

THE 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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GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE FUNERAL.

Abridged from the Rev. F. E. Paget's "Tales of the Village."

LATE in the afternoon of a "brief November day," I found myself approaching the church of Abbot's Arderne, a village some two miles south-west of my own parish of Yateshull, and on the opposite side of the River Trent.

The day was not ungenial for the time of year—indeed, the air was soft and warm; but there is something of peculiar melancholy in that season, when the rich and varied hues of autumn having passed away, its sombre accompaniments only remain; when nature has not assumed her winter garb; and when, instead of clear bright skies, and frosty, but bracing and healthful air, dark, leaden clouds invest with one monotonous hue of sullen grey every feature of the landscape, or thick, penetrating vapours obscure it from the sight. It was so on the present occasion: the incessant rains and equinoctial gales had ceased; but the whole atmosphere was so overcharged with moisture, that the drops fell fast and thick from the boughs of the now almost leafless trees, and wreaths of mist hung upon the meadows, and followed the windings of the swollen river. All around me was dark and cheerless; and I felt the depressing influences which the sight of decaying nature can hardly fail to produce in those who rejoice in its opening bloom.

But if the day was melancholy, not less so was the task in which I was about to be engaged.

My friend Walter Lang, the vicar of Arderne, had that morning requested me to read the burial service over one of his parishioners—a lady with whom he and his family had long lived in such habits of friendship and daily intercourse, that he felt himself quite unequal to the personal discharge of the painful duty which had devolved upon him. Nor could I wonder at his distress; for the deceased Mrs. Fullerton was one of those persons whose loss is felt acutely, far beyond their own immediate household; and she had been cut off after a very few days of severe suffering, in almost the prime of life. Like the good Shunamite of old, she might have said, "I dwell among mine own people;" (2 Kings, iii. 13.) and her own people had daily experience of the advantages which that simple expression secured to them. Compassionate and kind-hearted, she grudged neither cost nor pains, whenever it was in her power, to alleviate the trials of those who were in sickness or sorrow. Courteous and gentle, yet sincere and open as the day, she said what she meant, and meant what she said. These were some of the qualities which endeared her to her dependents, and fitted her to discharge the duties of her appointed station.

She had, however, yet higher claims on our regard and admiration; for she was one of the humblest, most simple-minded Christians with whom it has been my happiness to become acquainted; and she was quite a pattern to those around her, in the quiet practical discharge of religious duties. Indeed, religion was with her the one object of existence; by this all the petty details of her daily life were hallowed; from this they all took their tone; to this all her thoughts and wishes (so far as human infirmity permits) were referred.

"And being such as this," thought I to myself, as I walked along, "how mysterious is the dispensation which has thus suddenly cut off such an exemplary person from the land of the living, while her light was shining so brightly before men, and she was adorning the doctrine of God

our Saviour in all things! 'Her sun is gone down while it is yet day'; and, oh, how sorely will its light be needed! Her boy, just of an age when such a parent's advice and guidance would be most valuable. Little Mildred Clifford, too, poor thing! deprived of a mother's care, and left, I fear, without a home or a friend in the world! Well, God's ways are not our ways, neither are our thoughts His thoughts!"

Thus musing with myself, I approached the churchyard of Arderne. The bell was tolling; the lich-gates were already set open for the admission of the funeral train; and to my right, a mound of fresh earth showed the position of the new-dug grave. I afterwards learned that it was by her own especial desire that no vault or resting-place within the church had been prepared for her; she desired, she said, "that no difference should be made between her remains and those of her fellow-Christians who were sleeping round her: earth should be restored to earth, and dust to dust."

It was a lovely spot, that humble cemetery. Yet, mingled with so much calm beauty, there was an air of solemn sadness around. The entire seclusion of the spot; the silence, unbroken save by the occasional tollings of the bell, and the cawing of the rooks in the adjoining grove; the sombre hue of the evergreens, which, for the most part, surrounded it; the heaps of withered leaves that strewed the ground on every side,—all these were calculated to impress the mind with grave and solemn thoughts, and to reiterate (though with small, still voice) the awful exhortation, to watch and pray, because we "know not the hour."

The funeral-train advanced, and I went forth to meet it. Mrs. Fullerton had been, as I have already intimated, in a special manner, the friend and favourite of her poorer neighbours. As of the patriarch Job, it might be said of her, that "when the ear heard her, then it blessed her; when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her; and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." And now, when her bounty and kindness had ceased, and when no interested motives for a show of gratitude could exist, they, whom that bounty had supported, or whose trials her many acts of kindness had lightened, voluntarily came forward to pay their humble tribute of respect to her memory, and of affectionate regret. The children whom she had taught at school, their parents, and not a few infirm, tottering creatures, who had scarce left their cottages for months, formed the rear of the mourning company. "Madam Fuller," they said, "had been a good friend to them and theirs, and they would even see the last of her."

Thus accompanied, the corpse was carried, for the last time, into the house of God; the service within the walls of the church was concluded; and then; once more, the procession was formed.

Hither the coffin is borne; it is lowered into its narrow resting-place; "earth" is consigned "to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" the prayers are concluded, the blessing pronounced, and the service of the church is over.

Then it was that the two persons most deeply concerned in this impressive and melancholy scene appeared to become sensible, for the first time, of its stern reality. Up to this time exertion was needed: and, no doubt, both of them had exerted their utmost for the sake of the other—Mark for Mildred, and Mildred for Mark: and so they had stood, side by side, their faces, indeed, buried in their handkerchiefs, but without that violence of outward grief to which undisciplined minds would have given way. When, however, the funeral-service ceased, and the crowd on either side fell

back, in order to allow the youthful mourners to take a last look at the coffin which contained the remains of her whom both had loved with the depth of filial devotion,—then it seemed that the greatness of their desolation burst upon them: for every tinge of colour faded from the lad's fine manly face, as Mark Fullerton drew Mildred's arm within his own, and led her forward to the foot of the grave: while she, brushing away with her hand the long, dishevelled ringlets of fair hair that covered her beautiful face, raised her eyes with deep affection towards him; and then, giving one long, piercing, agonised look into the open grave, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed as though her heart was breaking.

Oh! that last look!—the last!—even though it be in death and sorrow—the last look! how vividly is its remembrance borne in our bosoms while life continues.

After some brief pause, Mark and Mildred turned away in overwhelming grief from the spot where they had been standing.

"Ah, well-a-day!" I heard an old man exclaim to his lame companion, as I followed them down the church-walk; "well-a-day, Becky! if ever there was a good Christian soul, I do believe she lies in that grave yonder!"

"You may say that, neighbour; and what we poor creatures shall do without her, the Lord only knows."

"Ay, ay; many a comfortable bit and sup have we had from her kitchen, and many a yard of good warm clothing: more by token, she ordered Master Saunders to make this coat for me, for she said she couldn't abide my wearing such an old one on Christmas-day."

"Poor lady! she little thought then that you would so soon wear it at her burying," rejoined Becky. "We shall be sore losers now she's gone; for it's not like that they young things will take much thought about us poor folk."

"And that's true," said the old man; "they'll have gayer thoughts by and by, I'll warrant them, for all they are so downcast and tearful tonight."

"I'll tell you what it is, Simeon Clayton; they may be light-hearted again before long: they are young, and it is but natural; but they will never be as they have been: their eyes are opened this day, and they have learned what this world is made of—sorrow and trial for the young; and for the old, aches and pains, as we know full well, Simeon. God help us!"

"Yes," thought I to myself; "poor children, their eyes are opened today. There is no sorrow in after life like the sorrow of the first bereavement. Yet, bitter and enduring as is an early affliction, the lesson which it is calculated to convey is far more easily learned in youth than in maturer years. May the present grievous chastening yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby!"

