

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

VOL. I.

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No. 12.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]
LINES.

'Tis sweet to leave the busy strife
Of man with man contending still;
And hurry from the scenes of life,
To meditate upon Thy will.

'Tis sweet to cast our cares behind,
And, in the still repose of night,
To read, with self-reflecting mind,
Of blessings to the sons of light.

And sweet to know that in that hour
Of calm, religious, peaceful thought,
We're guided by the Spirit's power,
And by the Spirit's wisdom taught.

And when from time we're called away,
And Death at length appears,
To close the evening of our day,
In this sad vale of tears.

How sweet will then the joyful sound
Fall on the listening ear?
Of "All who in his likeness found,
" Shall with their Lord appear."

"Come, Blessed, come—the kingdom's mine,
"Ye servants whom I love;
"Take the inheritance that's thine,
"Prepared for thee above."

January, 1842.

J. D. M'D.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE BEREFT

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight—by faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store.—*Keble.*

THAT we are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," was the confession of that crowd of witnesses who now, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. With the Divine assurance for their passport, this band of believers made their way, through every variety of trial, to that "city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

There are those who in these latter days have followed closely in the footsteps of that holy flock, and among such was Mary Singleton, an aged mourner, who with chastened affections sojourned below, while her home and her citizenship were in heaven. Her path through this world had been strewn with thorns, and each tear that moistened it, "mourned its own distinct distress," and she now calmly pursued her earthly duties, with the eye of faith steadily fixed on that eternal weight of glory—the final reversion of the sanctified sufferer. But amidst a wreck of earthly feelings and prospects, there still remained one object upon which many a hope, and fond anticipation rested. An only son was spared to Mrs. Singleton—spared through the helpless years of infancy, and the uncertain paths of youth—spared from sickness and sorrow, and, to the eye of man, from sin. He had been devoted to the Lord from his cradle, and the mother's prayer was answered.—Herbert grew in grace as he grew in knowledge, and when maturer years confirmed the earliest wish of his youth, he dedicated himself, his talents and young affections, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I cannot describe the emotions of the mother's heart when she first beheld her son ministering

at God's altar, and receiving the cup of blessing from the hand she had first taught to raise in adoration. It was the fulfilment of all her hopes—the answer to all her prayers—and in that one hour of bliss, years of anxiety and bereavement were forgotten. She felt that she had a son for eternity as well as time, and with the aged Simeon, she was ready to "depart in peace."

Her faith was soon put to this last test. A prophetic cough had for some months warned her of the nearness of the grave, and soon after the settlement of Herbert over his small country parish, her feeble frame began to yield, and she was confined to the chamber of sickness. Here her patience and pious trust were hourly displayed, and here filial affection was called to its last sad exercise. The son scarcely left the bed-side of his mother—

—day and night

He watch'd, anticipating every want,
And sharing every pang. From a full heart,
Now audibly, now silently, he pour'd
Incessant supplication for her life,
Or happiness in death—and when the hope
Of her recovery failed, with gratitude
He saw, unshaken to the last, her trust
In His compassion, whom in health she served
With willing mind.

The sweet month of May was drawing to a close—that month of hope and promise, of leaves and sunshine—that clothes the earth with smiles, but fills many hearts with tears, by calling the victims of consumption to its green bosom. It was the evening of the holy Sabbath. The public worship of God's house was over, and Herbert sat beside his sleeping parent.

She was tranquil—her pulse beat gently, and her son thought her much easier than usual—but it was only a prelude to the enduring rest upon which she was about to enter. A ray of the setting sun shone through the natural drapery of the window, and rested on her face. She opened her eyes, and cast a languid look of affection upon her son.

"Herbert," she said, "I feel very faint—I may not be able to say much more to you—nay, do not," she added, laying her hand upon his arm as he hastily rose: "do not go to get anything for this poor, worthless body, but kneel down and let us pray once more together;—ask that my faith may sustain me through the dark valley—that my Saviour may be with me, and that I may rest solely on the arm of His righteousness."

Herbert knelt,—large tears rolled over his cheeks, and nature for one moment would have way. "Lord strengthen me for this hour!" he faintly ejaculated, and then the calm voice of supplication rose. In one heart-felt petition he besought the Lord to receive the spirit of his departing parent. "Let her be thine, Saviour, in death—she has been thine in life—receive her now in the arms of thy redeeming love, and clothed in thy spotless righteousness, may she peacefully enter thy heavenly kingdom."

"Amen!" murmured the dying believer. Herbert rose. The "silver cord" was gently loosed, and the sainted spirit had returned to God who gave it.

The evening was full of the presence of God, and Herbert sought the retirement of its shaded stillness. The moon was out in all her composing beauty. A silvery haze was over the horizon, through which the smaller stars twinkled modestly. As the uplifted eye of Herbert rested on the heavens, he exclaimed,—"Yes! it is all ways so—the stars of divine promise shine through

the mists of affliction, assuring us that there are worlds of light beyond this dark scene." Nature and the voice of omnipotence whispered peace, and the mourner's tearful eye was dried, and his tumultuous bosom became "calm as the brow of Jesus." This was Herbert's first bereavement.

The love of father, brothers and sisters, he had never shared, for they had been summoned by death from the family circle while he was yet unconscious of his loss. But his faith was severely tried when he was called to part with his mother—his suffering, patient, Christian mother—the nurse of his infancy, the companion of his boyhood, the sympathising friend and faithful adviser of his after years.

But something told him that it was selfish to mourn for such a parent, and by and by reflection upon her memory became sweet and soothing, and a resignation full of hope filled his heart. He engaged with renewed interest in his sacred duties, and his increased faithfulness and zeal showed that his mother did not die in vain.

Caroline D— had been the playmate and early friend of Herbert Singleton. As her mind expanded, he admired its beauty and richness, and he learned to esteem and love her, as he saw the bright image of her Saviour reflected on her heart. The life of Caroline had been written with a sunbeam—she had known neither care nor sorrow. A sound and vigorous mind—a happy home, kind parents, and a refined circle of friends, were among the blessings for which her daily offering of praise arose. In "all time of her prosperity" she sought the author of every good and perfect gift. In bright unassuming youth, she laid upon God's altar the noble sacrifice of an untried heart.

She did not wait until other sources of happiness were dried up, and then turn to heaven for the comfort earth denied, but she "came to the cross when her young cheek was blooming," and beneath its holy shadow she was prepared for joy or sorrow.

When Herbert told her of his long and fond affection, she answered him with the simplicity and holy frankness of Rebecca.

