

# 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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## THE TRAVELLER.

### THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.

BY ASAHEL GRANT, M.D.

THE Nestorian Christians, so memorable in the early annals of the Church, are emerging from that state of obscurity in which they have for many ages been almost lost sight of by the civilized world.

In consequence of the favourable report of Messrs. Smith and Dwight, who visited the Nestorians in Persia in the spring of 1831, under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, that body soon resolved upon the formation of a mission among that interesting branch of the primitive church. It was an untied and difficult field, but fraught, as was believed, with the brightest promise. At their annual meeting, held at Utica, N. Y., October, 1834, the Board of Missions presented a convincing and urgent plea for a suitable physician to engage in the incipient labours of that important mission.

The healing art, it was believed, might procure favour and protection, by affording convincing proof of the benevolence of our motives; for it is well known that to relieve the sufferings of the body is the most ready way of access to the heart. It would also procure access to places where none but a physician could go. But for more than a year the call had gone through the length and breadth of the land, and not a physician could be found to go.

In view of these considerations, I abandoned an increasing and delightful circle of practice in Utica, and, with Mrs. Grant, was on my way to Persia the following spring.

A pleasant voyage of forty-eight days brought us to Smyrna, the site of one of the seven Churches in Asia. From thence, one of the first of those numerous steamers, which are now producing such changes in the East, conveyed us to Constantinople, the proud metropolis of Turkey. No steamer then ploughed the waves of the stormy Euxine, and we were wafted by the winds in a small American-built English schooner—once a slaver—to the port of Trebizonde.

From the shores of the Black Sea, the saddle became our only carriage for seven hundred miles, over the mountains and plains of Armenia to the sunny vales of Persia. On the loftier mountain summits, a corner of a stable sheltered us from the cold and storms; by the verdant banks of the Euphrates, and beneath the hoary summit of Mount Ararat, we reposed under the canopy of our tent, while the bales and boxes of merchandize from the seven hundred horses and mules which composed our caravan, were thrown around in a hollow square, and served as a temporary fortress to protect us from the predatory Koords by whom we were surrounded. An escort of armed horsemen had been furnished by the pasha of Erzeroom to guard the caravan, and the stillness of the midnight hour was broken by the cry of the faithful sentinel who kept watch to warn us of danger. The strange customs and usages of an Oriental land, and the thousand novelties of the Old World, served to while away the hours as we pursued our onward course for twenty-eight days, at the slow pace of an Eastern caravan.

We arrived at Tabreez, one of the chief commercial cities of Persia, on the 15th of October, 1835, and met with a cordial reception from the few English residents in the place, and from our respected associates, the Rev. Justin Perkins and lady, who had preceded us to this place. From

His Excellency the Right Honourable Henry Ellis, the British Ambassador and Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Persia, with whom we had already formed a pleasant acquaintance at Trebizonde, we received the kindest offers of aid and protection; and I seize this occasion to acknowledge the same kind and unremitted favours from his successors, and other English gentlemen with whom we have met in the East.

After resting a few days at Tabreez, I proceeded to Ooroomiah, to make arrangements for the commencement of our contemplated station among the Nestorians in that province. My professional character procured the favour of the governor, and of the people generally. Comfortable houses were soon provided, and on the 20th of November my associate arrived with our ladies. We entered upon our labours under the most encouraging auspices, and they have gone on prosperously up to the present time.

The sick, the lame, and the blind gathered around by scores and hundreds, and my fame was soon spread abroad through the surrounding country. We were regarded as public benefactors, and our arrival was hailed with general joy. The Nestorians, in particular, welcomed us with the greatest kindness and affection. Their bishops and priests took their seats at our table, bowed with us at our family altar, drank in instruction with childlike docility, and gave us their undivided influence and co-operation in the prosecution of our labours among their people. They regarded us as coadjutors with them in a necessary work of instruction and improvement, and not as their rivals or successors. We had come, not to pull down, but to build up; to promote knowledge and piety, and not to war against their external forms and rites.

We found much in their character to raise our hopes. They have the greatest reverence for the Scriptures, and were desirous to have them diffused among the people in a language which all could understand. In their feelings towards other sects they are charitable and liberal. In their forms, more simple and scriptural than the papal and the other Oriental churches. They abhor image worship, auricular confession, and the doctrine of purgatory; and hence, they have broad common ground with Protestant Christians—so that, not inappropriately, they have been called the Protestants of Asia.

But they had, as a people, sunk into the darkness of ignorance and superstition: none but their clergy could read or write; the education of their females was entirely neglected; and they attached great importance to their numerous fasts and feasts, to the neglect of purity of heart and life. Still there are some who now appear to lead exemplary lives, and to sigh over the degradation of their people. Indeed, we cannot but hope that something of vital piety may have continued to burn upon their altars from the earliest ages of the Church, and we trust it will again shine forth in a resplendent flame.

In such a state of things, it is not surprising that we have been permitted to prosecute our labours without a breath of opposition from the ecclesiastics or the people.

Twelve or fourteen freeschools have been opened in the villages of the plain; a seminary and girls' boarding-school have been established on the Mission premises in the city; considerable portions of the Scriptures have been translated into the vernacular language of the Nestorians. They have opened their churches for our Sabbath schools and the preaching of the Gospel; native helpers are being raised up, and qualified for usefulness; our mission has been re-enforced by ac-

cessions from America, and a press, with suitable type, has been sent out.

The Rev. A. L. Holladay, and Mr. William K. Stocking, arrived with their wives, June 6, 1837; Rev. Willard Jones and wife, November 7, 1839; Rev. A. H. Wright, M.D., July 25, 1840, and Mr. Edward Breath, a printer, has embarked with a press of such a construction as to admit of its transportation on horses from the shores of the Black Sea to Ooroomiah.

The province of Ooroomiah, in which the labours of the mission have thus far been prosecuted, comprises an important part of Ancient Media, and is situated in the northwestern part of the modern kingdom of Persia. It is separated by a lofty chain of snowy mountains from Ancient Assyria, or Central Koordistan on the west; while on the east the beautiful lake extends about eighty miles in length, and thirty in breadth. The water of this lake is so salt that fish cannot live in it; its shores are enlivened by numerous water-fowl, of which the beautiful flamingo is most conspicuous, and sometimes lines the shore for miles in extent.

A plain of exuberant fertility is enclosed between the mountains and the lake, comprising an area of about five hundred square miles, and bearing upon its bosom no less than three hundred hamlets and villages. It is clothed with luxuriant verdure, fruitful fields, gardens, and vineyards, and irrigated by considerable streams of pure water from the adjacent mountains. The landscape is one of the most lovely in the East; and the effect is not a little heightened by the contrast of such surprising fertility with the stern aspect of the surrounding heights, on which not a solitary tree is to be seen; while in the plain, the willows, poplars, and sycamores by the water-courses, the peach, apricot, pear, plum, cherry, quince, apple, and vine, impart to large sections the appearance of a rich, variegated forest.

Near the centre of this plain stands the ancient city of Ooroomiah, containing a population of about twenty thousand souls, mostly Mohammedans, and enclosed by a fosse and wall of nearly four miles in circuit. At a little distance on the east of the city an ancient artificial mound rises to the height of seventy or eighty feet, and marks the site, as it is said, of the ancient shrine or temple, where, in days of yore, the renowned Zoroaster kindled his sacred fires, and bowed in adoration to the heavenly hosts.

The climate is naturally very delightful; but owing to local causes, a poisonous miasma is generated, occasioning fevers, and the various diseases of malaria, to which the unacclimated stranger is specially exposed; and the mission families have suffered much from this cause. My late inestimable wife was the first victim of the climate we were called to mourn; and in her peaceful and triumphant death, she set the seal to the truths she had so faithfully taught and exemplified in her short but eventful life. She rested from her labours on the 12th of January, 1839; and her infant twin daughters now repose by her side within the precincts of the ancient Nestorian church in the city of Ooroomiah.