With these thoughts in my mind, I proceeded on my way, enjoying the balmy freshness of the autumnal evening. A light air sprang up: the mist that hung upon the lowlands was dispelled; the sun, so long obscured, burst forth for a while, warming, cheering, invigorating the face of nature; and then, amid its cloudy pavilion of gold, and purple, and all other gorgeous hues, went down behind the roof of Arderne church,—appropriate termination to the scene in which I had been engaged—meet emblem of the rest of those who sleep in Jesus, and who, when their light has shone its appointed time before men, shed forth accumulated lustre in the moment of their departure, and then fading from before us, sink but to rise upon another hemisphere, and beam out with unfading splendour in a pure and cloudless sky.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.

BY ASAHEL GRANT, M.D.

CHAP. V.

Arrival at Dûree.—Intercourse with the Nestorian Bishop.—View from the Mountains.—Arrival among the Independent Tribes.—Remarkable Incident.—Klul reception.

OCTOBER 15.—I proceeded at an early hour towards the borders of the independent Nestorian country. Their nearest villages are about twelve hours distant; but some of their men cultivate a portion of the border district of Dûree, where one of their bishops resides, about six or seven hours from Amâdieh. I engaged mules to this place, but they could not be brought to the town, lest the government officers should seize them for their own use, without making any remuneration for their services. I therefore descended from the fortress on foot. The priest kindly sent his brother to introduce me to the bishop at Dûree, and I found his presence important.

My Koordish cavass from the chief at Akra was still with me; but he was very reluctant to proceed, lest he should fall into the hands of some of the independent Nestorians, who are represented as a most formidable race of people. The most extravagant stories are told of them, and it is said that, when any of them come to Amâdieh to trade, they are not allowed to remain in the town over night, lest they should obtain possession of the fortress. They are regarded as almost invincible, and are represented as having the power of vanquishing their enemies by some magical spell in their looks. On one occasion, they came and drove away the flocks of the Koords from under the very walls of Amâdieh, in return for some aggression upon themselves. And when the Raven-doo Koords, after subduing all the surrounding region, threatened their country, the Nestorians are said to have seized six or seven of the Koords, cut off their heads, and hung them up over a narrow bridge which led to their district, as a warning to the Koords who might attempt to invade them. That such stories are told and believed by their Moslem neighbours, is sufficient evidence of the terror inspired by their name.

"To the borders of their country," said the vigorous pasha of Mosul, "I will be responsible for your safety; you may put gold upon your head, and you will have nothing to fear; but I warn you that I can protect you no farther. Those mountain infidels (Christians) acknowledge neither pashas nor kings, but from time immemorial every man has been his own king!" To the borders of their country I therefore required the attendance of the cavass, as a protection against the Koords, and we set out through a bold rocky defile over the wild mountains on our north and northeast.

As we approached the village of Dûree, after a loilsome ride of seven hours over the rough mountain-passes, we were hailed by several of the Mountain Nestorians from the independent district of Tiary, who demanded who we were, what we wanted, whither going, &c.; and the demand was repeated by each successive party we passed, till finally the cry seemed to issue from the very rocks over our head, "Who are you? whence do you come? what do you want?" A cry so often repeated in the deep Syriac gutturals of their stentorian voices, was not a little startling; and then their bold bearing, and a certain fierceness of expression, and spirited action, and intonation of voice, with the scrutinizing inquiry, whether we were Catholics or bad men whom they might rob, (as ðne inquired of our Nestorian guide,) bereft my poor cavass of the little courage that had sustained him thus far; and he manifested so much real alarm, that I yielded to his earnest request, and dismissed him as soon as we reached the house of the bishop, who assured me that his presence was no longer desirable.

The people soon satisfied themselves of my character and friendly intentions, and, finding that I spoke their language, seemed to regard me as one of their own people, and gathered around me in the most friendly manner, but without that familiar sycophancy so common among the Christian subjects of Persian and Turkish dominion. The next day, they came from all directions for medical aid. One man became quite alarmed at being

made so sick by an emetic; but, when it was over, such was his relief that he wanted some more of the same medicine; and others, instead of asking me to prescribe for them, often asked for "*derman d'moritha*," or medicine for bile.

The bishop, who is a most patriarchal personage, with a long white beard, was very cordial, and took me into his venerable church, a very ancient structure, made by enlarging a natural cave by means of heavy stone walls in front of the precipitous rock. It stood far up on the side of the mountain, and within, it was dark as midnight.

The attentive old bishop took my hand, and guided it to a plain stone cross which lay upon the altar, supposing I would manifest my veneration or devotional feelings after their own custom, by pressing it to my lips. I must confess that there is something affecting in this simple outward expression, as practised by the Nestorians, who mingle with it none of the image worship, or the other corrupt observances of the Roman Catholic Church. May it not be that the abuse of such symbols by the votaries of the Roman see, has carried us Protestants to the other extreme, when we utterly condemn the simple memento of the cross? The old bishop sleeps in his solitary church, so as to be in readiness to attend his devotions before daylight in the morning; and he was much gratified by the present of a box of *loco focos*, which I gave him to ignite his lamp. A number of beehives, the property of the church, were kept here, and the honey from them was regarded as peculiarly valuable. It was certainly very fine. Red squirrels were skipping among the black walnut trees—the first of the squirrel tribe I had seen in the East.

A high range of mountains still separated me from the proper country of the independent Nestorians. At Mosul, I was strongly advised not to venture into their country until I should send, and obtain an escort from the patriarch; but, after mature consideration, and free consultation with the bishop, I resolved to proceed at once; for by this course, I might gain the good will of the Nestorians, from the confidence I evinced in them, and also save eight or ten days' delay—a consideration of some importance on the eve of winter among these lofty mountains. The bishop volunteered to send an intelligent young Nestorian with me, and two others went to bring back the mules from Lezan, which is the first village of the independent tribe of Tiary, the nearest and by far the most powerful of the mountain tribes.

To enable me to secure a footing where, as I was told, I could neither ride on my mule nor walk with shoes, so precipitous was the mountain, I exchanged my wide Turkish boots for the bishop's sandals. These were wrought with hair-cord in such a manner as to defend the sole of the foot, and enable the wearer to secure a foothold where he might, without such protection, be hurled down the almost perpendicular mountain sides.

Thus equipped in native style, I set off on the 18th, at an early hour in the morning; and, after a toilsome ascent of an hour and a half, I found myself at the summit of the mountain, where a scene indescribably grand was spread out before me. The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision like a vast amphitheatre of wild, precipitous mountains, broken with deep, dark looking defiles and narrow gorges, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the cheerful, smiling villages which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church. Here was the home of a hundred thousand Christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts whose lofty, snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. Here, in their munition of rocks, has God preserved, as if for some great end in the economy of his grace, a chosen remnant of his ancient Church, secure from the beast and the false prophet, safe from the flames of persecution, and the clangour of war. As I gazed and wondered, I seemed as if standing on Pisgah's top, and I could with a full heart exclaim,

"On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands!
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands."

I retired to a sequestered pinnacle of rock, where I could feast my vision with the sublime spectacle, and pour out my heartfelt gratitude that I had been brought at length, through many perils, to behold a country from which emanated the brightest beams of hope for the long-benighted empire of Mohammedan delusion, by whose millions of votaries I was surrounded on every side. My thoughts went back to the days when their missionaries were spread abroad throughout the East, and for more than a thousand years continued to plant and sustain the standard of the cross thro' the remote and barbarous countries of Central Asia, Tartary, Mongolia, and China—to the time when, as tradition and history alike testify, the gospel standard was reared in these mountains by apostles' hands: for it was not from Nestorius, but from Thomas, Bartholemew, Thaddeus, and others, that this people first received the knowledge of a Saviour, as will be seen in the sequel.

I looked at them in their present state, sunk down into the ignorance of semi-barbarism, and the light of vital piety almost extinguished upon their altars, and my heart bled for their condition. But hope pointed her radiant wand to brighter scenes, when all these glens, and rocks, and vales shall echo and re-echo to the glad praises of our God; and, like a morning star, these Nestorians shall arise to usher in a glorious and resplendent day. But, ere that bright period shall arrive, there is a mighty work to be done—a conflict with the powers of darkness, before the shout of victory. Let us arm this brave band for the contest.