The gifts of betrothment passed—his, a beautiful copy of the Word of Life—hers, a seal, bearing the inscription that should be written on the heart of every watchman of Israel, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

At the sweet hour of sunset on Sunday evening, a brother clergyman united Herbert and Caroline in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was performed in the little church at whose altar he ministered, and before whose chancel she had first received the emblems of a Saviour's love.—The young bride was surrounded by a circle of affectionate friends. The father, with a calm voice, committed his child to another's care, and the tear that stole down the mother's cheek was caught by a smile of affectionate approbation.

Brothers, sisters and friends, formed a congratulating group, and many an inward petition arose for blessings on the youthful pair.

Thus they married in the Lord, and, quietly waiting upon Him, they consecrated their affections, tastes and endowments to high and holy purposes. In pursuing the simple round of duty connected with a country parish, they neglected not the graces and refinements of life. Luxuriant flowers surrounded their cottage, and the tasteful hand of Caroline was displayed in their beautiful arrangement, while literature shed its refining light upon every thing around. After the labours of study or composition, Herbert sought the society of his gentle wife, as a bird returns to its nestlings after a weary flight, and replumes its pinions

... converted, and with a united voice, and to the praise of God's glory, they were united in prayer for future aid.

... in the still and thick, pure, ...
... and the ...
... and the ...

THE TRAVELLER.

THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.
BY A. H. C. ...

CHAP. IV.

... of the People. Return by way of Van ...
... of the Nestorians, or the Lost Tribes ...

May 25, 1840.—It was afternoon before I could leave the Koordish bey; for all the other business was finished, and he had written a letter to the next chief bey and the bey of the Hakary country, he concluded me to wait for a part, of which he partook with me; while his mother prepared food for us to eat on the road, spreading honey over the bread with her own hands, and rolling it up with great care. She then brought forward a tray of raisins and nuts, into which she put a small loaf of sweet bread, and gave it to my son, who had become a great favourite with her, and with the whole household, especially with the little Koordish children. He was now able to speak three languages, Turkish and Syriac, as well as English.

The patriarch's sister had also sent a quantity of bread, in which was rolled up a large supply of honey, or honey, butter, and flour, mixed together so as to form a kind of rich cake. The mother sent us bread, cheese, and eggs; so that our party was really very well furnished by our benevolent friends in these wild mountains; a kindness, to appreciate which one must place himself in the same dependant circumstances, and remember that there was a scarcity of food approaching to a famine. Wheat was selling at five or six times its ordinary price, and scarcely to be obtained at all. The bey had already given my son a small sum of money, in anticipation of our proceeding next day by way of Mosul, telling him that he would have given him a mule to ride, but, on account of the snow, the roads were impassable for mules. His mother, at the same time, suspended a small gold coin, with some beads, to my son's neck, as a memento of her affection.

Such were some of the tokens of kindness which the Lord put it into the hearts of this people to bestow upon the pilgrim missionary in this land of violence and blood. May He reward their kindness by the gift of his word and Spirit; and oh, may He make the honoured instrument of leading them to the great Physician of souls, and thus impart a more sovereign balm than all that art or science can produce!

As we proceeded down the narrow, rugged path cut out of the mountain, and anon cast a glance down the fearful chasm, it looked more terrible than it had ever done before. I was glad, therefore, to dismount, and walk for half an hour over the most dangerous part of the road, rather than trust myself to the sure-footed mule, who might, by one false step, dash me in pieces at the foot of the precipitous declivity. Having descended to the bed of the river, we continued along its bank until about sunset, when we encamped for the night in the open air, while the boisterous Zab sung our lullaby in notes of solemn bass. The night was clear—the stars shone with unwearied splendour, and all was hushed to silence save the river's loud roar. On either side, the everlasting mountains reared their adamantine crests, till they appeared to touch the skies; all seemed to invite to communion with nature's God. Three fierce-looking Koords had spread their beazwy hinds by the side of a blazing fire, which they had kindled to supply their lack of clothing, while we were in a good degree protected from the chills that now advanced upon the night breeze. At such an hour, and in such a place, so suited to deeds of darkness, it was sweet to realise a present God, and to know that the angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear him, for their deliverance.

May 26.—After a refreshing sleep, we rose with the sun, and pursued our way for some miles along the bank of the river; and then, entering the mountains, followed the valley of a large stream to its source. In our course, we passed over the remains of several avalanches, in which rocks, trees, and earth had descended with immense masses of snow, upon which the feet of our mules made but a slight impression. Near the summit of the first range of mountains, we stopped an hour in a grove of willows and wild pear-trees, that had just put forth their blossoms, shedding a delightful perfume. Another hour brought us to a small Nestorian village, where we stopped for breakfast. For want of a more suitable place, we were seated in the vestibule of the church, where several of the villagers came to see us, and brought their sick to be treated.

This is one of ten or eleven Nestorian villages which form a small district called Berwer, the whole of which now contains scarcely two hundred houses, and the people are poor and ignorant. The district is subject to the Koords, and was last year invaded by one of the nomadic tribes, when six men of this village were killed in trying to defend their flocks.

We arrived about noon at the residence of Tah Aza, the chief of a tribe of Koords, called *Pintanah*, comprising about 1000 households, under a nominal allegiance to the Hakary chief. Another division of this tribe (7 or 800 houses) live near the Tehoma tribe of Nestorians, and are represented as a very lawless and sanguinary clan. I spent the night with the chief, and can only say that I was never more hospitably received and entertained than by this mountain chieftain. He insisted upon my occupying his own seat, an easy cushion or mattress, with pillows to lean upon. A bowl of fine-flavoured sherbet was followed by coffee, and other more substantial refreshments. A bountiful supply of my favourite *pillaw* was served for supper; and a basket of eggs, roasted in the ashes, (a common method of cooking them in this country,) was in readiness after breakfast the next morning, to replenish our scrip for the road. The chief and two of his wives required my professional services; and I believe that this was the principal reason why the bey at Julamerk desired me to take this route. Many of the villagers were suffering from coughs, which I attributed to their residence in a region of almost perpetual snow, and to their drinking large quantities of it in their water. It was a pleasant summer residence, but truly dreary in winter.

May 28.—Still among mountains. Passed several villages and encampments of Koords, at some of which we stopped for refreshments, giving medicines to the sick. The Koordish women in one of the black Koordish tents gave us two or three pairs of native socks, and a small piece of tent-cloth made of hair. About an hour before sunset we passed a large encampment of the Her-tush Koords, who are among the most formidable robbers in the country. Their chief came out to inquire who I was, and some of the people gratified their curiosity by gazing at my Frank costume, while the large shepherd-dogs barked at us from a respectful distance. But no molestation was offered us, and we passed quietly on to the next encampment, where we stopped for the night. Here we found the chief of the clan sick of a fever, and many suffering from ophthalmia or other complaints, so that I was evidently no unwelcome guest.