In the month of February of that year, I received instructions from the Board of Missions to proceed into Mesopotamia, to form a station among the Nestorians, dwelling, as was supposed, on the west of the central mountains of Koordistan. By this means it was hoped that a safe way of access might be found to the main body of the Nestorian Christians, the independent tribes which have their abode in the most difficult fastnesses of the Koordish mountains in the centre of Ancient Assyria. I had long regarded these mountain tribes as the principal field of our future labours. They comprised the main body of the Nestorian Church,

and it was of the highest importance to bring them at once under an enlightening influence, before they should become alarmed by changes that were occurring among their brethren of the plain. But the way of access to them appeared to be hedged round by the sanguinary Koords, by whom they are surrounded, and who had treacherously murdered Mr. Shultz, the only European who had attempted to reach the Nestorian tribes.

The Koords, to whom frequent allusion will be made, are a warlike race of people, inhabiting the mountainous country between Persia and Turkey—the ancient Gordian or Carduchian Mountains—and divided nominally between those two empires. But their more powerful tribes have seldom acknowledged more than a nominal allegiance to either of these governments; and some of them, as those of Hakary, have maintained an entire independence. A part of them are nomads, living in tents, and part of them stationary tenants of villages; but all more or less given to predatory habits. Their religion is professedly the faith of Islam. The following dialogue, which I held with one of the nomadic Koords and a Nestorian bishop, may serve to illustrate the character of this sanguinary people. Similar statements have frequently been made by other Koords, and confirmed by the Nestorians and Persians.

*Myself.* Where do you live?

*Koord.* In black tents. We are Kouchee Koords.

*M.* What is your occupation?

*Bishop.* You need not ask him. I will tell you. They are thieves.

*M.* Is that true, Koord?

*K.* Yes, it is true: We steal whenever we can.

*M.* Do you kill people too?

*K.* When we meet a man that we wish to rob, if we prove the strongest, we kill him. If he proves the strongest, he kills us.

*M.* But suppose he offers no resistance when you attempt to rob him?

*K.* If he have much property, we would kill him to prevent his making us trouble. If he had not much, we would let him go.

*B.* Yes, after you had whipped him well.

*M.* Suppose you meet a poor man, who had nothing but his clothes, what would you do? Would you molest him?

*K.* If his clothes were good, we would take them, and give him poor ones in exchange. If not, we would let him pass.

*M.* But this is a bad business in which you are engaged, of robbing people. Why do you not follow some other occupation?

*K.* What shall we do? We have no ploughs or fields; and robbing is our trade.

*M.* The Persians will give you land if you will cultivate it.

*K.* We do not know how to work.

*M.* It is very easy to learn. Will you make the trial?

*B.* He does not wish to work. He had rather steal.

*K.* He speaks the truth. It would be very difficult, and take a long time to get what we want by working for it; but by robbing a village, we can get a great deal of property in a single night.

*M.* But you are liable to be killed in these affairs.

*K.* Suppose we are killed. We must die some time, and what is the difference of dying now or a few days hence? When we rob a village, we go in large parties upon horses, surprise the villagers when they are asleep, and escape with their property before they are ready to defend themselves. If pursued by an enemy, we strike our tents, and flee to our strongholds in the mountains.

*M.* Why do you not come and rob these villages, as you used to do?

*B.* They could not live if driven out of Persia. They fear the Persians.

*K.* We should have no other place to winter our flocks; so we give the Persians some presents, and keep at peace with them.

*M.* I wish to visit your tribe. How would they treat me?

*K.* Upon my eyes, they would do every thing for you.

*M.* But you say they are thieves and murderers. Perhaps they would rob and kill me.

*K.* No, no; they wish to have you come, but you are not willing. We never rob our friends. You come to do good, and no one would hurt you.

*M.* But many of them do not know me.

*K.* They have all heard of you, and would treat you with the greatest kindness if you should visit them.

(To be continued.)

### FIERY FLYING SERPENT.

THE Missionary Herald for March gives an account, from N. M. WARD, of the Fiery Flying Serpent, the present existence of which has been doubted:—

In January, 1834, Mr. Ward was walking with Mr. P. Rogers, in a forest near the river Pedang Bessio, when stopping for a moment to admire an immense tree, he beheld a serpent fly from it at the height of fifty or sixty feet above the ground, and alight upon another at the distance of forty fathoms. Its velocity was rapid as a bird, its motion that of a serpent swimming through the water. It had no appearance of wings. Its course was that of a direct line, an inclination of ten or fifteen degrees to the horizon. It appeared to be four feet long. Thus (says Mr. W.) was I convinced of flying serpents; and, on enquiry, I found some of the natives, accustomed to the forest, aware of the fact.

Those acquainted with the serpent, called it, "Uler lamping bari," (the fiery serpent,) from the burning pain and fatal effect of its bite. Thus it appears that the fiery serpent of the Scriptures was not an imaginary creature, although it seems now extinct in the regions it formerly inhabited.

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

#### THE HUMILIATION AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

It were good sometimes in our thoughts to compare the abasement of Christ and his exaltation together—to set them, as it were, in columns one over against the other. He was born in a stable, but now he reigns in his royal palace; then he had a manger for his cradle, but now he sits on a chair of state; then oxen and asses were his companions, now thousands of saints, and ten thousand thousands of angels minister round about his throne; then, in contempt, they called him the carpenter's son, now he obtains by inheritance a more excellent name than the angels: "For to which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee?" Then he was led away into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil—now it is proclaimed before him, "Let all the angels of God worship him;" then he had not a place to lay his head—now he is exalted to be the heir of all things. In his state of humiliation he endured the contradiction of sinners—in his state of exaltation, he is adored and admired of saints and angels; then he had "no form or comeliness: when we saw him there was no beauty that we should desire him"—now the beauty of his countenance shall send forth such glorious beams, that shall dazzle the eyes of all the celestial inhabitants round about him; once he was the shame of the world—now the glory of heaven, the delight of his Father, the joy of all the saints and angels; once he was the object of the reprobate's scorn, and the devil's malice—now they shall be the objects of his most righteous vengeance; he shall speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. He that was called the deceiver, shall now be adored as the Amen of the Father, the faithful and true Witness. A man of sorrows then—but now the mirror of glory, Prince of Peace; then accounted a servant of servants—now he shall be called the Lord of lords, the King of kings; then they put upon him a mock robe—but now he shall be "clothed with a royal garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle;" the feeble reed shall now be turned into a massive sceptre of gold, his cross of wood into a throne of glory, and the crown of thorns into a crown of stars. In the day of his abasement, he was the butt and scorn of his enemies, spoken against by every profane fool—but now, in the day of his exaltation, his enemies shall be made his footstool: yea, thrones and principalities are being made subject unto him. Surely, the very prints of his hands and feet, and the hole that was pierced in his side, shall be so many signal marks and trophies of victory; and Thomas, set now above all

doubting, may sing in triumph, "My Lord and my God!"

And lastly, the Lord Jesus himself, instead of his desertion, the lowest step of all his abasement, shall solace himself forever in the vision and fruition of his Father and of the blessed Spirit, and instead of "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he shall triumph, "I and my Father are one; thou, Father in me, and I in thee."—*Case's Mount Pisgah.*

#### THE ESSENCE OF HEAVEN.

"Lord, it is good to be here." For where, indeed, is heaven? Is it beyond the stars? Is it where the seraph strikes his golden harp, or where the palm trees flourish in eternal youth? Brethren, I think it is where the beloved Son abides—where he reveals himself fully to the soul. So, then, our knowledge of him here, "in part," is indeed a part of heaven. What a lonely place in itself was this solitary mountain! But as soon as the disciples saw his glory, when he was "transfigured before them," they might well say, "It is good for us to be here!" There are some who are fond of inquiring what sort of an abode heaven is. But what need is there of such inquiries, if we only can be present with the Lord? How much more needful, then, is it for us to inquire, whether he is ours, and we are his! He is, verily, our real heaven, and his nearness to us our highest bliss. How comfortable are the words, "It is good to be here!" Whereas, under the old dispensation, it was said, "How dreadful is this place!" Gen. xxviii. 17; and "We shall surely die, because we have seen God." Jud. xiii. 22. "It is good to be here!" said Peter. How seldom is this expression heard among thousands, who, nevertheless, profess to belong to the New Testament Church! Alas! but few know the true element of peace and joy, and fewer still endeavour to breathe perpetually in it.—*Krummacher, (Elijah the Tishbite.)*

#### SIN.

It is the mischievous property of sin, that it not only puts the soul into hell, but puts hell into the soul.