Onward to the work! and onward I sped my course down the steep declivity of the mountain, now cautiously climbing over the rocks which obstructed our course—now resting my weary limbs under the inviting shade of a wild pear-tree—and anon, mounted on my hardy mule, winding along our narrow zigzag pathway over the mountain spurs, and down, far down, to the banks of the rolling, noisy, dashing Zab. Here lay one of the large, populous villages of the independent Nestorians, which extended amid fertile gardens for more than a mile in length.

What reception shall I meet from these wild sons of the mountain, who have never seen the face of a foreigner before? How will they regard the helpless stranger thrown so entirely upon their mercy? One breath of suspicion might blast my fondest hopes. But God was smiling upon the work in which I was engaged; prayer had been heard, and the way was prepared before me in a manner so wonderful that I can hardly forbear repeating the account, though already made public.

The only person I had ever seen from this remote tribe was a young Nestorian, who came to me about a year before, entirely blind. He said he had never expected to see the light of day, till my name had reached his country, and he had been told that I could restore his sight. With wonderful perseverance, he had gone from village to village, seeking some one to lead him by the hand, till, in the course of five or six weeks, he had reached my residence at Ooroomiah, where I removed the cataract from his eyes, and he returned to his mountains seeing. Scarcely had I entered the first village in his country, when this young man, hearing of my approach, came with a smiling countenance, bearing in his hand a present of honey, in token of his gratitude for the restoration of his sight, and affording me an introduction to the confidence and affections of his people.

I was invited to the residence of the chief man of the village, whose house was built, after the common style of the country, of stone laid in mud, with flat terrace roof; having a basement and second story, with two or three apartments in each. We were seated upon the floor in "a large upper room," which serves as the guest-chamber of the family room in summer, but is too open to be comfortable in winter. Food was placed before us in a very large wooden bowl, placed upon the skin of a wild goat or ibex, which was spread upon the carpet with the hair side down, and served as a table and cloth. Bread made of millet, baked in the manner of the Virginia hoeecake, but not so palatable, was laid round the edge of our goatskin table, and a large wooden spoon provided for each one of the party, eight or ten in number, to help himself out of the common dish. The people here less generally eat with their fingers than do those of Persia.

Whenever the goatskin was brought forward, I noticed that it contained the fragments of bread

left at the previous meals, and was told, on inquiry, that this singular custom was observed in obedience to our Saviour's injunction, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost;" and also that they might retain the blessing which had been pronounced by a priest upon former repasts; because the service, being in the ancient language, is only intelligible to the clergy, and cannot be properly performed by the laity.

The women did not eat with the men, but, instead of receiving what they left, as is very common in the East, a separate portion was reserved for the females, and, in all respects, they were treated with more consideration, and regarded more as companions than in most Asiatic countries.

Till evening, they were constantly occupied in their various employments, within or out of the house, and in many respects remarkably exemplified Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, even in their method of spinning, (Prov. xxxi. 19) literally holding their distaffs in their hands, while they give their long wooden spindles a twirl with the other hand, and then lay hold of it to wind up their thread: for they use no wheel. They clothe their household, in scarlet or striped cloth, made of wool, and resembling Scotch tartan, of a beautiful and substantial texture.

The women appear to be neat, industrious, and frugal, and they are remarkably chaste, without the false affectation of modesty too often seen in these countries. Two of the young married women in the house came forward in the evening, and, in the presence of their husbands, joined in our social visit. Each of them, at my request, gave me a brass ring from her wrist to show to our American ladies, regarding whose customs they made many inquiries. Like others of their people, they were the most surprised that our ladies should negotiate their own matrimonial engagements, and that their fathers should give them in marriage without receiving a dowry in payment for their daughters. Their dress is neat and becoming; they braid their hair, and wear but few ornaments. Their form is graceful, their expression agreeable, and their complexion (except that it is sometimes affected by more exposure to the sun and the smoke of their dwellings,) as fair as that of most Europeans.

Grapes, figs, and pomegranates I found among their fruits in the lower villages on the river, where rice is also cultivated, to the great detriment of health. Apples, and other Northern fruits, are found in the higher villages. Wheat is little cultivated, for want of space, but it is brought from Amadiéh in exchange for honey and butter.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

For the Christian Mirror.

ON FORGIVENESS, AND THE REGULATION OF THE TEMPER.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

There is no duty, the importance of which, our Saviour seemed more desirous of impressing on the minds of his followers, than that of forgiveness—commanding us to pray to our Father in heaven, that he would "forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." And the reflection that this naturally calls forth—that we have ourselves so much need of forgiveness from God—ought to melt our hearts into forgiveness of those who have injured us, and who are, like ourselves, feeble and erring mortals.

The life of Jesus was a commentary on the precepts he taught—and his example, in the exercise of this principle, speaks to us in every page of his history, urging us to "press forward towards the mark." But the best of us are too prone to neglect the admonition. There is something inexpressibly touching in the meekness and patience our Divine Master manifested, under every species of insult and contumely that the malice of his enemies could invent. He, "when he was reviled, reviled not again—when he suffered, he threatened not." See him on Mount Calvary, about to close his human career, by suffering the

shameful and dreadful death of the cross. Even there, in the midst of agony almost beyond endurance—he prayed for his persecutors, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What an affecting instance is this of forgiveness to enemies! Where is the heart so callous as not to be touched by the recital? Yet the Jews stood by unmoved, excepting one, on whom this spirit of Christ doubtless had its effect, when he exclaimed, "Truly this was the Son of God!"

The attainment of this duty is by no means easily won, and we are so differently constituted, that to some it is more difficult than others. We are not all equally happy in our dispositions; but let us remember, that human virtue consists in cherishing and cultivating every good inclination, and in checking and subduing every propensity to evil. There are some circumstances under which it is almost impossible not to feel and express some emotions of anger; and the admonition of our Saviour, "Be ye angry and sin not," seems to suppose some degree of that passion allowable on certain occasions. But many passages of Scripture, such as the following,—“let not the sun go down upon your wrath”—“let every man be slow to anger”—and indeed all reasoning upon the subject,—leads us to believe, that to ourselves is submitted the control of this feeling, as well as of others. How elevating is the thought, that when God breathed man into life, he bestowed upon him moral and intellectual powers—thus making him capable of self-government—by the exercise of which, he is most widely distinguished from the lower animals; and he who, like them, is only guided by his passions—who will not listen to the still small voice within—is not true to himself, in thus refusing to make a proper use of the high powers with which his beneficent Creator has endowed him.

There are probably few who will not admit, that on no subject are they so frequently called upon to exercise self-government, as in restraining anger; not that we are very often liable to great and extraordinary trials of this kind—yet, in our daily walk of life, do we commonly meet with trials of temper, by the government or indulgence of which our characters are in a great measure formed. Solomon has said, "He that ruleth his spirit, is stronger than he that taketh a city:" which is as true as that mind is greater than matter; and the conqueror of the kingdom within, ought truly to be more esteemed than he who merely overcomes physical obstacles.

In addition to the motives urged upon by the example of Christ, the injunctions of Scripture, and the noble prerogative of reason, we have another, the importance of which is too much overlooked, viz: our own individual peace and enjoyment. Look at that man whose temper is ruffled by every inauspicious occurrence, however trifling—whose anger boils over into trembling passion, and, like the withering simoon, sheds its baneful influence on all within its power—casting its dark shadows over the domestic altar, and, perhaps, quenching for a time all the hallowed feelings that cling round the family circle! In vain does prosperity attend such a one—the greatest outward blessings cannot afford enjoyment to a mind irritable and wrong in itself. How different is he who possesses "the wisdom which is from above," which is "gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy." Its advantages are well described by the eloquent BLAIR:—"Whatever ends a good man may be supposed to pursue, gentleness will be found to favour them. It prepossesses and

wins every heart. It persuades, when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn. Whereas harshness confirms the opposition it would subdue, and of an indifferent person creates an enemy. To the man of gentleness, the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind, we admire at a distance; and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love. They are like some of the distant stars, whose beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the influence of gentleness, all in some degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character lives and flourishes in the world without envy. His misfortunes are universally lamented, and his failings are easily forgiven. But whatever may be the effect of this virtue upon our external condition, its influence upon our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful—that inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in danger of being ruffled from without: every person and every circumstance are beheld in the most favourable light. But let some clouds of discontent and ill humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes. Nature seems transformed, and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view. The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation."