Our tent was about forty feet long, and eighteen or twenty wide: one side left quite open, while a web of reeds formed the other sides. The ample roof of black haircloth was supported by a number of small poles, and secured with cords and wooden pins driven into the earth. About one-fourth of the tent was fenced off with a wicker trellis for the lambs of the flock, which were kept there during the night. The lambs are only suffered to go to their dams at particular times to obtain nourishment, after the people have secured the larger share of the milk for themselves. The milk of their flocks is a more important consideration with an Oriental than the wool or the flesh. It is regarded as quite superior in quality to the milk of cows, especially for their favourite *yogh-hoort*, or sour curd. An exclamation of surprise always follows the assertion that we Americans never milk our sheep.

May 29.—About three hours' ride brought us to the castle of Bash-Kalleh, which we entered by a more easterly road than the one at which we left it.

In the valley of a small creek we stopped for a short time, where Shultz fell a victim to the perfidy of the Koords. We did not think it expedient to inquire of our Koordish muleteers for his burial; but I was informed by an intelligent Armenian, whose sons aided in the interment of his remains, that a small pile of stones marks his solitary resting-place. The last sad office was performed secretly by some Armenians of Bash-Kalleh, who dared not remove the body to a consecrated burying-ground for fear of the Koords. One of Shultz's servants escaped to this place, where he was taken and put to death, lest he should divulge the circumstances of the murder of his master. Entire secrecy was enjoined upon every one; but it was not long before the report reached Persia, and redress was demanded by the prince. In consequence of which, the immediate agent in the murder was put to death by those who are said to have been the first instigators of the bloody deed. I was told that my safety would have been doubtful if that man had been still alive, as he would have thought that I had come to avenge the death of a countryman, and he might have killed me to avoid falling a victim to justice through my agency.

I had been told that the desire of plunder was the motive which led to the death of this indefatigable traveller. As he is said to have entered the country with considerable baggage, and to have made valuable presents to the chiefs, they would naturally suppose that his effects were of inestimable worth. But I am assured by many of the most intelligent of the Nestorians and Armenians who were in the country at the time, that Shultz had just made a visit to the orpiment mines, and that the Koords believed, from the brilliant yellow colour of the mineral, that he had found it to contain gold, and that he would cause an army to come and take possession of their country. This impression was strengthened by the circumstance that he was seen making scientific observations, measuring their castles, and writing down the observations he had made. Too great caution cannot be observed on these points by the traveller in such a country as this.

We remained three or four days in Bash-Kalleh, not being able to obtain horses before Saturday, and then choosing to remain until Monday where we could spend a quiet Sabbath. We found the place dull and uninteresting in the extreme, and were thankful to obtain enough barley bread to satisfy the demands of nature. Still we were treated with great kindness.

June 1.—It was late in the afternoon before we could get away, our muleteers, in common with the people generally, having business in the bazaar, (if a few poor stalls poorly supplied deserve that name,) it being the "market-day" for the week. In the smaller towns, one day in the week is generally observed as the market-day, and that day is usually the Christian Sabbath. Hence Sunday in Turkey is called *bazar gun*, literally, "market-day."

About two hours out, our little party, six or eight in all, were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of armed horsemen in the glens of the mountain above us. As they were but indistinctly observed, and then suddenly disappeared, there was scarcely a doubt that they were robbers; and those of our party who had firearms put them in readiness to defend themselves. My two Nestorian attendants agreed with me that it was better to suffer ourselves to be quietly robbed of a few effects we possessed than to attempt to take any man's life.

Poorly mounted as we were, it was quite evident that flight was out of the question, and we should only invite pursuit, if we showed any timidity by the attempt. It was therefore resolved to keep on our way, remaining in a compact body with what show of preparation for defence we could make. The mutaselim, or local governor of Bash-Kalleh, had assured me of entire safety on this road, and, moreover, promised me the protection of three of the chief's servants, who were then going to Van. The supposed robbers proved to be our desired protection.

We proceeded over a chain of mountains, on which large banks of snow were still remaining, to the strong castle of Mahmoodieh, and thence to Van, or, as it is usually pronounced, Wan. It

is a walled town or city, overlooked by an immense "rock of defence," which supports an ancient castle, and is imbosomed in extended fruitful gardens, which form the summer residence of a large portion of the people. Of these, a large portion are Armenians, who are said to number 40,000 in the district.

The lake abounds in fish, which are made an article of commerce with the surrounding districts. The water of Lake Van is so alkaline that the people use it for making their soap; while the salt from the lake of Ooroomiah is sufficiently pure for culinary use; and yet, the water of that lake is so heavy, that a man will sink no lower than the top of his shoulders. Both Van and Ooroomiah are several thousand feet above tide, and the winters are as cold as in New York.

I remained ten days at Van, and had repeated interviews with my old friend Nooraolah Bey, the Koordish chief whom I had cured during my memorable visit to his castle in Bash-Kelleh. I had often been pleasantly reminded of him by the wild Koords of his mountains, who uniformly spoke of me as the physician to their chief. Whenever I was introduced to a stranger, the immediate inquiry was made, "What, the physician of our chief?"

It was gratifying to find him still cherishing the friendly feelings with which he welcomed me; but it remains to be seen how valuable his friendship may yet prove. Changes have occurred which have modified his power, and hereafter, the traveller through his heretofore lawless country will have less to fear. It is now placed under Turkish jurisdiction. The chief has bartered his independence for an appointment from the Pasha of Erzeroom; and he was returning an officer of the Porte, to govern his spiritless clans, whom he had found too restless to control by his single arm. He also foresaw that the extension of European influence, and the consequent changes occurring in the East, might, at no distant day, wrest his independence and his country from him. He, therefore, deemed it wise to make such voluntary overtures as would enable him to retain his station as the immediate head of the Hakary tribes.

On my way from Van to Erzeroom, I met with a pleasing instance of the value of foreign protection to the traveller in these countries. While I was sleeping under the tent of a petty Koordish chief, a horse belonging to my party was stolen in the night. I told the chief that he must see that it was returned, or I should make complaint to the English consul. The horse was soon restored.

On my arrival at Erzeroom, I had the pleasure to be surrounded by a circle of Christian friends. Two of my fellow-countrymen were among the number; but in this distant land, where I have experienced the kindest offices of friendship from intelligent and philanthropic gentlemen of the English nation, I can scarcely recognise any national distinction.