That should be our chief trouble, which is the cause of all the trouble in the world.

It is bad trading with sin and Satan, when we ourselves must pay for all at last.

Sin is too bad, and holiness too good, to be laughed at; the one requires repentance, the other reverence.

You that would not fall into things unlawful, venture not to the utmost bounds of things lawful. To tread upon the edge of a precipice is dangerous.

It is folly for a person to do that now, which he must certainly undo again by repentance, or be undone forever.

#### THE MOST PRECIOUS JEWEL.

HAD an eastern monarch entrusted to your keeping a diamond of priceless worth, to be returned whenever he should call for it; had he made your life the forfeit if you lost it—with what sleepless vigilance would you watch over it; in danger, how bravely would you defend it; and how rejoiced, at last, you would be to give it back, in all its brilliancy and beauty, safe into the hands of him who lent it.

A jewel more precious than all the gems of the East—than the mines of Mexico, or suns and stars—is committed to the humblest man who walks on the footstool of God. A King—the King of kings—has given to each child of Adam that precious trust. Life is the forfeit. If lost, the unfaithful steward, driven from his stewardship—cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing—will mourn his unfaithfulness, and through everlasting years repent that when called to his account, he could not say, Into thy hands I commit the spirit thou gavest me.

But if that gem be kept safe to the day in which the Lord shall make up his jewels, polished by the Holy Ghost, it will be set in the crown of the Redeemer, to shine with the radiance of heaven forever and ever.—*Irenaeus.*

FORGIVENESS.—A deaf and dumb person being asked what was his idea of forgiveness, took the pencil, and wrote, "It is the odour which flowers yield when trampled upon."

## INORDINATE AFFECTION.

ENDEAVOUR to wean your affections from all immoderate desires of the pleasures, riches, dignities, and preferments of the world. Show no sinful compliance to attain them; love them not in any higher degree than to be ready to part with any of them, for the sake of Christ and his religion. For all such immoderate affections for temporal things are utterly inconsistent with the love of God and true religion.—Pyle.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.—What majesty is there in the Christian's death! What a glory in his hope! "As the rivers roll the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean; as the rose smells the sweetest when dying; as the sun appears most glorious when setting; so it is with the Christian."

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

## THE LOST MAN.

## A PRAIRIE SKETCH.

AN unfortunate trader once stayed from his companions, and was lost four or five days: suffering the keenest pangs of starvation. It was years ago, yet the story has only been told in oral repetition among the old traders, and has never before, to our knowledge, fallen in the way of a scribe.

The man wandered away upon a sultry mid-summer afternoon, oppressed to desperation with thirst, in search of water, while the caravan was dragging slowly along the dreary and heated prairie. Making his way to a cluster of timber that appeared no very tedious distance, he was fortunate enough to find a small cool spring gushing and rippling at the bottom of a deep rocky hollow. The fresh water, the cool shade of the steep rock, and the trees above, together with the knowledge that the waggons were still moving along in sight, induced the poor fellow to yield to his weariness, and suffer his eyes to close. When he awoke, the gray of evening was deepening around the prairie, and rushing up from the hollow, his eye wandered about in vain search of his companions. He was a raw adventurer upon his first travel, knowing nothing of how to direct his steps in the wilderness, and trusting entirely to the guidance and experience of those with whom he travelled. Hasty, impulsive, and rash, as he was careless, and without possessing a single quality of character to assist him in such an emergency, confused terror now at once took possession of him, and starting as he thought in the direction where he had last seen the waggons, he ran with headlong speed, shouting wildly at every step, in hopes of being heard and answered by his companions.

The terrified man, bereft of all thought by the fearful nature of his predicament, could not even remember to fire the rifle he held, but continued tearing his lungs with wild and desolate cries for assistance. While rushing blindly forward in this manner, the night still deepening around him, the man met with a violent fall, and was stunned into insensibility for some hours. We are giving now the substance of the poor fellow's own relation. He came back to consciousness some time during the night, in the midst of a pack of howling wolves, and found himself lying by the side of a buffalo's skeleton not yet entirely stripped by the prowling dogs of the desert. A situation more appalling to heart and nerve may not be imagined. The man doubted not but that he was aroused prematurely from his state of torpor by the hungry creatures assailing his own body, for his clothes were mangled and torn, and the scratch of a claw was on his leg, though a tooth it seems had not yet touched him. He had tripped upon the skeleton, and struck his forehead on a horn or some other part, as he discovered a large lump upon his head, which also ached distressingly when he came to his senses.

The poor fellow, in the heat of his terror, made out to scare away the wolves from himself, and escape from the spot, leaving the famished animals to return again to the buffalo's bones, and give them a cleaner polishing. Just escaping from one frightful danger, perhaps took something from the keen horrors of his desolate and wretched condition, but the unhappy man's sensations were harrowing and fearful in the extreme. He still pressed onward, with strength failing at every step, calling in hoarse and broken shrieks to his

friends, and changing his course again and again, in utter and miserable uncertainty of which way to turn.

Daylight came, the sun rose, noon approached and passed, and the lost man was alone in the desert, famished and faint, and without a solitary hope of regaining his companions, or finding the track they were pursuing.

That night the unhappy man sunk exhausted upon the grass and slept, to awaken in a state of fear and danger more appalling even than the day before. A compact and innumerable band of buffaloes came moving slowly across the region of the prairie on which he lay, and he started from sleep in imminent peril of being trodden to death by the huge monarchs of the plain. As these dense masses of buffaloes move, they emit sounds that rise in the air like a sea surge, and the vast black herd came toward him in deep midnight, the poor trader declared that a rolling ocean seemed about to overwhelm him. Utterly paralysed with his danger, the unfortunate man could not start to his feet, and stand confounded, fearing either to fire, or use other means to alarm the buffaloes, lest, by exciting their terror, he should but increase his own peril. From this critical position, however, he likewise escaped unhurt; for the animals separated, as is their custom, when a strange scent is detected, and passed on in two divisions, keeping some two hundred yards clear of the mysterious intruder in the middle. Daylight was again appearing as the last of this innumerable herd passed him, and the man was starving. He took aim with his rifle at a retreating buffalo, and missed fire, for his percussion cap was damp with the night dew. Still he was famishing, and his only hope seemed in the slaughtering of a buffalo. He followed, crawling on his hands and knees, and after hours of weary watching and labour, wounded a cow at last with a successful shot, but the terrified creature limped away, and the whole band disappeared, while the poor trader fell prostrate, too exhausted and faint to make another effort in the pursuit.

This unhappy creature lay groaning aloud alone in the midst of the interminable waste, abandoned to desperation and despair, when the thin bark of a small prairie dog attracted his attention. Once more he charged his rifle, for the little creature was in sight, with his nose lifted just above the mound surrounding its hole. The starving man lay prostrate upon the earth, took slow and cautious aim at the dog, and was fortunate enough to knock it out of its hole with a broken back; but before he could reach the spot, the dying creature had wriggled back into his hiding place, and disappeared. With his ten fingers the desperate man raked up the earth, and succeeded in dragging the dying dog out upon the grass, where, without waiting to finish his agony, he tore its warm flesh with his teeth, like a wolf, while the expiring creature was still biting at his fingers!

This unnatural sustenance restored the drooping man, and he was enabled to resume his wandering, which he continued for three more days and nights, alone, desolate, and miserable, until he encountered a hunting party of Camanches, whom, so far from avoiding, he rushed to embrace, as though they were kindred, near and dear, and the best friends he could meet on earth. They were friends, as it turned out, for they set him upon the track to regain his comrades, with instructions to direct him, and buffalo meat to support him, paying themselves by stripping him of his rifle, and every thing else of the slightest value he had about him.