I would most strenuously urge the regulation of the temper upon women. It has been said of them, that their physical constitution naturally renders them more capricious and irritable than men—and that it does so, I will not deny; but this I maintain, that they are in the same degree capable of self-government and self-denial. But is not the regulation of the temper too much neglected?

I would that I might impress the importance of this duty on young females—particularly upon those who have lately entered upon the duties of a married life. You are now commencing a new era in existence—you have a new character to form, and sustain. You possess, it is supposed, the affections of your husband; and it remains for you now to retain, nay, increase them, by your daily demeanour and temper. Some women do not seem aware how much their domestic happiness lies in their own power, and forget that the "ornament" prized above all others by the husband, is that of "a meek and quiet spirit." No one can stand more in need of this disposition than the mistress of a family; for under the most happy circumstances, she will almost daily experience many little cares and annoyances, calculated to fret and perplex her, unless fortified by a well regulated temper. The husband, too, has his anxieties, vexations, and disappointments—probably occasioned, in a great measure, by the care of providing for his family. And when he returns to his home, after the labours of the day are over, has he not a right to expect that the wife, for whose support and comfort he has been toiling, will meet him with a smile—endeavour to cheer him, if sad—soothe him, if irritated and perplexed—in short, make his home, as far as depends upon her, the abode of peace and enjoyment?

(ORIGINAL.)

"PRAY ALWAYS."

THESE words, though possessing all the authority of an absolute command, as proceeding from the lips of our adorable Redeemer and Lawgiver,—may yet be regarded as an affectionate advice, and as a prominent example that the law, besides being holy and just, is good: and if in any respect, in this particularly is it manifested, that in keeping of it there is great reward.

Surrounded and invested as we are with evil in our present fallen condition, we find it impossible to avoid its effects; and however desirous we may be to avoid them, our unaided efforts are wholly inadequate to accomplish our deliverance. Temptations assail us, and our passions and appetites are ready to betray us; but let us remember, and act upon, the injunction, "pray always," and we are enabled at once to resist the evil, and behold, it is gone! for we thus obtain the help of Him who is mighty to save, and strong to deliver.

Dangers, too, may threaten us—dangers which all our foresight, all our skill, and all our strength, may be unable to avert. Again let us remember the advice, "pray always," and the promise is, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." And many are the instances on record, and many are there now living, who can testify that God is not slack concerning his promises.

Misfortunes may actually befall us—indeed, at some time or other, affliction will certainly fall to our lot. Another opportunity is thus afforded us to test the power of earnest prayer. The visitation may be such, that its removal may, humanly speaking, be impossible; but obedience to the Saviour's mandate will shew us, that "earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

We have wants, too, which earth cannot fulfil—desires which this world cannot gratify—aspirations which the vanities of this life but mock and delude. But here, again, we discover that "in Him all fulness dwells," and we have but to "ask and receive," that our "joy may be full."

Indeed, whatever may be the circumstances in which we are placed, we receive, in those two words, what whole volumes would fail to surpass, and which I pray these few lines may tend to enforce—"PRAY ALWAYS." C. R.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

WE cannot but be peculiarly struck with the natural and appropriate, as well as beautiful delineation of female character in Scripture. No point is overcharged—no virtue exaggerated. The portrait is the more affecting, because it is so like. It is the gentle, tender, and feeling woman whom we meet with in real life; and though the sublime situations in which she is placed, as well as the language and imagery of Scripture, invest the heroine of the Bible with a peculiar charm, she is not so highly raised above ordinary circumstances as not to provoke our sympathy, and invite our imitation. On this account, the illustrations of the sacred volume are of the highest value. The female Christian who is familiar with them, needs no other models. Besides the chasteness and simplicity which characterise these examples, there is a detail about them which is not only graphically true, but practically instructive. It is not merely by their prophetic visions and inspired songs, that we are made acquainted with the female worthies of the ancient church; we converse with them in their homes—we see them in the discharge of family and social functions—and we find, in general, that those who were the most highly honoured by divine favour, were the most blameless and amiable, according to our ideas of female excellence.—Mrs. John Sandford.

THE FOLLY OF ANGER.—To be angry, is to punish yourself for the fault of another.

LIFE.

How few of earth's busy multitude realise the truth of holy writ—Life is but a vapour! Though friends and companions fall daily by their side, they deem their hold on life to be less brittle, or, as Dr. Young expresses it, "think all men mortal but themselves,"—and thus, full of hope and vigour, they dream of far distant years of profit and pleasure. Alas! the stupidity—the infatuation of the human heart! Though death may stare us in the face, we cannot believe the grim messenger is waiting for us. But life, at the longest, is but a shadow, and at the best, but disappointment and sorrow.—Portland Tribune.

VALUE OF RELIGION.

THE Christian religion is admirably adapted to the wants of our natures. At no period of life—in no situation—shall we find it unwelcome to our souls. It will cheer our drooping spirits, animate our hopes, and give us an assurance of a rest in heaven.—Ib.

The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1841.

"THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

It is profitable occasionally to pause, and reflect upon the rapid flight of time, and upon our employment of the fleeting moments as they pass. It has been, and still continues to be, the practice of many devoted Christians, at the close of each day, strictly to examine and scrutinise their conduct, and ascertain how far they are answering the gracious design of their heavenly FATHER, in protracting their probation from day to day—how much they have done towards promoting the glory of God, both as regards their own growth in grace, and with reference to their fellow-men—and how much more they might have done, had their minds been more deeply impressed with the shortness and uncertainty of human life;—and thus, perceiving the necessity of greater diligence in their Christian course, have been led to mourn over their misspent moments, and solemnly to resolve, the Lord being their helper, to be more watchful in future over their thoughts, words, actions, and tempers.

The duty of SELF-EXAMINATION—the calling ourselves to a strict account for all the actions of our lives, comparing them with the word of God, the rule of duty, and considering how much evil we have committed, and good we have omitted—is founded on a Divine command, and ought to be attended to deliberately, frequently, impartially, diligently, and with a sincere desire to amend. The performance of this duty is essential to our improvement, our felicity, and interest. "They (says Mr. WYLBORFORCE,) who, in a crazy vessel, navigate a sea where are shoals and currents innumerable, if they would keep their course, or reach their port in safety, must carefully repair their smallest injuries, and often throw out their line, and take their observations. In the voyage of life, also, the Christian who would not make shipwreck of his faith, while he is habitually watchful and provident, must make it his express business to look into his state, and ascertain his progress."

But there are particular times which are peculiarly adapted to the profitable performance of this important duty—such as the close of summer, the termination of the common year, or the anniversary of our birth. A late number of the *Protestant and Herald* contains the following beautiful reflections on the end of summer—which we copy, not only on account of their suitableness to the present season, but also for their practical tendency:—

THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

Another summer has passed away. In calmness and silence it departed. The moon looked on, shedding her gentle light on the city and village, field and forest, river and lake. No wild cry arose in the city or in the field; scarcely a breeze stirred on the lake or in the forest, when midnight arrived; and the months, and weeks, and days, and hours, and minutes, of the summer that is ended, flew up with their accounts on high. Their report is recorded in the book of God's remembrance. How will it affect us individually, when we too shall "fly away" to give in our account?

This is a period calculated to awake serious reflection in all—let us not fail to improve it. All nature helps to solemn thought; for nature now begins to assume a serious aspect, and from woodland, field, and garden, is calling upon us to behold her departing honours—her expiring beauties—and to prepare for our latter end.

But is there danger that the summer of grace and salvation may glide noiselessly away from any of us, like the ending of the season that is passed? There is. They who have resisted the strings of the Holy Spirit, until He now strives with them no more—have much reason to be alarmed.