The welcome I received from my English friends was most cordial and gratifying. Among them were the British Consul, James Brent, Esq.; Dr. Riach, a tried friend of our mission; and Colonel Shril, her Britannic Majesty's *charge d'affaires* at the court of Persia. Through the politeness of the latter, I was favoured with letters to his Excellency Lord Ponsonby, the British Ambassador at the Ottoman Porte; and, while I was at Constantinople, I received from his Lordship the warmest assurances of a disposition to afford all necessary countenance and protection to our labours among the Mountain Nestorians, in whose condition and prospects he manifested a lively interest. From our American minister, Commodore Porter, I had already experienced many favours.

From Constantinople, I proceeded in one of the numerous steamers which converge at the metropolis to the city of Smyrna, where I embarked in a small merchantman, and, after a passage of seventy days, arrived safely at Boston, October 3, 1840.

Among the splendid tombs in Agra, is that of the wife of Shah-jehan, which employed 20,000 artists and workmen for 22 years. It is of black and white marble, and has three platforms, with four towers, and a magnificent dome.

Cæsus, who passed for the wealthiest man on earth, lived 545 years B.C.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

PROVIDENCE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

It is obvious to all, that the present life is a mixed state of happiness and misery—that few are so blessed as to be without some cause for sorrow or vexation; and, on the other hand, that none are so completely wretched, as to be without some source of consolation and enjoyment. This mingling of happiness and misery—good and evil, as it is commonly termed—naturally gives rise to the question, from whence come those circumstances which so powerfully operate upon the destiny of man? Here, bestowing upon him unlooked for prosperity—there, plunging him into the depths of poverty. Now, making glad the heart, by the possession of the means and delectables of which our natures are capable; then lacerating the soul by the sufferings and death of the beloved. The aged linger out the often weary twilight of their days, while the young sink into the grave, ere the sun has attained its noon. "The righteous man perishesth," and the wicked and the unclean shall continue—the ungodly are frequently "set upon like flowers," while their languishes in obscurity and neglect.

And these circumstances are beyond the control of man—why, with all the wisdom of which he is possessed, and all the experience he may have acquired, is utterly incapable of controlling his own destiny? We see that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" for "man doeth his way, but the Lord directeth his footsteps." And dost and glory indeed would be our reflections upon this subject, were it not for a hold in the crowning Providence of our heavenly Father! The Scriptures are full of assurances, that the same Almighty Power that upholds the earth upon her axis, and governs all nature by immutable laws—who hath given both sun and moon their alternate rule—who "hath set the stars in their courses"—who rideth upon the whirlwind, and upon the wings of the wind—also governs the ways of man, in every circumstance that befalls him—and that nothing which is created, is esteemed too trifling or insignificant to escape His influence, even to the falling of a sparrow, and the clothing of a blade of grass! This conviction, is the only "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," that can afford us any real consolation, under the mysterious dispensations to which we are here subject.

Who has not felt the emptiness of riches, the vanity of fame—the utter nothingness of all the world calls glory—when the heart has bled under some deeply trying affliction? We cannot, at such times, look to earth for comfort; vain is the help of man. But when we realise that it is God who directeth all things—that He ruleth over the armies of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth—that He loves us with an everlasting love, and that, eventually, all things shall work together for good, we are led to acquiesce in His will, and to rejoice that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

The ways of Providence are mysterious and inscrutable—God has not seen fit to reveal them to man; and it is our duty to exercise faith in His government, and to be satisfied with it, without seeking to know what His wisdom and goodness has concealed. We—short-sighted mortals as we are—see but a very small part of the chain which binds the past and the present to the future; and then, "as through a glass darkly;" and, to understand the dispensations of Providence, it would be necessary for us to look at, perhaps, a thousand conceptions of circumstances, which lie hid in the dim perspective—never intended for mortal eye to behold!

A little reflection on this subject will lead us to perceive, that such knowledge is withheld from us in mercy; as, could we be aware of the afflictions we are to suffer, the anticipation of them would be always before us, and mar the enjoyment of every present blessing! How could we rejoice in the bright sun, and unclouded sky of today, did we know that

tomorrow a fearful tempest would burst in upon us over our heads? And could we know that, ere a day, death would separate us from our dear friend, how would our hearts sink within us at the prospect? Elys, under such circumstances, is not called off duty, as it now is, cheered by a positive prospect of happiness if not of sorrow, would be the counterpoise of our discontent, and glory forth-coming—the prospect of death, that friend who would probably were then equal the reality. "Who is to die, and will believe the thing; even as he shall stand the inevitable doom of the dead?"

Yet the doctrine of praying into futurity, has ever been one of the most unchristian whims of the human heart. And when we cease to have our feet planted upon eternal foundations, ever with us, we are upon ground which may ever with us, we are upon ground that we are so completely ignorant of the results of our best plans—and that we are so completely placed in circumstances which obliges us to do, when the result is far and distant, seem to be equally it does not seem strange, that "we who do not reflect on these things, should have more than a doubt of the certain who will void the future from our sight." Farther is, with the greater part of mankind, the notion that an which the human mind is chiefly occupied—it is the present moment, and in their thoughts, rarely have we the soul in the contemplation of God, who is the only source of our life, but only from our past, but the present.

"I will give thee riches, but thou shalt not be able to enjoy them; I will give thee honour, but thou shalt not be able to receive it; I will give thee wisdom, but thou shalt not be able to use it; I will give thee strength, but thou shalt not be able to stand; I will give thee beauty, but thou shalt not be able to keep it; I will give thee all these things, but thou shalt not be able to enjoy them." — From dark oblivion, glows dimly light?

And such is man, that when he has attained what he once considered as the sum of human felicity, he is even then frequently disappointed and dissatisfied in its possession—something is wanting. The hero that subdued the then known world, wept that there remained no more for him to conquer!

While we indulge in anticipations of evil, let us endeavour to be moderate in our expectations; for the higher our hopes have been raised, the greater will be our disappointment should they not be accordingly heightened. And those who predict themselves to dwell too fully upon the future for enjoyment, too often find that they have built upon a sandy foundation; and these who are contented to abide the will of God, and, in all their undertakings, refer the issue to His providence, and do not allow themselves to be governed either by unbounded, or too highly wrought expectations on the one hand, or, on the other, to be disturbed by doubtful and anxious fears of the future—but trust in the Lord, making no boast of their own; may well be said to lean upon a rock, which will prove a never-failing stay and support through the variously chequered path of life.

Let us, then, cherish and cultivate a firm faith in the goodness and providence of God; let us strive to keep His commandments—to walk before Him in the land of the living; for thus alone can we be prepared, under all circumstances, to "rejoice evermore."