After four days travel, the poor trader reached his friends again, and was welcome as one from the grave. Upon the evening of his loss, search was made in all directions, and signal guns fired from the camp, which he would have heard had he not been lying insensible by the buffalo's skeleton. Search was also continued upon the succeeding days, as the caravan moved along; but his wandering had been so irregular, tending in a far and opposite direction, that it was impossible to trace him.

The five days suffering of this unfortunate man may be but faintly imagined. Deserted and lost, without hope, in the interminable solitude—alone in a vast domain of sky and grass—famishing, and tormented with raging thirst!—O, terms may not be found of nervous force sufficient to thrill the natural sympathies, as should such a story as this, of THE LOST MAN!—New Orleans Picayune.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

## TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

WE have been highly gratified with the perusal of a series of excellent letters on various important subjects, published in the *New York Baptist Advocate*, under the head "The Socii." Perceiving by our subscription list, that the CHRISTIAN MIRROR circulates amongst Sunday School Teachers generally, we publish the following excellent address, from the letters above alluded to.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—There is no society, no class of persons, with whom I have been associated, for whom I feel a deeper, livelier interest. You are engaged in an occupation which opens to you a wide and rich field of usefulness, but which requires toil, sacrifice, and self-denial. I have contemplated with deep satisfaction the attention which many of you pay to your pupils, and the exertions which you make to insure punctual attendance, and the accurate recitation of lessons. But the deficiency to which I formerly alluded still presses on my observation. Too few of you faithfully seek the conversion of your scholars. There is too much of a business air about your method of teaching. It resembles the common modes of imparting science.

You scatter the seed of spiritual truth carelessly, as though you did not expect any produce. The farmer, you are aware, endeavours to prepare his ground. He breaks up the sods, and mellow the soil, and when he has scattered the grain, he carefully harrows it in. Were he not to take these precautions, although he might throw the grain about in every direction, very little of it would be likely to take root.

So have I known a teacher make it a rule to converse personally with each member of his class, until their feelings were softened and subdued, and then, when he had urged the truth upon a tender heart, follow it up by fervent prayers for God's blessing to accompany it.

Let me address you individually who are now reading these lines. Perhaps your class is large. You have not sufficient time to converse with each of your scholars after every lesson. Then take one, two, or more next Sunday, and on the following Sunday try the rest. Depend upon it, general remarks addressed to the whole, although sometimes necessary, are not nearly so likely to affect the feelings, and make deep and permanent impressions, as a direct, personal, individual application of the truth.

I have known the most beneficial effects follow from instruction at one's own house. Sometimes a person is so circumstanced as to be unable to attend a class at a school. Let him receive the children at his home. He will thereby secure many advantages. The quiet of a private room is peculiarly favourable to the impartation of truth, and the production of tender impressions. I have met with some most interesting scenes of this kind, where the blessing of heaven evidently attended the efforts of a faithful teacher. A case of the kind very lately came to my knowledge, in which a school having been temporarily interrupted, a portion of the scholars assembled at the house of one of the teachers. The instruction immediately became more directly personal and affecting, and there is hope that cases of conversion have grown out of it.

But whether at school or at home, remember, oh teacher, that you are dealing with immortal souls. You were not commissioned on the Lord's day to train the intellect, except so far as it has relation to the conversion and sanctification of the heart. You are teaching for eternity. Let me, then, conjure you, by the cross of Christ, by the shed blood and broken body of the Lamb of God—be faithful, be earnest, be prayerful. Toil, and strive to win from sin and hell the children committed to your charge, that they may be as stars in the crown of your rejoicing for evermore. Amen.

Let no work of my hands cause grief, or just offence of heart; but let me be continually employed in some such actions for which thou my God mayest remember me for good, and spare me according to the multitude of thy mercies.—Bishop Andrews.

## CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

## MAN.

Among the different definitions given of man, there is, perhaps, none so expressive, none so characteristic, as to define him a religious creature. This marks immediately his nature, and separates him essentially from every other animal. He has been defined a rational animal, but we are not sure that this character belongs exclusively to him. Some of the inferior creatures give strong indications of powers and faculties very much resembling reason. There is a docility in the dog, a natural cunning in the fox, and a high degree of sagacity in the elephant. We are at a loss by what name to distinguish these, or to ascertain from what principle they proceed. But by whatever name we designate them, in their reflections and different actions, they approximate very near to what we call reason. But in no one of the lower animals do we see any thing, in any measure, resembling religion. Not the faintest trace of this principle appears in any other creature of this lower world. Such men, therefore, as throw aside this glorious distinction, divest themselves, by this act, of the noblest ornament of their nature, and that which distinguishes them the most effectually from the beast that perishes.

That man is naturally inclined to religion, appears from various considerations. And this is not a new principle, but coeval with man: Wherever you find man, there also you find religion. Go back to the origin of the world, or as far as history can carry your researches, and there you still see man a religious creature. Examine all countries, and all the different ages of the world, and you will find no race, no nation, that can be properly said to be utterly destitute of religion. In some of the lately discovered islands, particularly in New Holland, it has been advanced, that our settlers on that coast have not been able to find, among the natives, any traces of religion. These people, by all accounts, are the most stupid and savage of the species. Whether, therefore, on account of that gross ignorance and stupidity, they may be divested of this distinguishing character of our nature, or whether our historians of that country have had sufficient opportunities to ascertain their true character and manners, must be determined by future and more accurate inquiries. But this and some other exceptions will not destroy the generality of the principle, that man is a religious creature.

If history, then, prove the antiquity and extent of this principle, we find it also arising from his very nature. His hopes and fears, his desires and aversions, direct him equally towards religion. A principle, then, that operates so universally and extensively, can never be found without a cause. This principle must have been implanted in men to answer some wise and good purpose; and it gives us great room to hope and to trust, that there must be objects corresponding to this great principle.

We cannot ascribe this principle to the prejudices of education; because this supposes a general confederacy at all times, and among all nations, the most distant and widely scattered over the various parts of the earth. It supposes an agreement among nations, that never could have any possible correspondence, separated from one another, during all ages, by unpassable oceans and deserts; among nations discordant in government, laws, language, manners, and every thing.

To affirm that this principle is the child of prejudice or habit, is equally reasonable and fair as to affirm conscience, or the faculty by which we distinguish between what is right and wrong, to be the prejudice of education. Religion seems equally a part of man as conscience, as the sentiments of virtue, of justice, and beneficence. These principles are so interwoven with our nature, that we cannot divest ourselves of them at our pleasure. They cannot be thrown aside with the same ease as we can throw aside our coat or our garment.

These reflections, if founded on reason and truth, give us room to hope and to believe, that all the attempts of infidelity to root out the religious principle, and to banish religion from the earth, will prove on all occasions vain and fruitless. Human nature will resume its just rights, and maintain its honours. Men of prodigal principles may endeavour to throw off the salutary

restraints of religion; but these attempts must miscarry with the great bulk of mankind. It appears equally plausible as if we were to attempt to rob man of his reason and his understanding. They may be so far successful, as to corrupt religion. This has been done too often; but human nature requires religion, in one shape or other, for its satisfaction and government.

## The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1841.

## CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

*"Every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollus; and I of Cephus."*

This sectarian spirit, which early showed itself in the primitive Church, has unhappily descended to the present time. Fortunately, however, as religious truth, genuine piety, and self-knowledge prevail, Bigotry, with all its attendant evils, is passing away, and a brighter era begins to dawn on the Christian world. The man who, but a few years ago, was lauded, and placed in the most elevated position in his church, because he considered all men in the broad road to perdition who belonged not to his party; is now, to a certain extent, mistruited even by his brethren, and considered very far behind the generality of professing Christians in principles of liberality.

A liberal Christian occasionally goes out of his own party, associates with others, and gains improvement by all. It is a Persian proverb, "A liberal hand is better than a strong arm." The dignity of Christianity is better supported by acts of liberality, than by accuracy of reasoning; but when both go together—when a man of sentiment can clearly state, and ably defend his religious principles—and when his heart is as generous as his principles are inflexible—he possesses strength and beauty in no ordinary degree; and is eminently calculated for winning souls to Christ, and thus extending His kingdom in the earth.