They who persist in sinful practices, contrary to the convictions of conscience, hardening themselves against the reproofs of the Almighty—have much reason to be alarmed.

They who sin presumptuously—sin against light, and with purposes of future repentance—have much reason to be alarmed.

They who are so determinately bent on sin, that the Spirit of God, their own conscience, and the ministers of the Gospel, cease to reprove them—have much reason to be alarmed.

They who relapse into evil habits, after strong convictions, and solemn vows—have much reason to be alarmed.

They who have long halted between two opinions—who are ashamed of Christ, or afraid to forsake the company of ungodly companions—have much reason to be alarmed.

To all such we would say, with affectionate earnestness, "Oh, hasten mercy to implore, or it will be to you for an everlasting lamentation—the summer is ended!"

WE have received the first number of the Thirteenth Volume of the *Christian Guardian*. It is greatly improved in appearance, being printed on paper of a beautiful texture. Its departments are increased, and the first number contains a great variety of valuable reading. We fully agree with the *Guardian*, in the sentiments contained in the following extract from an ably written article, headed "The Periodical Press of Canada," and regret that our limits deny us the pleasure of copying it entire:—

"United Canada, we conjecture, contains a population of 1,100,000, and supports, we believe, more than 50 papers of every description, having a weekly circulation of, say 40,000. Considering the small number of our inhabitants, the short time most of them have lived in the country, and the consequent limited resources they possess, we think the circulation of Canadian papers exceeds in proportion, that of the States. We say not these things in the way of disparagement; but to render honour to Canada, to whom honour is due.

"But the higher the honour, the more imperative is duty, and the heavier our responsibilities. This we know will be readily conceded by our numerous, able, and respected contemporaries. Be it, then, our purpose aright to estimate and apply the advantages of our elevation for our own personal improvement, and the improvement of the country. Be it our purpose to discharge our obligations to ourselves and the public in a spirit of wisdom, good will, and liberality: when we cannot think alike, to differ with reluctance, and always without rancour. Be the grand palladium of British Constitution;—tried, beneficent, wise, and glorious; and our reference to the institutions of other nations without invidiousness and malevolence. There dwells not on our wide earth a more friendly-hearted man than the true Briton; and, thank God, the people of our adopted country are British; and no part of the Divine law do

they with greater readiness obey, than "Fear God, and honour the King." Be it our purpose to combine for the public good. What Cicero said has an application here: "We should all of us, therefore, propose the same end, and every one think his own interest in particular to be the same with that of the community in general." Be the intellectual progression of all classes an object never lost sight of. Be peace and virtue strenuously inculcated; for knowledge without these is a curse. But he who stops short at these, practically denies the privileges of the transcendent dispensation under which we live; and is not a true Christian. The peculiar, Divine, and renovating truth of the Bible should be recognized—promulgated—defended; and, in this way, the millennium antedated; for it is to be supposed, that when this period shall come, the Press will be consecrated to Christ. May CANADA, in all her magnificent institutions—civil, commercial, scientific, and religious—be blessed; and, to remotest generations, her population be distinguished for their wisdom, Christianity, prosperity, and happiness!"

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to an excellent original article, entitled "On Forgiveness, and the Regulation of the Temper," (in another column,) from the able pen of Mrs. J. R. SPOONER—a lady, whose productions are characterised by sentiments of deep piety and true benevolence. The subject treated of in the article alluded to, is of a highly useful and practical character; and will, we are persuaded, be duly appreciated by the readers of the *Mirror*. We sincerely trust that the object of the writer may be fully realized. Future contributions are most respectfully solicited.

Since the above was written, the *Literary Garland* for November has appeared, containing another article from Mrs. SPOONER, and which we, with much pleasure, transfer to our columns: the subject is, "Sympathy."

THE friends of the Rev. THOMAS TURNER, Wesleyan Missionary, in Canada—(where, during a period of nineteen years, he was greatly beloved and esteemed by those who were favoured with his ministry,)—will rejoice to learn that he has arrived safely in the land of his fathers. Mr. T., during his residence in this country, laboured for some time among the Indians in the upper part of this Province, with considerable success. During the sittings of the late Wesleyan Conference, an interesting service was held, at which those ministers who had been for many years on foreign stations, (among whom was Mr. TURNER,) were publicly and formally recognised.

UNDER the head "Religious intelligence," will be found a brief outline of the proceedings of an interesting meeting held in the city of New York, on occasion of the departure of the Rev. GEORGE SCOTT for Sweden—which will, doubtless, be read with pleasure. The truly catholic spirit of this eminent servant of God, and the zeal which he constantly manifests in the salvation of his fellow men, we are happy to remark, have every where secured for him a cordial and affectionate reception, and the active co-operation of Christians of almost every name, in his travels through this continent.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

•• Those subscribers to the *Christian Mirror* who have not yet paid their half-yearly subscriptions, are respectfully reminded that the terms are "half-yearly in advance," and that more than three months have elapsed since its commencement. Country subscribers are earnestly requested to send in their respective subscriptions,

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.—CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS

For several weeks we have intended to express our approbation of the "*Christian Mirror*," published at Montreal. The editorials are pleasingly simple and elegant in style, and sensible, conciliatory, and pious in spirit; while the selections are admirable for their variety, scriptural sentiment, and usefulness. Our best wishes attend the Editor in his very acceptable endeavours to do good, unconnected as he is with party.—*Christian Guardian*.

The following highly important Resolution was carried at a Special Meeting of the City Council, on the evening of the 18th instant:—

Resolved, That the Honorable the Mayor be authorized and requested to borrow in England, or elsewhere, any sum or sums of money not exceeding £50,000 sterling, which he may be enabled raise on the credit and for the use of the city.

THE *Quebec Mercury* informs the public, that the Bishop of Montreal purposes to have a Collegiate Institution at Sherbrooke: which is estimated to cost nearly £3000 in its establishment, and £1000 annually for its maintenance. It is to be called, "*The Diocesan College of Canada East*."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.

The arrival at New York of the *Narragansett*, direct from China, which she left on the first of June, has furnished us with information of the commencement of hostilities—the bombardment of Canton, and the immense slaughter which had been the consequence—in one attack the number of the Chinese who fell being variously stated at from three to ten thousand men. The killed and wounded among the British were in number comparatively trifling. Canton is crammed with inhabitants, and a large number of Tartar and Chinese soldiers were among them—40,000, or 50,000, it is said—while the forces of the English are not over 4000 men. The eternal bombardment, however, from the war ships, had struck so much terror into the hearts of the Chinese, that they had already offered five millions of dollars to the Commissioner, on behalf of his Government, if he would save the town. As was expected for some days previous to the 21st May, the increasing forwardness of the Chinese rendered some harsher measures necessary, and with a view to the commencement of the game in earnest that day, Captain Elliot issued the following circular:

"In the present situation of circumstances, Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary feels it his duty to recommend that the British and other foreigners now remaining in the factories should retire from Canton before sunset.

"CHARLES ELLIOT,
H. M. Plenipotentiary.

"British Factory, 21st May, 1841."

The preparations made by the Chinese were much better than could have been expected from them. In many of the pack houses and even on their roofs, guns had been placed; every street leading to the river's edge had become a masked battery, and pennons and flags were flying over every one of them; soldiers were seen every where, and even in the Hong merchant's warehouse, whilst teas were being weighed. The whole river side presented one unbroken line of fortifications. Guns were planted every where—new forts and ramparts had been constructed, and fire-rafts to an immense extent had been formed, to carry destruction among the enemy's fleets. These engines were found lying in the mouth of every creek, and scattered at intervals over the Canton river. Every thing bore evidence that the Chinese had made their minds up for one desperate effort to rid themselves of their enemies.