Lord, may we ever trust in thee,
Thou only knowest what is good;
O'er earth and heaven, o'er sky and sea,
Thy rule hath ever wisely stood.

Thy providence is over all
Creation's wide and vast domain;
None of thy works are deemed too small,
Too mean, to own thy mighty reign.

Shall man alone, deny thy sway,
And his own arm his path defend?
Shall man alone refuse to obey
His God, his Father, and his Friend!

THE best friends are those that stimulate each other to good.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]
ON FAMILY WORSHIP.

NO. 1.

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

"To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, seems not to dwell
With saints, in their obscurest cell.

"To thee, may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace."

Doddridge.

It is much to be feared, that there are many profiting Christians, at the present day, who are punctual attenders on the public ordinances of our holy religion, but, unlike the illustrious Psalmist, rest satisfied with these observances, and either partially or totally neglect that equally important, solemn, and delightful duty—DOMESTIC WORSHIP: who join with the people of God in the duties of the sanctuary, but neglect to carry their religion home with them, and stately, every morning and evening, to engage in blessing their households.

As it is obligatory upon every individual, singly, to adore Him in whom he lives, and moves, and has his being; and reason, aside from revelation, distinctly teaches us this duty; so it is the duty of all to congregate, and unite in celebrating the Divine honour. Man is a social being. God has not only implanted principles within us, which fit us for society, but has placed us in a condition that we require it; and we are led, by a kind of natural instinct, into some of the nearest social connections, and their interchanges of offices and benefits that arise from them. If we, therefore, associate ourselves for the inferior purposes of natural and civil life, it follows, that we should also meet together for the important concerns of religion: to render glory to the Lord God of Hosts, in our united acknowledgments of his supremacy and benevolence.

Upon social piety, the very existence of religion and virtue, in our world, and the preservation of many benefits to society, connected therewith, eminently depend. Were religious duties only to be practised in private; were there no "assembling of ourselves together," to bear testimony, by common consent, to its excellencies and usefulness; it would very soon decline in public estimation, and the least appearance of it would be marked with disgrace, and treated with contempt by the bulk of mankind. The religion of man, in this world, must be social. It is not enough that the master of a family do, in secret retirement, render homage to God; he must do every thing that in him lies to make others acquainted with His excellence, and to induce them also to glorify his perfections. And unless he do, in this manner, turn to account the influence which his relation to them enables him to exert, he fails in discharging the obligation under which he is laid to worship God.

If it is the duty of individuals and communities to worship God, surely it is no less the duty of families, as such, to worship him. Families are natural societies, constituted by God, and kept together by his providential care; they are the first and direct result of the operations of those social tendencies with which human nature is endowed; they are the source of the most refined enjoyments of life, and call into exercise the tenderest affections. By them are all civil and religious societies composed, and in this form have mankind subsisted from the beginning, and all over the earth. And can it be doubted, that these innumerable little societies, arising from Divine appointment, should each, in their separate habitations, offer daily prayer and praise to God? Is it not as reasonable for every family, in that capacity, to supplicate the guardianship of the Almighty, as it is for individuals in their closets, or in the public sanctuary, to seek his favour and protection?

If it is reasonable that we should, individually, humbly confess our sins before God, and beseech Him to forgive them; surely, it is no less reasonable, that families should mourn over their transgressions, and

implore pardoning mercy, and grace to guide them through the various duties of life. What can be more fraught with consolation, than when the members of a family draw together into one affectionate circle, and pour out before Him who seeth in secret, the whole burden of their complaints—their poverty, dis-appointment, losses, or sickness, and, with united hearts, pray for his pity and assistance!

January, 1842. I. Z.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

"JESUS WEPT."

SURELY, if astonishment can seize eternal spirits, this was a scene to raise their highest wonder. Their Creator bathed in human tears! And suffering this humiliation, this degradation, this divestment of his own inherent glory for apostate and ungrateful man, the principal agent in his soul's affliction. They might well have exclaimed, What is man that thou art so mindful of him, or the son of man that thou so regardest him. This is surely one of the things which angels desire to look into.

Should a circuit of creation be made in search of a solution to this mystery, the wearied voyager would return disappointed of his object; but with what satisfaction would he repose on the solution revelation affords: by it the mystery is all dispersed, and heaven-born light irradiates the whole, when the enquirer learns that "God is Love."

Come listen, ye who mock at human sympathies—who deem the tear of pity a stain on manhood's cheek—desend from your pinnacle of pride, and learn that "Jesus wept."

Come ye despisers, behold and wonder—and no ye need not perish, because he weeps for you—weeps that you may rejoice. Regard him! Is there no feeling left in your heart of adamant? Is there nothing in the sight to persuade you to have pity on yourselves? If not, despair—for nor earth nor heaven will again behold a sight so calculated to soften the obduracy of your sin-hardened hearts. Ponder on the scene, and remember that "whether you will hear or whether you will forbear," for your sake—"Jesus wept."

And to you, afflicted children of God, this affords a lesson full of consolation. What though men afflict you—deride you—contemn you—persecute you—persecute you—cast out your name as evil. Your Master suffered more than this! What though you be poor—though you be sick, deserted, desolate,—He, too, suffered from the same source. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him, to put Him to grief. It is surely sufficient for the disciple that he be as his Lord; and surely you will be less inclined to murmur presumptuously or despairingly, at your own sorrow when you remember that "Jesus wept!"

January, 1842.

C. R.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

NO. IV.

HAVING in my last shown that the organization of the brain is not the cause of vicious conduct, but that the depravity of the heart is the source whence all malevolent actions emanate, it may now very properly be asked, "How are the evil propensities of our nature to be corrected?" "What is the remedy for this tendency of the mind to abuse its organs?"

Phrenologists answer: "Place every individual, more especially the young, in circumstances favourable to virtue—in a situation where the lower feelings may be more effectually repressed, and the higher sentiments cultivated." They gravely tell us, that these "higher powers must be placed as sentinels over the lower propensities;" their favourite dogma is, "educate the organs."

Every believer in the bible will smile at this new method of improving man's moral condition. The Law carries impracticability on its front, and is but a melancholy proof of man's inability to improve his spiritual condition, when he rejects that system of mercy devised by the Most High for the regeneration of our apostate world.

The Phrenologist's plan must be wrong—for, first, to get away from evil influences, we must go out of human society; secondly, all the powers of the mind being liable to abuse, it would hardly be safe to entrust the management of one class of powers to another class. A depraved heart causing one of its prostituted powers to restrain and direct another, will not, it is feared, ever reform the manners, or change men's unwholy tempers and dispositions. Thirdly, it is impossible to educate the organs, being purely material, and only channels of communication between the soul and the external world. These prescriptions for the evils of our nature are like teaching us to purify a fountain by pouring into it the waters of its stream.

