, just erected in London, was £9000, the metal (old guns) having been given to the committee by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and valued at £1500 additional. The statue is 14 feet high from the feet of the horse to the top of the head of the Duke. The pedestal upon which it stands is of Peterhead or the red granite of Aberdeenshire, with the exception of the lower course, which is of grey granite.—The Pedestal is fourteen feet high, making the total height twenty-eight feet. The costume of the Duke is taken from that which he wore on the great day of Waterloo, including his remarkable military cloak.

**STATISTICS OF CAB-DRIVERS.**—From some documents recently prepared for the Home Missionary Society, it appears that there are in London 347 watermen employed upon the various cabstands, 1793 omnibus conductors, 1662 drivers of cabs, and 4546 drivers of hackney coaches and omnibuses, making a total of 8,348 men, or, with their families, 20,000 persons living by the conveyance of passengers in and round London.—One of the cabmen has recently endeavoured to reform the character of his brethren, and, in the manner of a missionary, has visited 178 stands, has had religious converse with 2,156 drivers, afforded spiritual and temporal relief to 166 sick drivers of various vehicles, and distributed 3,010 tracts.

**SHEWAECK.**—A great sensation has been created by the news of the loss of the Steamer *Manchester*, Captain Dudley, off the mouth of the Elbe, on the 16th and 17th ult., with the whole of her crew and passengers. This unfortunate vessel was the property of the Hamburg Steam Company, and has, since the breaking up of the ice on the Elbe, been running in opposition to the Hull Company's ships, between that port and Hamburg. She left Hull on the morning of the 13th ult., with a miscellaneous cargo and six passengers, besides the crew. On the 16th and 17th, and during the three preceding days, dreadful gales raged in the Elbe, during which several vessels went down, and among the rest the *Manchester* and all on board.

**THE ROYAL POULTRY YARD.**—Those residents at Windsor who are in the habit of taking an early morning walk, to enjoy "the cool, the fragrant and the silent morn," in the splendid demesne, proudly crowned by its ancient castle, must have often seen two persons in plain attire tripping lightly across that pleasant meadow called "Datchet's Mead," in order to visit a farm at the extremity of the Home Park. These persons are Her Majesty and Prince Albert, pursuing their way to the dairy and poultry-yard; and in their progress, sporting with their infants, who are either mounted on their piebald ponies, or driving their well-trained goats in a phaeton. It is impossible to witness the unaffected enjoyment of the royal couple in this domestic excursion, unalloyed as it is by any restraint of official etiquette, without feelings of extreme pleasure, as a bright pattern to people of the highest rank.

**THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.**—When the Emperor of Russia took leave of Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Royal Princesses, were present in the Marble-hall. On the departure of the Emperor, he graciously saluted the Queen, and cordially shook hands with all the ladies and officers of the household. As a proof of the total disregard of the Emperor of Russia of the luxury and splendour with which he was surrounded, we

may state, that the Emperor always slept on the ground, on a leather tick, stuffed with straw, as being more conducive to health. His Imperial Majesty adopted the same course on the occasion of his first visit to this country, in 1817.—*Globe*.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Six Mackinaw boats, belonging to Piatte & Co.'s Trading Company, arrived at St. Louis on the 21st June, having left the North Fork of Piatte river on the 25th of April. They brought down 78 packs of buffalo robes, and two and a half packs of beaver. One boat was sunk on the 14th of May, by which accident several packs of robes were lost. About the 10th of June, (being weather-bound at a Pawnee village,) a large body, some two or three thousand Pawnees, came to the boats, apparently in a friendly manner, but soon sought a quarrel with some of the traders, and immediately began to plunder the boats, under the pretext that they were in a starving condition and wanted food—carried off all the provisions, utensils, arms, and other articles they could find, leaving the traders in an almost destitute condition. No personal violence was committed on the traders, they being too weak to offer any resistance to the plunderers. The winter is said to have been mild, and, until a few days before they left the Fort, very little snow had fallen. The Platte river was low. The hunters had brought more buffalo robes into the Fort than at any previous season.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, July 31, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	2	0	4
Wheat, "	5	6	6	0
Barley, "	2	0	2	4
Pease, "	2	6	3	9
Lint Seed, "	5	0	5	6
Buckwheat, "	1	5	2	0
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	6	0
Fowls, "	1	3	2	0
Geese, "	1	6	2	0
Ducks, "	1	6	2	0
Chickens, "	1	0	1	8
Patridges, "	0	5	0	6
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	5	0	6
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	7	0	7 1/2
" Salt "	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	25	0	29	0
Beef "	25	9	30	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	14	0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Pork "	0	2	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	12	6
Mutton, "	1	6	10	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	6	3	9
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
" " new,	2	0	0	0
Corn, "	2	0	2	9
Eye, "	2	6	3	0
Beans, "	4	6	6	8
Honey, "	per lb.	0	4	0
Hay, "	per 100 bds.	25	0	30

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