In the morning early of the 22d the work of destruction at Shaming was recommenced by H. M. S. Modeste, Pylades, and Algerine, and steamer Nemesis; the fort was after a very heavy cannonade silenced and destroyed, and eight very fine new brass guns found in it. The return of the *Nemesis* from this successful expedition, followed by the *Herald's* and her own boats, is described as affording a sight in the highest degree cheering, and yet comical at the same time. The steamer was covered all over with the flags and

pennants captured from the junks; the boats' crew were all arrayed in handsome mandarin dresses and caps, and the crew of one boat in order to be perfect in their new costume, had each man of them a tail, more sinico dangling from under their caps, which we hope were the spoils from living Chinese, who saved their lives by leaving their tails behind. The loss of life in this exploit is said not to have been great, the Chinese having ample time to save themselves by flight before the vessels blew up. We are sorry to have to record one casualty on board the steamer, her gallant commander, Captain Hall, was severely wounded in the hand by the bursting of a rocket.

On the 25th the Cameroonians were still in possession. The 18th Royal Irish, H. M. 49th, the Madras, 37th N. L., altogether 1700 men and 500 marines, had after some sharp fighting taken possession of the heights to the north of Canton, and driven all the Tartar troops into the city, which was being bombarded from the ships with round shot, shells and rockets. On the 26th, a general attack, it is said, was contemplated, and parties arrived yesterday from Whampoa, which they left late on that day, report having heard a heavy cannonade during the greatest part of the day. It is, therefore, very probable that whilst we are writing, Canton is in possession of the English.

We have conflicting accounts in reference to the Chinese offer of ransom for the town of Canton. A letter, dated the 28th May, states that seven millions of dollars, to be paid in seven days, had been offered and accepted. The first payment of one million of dollars was said to have been made. This, however, is flatly contradicted, it being also said in letters of the same or later date, that the offer had been rejected.

We omitted to state in the foregoing account of the hostilities at Canton, that H. B. M. Algerine, after the forces had arrived at Canton, was placed opposite the Dutch folly, which the Chinese had strongly fortified, and from whence a fire was soon opened upon the vessel which was returned with interest; the Chinese, however, defended the place with great determination, but it was at last carried. We regret, however, to learn that the loss in killed and wounded of the *Alligator* has been very severe, particularly among the boat parties that were sent to carry the fort and several other masked batteries; a lieutenant of the ship, whose name we did not learn, had, it is reported, his leg carried off by a cannon shot. The guns found in the fort were very handsome brass pieces, quite new, and of superior workmanship.

STILL LATER.

It appears that the *Narragansett* sailed on the first of June, as mentioned at the first, but on reaching Angier Roads in Java, she remained there until the 24th of July, and while there Canton papers to the 12th and 19th June were received by the Captain. It appears that the offer of ransom had been made and accepted. The sum was to be six millions of dollars, if paid within a week—eight millions in a fortnight—and nine millions if withheld for twenty days. When the whole sum was paid, the British were to retire outside the Bogue, and give up the fortified places to the Chinese, though they were not to be re-armed until the whole of the difficulties were put an end to.

The troops had suffered greatly from sickness, caused by their exposure in the marshy ground back of Canton. The Chinese were assisting in the embarkation of their enemies, being glad to get rid of them on any terms. As indicative of the treachery of the Celestials, however, it is worthy of note, that while this was going on, a stray company of the British, who had become entangled in a swamp, were set upon, and only saved from destruction by an opportune discovery of their predicament, when troops were sent to their rescue.

Sir Le Fleming Senhouse, commanding in the absence of Commodore Bremer, died on the 14th June, and was buried at Macao. Great sickness prevailed.

Despatches were forwarded to England. Capt Carlow being entrusted with their safe delivery. Notwithstanding all these symptoms, however, the war is not ended, and on the 15th June, the Chinese were again preparing fire rafts, and other means of offence. A number of vessels were at Whampoa on the 19th June. The probabilities were that they would not be loaded for some time.

See next page.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE NEW MINISTRY.—Out of Parliament there is nothing whatever going on. The Government appointments are all made, with the exception of the foreign Embassies, and every thing works as smoothly as possible in the movement of the Executive machinery. The Queen enjoys her domestic happiness and the society of her personal friends, as if no political change had taken place; and indeed, as far as Her Majesty is concerned, there has been no change that has interfered in any way with her comfort or pleasure. Nothing can be more gracious than the conduct of the Queen, or more deferential than that of the Prime Minister, in all the late arrangements. Whatever wish was expressed by Her Majesty, that particular individuals should remain about her person, was considered as a command by Sir Robert Peel; and every household appointment suggested by the latter was at once acceded to, by Her Majesty, without a moment's hesitation.

All the members of the House of Commons who vacated their seats by accepting office in the Conservative administration have been re-elected. In no case has anything like serious opposition been attempted. Lord Stanley made a very excellent speech on the hustings, and avowed such an earnestness of union with Sir R. Peel, as can leave little doubt that they will act energetically and cordially together.

Lord Brougham, who appears, with great good taste, to abstain from embarrassing the new government, lately presented a petition from the Anti-Slavery Society, complaining that British subjects in Brazil and Cuba were actively engaged in the slave trade.

It was rumoured that Parliament would be prorogued on the 7th or 8th instant.

Sir Edward Sugden arrived in Dublin, on Tuesday, and was sworn into office before the Lords Justices, by Mr. C. Fitzsimon, Clerk of the Hunsper. The new Lord Chancellor appointed his son, Mr. H. Sugden, his Secretary, in the place of Mr. C. Connellan, who held that office, under the two late Chancellors.

A supplement of the *Dublin Gazette* contains the official appointments of Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor; the Right Hon. Francis Blackburn, Attorney General; and E. Pennefather, Esq. Solicitor General.

SUMMARY.—Lieutenant General John Murray expired at Paris on Thursday, the 16th ultimo, after a protracted illness.

Lieutenant Colonel Story, of the 7th Battalion, Commanding Officer of the Royal Artillery in North Britain, died suddenly from apoplexy at Leith Fort, soon after his return to that station from a tour of inspection.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B. to be Captain General and Governor in Chief of Her Majesty's Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and of the Island of Prince Edward; and Governor General of all Her Majesty's Provinces on the Continent of North America, and of the Island of Prince Edward.

Lord Morpeth will leave England for America in the steamer today, Oct. 5. He intends to visit the principal cities in the United States and Canada. His tour will extend over four months, and he expects to return early in spring.

Orders were received at Portsmouth, on Thursday, to fit out Her Majesty's ship, *Queen*, for the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir E. W. C. R. Owen, K.C.B., G.C.H., as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, vice Real-Admiral Sir J. A. Ommanney.

The Queen will in a few days take up her residence at Buckingham Palace, preparatory to her accouchement.

THE HARVEST.—The accounts from all parts of the country on the state of the harvest may, on the aggregate, be pronounced to be satisfactory; and we sincerely hope that as the season progresses, the various evil prognostications with which we have been haunted will be found to be dispelled.

STATE OF TRADE.—The state of trade in the metropolis, and throughout the country, it is gratifying to be able to state, shows symptoms of improvement; and this must be accelerated by the commercial difficulties on the Continent having begun to abate.

THE MARKET.—*Wheat and Flour.*—The average price of wheat had fallen to 70 shillings and 8 pence, and the duty had risen to 10 and 8 pence.

The price of the 4th. loaf was 10 pence sterling. Rather a large quantity of Flour found vent at 35s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. per bbl. for United States sweet; 35s to 35s 6d per bbl. for Canadian. The few parcels of Irish new Wheat that have appeared have found buyers at 8s 9d to 9s for good samples in fair condition, but damp inferior lots have been sold at 8s 4d to 8s 6d per 70 lbs.

There had been a number of heavy cargoes received from Canada, and some from the United States and other ports—admissible at a duty of 2s. 8d.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Abridged from the New York Observer, Oct. 2.

FAREWELL MEETING WITH THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.

On Wednesday evening last, the friends of Christ in this city, of various denominations, assembled in the Broadway Tabernacle, to take leave of the Rev. George Scott, English Missionary to Sweden. Though this brother has been with us but a few short months, he has gained a strong hold upon the affections of the churches, and carries with him, in his departure, the best wishes of all who have had the pleasure of forming his acquaintance.