Let us look at the plan proposed in the bible for raising man from his fallen condition. It teaches us that a Being infinitely transcending the soul, must operate upon it—to renew, and purify, and enlighten, thus placing it in a state to use all its powers legitimately, as the Creator intended. The process is simply, "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." This system, and this alone, has been found adequate to man's spiritual wants; and any system of mental philosophy which prescribes for the malignant feelings of human nature, and overlooks, or disregards, this divinely appointed plan, will be found miserably defective.

Phrenology furnishes strong proofs of the existence of the Divine Being, and of a future state of existence, as I shall probably notice at another time. It proves the depravity of our nature; but while it is (as the philosophy of mind must ever be,) silent as to the mode whereby "man who is a sinner can be justified before God," there is nothing taught by it which is contrary to the scriptural and Christian doctrine of man's salvation, through the atonement made by the Redeemer.

ENCEPHALO.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 13, 1842.

At the commencement of a new year, we feel it to be a duty we owe to our numerous subscribers and friends, to express our gratitude for the very generous support we have experienced, since the commencement of our journal—and more especially for the many kind assurances we have received, both from town and country, that the character and design of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR is generally admired; and we feel much pleasure in learning that our humble endeavours to diffuse religious truth have been so fully appreciated.

Having purchased a new printing establishment, we have much satisfaction in announcing, that the MIRROR is today printed with entirely new material. As this improvement has been attended with considerable expense, we hope our friends will be induced to exert themselves towards extending our subscription list; and that those who may be in arrears will oblige us by an immediate remittance of their subscriptions.

A PUBLIC meeting was yesterday held, in the Court House, to determine upon the best means of celebrating the birth of the heir apparent to the British throne; at which it was resolved, amongst other modes, that a subscription be immediately raised for the poor. We have no doubt that Montreal will evince her accustomed liberality; and we sincerely hope that all national distinctions will be buried, and such a universal feeling of loyalty and attachment to our beloved sovereign manifested, as will show how highly the blessings of the British Constitution are valued by our citizens.

We are glad also to perceive that a Temperance Soiree will form part of the general demonstrations of rejoicing contemplated. The day to be appointed by his Honor the Mayor.

THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

"Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo—
That all was lost." Milton.

THERE is no truth within the range of human conception more easily established, to the entire satisfaction of every serious and impartial enquirer, than that sin

"Brought death into the world, and all our wo!"

Turn we our eyes to whatever department of nature we may, those "signs of wo" are to be seen. If we look at the earth itself, do not its earthquakes, which shake whole countries—and its volcanoes, which pour their fiery lava over devoted cities—give indications of awful commotions in its centre, and prove, that still she feels "the wound?" Storms and hurricanes sweep over its surface, carrying devastation in their path: they blow the ocean into a foam, and

—"take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,
With deaf'ning clamours, in the slippery clouds,
That with the burly death itself awakes."

They dash the fated vessel on the rocks, and she suddenly disappears as a thing "blotted out of creation."

The thunders roar through the heavens, and tramp through the clouds, sounding like the voice of an angry Deity. The lightning dashes through the sky, as though vials of wrath were poured out upon the guilty nations. Noxious weeds spring up spontaneously upon the earth's surface—thorns and thistles are brought forth abundantly—poisonous vegetables and minerals abound—all testifying to the same humiliating truth.

The animal kingdom, too, presents a scene of pursuit, fear, fighting, ferocity, blood, and carnage. Even man himself is not exempt from the general disorder and apparent disorganisation. In the sweat of his brow he eats bread, till he returns to the ground from whence he was taken. Poverty and pain, mental distress and agony, all hold him in their terrible grasp. The history of the world is but a history of crime:—Man destroying his fellow man—murders, assassinations, parricide, homicide, fratricide, intrigue, ambition, debauchery, ignorance, superstition—nation striving against nation—tens of thousands meeting in deadly strife. There are also national calamities, national insurrections, and national griefs—fraud and treachery—conflagrations—conjugal infelicity, domestic bereavements, and loss of friends. Then, lastly—humiliating fact!—every individual has that within him, of which the commotion amid the elements of nature are but emblems—the heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Reader! wilt thou, by thy piety and virtue, contribute, in thy humble degree, to the restoration of order, and pray that the glorious period may soon arrive, when the "wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them; and the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the hole of the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all His holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

MONTREAL has always been remarkable for the generosity and benevolence of its inhabitant. On every hand, we behold benevo-

lent institutions, raised and supported by the liberality of our citizens, which are eminently calculated to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and destitute. At this season of the year especially, the poor claim our attention and relief; and no man is excusable in the sight of Him with whom we have to do, "who, seeing his brother in need, shutteth up his bowels of compassion against him, saying, "Be thou warm and fed," whilst he has it in his power to relieve his necessities, and secure to himself the enjoyment of "the luxury of doing good." We have been led to these remarks by noticing in contemporary journals justly merited encomiums upon the conduct of the Hon. A. Ferris, and other benevolent and public spirited individuals in elevated stations, in this city, in making provision for supplying the poor with cheap fuel; to whom we have much pleasure in presenting our humble meed of praise, and in expressing our admiration of such a noble and disinterested act of charity. We sincerely hope that the distinguished example thus furnished may induce many to sympathise with and administer to the necessities of the destitute, and that all may be influenced by that Divine declaration, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay it."

ON ILL TEMPER.

"A quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price."

There are few of the evils of our fallen nature more difficult to be subdued than peevishness, and ill-temper; and, it may be added, there are few which render their unhappy possessor more unlovely or more repulsive: for the peevish man is not only unhappy himself, but he renders all around him unhappy also. There are many excellent characters, who in almost every other respect live unblameably, who have this feeling as a drawback to their virtues. A meek and amiable man, though he may be destitute of true religion, is, nevertheless, one who commands our esteem; while the individual who manifests impatience and anger on the most trifling provocation, though he may profess to have experienced a change of heart, is one whom we avoid, rather than choose, as an associate. By some it may be doubted whether such an individual has experienced the change we have mentioned; we do not take upon ourselves to decide the point, but would prefer leaning to the most charitable side.

This unhappy disposition—this most disagreeable temper—is indulged in the family, in the store, and among dependants; and when repeatedly exhibited, must necessarily leave a very unfavourable impression of the religious character of the individual on the minds of those who witness such ebullitions of peevishness.