We heartily pity that narrow-minded man who imagines that no excellence is to be found out of the small religious body with which he is connected—who cannot engage in any moral or religious enterprise unless it originates with, or is principally carried on by his ministers—who will not trust himself even to subscribe for a religious paper, or read a religious book, however orthodox either may be, if it be not the production of his church, or stamped with the seal of his body. Alas! that too many of such characters are to be found in almost every Christian society; but they are the exceptions to the general rule, and form, for the most part, the illiterate portion of professors.

Far different are the sentiments with which we regard that noble-minded individual—the man of enlarged views and enlightened intellect—who, bursting through the enclosures of sectarianism, views the wide field of Christian enterprise, and in every labourer beholds a brother—no matter by what name he may be called, or in what peculiar way he does the work of his Master—who holds out to every servant of the Lord Jesus the right hand of fellowship, and feels the influence of that mysterious bond which unites him to the Body of Christ. Such a man we respect—such a man we honour—such a man we love.

The Apostle Paul was a noble example of such a character, in the primitive Church; and we might mention the names of many such worthies of more recent times. Now, thank God, the churches abound with such; in proof of which we

might mention the many noble institutions now in operation for the spread of the Gospel, the evangelisation of the world, and the amelioration of the miserable condition of apostate man. Need we speak of the British and Foreign Bible Society—the various Missionary Societies—the Tract Society—and the Sunday School Union?—in which men of all evangelical creeds are engaged, and to the funds of which they all cheerfully contribute.

May the great Head of the Church hasten the time when all shall be of one heart and one mind—when the general interests of Emanuel's kingdom shall be dearer to all than the aggrandizement of sect or party, and when the designation of the universal Church of Christ shall be—"CHRISTIAN."

We have to acknowledge with gratitude, that since the commencement of the *Christian Mirror*, we have received numerous and highly encouraging testimonies in favour of the spirit and character of our journal. Many of them are of a private nature, and consequently not intended to meet the public eye; others, however, we may safely employ for the purpose of informing our friends of the estimation in which the *Mirror* is held by those respected contemporaries who have so kindly noticed our humble though well-meant efforts to diffuse useful knowledge throughout the community. The following are some of the

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.—We have received two numbers of a very excellent semi-monthly journal of religious and general intelligence, which, under the above title, has been commenced in this city, under the management of one who appears to have brought to the task an excellent judgment and sound religious views. The *Mirror* is not designed to be the organ of a peculiar sect, but is devoted to the interests of religion generally, and is, to a great extent, made up of valuable selections having strictly a moral and religious bearing. We have heard with the sincerest pleasure, that its prospects of support are very flattering, and that it deserves it, none who have read the numbers now before the public will for a moment doubt. As a family journal, it will be found highly worthy of support.—*Literary Garland for September.*

We have received the first number of a paper entitled the *Christian Mirror*, published in this city. As yet we have only been able to give a hasty glance over the contents, which appear to consist principally of useful extracts from different religious works, memoirs of well known and esteemed Christians, and accounts of the progress of Religion, in this and other countries. The leading article is a well written little essay, in which the nature and importance of our holy religion are enforced with much fervour and ability. The *Mirror* is to be published once a fortnight, by Mr. J. E. L. MILLER, St. Nicholas Street, and the terms of subscription are six shillings per annum. We think such a publication to be of eminent service to the cause of virtue, and we therefore heartily wish it success.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The first number of "The CHRISTIAN MIRROR" appears this day, and from the short opportunity we have had of examining its contents, we are led to believe that the anticipations formed from a perusal of the Prospectus will not be disappointed. It contains a careful selection of Religious and General Literature, a summary of political events, and a variety of Missionary intelligence from Polynesia, India, and China, with several columns of Miscellaneous articles of general interest. The design of the publisher, as stated in his editorial remarks, is "to exhibit an undeviating solicitude to promote the interests of scriptural piety," an object so worthy of the co-operation and aid of the religious public, that we trust the publisher will be warmly supported. The mechanical execution of the *Mirror* is good, and it is published on a sheet which will render it an object to preserve the numbers to be bound at the close of the volume.—*Transcript.*

We have received the first number of the *Christian Mirror*, a journal "devoted to the interests of religion and general literature," which has been established in a similar form to the *Westonian*, formerly published in this city. The number before us is a most favourable specimen. It embraces a very great variety of matter, all of it of an interesting and useful kind, being divided into a number of separate heads. Besides the religious and other extracts which form the staple of the work, the number contains an affecting moral tale, a summary of foreign and domestic news, and a variety of miscellaneous extracts calculated to render the *Mirror* a deserved favourite with the great mass of readers. We have not a doubt that it will be successful, and we are certain that it merits it.—*Commercial Messenger*.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

**THE NESTORIANS; OR, THE LOST TRIBES: Containing Evidence of their Identity, an Account of their Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies; together with Sketches of Travel in Ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media, and Mesopotamia; and Illustrations of Scripture Prophecy.** By ANSEL GRANT, M. D. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1841.

SCARDON have we perused a book with more pleasure than the one of which the above is the title. The subject is no less novel than curious and interesting.

Where are the ten tribes of Israel? Do they still exist as a distinct people in some remote part of the earth? or have they become so blended with other nations, as to lose their identity, and leave no marks by which they may be distinguished?

These are questions which have long been asked both by Jews and Gentiles; and any clue which may lead to a satisfactory reply cannot fail to excite the curiosity, and awaken the interest of Christendom.

Though we do not take upon ourselves to say, that in the Nestorians the Lost Tribes are really discovered; neither would we presume to assert the contrary. We think it, however, highly probable that the conclusions at which our author has arrived are in the main correct. But as we intend laying the *whole* work before our readers in a series of numbers, we leave it to each to form his own opinion.

Dr. GRANT seems to be a man peculiarly qualified for the arduous task he undertook. If a character in which were united ardent piety—keen penetration—great powers of observation—more than ordinary moral fortitude and courage,—was necessary for traversing dangerous and barbarous countries—regions seldom trodden by the foot of either European or American,—he was the man. His medical knowledge alone was a passport to nearly all the nations of the East.

The style of the work is simple and unostentatious. Brevity, particularly, seems to have been studied by the writer; and his object seems to have been not so much to write a book, as to throw light on a subject hitherto involved in the deepest mystery.

The circumstances which led the Doctor to visit the people he describes, are detailed in the first chapter, which will be found in our present number. The importance of the work—the novelty of the subject—and its attractive character—warrant us, we think, in publishing the whole; and we promise our subscribers that the pleasure and profit it is calculated to yield will amply repay its perusal.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a very interesting family paper, entitled the "Portland Tribune," "devoted to Literature, News, &c."

From the *Montreal Gazette*.

As aggravated reports may have reached town by last evening's mail from Kingston, as to the accident which befell His Excellency the Governor General on Saturday last, we have been permitted to publish the following extract of a note from Major CAMPBELL, Military Secretary to his Lordship, to the Hon. PETER MCGILL:—

"I am very sorry to inform you that His Excellency the Governor General has met with a serious accident today. In riding home, attended by his groom only, his horse fell with him; the whole weight of the animal coming on his right leg, has fractured it just above the ankle. He has also a wound above the knee. He is at present tolerably easy, though I am afraid he is to suffer a good deal, when the inflammation comes on."

MONTREAL FRIENDLY UNION.

WE rejoice to hear that the Friendly Union of Montreal has petitioned the Corporation for a lot of land for the Union Building; and that the Hon. PETER MCGILL has recommended it to the Corporation, and has advised the Agent to cause trustees to be elected, to whom a deed might be given should a grant be made.