The Rev. Dr. De Witt, of the Reformed Dutch Church, was called to the chair, and the meeting was opened with singing by the choir, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Meigs, of the Ceylon Mission.

On being introduced to the meeting, Mr. Scott said he had travelled 5000 miles in coming to this country, which he reached May 7th; since that time, more than 6000 miles in America, in all sorts of conveyances, but no accident had been suffered to befall him. In this he saw the hand of God for good; and from the past, he desired to draw encouragement for the future. He saw in these preservations the evidence, that while engaged in the Lord's work, he was IMMORTAL till that work was done. He wished to say that the Mission church of Stockholm was founded on the widow's offerings. The first contribution in Sweden for the object was from a pious widow, the first in America was from a pious widow! This was to him a source of unbounded delight. He did believe that if any prayer entered into the heart of God, it is that which goes up from those humble dependant females, whose husband is the God whose power extends over all. He had found congregations welcoming him wherever he went; and those who took up the collections had assured him that none were ever made with more cheerfulness. Returning to his reception here, Mr. Scott said, he felt that an interest had been awakened in the object among various denominations, that was not to be ascribed to any one man. He must be a bold man who would take the credit to himself. He was only an instrument in the hands of God, who had united all hearts in the common work. This was the true Catholicism, the spirit of Christ. Oh! there is something heart-soothing and delightful in the thought, that the time is coming,

When names and sects and parties fall,
And Christ the Lord is all in all.

Luther said we can all sing together, but only one can talk at a time. Here, when we gather around such a cause as this, we can sing together with joy. Oh! how many thousands have I heard in this country singing the Missionary Hymn together; and who ever thought before he joined in singing,

"Salvation! oh, salvation!"

who ever thought to ask whether the hymn was written by one of the sect to which he belongs? (Here Mr. S. repeated with emotion a prayer in the Swedish language, which he then interpreted, asking God to unite his people in one fold under one shepherd.) But I am called this evening to say farewell to this kind, this Christian people. I will not attempt to say what I feel. Long and deep will be the remembrance of the love they have shown me, and the work in which I am engaged. In a day or two I set forth on the mighty deep, and I have been led to ask, (not through fear, for I know in whom I trust,) why should a Scott be left, since a Cookman was taken?

I have no greater security than he, and the same fate may be mine. These thoughts were the more impressed upon me, by the fact that the first house in which I was received, and the first church in which I preached, was the last in which Cookman was seen before he left these shores. But if I find the bottom of the Atlantic, instead of my field of labour, it will be well. Pray for me, my brethren, that I may reach in safety my family, my beloved field, and that God would preserve me as long as he finds me useful in his work. If we are faithful to Him in our various spheres, this is not to be our last meeting. There, around the throne, we shall meet with joy and love, not to talk, but to sing together the song of Moses and the Lamb. Oh, the joy of that meeting! we shall speak together of the goodness of God in the land of the living, and rejoice together for ever and ever.

After a few appropriate remarks from the Rev. Robert Baird, and the Rev. Dr. Peck,

The Rev. Mr. Kirk said, that it is our privilege tonight to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Heaven is love; and some of its sweet beams have come down to us in this house. We meet to give utterance to our love. He wished that a fitter organ of the churches had been chosen for this service, but as it had been committed to him, he would say, Brother Scott, we love you; we have come here to say so; it is love that burns in our heart—that burns in heaven; that binds us together on such an occasion as this. In this meeting, God is striking a death blow at party spirit and disunion in the churches. We love this brother, not because he is a Wesleyan Minister, but because he is a Christian. He went to Sweden, not to propagate Methodism, but to stand in that valley of dry bones, and cry unto them to live; and he has come here to breathe abroad the same sweet spirit. We love him, because he loves Christ more than Wesley—Christianity more than Methodism—souls more than sects. We rejoice that he, as a soldier, has for a moment doffed his harness, and run hither to tell us of the war, and stir the spirit of battle in our hearts. We love him, because he is going back, and we rejoice that another link is added to the chain to draw our hearts toward Europe. And called this evening to represent the churches, he would say to this dear brother, Go back. Our hearts (he was ashamed to say our contributions) go with you. You will love to remember America. We love Sweden. We love Tellstrom; tell him so, as he offers himself, not on the burning, but the frozen altar of Lapland. Go,—the Atlantic seas and another sea will roll between us, but there is no distance between hearts that love. Go, brother,—the heart of the Church goes with you. God meant that your coming here should make the rest of your pilgrimage brighter and sweeter, as you think of what you have here enjoyed. You go to fight under no sectarian standard; no walls of party or national prejudice are around you. The whole American church will love you, and bear you on their prayers. Oh! that we may all press on, and do our Master's work, and meet where the soldier shall be crowned with glory: where we shall look back on this meeting, and thank God for the spirit of this hour.

At the close of this interesting meeting, an incident, deeply affecting to our brother Scott, occurred. A young gentleman stepped up to him, and taking him by the hand, inquired if the address of Mr. Scott before the Seaman's Friend Society, was not the first he delivered in this country. Mr. Scott said it was; and the young man added, "Under that address I was awakened to a sense of my condition as a sinner. I hope I was led to Christ, and am now a member of Dr. Spring's church in this city."

This was the crowning gift of brother Scott's visit—a soul to be his crown of rejoicing when he remembers his sojourn here.

Thus he left us. May the angel of peace be with him, and the blessing of the Holy One rest on him forever!

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—At a monthly meeting of this Society, lately held, it was stated, that the issues of Bibles and Testaments for September, were more than 23,000 copies. Six new Auxiliaries were reported. Stereotype plates are to be prepared for a Protestant New Testament in Spanish; and every life member is to be allowed two bibles, and every life director five, per annum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Literary Garland.

BY MRS. J. E. SPOONER.

SYMPATHY.

"A holy thing from heaven."

WHAT a pleasing emotion is sympathy! What a source of gratification is the reciprocity of this feeling! It is positively necessary to the happiness of a benevolent and refined mind. It is essentially an unselfish sentiment, and one that does honour to our nature. What can better serve to bind man to his fellow-man, than the ties of sympathy? The Apostle Paul, no doubt, bore this in mind when giving the admonition, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

How soothing to the mourner is the tear of sympathy—and next to the blessed consolations of religion, it is felt and appreciated. And how does affliction unite the hearts of those who have suffered in the same manner,—for they alone can truly enter into the feelings called forth by trials which they too have experienced.

Our Saviour manifested this feeling on several occasions; and touching indeed is the simple recital of his visit to the grave of Lazarus. He knew that he possessed power to restore him to life, and intended doing so; yet the sight of the tomb—the thoughts of the sufferings he had undergone—the grief of the mourning sisters and friends affected him, and *Jesus wept*.

How beneficial it is to visit the house of mourning, sad and solemn though it be. If God, in his merciful Providence, has not yet permitted our own homes to be made desolate by the angel of death, and if our hearts have not been chilled and cast down by the disappointments and cares of earth, it is well that we should sometimes be brought to turn aside, and consider our latter end—to feel that we too must go to that bourne from which no traveller returns; and be warned to reflect on the instability of all earthly blessings, that we may in some measure be prepared to abide the shock, when we shall also be called to separate from those loved ones who now make life so dear to us.

The feelings that are called forth by a visit to the house of mourning,—the contemplation of the work of sickness, of suffering, and of death, have a tendency to chasten and refine the heart and affections; and while endeavouring to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, we are led to consider how we should feel under similar circumstances, and to think how soon death may lay his cold hand on some dear member of our own family circle! And this reflection will render us more kind and attentive to our friends, and will occasion us to overlook the little failings to which all are more or less subject; and while we realize how feeble is the tenure by which we hold life's dearest ties, they become, from that very circumstance, to be better appreciated and more dear; and verily, "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

Happiness is also increased by sympathy. On all joyous occasions we feel inclined to call our friends around us, that they may partake of our satisfaction. Indeed we are so constituted, that we cannot, if we would, take pleasure in anything which is not participated by another,—excepting the solitary miser, counting o'er his hoards, (and we have always been sceptical as to his enjoyment.) The poet truly says:

"Joy is an exchange;

Joy flies monopolists—it calls for two;

Rich fruit! Heaven planted! never plucked by one;

Needful auxiliaries are our friends, to give

To social man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves descending in a line,

Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight;

Delight intense is taken by rebound,

Reverberated pleasures fire the breast."