Constitutional weakness is sometimes pleaded in extenuation of this *infirmity* (as it is called.) Let those who vindicate their infirmities in this way, learn self-control,—let them but try to curb themselves in this particular, praying for grace and strength,—and they will no longer be a reproach to the church, their conduct will be invariably consistent with their profession; then will they learn the delightful truth, that religion can

Lay the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And open in the breast a little Heaven.

RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.—The following meetings are appointed to be held, on the evenings enumerated below, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Great St. James Street: when interesting addresses may be expected—

On Monday evening, 24th of January, 1842. Annual Meeting of the Montreal Tract Society;
On Tuesday evening, 25th, do. do. of the Sunday School Union;
On Wednesday evening, 26th, do. do. of the Montreal Bible Society;
On Thursday evening, 27th, do. do. of the French Canadian Missionary Society;
On Friday evening, 28th, do. do. of the Montreal Temperance Society.

THE character of Sabbath Schools, and their importance to the rising generation, have become so fully established, and so universally admitted, that whilst nearly every other department of the Church of Christ has been the subject of the scoff of the infidel, and opposition of various kinds, comparatively few are to be found attempting to arrest the progress of those unpretending, but useful institutions. We have much pleasure in laying before our readers a brief account of the Annual Meeting of the Montreal Wesleyan Sabbath School Society, held on Monday evening the 3d instant.

The large room in the basement story of the St. James Street chapel was filled to overflowing, there being from 400 to 500 persons present. About half-past six, the company sat down to an excellent repast; after which, Wm. Lunn, Esq. was called to the chair, who opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks. The Secretary then read the Report, showing the schools in connection with the Society to be in a highly prosperous condition. It appears from the Report that there are connected with this Society, 7 schools, 7 superintendants, 105 teachers, and from 600 to 700 children; 80,000 verses of Scripture have been committed to memory by the scholars during the year—many of whom have experienced a change of heart. The subscriptions of the children to the Missionary fund amounted to a considerable sum. Several interesting addresses were delivered in the course of the evening, and some beautiful pieces of music were performed by the choir. The meeting broke up about half-past nine.

THE third annual meeting of the Montreal Association for the Distribution of Religious Tracts, was held in the Depository on the evening of Thursday last—when a brief but very comprehensive report of the labours of its distributors was laid before it: from which it appears that 32,283 English, and 9,553 French tracts have been distributed throughout the city and suburbs during the last year. In addition to this large circulation of religious tracts, a number of bibles and testaments have been given to emigrants and destitute persons, who were desirous of receiving them. Children have been gathered into Sabbath Schools, and some have been drawn within the sound of the Gospel, who had for many years past never entered a church door. It appears, to quote the words of the Report, "that the silent but powerful appeals of these little messengers have, in very many instances, been the instruments of turning many sinners from the error of their ways, and of guiding their feet into the path of life." The military stations in the city, with their various hospitals, together with the General Hospital, have been regularly supplied with tracts, and a greater number has been distributed to emigrants and amongst the shipping than in any former year. The jail being now regularly supplied, presents many encouraging features to the distributors, "a great change of character and conduct having taken place in some of the prisoners, which has been traced to the influence which the reading of the tracts, (under God) has had upon their minds."

delight in his or her home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task; and to make him happy, she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery a woman can experience is the changed heart, and the alienated affections of her husband; but even in that painful case she must not upbraid; she must bear with patience and fortitude her great disappointment, she must return good for evil to the utmost—and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any decline of affection or duty on her part.

Some women, in order to win back the husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempts to arouse his jealousy; but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a course. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth; there are moments when feelings of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart; to reap the benefit of such moments, the injured, forgiving wife must still be enshrined in the purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself, and in some measure, stand exonerated in the world, if the wife relax in the propriety of her conduct; while, on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and the unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike to his heart, and do much to win back to his former love, and to the observance of the vows he breathed at the altar where his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side, and she must with smiles of tenderness encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult for a virtuous woman to perform. Our love which before marriage is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency and depth afterwards; it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn; all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches; and the more the world recedes from him, the more firmly will she stand by him; she will be his comforter when all earthly comforts have slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other earthly support; she will smile at the frowns of the world; she will not heed its censures; he is her all of temporal good, and in love are all other things to be forgotten or absorbed.

CHILDHOOD.

AN! childhood—beautiful mystery!—how does nature lie all around thee, as a treasure-house of wonders. Sweet and gentle season of being! whose flowers bring on the period of ripening, or bloom but to wither and fade in their loveliness—time of "thick-coming" joys and tears! of tears that pass quickly away, as if they did not belong to thee—of joys that linger and abide long, and yet make the long day short—time of weakness! yet of power to charm the eye of sages from their lore. Childhood! what a mystery art thou, and what mysteries dost thou deal with. What mystery is there in thy unfolding faculties, that call forth wonder from those that gaze upon thee, and seem to thyself at times almost as if they were strange reminiscences of an earlier being! What mystery is there in thoughts, when thou art first struggling to grasp the infinite and eternal! when thou art told of immortal regions where thou shalt wander onward and onward forever, and sayest even to the teaching voice of authority, "it cannot, father! it cannot be!"—*Dr. Deucey.*

ANONYMOUS LETTER WRITING.—The anonymous letter writer, who assails private character, assassin like, stabs his victim in the dark. He is totally destitute of every noble and generous quality—a coward, who dares not openly confront the man he attempts to wound by his secret communication. An honourable man cannot stoop to such a crime, and every good man abhors it. Amongst the most degraded of our species are such to be found, and these of the most abased intellect. The man who allows himself to be annoyed by every silly scribbler who thinks proper to send him an anonymous letter, in which his character is vilified, lays himself open to constant disquiet. The better plan is to pass it by as you would a barking dog, or a braying ass.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE GREENLANDERS. The belief in a deity has nearly vanished from the minds of the Greenlanders—no word with this meaning, it is said, being found in their language, and no prayers or worship of any kind is practised by the unconverted. They nevertheless maintain the spirituality and future existence of the soul, blended with many strange inconsistencies. There is also a good, though mortal spirit, *Tongarsuk*, described sometimes as of small stature, no bigger than one's finger; at other, as a giant with one arm, or as an immense white bear.

Besides this spirit, there are others, less powerful—genii of the fire, water, and air: the last of whom instruct them, through the *angekkoeks*, what is necessary for their happiness, to perform or avoid. *Tongarsuk* has also a wife or mother, the personification of the evil principle, who lives at the bottom of the ocean, guarded by fierce seals, with seabirds swimming in her train—oil lamps, and surrounded by flocks of the funny tribes, spell-bound by her beauty, and only disenchanted when the magician, seizing her by the hair, tears off her head-dress. As an instance of her power, it is related that she towed the island of *Disco* from *Baal's River* to its present situation, some hundred miles farther north, and the hole in a rock is still pointed out, to which her line was fastened.