**ORDINATION.**—The Ordination of the Rev. M. Emile Lapelletrie by the Presbytery of Quebec, to the office of the Holy Ministry, took place on Thursday last, in St. Andrew's Church, in presence of a large congregation, who seemed much impressed by the religious services on the occasion. The Ordination Sermon and Charge were delivered in French by the Reverend Mr. Campbell, of Brockville, whose pure pronunciation and perfectly accurate knowledge of that language, could have been obtained only by a long residence among those claiming it as their native tongue. Among those who assisted at the Imposition of Hands, in addition to the Rev. Dr. Black, Dr. Mathieson, and the Rev. Mr. Esson, of this city, were the Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec; Rev. Mr. Muir, Beech Ridge; Rev. Mr. Roach, Beauharis; Rev. Mr. Shanks, St. Eustache; Rev. Mr. McPherson, and other Reverend Gentlemen, including Mr. Tanner, Presbyterian Minister, lately arrived in this country from Switzerland. The various Swiss Missionaries, from the different parts of the Province, were also present on the occasion.—*Transcript*.

The Acting Treasurer of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among Destitute Settlers, has great pleasure in acknowledging having received the sum of £6 10s. 9d., very liberally contributed by the small Episcopal congregation at LaChine, after a sermon by the Rev. D. Robertson, on the 25th July last.—*lb*.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The Steamship *Britannia*, which left Liverpool on the 19th ultimo, arrived at Halifax, after a boisterous passage, on the 31st, with ninety-six passengers.

**MEETING OF THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.**—Both houses of parliament meet at two o'clock to-morrow, at which hour there will be a Commission in the Lords for the purpose of directing the Commons to proceed to the election of Speaker.—*Standard*, 18th August.

The Staffordshire iron masters have reduced the price of iron 10s. per ton.

**THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE**, by last advices, was in session in Manchester. The question of Ministers wearing silk gowns had been discussed, and decided in the negative. The Centenary Fund had reached £190,000, and was expected to amount to £200,000. Twenty-seven of the clergy were reported to have died during last year.—*Herald*.

The laying of the keel of a large war steamer of upwards of 1,000 tons burden, to be named the *Infernal*, has been completed on the same slip whence the *Devastation* was recently launched at Woolwich, and a large quantity of timber is already prepared for constructing her at a short notice.

CHINA.

We have received, says the *Morning Herald*, a letter from Macao of the 27th of April, put on board the steamer at Bombay on the 18th of June, after the mail and other despatches had been embarked. It is to the following effect:—

"Macao, April 27.  
"The Chinese local government has violated the agreement made with Captain Elliot for the renewal of trade with British subjects. We are also surprised to find that since the 1st not 1,000 chests of tea have found their way out to foreign vessels by smuggling. We had hopes of doing something in that way, but the unexpected vigilance and activity of the Chinese mandarins and soldiers have disappointed our hopes for the present.

"About the 17th a chop arrived from the emperor, couched in the most violent terms, ordering all authorities, civil and military, in the provinces of Canton, to destroy all the teas, rhubarb and other articles necessary for the English barbarians. This order is rigidly obeyed, and one half of the crop of teas is already destroyed, and the work is still going on.

"Indemnity is promised by the same chop to those whose property is destroyed, and rewards for those who discover secreted articles.

"We further find in the same chop political intercourse with the English is interdicted, and the lately-appointed commissioners ordered to retire.

"Numerous fire-vessels and rafts had been sent down the river among the foreign shipping by which several vessels and cargoes have been injured, but no total loss.

"Our commander is deliberating on the propriety of moving all vessels below the second bar into a wider part of the river.

"A report prevails, but to which no credit is attached, that some British subjects were kidnapped by the Chinese on the night of the 25th.

**DREADFUL FIRE AT SMYRNA.**—The *Smyrna Journal* states, that "A dreadful calamity has just visited the town of Smyrna, and plunged 20,000 of its inhabitants in desolation and misery. The fire broke out at midnight in a coffee house of the Bazaar. A third of the Turkish town, all the Jews' quarter, a great number of mosques, seven synagogues, and 9,000 to 10,000 houses, were reduced to ashes, and are at this moment only heaps of burning ruins. Several persons have perished in this horrible catastrophe; the number is not correctly known, but it is estimated at from 30 to 40. The loss is incalculable: it amounts, however, to several millions."

CANADA.

**THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.**—The *Toronto Patriot* says, "It is again rumoured and believed that Lord Sydenham will, if he desire it, be continued as Governor General. It is also said that he will not spend the winter in the province.

It is supposed that the Parliament will be prorogued during the present month. If such be the case, the Members will have no sinecure for the few days to run. All the important business, with the exception of one or two Bills which have passed both Houses, is yet to do; and the great object of the meeting is yet unfulfilled.—*Com. Messenger*.

We have learned from Kingston that the Provincial Bank Bill has been lost in the House of Assembly, by a majority of eleven, 29 voting for, and 40 against the measure. The business is thus, we fancy, settled for the present.—*lb*.

**MONTREAL, Saturday Evening.**—The arrival of news from England, has given a new impulse to speculation in Flour. Holders anticipate a golden harvest. The average had advanced to the turning point, and Canadian Flour was admitted free, and sold at prices rising as high as 40s. Indeed, some parcels were sold at 41s. Quotations are 39s. a 41s. For some days previous to the *Britannia's* sailing, the weather had been inclement, but at her departure, it had changed for the better, and was as favourable as possible.—*lb*.

**M'LEOD.**—The trial of Mr. M'Leod has, it appears, been again put off till some time in this month. The Kingston Chronicle says that "the cannon and ammunition recently stolen from the various arsenals and other places in the state of New York, are now concentrating in the vicinity of Utica, to await the result of the trial." It is said that Gen. Scott has been sent to the frontier.

## TEMPERANCE RECORD.

## STATEMENT OF EXPERIENCE,

BY SOME MEMBERS OF THE VICTORIA TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

W. H. has been a hard drinker for ten years. His work being very laborious, and in the open air, he believed he needed strong drink to enable him to perform it, and was frequently drawn into intoxication; but since he joined this Society, he finds that strong drinks have been deceiving him, as he can now labour better, sleep sounder, rise in the morning fresher, and be more happy and comfortable upon Adam's wine. He would advise all hard working men to try for themselves.

W. S. has been a hard drinker for five years. Strong drink had brought him to the brink of the grave, although neither he nor his friends knew it. He attended one of our meetings, became sensible of his disease, and joined the Society the same night. He has recovered every day since, and is now attending his work regularly. He believes that Teetotalism is the best and cheapest physician.

A. H. has been a confirmed drunkard for twelve years, and was six years without being in a place of worship; he joined the Society about five weeks ago, and is now attending worship, and reading his bible, the preciousness of which he never knew before. His wife and family, who had separated from him on account of his drunkenness, have again returned to him, and are living happily together; instead of coming home drunk on a Saturday night, he brings home some article of clothing or furniture, and a piece of beef for his family. His wife declares it is only now that she knows the happiness of a married life.

E. H. has been a confirmed drunkard for fifteen years. He drank to that excess that he had not a shirt to his back, and his family were equally destitute; but since he joined the Society he has begun to replenish his house, and he hopes before long to be in a condition to go with them to the house of God, where he has not been for five years at least; when he can attend it again, he means never to forsake it.

J. C. has been a hard drinker for ten years; for the last five years he has not attended church, partly because he had no desire to go, and partly because he did not feel well on the Sabbath days. This he attributed to the week's work, but now attributes it to the week's drinking; for since he joined this Society, he can attend the house of God, and other social meetings beside, and his health never was better.

P. S. has been a hard drinker for six years, and cared nothing about religion; but since he has joined the Society, delights to attend public worship, and, being a single man, is determined to look out for a teetotal partner.

P. W. has been a hard drinker for four years, for two of which he has not been in a church; since joining the society he has begun to attend Divine service, and feels great happiness in doing so. He believes abstinence to be the handmaid of religion, at least, it has been so in his case, and that of many others. He says:—"I am happy, my family are happy, and I am a new man."

The foregoing are the outlines of a few of the statements of experience, which are laid before the Victoria Temperance Society.

This Society, which is established for the especial object of reforming drunkards, and managed by working men, has its regular meetings twice a week, as follows, viz: on Tuesday evenings, in the British and Canadian School, St. Lawrence Suburbs. On Thursday evenings in the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, College Street, where the public, and more especially the intemperate, are earnestly invited to attend. The Society already numbers upwards of eighty members, half of whom were drunkards.