It has often been remarked, that deep and lasting friendship has frequently taken place between two persons, whose dispositions, pursuits, and tastes, were perfectly dissimilar; and this may be, but we cannot conceive that their intercourse can be marked by the

same degree of pleasure which is experienced by those whose minds possess a reciprocity; which, with electric power, causes each to sympathise with the other in thought and feeling.

"Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend."

Let us suppose that two friends are taking a morning walk together: one an ardent admirer of nature, who feels what a glorious temple we inhabit, made by the hands of God himself, and that every part of it is eloquent of Him; the other has not this taste,—and when his friend, warmed by the influence of the scene, exclaims, in the language of Milton:

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
After soft showers;"

will he not feel the want of the sympathy which the mental blindness of the other prevents him from entertaining? And will he not experience a feeling of regret and disappointment, that the love of nature, which is to him a never failing source of enjoyment, should not be shared by the friend at his side?

How pleasing is the reflection to one who takes delight in the great and glorious works of nature, that however our minds may be affected, whether by joy or sorrow, we are never disappointed in seeking for sympathy amid the harmonies of earth! Are we the subjects of deep trials and afflictions? Does not the mournful sighing of the midnight winds, the quiet of the dark and shady forest, the pensive murmuring of the mountain stream, and the stars looking down upon us "like thoughtful eyes," exert a calm and soothing influence upon our agitated spirits? Aye, even the lightning's dash, and the peating thunder, we no longer shrink from with solemn awe, for the storm and the tempest speak to us with the eloquence of Heaven, and seem to say to our troubled minds, "peace—be still!"

And when we are happy, and look out upon the world with joyful feelings, are they not increased by the cheerfulness that pervades the vast creation around us? The bright sunshine, the merry warblings of the birds, the wild bees' hum, the clear blue sky, the many tinted flowers of the field,—all seem to sympathise in our emotions, with "the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth;" and we are led to lift our hearts in renewed thankfulness to a God of love, "who hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.—CURIOUS TRADITION.

THERE is a curious and interesting tradition connected with the bells of Limerick cathedral. The story is prettily told, and will bear repetition. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent: and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer among many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and the bells were carried to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon, the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city

was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turretted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The aged Italian looked toward the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat: home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him dead!—*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland.*

IT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY.

It is written of a gentleman who died very suddenly, that his jester ran to the other servants, and having told them that his master was dead, he, with much gravity, added, "There! and where is he gone?" The servants replied, "Why, he is gone to heaven, to be sure." "No," said the jester, "he is not gone to heaven, I am certain." The servants, with much warmth, asked, how he knew that his master was not gone to heaven? The jester then replied, "Because heaven is a great way off, and I never knew my master to take a long journey in my life, but he always talked of it some time beforehand, and also made preparation for it: but I never heard him talk about heaven, nor ever saw him make preparation for death; and, therefore, I am sure he is not gone to heaven."

LIST OF BRITISH PREMIERS SINCE 1820.

THE following is a list of the several noblemen and gentlemen who have held the office of Prime Minister since the year 1820, according to the order of their succession to the Premier, viz., the Earl of Liverpool, (deceased,) Viscount Goderich, (now Earl of Ripon,) Mr. Canning, (deceased), the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel once more, the latter gentleman being now installed for the third time as head of the Government of the British empire. Thus it will be seen, that the majority of the above Premiers were members of the house of Lords. Viscount Melbourne has been made Prime Minister no less than three times; first, in 1834, on the resignation of Earl Grey; second in May, 1835, after Sir R. Peel had been driven from office by the divisions on the Irish Appropriation Clause, and thirdly, in May, 1839, after the temporary resignation of the Whig Ministry upon their defeat on the Jamaica Bill. Sir R. Peel was first made Premier by his late Majesty King William IV., in November, 1834, and was intrusted by Queen Victoria with the formation of the new Government in May, 1839, which was, however, abruptly terminated by the return of the Whigs to office.

SUNSET.

I HAVE thought a thousand times, that if I were an angel, and had wings, and no specific gravity, I would soar so far upward, that I could see the evening glimmering o'er the edge of the earth; and while I flew around on the earth, and, at the same time, against its motion on its axis, would hold myself in such a position, that for a whole year long I could look into the mild, broad eye of the evening sun; but, at length, I would sink down, drunk with splendour, like a bee over-fed with honey, in sweet delirium, on the grass.—*Jean Paul.*

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON THE VOICE.

THE influence of temper on tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill nature will infallibly communicate a like quality to the voice. That there really exist amiable tones, is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception: it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low soft tones of gentle, amiable beings, seldom fail to please.

POETRY.

From the Literary Garland.

THE FATHER TO HIS SLEEPING CHILD.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

How like thy mother—every circling hour
As thus I gaze, more fully I can trace
The beauteous semblance of that faded flow'r
In thy sweet face.

Dear miniature of her who's sainted now,
Her wonted smile seems sweetly ling'ring there :
And that dark tress, which shades thy shining brow,
'Tis her own hair.

Oh let this fervent kiss thy slumbers mar,
That I may gaze upon her speaking eye,
Which seem'd a fragment of the vesper star
And deep blue sky.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou lonely lovely thing ;
Owe the unruffled calmness of thy breast
To thy own angel mother's golden wing,
That guards thy rest.

Peterborough.

REVIEW OF THE MONTREAL MARKET.

From the Commercial Messenger.

FLOUR.—The market is somewhat firmer at the rates, or nearly so, which we last mentioned. 33s. 6d. has been paid for a considerable quantity of good quality Canada fine. A fair lot was sold for 33s. a few days ago. American is held firmly at 32s. 6d. being a very slight advance upon last mentioned rates. It will thus be seen that the news by the Columbia has had a very immaterial effect upon the flour market.

WHEAT.—As we supposed a few days ago, the price of wheat has suffered a decline. A considerable quantity has changed hands at 6s 6d a 6s 10d. Even this is higher than the price of flour fully warrants, and a trifling decrease may yet be reckoned on.

ASHES.—The current price for pots may be quoted at 30s 6d a 31s 3d. Pearls have been sold at 30s a 30s 9d. In both of these kinds of ashes, and at these rates, transactions have taken place during the week.

TEAS have advanced in consequence of the news from China—though not so rapidly as the first published statement might have been supposed to warrant. Twankay has been sold at 3s. 9d. a 3s. 10d. per lb., by public sale, and some samples Young Hyson at the same figure. Canton made has also been sold by auction at prices ranging from 3s. 2d. a 3s. 4½d., but is now held at 3s. 6d. a 3s. 8d. per lb., and the former kinds at 3s. 10d. a 4s. per lb. These rates are not, however, looked upon as stable, and it is not improbable that they may again fall back to their former figure, or very nearly to it.

SUGARS may be quoted as follows :—

Muscovado, bright, 41	0—00 0
Middling, - - - -	40 0—00 0
Dark, - - - -	37 6—39 0
Single Refined, p. lb 0	6½—0 7
Double " " 0	7½—0 8

MONEY AND EXCHANGE.—The banks are drawing on London at 10½—on New York at 1½. At the brokers' establishments, Upper Canada notes are discounted at 1½. At the Bank of Montreal the Toronto People's Bank Bills are taken at par, and the Commercial at 1 per cent.

JOHN HOLLAND & CO.,
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August 12, 1841.

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WILLIAM STREET,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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N.B.—J. P. & Co. will receive Orders for the Manufactory, Staffordshire Potteries, and have them executed there at Pottery prices.
McGill Street,
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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No. 85, Notre Dame Street,
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St. Francois Xavier Street, facing St. Sacrament
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Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
St. Nicholas Street,

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

—ALSO,—

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

JOHN KELLER.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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