The *angekkoeks*, who are rather magicians than priests, have great influence over the natives, who consult them on every difficulty, as the heathen of old had recourse to the oracles. They have a peculiar language of their own, and are able, it is said, from long continued observation to foretell the changes of the weather some days before they occur—an acquirement of vast importance among a people dependent on the sea and winds for their food. In sickness, the *angekkoek* is the only physician, prescribing either a peculiar diet, or the use of some strange ceremonies or amulets. He also secures to them a plentiful supply of fish or game, and, consulting his familiar spirit, informs them as to the health or fortune of their best friends.

With all this outward respect, there is mingled a great degree of scepticism which appears in their private meetings, where they mimic and turn into ridicule the ceremonies of these conjurers, not sparing *Tongarsuk* himself; and in those parts of Greenland where missions have been longest established, few or none of these impostors are now found.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

MOTHERS, BE CHEERFUL.

NOT in studies above their years, or in irksome tasks, should children be employed. The joyous freshness of their young natures should be preserved while they learn the duties that fit them for this life and the next. Wipe away their tears. Remember how hurtful are the heavy rains to the tender blossom just opening on the day. Cherish their smiles. Let them learn to draw happiness from all surrounding objects—since there must be some mixture of happiness in every thing but sin. It was once said of a beautiful woman, that, from her childhood, she had ever spoke smiling, as if the heart poured joy from the lips, and they turned it into beauty. May I be forgiven for so repeatedly pressing on mothers to wear the lineaments of cheerfulness! To be good and disagreeable too, is high treason against the royalty of virtue, said a correct moralist. How much is it to be deprecated, when the only foundation of true happiness fails of making that joy visible to every eye. Its happiness is melody to the soul, the concord of our feelings with the circumstance of our lot, the harmony of the whole being with the will of our Creator. How desirable that this melody should produce the response of sweet tones, and a smiling countenance, that even slight observers may be won by the charms of its external symbols.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE LION.

THE life of a lion has been limited to 22 years; but the great lion, *Pompey*, which died in the tower of London, in 1760, was known to be more than 70 years old. Another, brought from Africa, died in the same place, at the age of 63.

The hottest regions of Asia, and Africa, appear to be their native soil. On mountains, and in cooler climates, the lion is much less ferocious.

THERE are, according to some writers, near 3000 muscles in the common grasshopper.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCH-MAKER.

I HEREBY send thee my pocket-clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school he was no ways reformed, nor in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular; that his pulse is some times fast, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it wavereth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him; when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping; or, as the vanity of human reason phrases it, I catch him napping. Hence I am induced to believe he is not right in the inward man. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, by being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his ways, and show him the path whereon he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder thereon, I am verily of opinion, that his body is foul, and the whole man corrupt. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest it. I expect thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman. And when thou layest thy correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come, by the motion of the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the aforesaid motion, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the rest of all evil.

FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship never will permit, (if it is possible to prevent it,) much less perpetuate, an injury towards another. Those who think they have friendship for others, and yet will deliberately do or say that which they well know will result in their injury, are doubly deceived. They are more dangerous than open enemies. There is a kind of friendship in the world, which originates in self-interest; but such friendship is treacherous—false as the slumbering volcano! Shun it as you value your liberty; sooner tread upon the burning crater of Vesuvius, than place yourself within its precarious influence.

TIME.—There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill spoken by *Metuselah*, in the nine hundredth and sixty-ninth year of his age.—*Cowley.*

TEMPERANCE RECORD.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERANCE.

IN the metropolis, during the past year, the number of drunken cases brought before the police magistrates showed a decrease of 4,754 as compared with the previous year; of disorderly characters, a decrease of 3,000; and of prostitutes, a decrease of 700!!

TEMPERANCE AMONG SAILORS.

OUR friend, Mr. *Hudson*, of Liverpool, states, in a letter received from him in April, that "many of our seamen are signing the pledge," and that a short time ago, twelve ships sailed from Liverpool to different parts of the world, upon temperance principles, with about one hundred and twenty men on board the whole. What a beneficial influence must this have upon foreign lands!—*Tem. Journal.*

TEMPERANCE AND LONGEVITY.

THE report of a metropolitan society states the death of one individual only, out of one thousand members, during the previous year. This, according to the present weekly bills of mortality, is forty-five per cent less than the average death of the population.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

We learn that when the late incendiary outrages committed upon the Odelltown frontier were made known to Sir RICHARD JACKSON, His Excellency immediately transmitted to Lieutenant Colonel Taylor an order for £10, to be given as a private donation to Wm. Gibson, the person who, it may be remembered, was reduced to positive destitution by the destruction of his barn, crops, and cattle. This timely gift was received with tears of gratitude by the unfortunate individual upon whom it was bestowed. Such liberality on the part of His Excellency, manifesting as it does a lively interest on behalf of the sufferers, cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect.—*Courier*.

SIR CHARLES BAGOT, Governor General of Canada, has at last arrived at New York, and may shortly be expected to arrive in the Province, although rumour speaks of his Excellency being first to make a visit to Washington. The New York Commercial Advertiser of the 30th ult. thus notices his arrival:—

ARRIVAL OF H.M. SHIP ILLUSTRIOUS.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers in Canada the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot, their new Governor General. The *Illustrious* 74, having his Excellency and suite on board, anchored off the quarantine ground this morning.—*Transcript*.

The Kingston papers of Saturday say nothing of the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot, who left New-York on Tuesday, after having been entertained at a magnificent *dejeuner a la fourchette*, by H. M. Consul, Mr. Buchanan, on Monday morning. Sir Charles, who has had bad luck ever since he started, does not yet seem to be released from his troubles. He was prevented by the weather from leaving New York on Monday evening.—*Com. Messenger*.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—We perceive that the Rev. Dr. Liddell, Principal of Queen's College, has arrived at Kingston.—The last *Albion* has the following:—“We have been favoured with a sight of a set of plans drawn for this building, beautifully executed; they are designs by Mr. Charles H. Mountain, who intends to offer them for the premium promised by the Committee for the most approved plans. The design is in the old English style of architecture, presenting four fronts, which will enclose an open inner court. The building is to be executed upon an open lot of ground, three stories high, commencing upon the level of the ground. The first story is intended for offices, with the exception of a large dining hall, forming in the exterior a substantial and characteristic base; the main entrances to which are from the inner court, but the principal entrances are from the exterior. We shall be glad if these very beautiful designs are successful, in winning the prize offered, of \$200.”

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