JAMES WILSON,  
Secretary.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.—The "Martha Washington Temperance Society," is the name of a new society formed in New York, by the wives of reformed drunkards, whose object is the reformation of female inebriates, and to give relief to drunkards' wives and children.

M. Parmenter, a blind man, and once a drunkard, is lecturing in the Northern States on Temperance.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

At the late Anniversary Meeting of this noble Institution, the following abstract of the Report was read:—

In its commencement, it alluded to certain movements which had been going forward, and in which the Committee had been invited to take a part, on the subject of the exclusive right of printing the Bible, enjoyed by the two Universities, and the Queen's Printers. On one point, connected with that subject, entire unanimity prevailed in the Committee, and they took the opportunity of recording their solemn and deliberate conviction that it was the duty not only of the Committee, but of the Society at large as a Society, to abstain from any interference in the matter, either as to the promotion or countenancing of, or as to the removal of, the restriction. (Hear, hear.) The members of the Society were, of course, left to act entirely according to their own judgment, in their private capacities; but as the peace and usefulness of the Society were regarded, the Committee implored the Committees of Auxiliary Societies, branches, and associations, to occupy, with themselves, an entirely neutral position. While the Committee did not intend to enlarge upon that subject, there were one or two statements which they did feel called upon to make. As regarded themselves, they were bold to say that the subject of prices paid for the Bibles, including the purchase of the copies in sheets, and the binding, had ever been one that had engaged a very large share of their attention, and that they had laboured to obtain them at the lowest possible price, consistent with a due regard to the general execution of the work, and the quality of the paper. They looked partly, indeed, to the beauty of the appearance of the volume, but more at its texture and promise of durability. The Committee might go into details, showing that while the general character of the books issued had been manifestly improving, the prices paid had been proportionably decreasing for years. To determine the point at which it should be said that excellency had reached its height, was no easy matter, and it was one on which the Committee claimed to exercise the best judgment they could. In adopting the standard by which they had been guided, the Committee might have erred, and raised it too high; but it became them frankly to admit, that up to the time of the suspension of the issue of cheapened copies, they thought that Bibles and Testaments inferior to those previously circulated, ought not to be issued, so that they were ready to admit that any portion of blame, if blame there were, because of the comparatively high price paid for the Scriptures, rested on themselves. It would seem from the recently published catalogues of the Queen's printed, that great reductions were to be made, and the books still to be kept up to that standard, below which the Committee could not heretofore make purchases; but the Committee did not feel it to be their duty to offer explanation or apology for that reduction. It was, however, only to themselves and to the printer to say, that for a considerable time before the present agitation on the subject arose, the printer had been supplying the Bible Society, as large consumers, at prices below those which were now advertised as those at which the public and the trade were to be supplied. On the subject of the remarkably cheap editions now offered to the Society, the Committee had only to say, that they freely relinquished their long cherished opinions as to the standard of quality, and had placed them on the Society's list; and they rejoiced in the hope that it would contribute to a much larger distribution of the sacred volume in their own beloved land, the wants of which were still far from being supplied. The Report then detailed, at great length the foreign operations of the Society, from which it appeared that its labours had been very successful, particularly in France. The total receipts of the Society during the past year had been £101,322 9s. 2d., being 10,127 3s. 11d. less than last year; but that was accounted for by the fact, that last year legacies had been received amounting to £13,000. The amount received for sales, included in the above sum, £57,585 17s. 8d., leaving for

general purposes £42,742 12s. 5d. The total expenditure amounted to £132,934 18s. 9d., being larger by £10,000 than on any former year. There had been issued during the past year 900,912 copies of the Sacred Scriptures, making a total, since the establishment of the Society, of more than 13 millions, which, added to the issues on the continent of Europe, and in America, made a grand total of more than 22 millions.

## PICTURE OF IDOLATRY.

MR. SUTTON, a Missionary in India, writes thus:—"I saw many pilgrims, and many of them the most miserable objects that can be imagined. One or two particularly attracted my attention; one was a blind old man, wasted away to such a degree, that with his sunken sightless eyes, he formed a very striking resemblance to the picture of death; another was an old woman, with tottering steps and emaciated body, bending her course to a home which it is next to impossible she can ever reach. Others were young men who had performed a pilgrimage of perhaps 1000, or 1500 miles, and now, naked and starving, and exhausted with fatigue, they are slowly retracing their weary way. Most of them are worn out with walking, and their feet so blistered and torn, that they are obliged to bind them up with the only piece of cloth they have, to enable them to prosecute their journey at all. And what is the fruit of all this toil? Why, they have a picture of Juggernaut, such as you have seen in England, suspended round their necks, and two or three little sticks coloured with red ochre, to take home, if they ever reach it, as a memorial of their pilgrimage.

"We have now travelled about fifty miles along the great road to Juggernaut, and every where it is alike full of pilgrims passing to and from that accursed thing. O that I could describe in proper language, the miseries of its wretched votaries. But the accounts would scarcely be believed in America, and here they are unnoticed. Many are blind, who go to obtain holiness by approaching the vile block; one of this description lies now at the door of our tents, at the foot of a tree. What a poor wretch he is! He is perpetually crying, 'Give me some food—I die, I die—my body is shrivelled up, my feet are broken, and my substance is passing away with the cholera. Ah Boba, Boba, I am a blind Padre, and have nobody to help me. Here I am come four months journey to visit Juggernaut, and he gave me nothing but sorrow. What can I do? Ram, Ram, Ram, O Juggernaut!' I have now given him a rupee and some rice, and put him in the road; and now, afflicted and alone, he is gone, groping his forlorn way, blind in body and soul. But this is not a solitary case. I think I have noticed ten blind pilgrims in these four days journeying, and I cannot be supposed to have seen a fourth of the pilgrims on the road. The majority of those who return, go labouring along with tottering steps, and broken feet, and bended backs, and a death-like emaciated frame, heaving, and sighing, and groaning all the way. Oh, idolatry!"

## AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

It is stated in the *Commercial Advertiser*, that at the monthly meeting of the managers, last Thursday, it was resolved, on request of Dr. Howe, of Boston, and others, to stereotype and publish the New Testament and the Book of Psalms, in raised letters, for the use of the blind.

To complete this work, and to meet the numerous calls for the Scriptures, in various tongues, from foreign countries, it was found that \$52,000 at least, would be required. It was determined, therefore, after mature deliberation, to attempt to collect the above sum (aside from the ordinary operations at home) in the course of the twenty-sixth year, not doubting that the friends of the Bible, when they come to learn the urgency of these calls, will cheerfully assist in meeting them.

THE Board of Foreign Missions of the Baptist General Convention sustains eleven missions to the Indians; eight in Asia, and three in Europe; employing 192 Missionaries and assistants, 98 of whom were sent from the United States.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE GRATEFUL SOLDIER.

AFTER a sermon in aid of the Sunday Schools at Leeds, a soldier was observed to put a guinea into one of the plates. So large a sum from one in his circumstances, excited the attention of the collector, who took it for granted that it was a mistake, and that a guinea was given where probably a shilling, or even a smaller sum, was intended. Under this impression he called the man, and told him of the supposed mistake.

The soldier mildly but firmly said, that he had committed no mistake; that he had come with the intention of giving the guinea; that it was the result of the saving of many weeks, and that it was given in pursuance of a resolution which he had made under very peculiar circumstances.

This statement excited still more the attention of the collector; and, at his request, the soldier went, after the service was concluded, to the vestry room, where he related the following account of himself:—

He had been, in the early part of his life, educated at a Sunday School, where, among other religious instruction which he received, he was taught most of the collects used in the Book of Common Prayer. Some time after leaving school, he entered the army as a private soldier; and here his course of life became so much altered, and he mixed so much with men who had no religious feeling, and adopted their habits, that he soon lost all that he once possessed. In this way he went on for several years; his early impressions of religion becoming more and more faint, until at last they were nearly worn out. In the progress of his service, he was engaged in one of the greatest battles in which our army had met the enemy, and was most severely wounded; the shock deprived him at first of all sensation; but when that returned, he found himself stretched on the field, so severely wounded as to be unable to move. The thought of death now came upon him, and brought with it the trembling recollections of the life which he had led, and of his unfitness to appear in the presence of God. He tried to pray; but so long had prayer been neglected, that he could not remember any that he had ever said. At last he brought to mind one of those collects which he had committed to memory, when a boy at the Sunday School. It was an humble supplication to the Lord for mercy; he repeated it with earnestness and fervour, and found his mind more at ease.

Assistance soon after came, and he was removed from the field. He recovered, and from that hour became an altered man. In gratitude to God for the mercy which he had found, he resolved to give the first guinea that he could save out of his pay, at the first sermon which he should hear preached in aid of Sunday Schools.

## REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZY.

WE are told that Cotton Mather rewarded his children by teaching them some curious piece of knowledge. He thus conveyed the impression to their minds, that "to gain instruction was not a hardship, but a privilege and a reward. If his children deserved censure, he would forbid their reading or writing—a prohibition which was strongly associated in their minds with degradation."

Is not here an important suggestion to mothers? How many reward their children's good conduct by giving them luxuries for their appetite, or some fine article of dress. In this case, the animal nature is placed, in one sense, higher than the moral. The child comes, from such training, to think food and dress the most desirable things in life. I know a mother who hires her children to behave well at church, by promising them a piece of cake when they come home. This leads them to think it is the mere act of going to church which is the all important thing. It fills the child's mind while there, too, not with a love of the place or the services, but with thoughts about gratifying its palate. How often may the foundation be thus laid in childhood for a supreme devotion to the body. It is better to let a child do some act not quite right, or perhaps only inconvenient to ourselves, rather than gratify and stimu-

late her vanity by paying her for being obedient with an article of dress. We thus inevitably excite her vanity. We do positive harm, to effect, it may be, an uncertain good.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

WHEN we listen to the howling of the winter wind, and hear the "pelting of the pitiless storm" against our casements—when the drifting snow is piled in heaps around our dwellings, and nature is locked in the gelid embrace of a frosty atmosphere—the reflections that suggest themselves to our minds are probably of a melancholy character. We turn our attention to the unhappy situation of those who, far from shelter and from home, are traversing the recesses of the forest, or braving the perils of the ocean, exposed to the fury of the elements, and in imminent danger of destruction; or of those in whose case the horrors of poverty are superadded to the rigours of the season—whose tattered garments are fluttering in the wintry blast, and their emaciated forms shivering under the withering chill of its icy breath. But much and deeply as duty calls, and our affections may prompt us to sympathise with such unfortunate persons as these, there are others who, although not exposed to such personal danger, privation, and suffering, are yet perhaps scarcely less to be pitied—I mean those unhappy beings who, destitute of EDUCATION, and of all intellectual resources, are compelled to spend their tedious evenings in listless, dozing inactivity—in idle, unprofitable, or sinful conversation—or, perhaps, in sensual and brutalizing indulgences.

## ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN PERU.

THE heavenly body, adored in this climate, is obscured all at once in the midst of the cloudless heavens. A profound and sudden night invests the earth. The shadows do not come from the earth—they fall from the heavens, and envelope the whole horizon. A cold dampness fills the atmosphere. The animals, deprived of the heat which animates, and the light which guides them, remain in a sullen immobility: they seem to look up; and ask the cause of this untimely night. Their instinct, which notes the revolving day, tells them that this is not the hour for repose. In the woods they howl in terror; in the valleys they collect together in bands, trembling with fear. The birds, which at the break of day had taken their flight in the air, surprised by the darkness, know not where to fly. The turtle-dove casts itself before the vulture, who, frightened, knows it not. All that breathe are filled with dismay.

Happy are those, in this moment, to whom Philosophy has revealed the mystery of nature. They can see, without alarm, the sun take off his light at mid-day, and wait with patience the time when he shall again be unobscured. Such is the value of learning. But how can we express the terror, the anguish, with which this phenomenon strikes the worshippers of the Sun? A moment before, their God beamed in full splendour: suddenly he vanishes, and of the cause thereof they are profoundly ignorant. Quito, the City of the Sun, Cusco, the camps, all are overwhelmed with consternation.—Translated from the French of Chateaubriand.

## COMFORT OF CHILDREN.

HERE are beautiful sentences from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent—nothing more true:—

"Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust—obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him—the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling—his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be inadvertent by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow;—but he has a gem, which he would not part with for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye."

LIGHTNING can be seen by reflection at the distance of two hundred miles.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy more heavenly associations, which the tired frame, and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy, at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns,—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps for the past week, where a loving wife, and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines, nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evidenced by this periodical time of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn, when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals, and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God to his annuity on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on the joys, ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.—Literary Garland.

## PEASANTS IN THE PYRENEES.

WE had seen at different times in the neighbourhood of Pau, a few stray specimens of the figure and costume of the peasants of this valley, but here we beheld, for the first time, these hardy mountaineers amidst their native wilds. And a noble looking race they are, somewhat taller than the peasantry around Pau, with more vigorous complexions, and dressed in a costume at once more primitive and more picturesque. They wear the same round cap or bonnet of brown cloth, but their black and flowing hair is always cut close in front, and left to hang loose upon their shoulders. They most commonly wear a jacket of brown cloth, sometimes one of red, and a scarlet or crimson sash tied about the body. On no occasion are they seen with trousers, but always breeches of brown cloth, and worsted stockings of the same colour, and of their own knitting, not made with feet, but finished off by a kind of wide border of the same material, which hangs down over the great wooden shoe, made in the shape of a canoe, only more curved underneath, and more turned up at the toe. In addition to this, they generally have, somewhere about them, their wide woollen cloak, with its pointed hood. The shepherds are always accompanied by a dog of a kind peculiar to the Pyrenees, as large as the Newfoundland dog, but more like a wolf in shape, and always white, with a mixture of buff, or wolfish grey. These dogs, though large and powerful, have the appearance of being gentle and docile, from their being thin, and badly fed; but that they have a disposition to be otherwise, I can testify, having been twice seized by them, and having also heard of many instances in which they were the terror of the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most singular feature in the character of the shepherd's dog of the Pyrenees, is that, like his master, he always leads, instead of driving the sheep. He is brought up entirely amongst them, and sleeps in the same fold. It is a curious sight to see the shepherd and his dog coming first out of a field, and the flock following. The sheep are more slender, and taller than ours, with thick curled horns, and long fine wool; while the singularity of a long face, with a kind of Roman nose, makes them look particularly solemn.—Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

## EXPECTATION.

It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

## POETRY.

## SOVEREIGN MERCY.

ALMIGHTY GOD! before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend;  
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display;  
Yet Mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

Great God! and why is Britain spared,  
Ungrateful as we are?  
Oh! make thy awful warnings heard,  
While Mercy cries, "Forbear."

What numerous crimes increasing rise  
Through this apostate isle!  
What land so favoured of the skies,  
And yet what land so vile?

Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy all-powerful grace;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

Then, should disease or foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God, is near.

STEELE.

**WRECK.**—The bark *Undaunted*, Captain M'Kinley, which sailed from New York for Quebec, on the 27th July, with a cargo of flour, &c. was wrecked on the 7th August last, on the south side of Sable Island, the weather being very thick. The crew, fifteen in number, were all saved, it is said with difficulty. A schooner with 200 barrels flour, 20 barrels of coffee, and some materials, saved from the wreck, arrived at Halifax on the 24th August. We understand that the *Undaunted* had about 6000 barrels of flour on board, consigned to Merchants of Quebec.

The schooner *McNeill*, Captain McNeill, from Cienfuegos, for Quebec, with a cargo of sugar, was totally lost on the *Jordinelas*, on the 26th June last.

## DIED,

At Montreal, on Tuesday night the 24th ult., Selina infant daughter of Mr. John Keller, aged twelve months.

## SCHOOL-BOOKS, BOOK-BINDING, &amp;c.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand an extensive assortment of ENGLISH and FRENCH SCHOOL-BOOKS, which he will sell by Wholesale and Retail, at the Lowest Prices, for Cash, or short approved Credit.

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St. François Xavier Street, facing St. Sacrament Street.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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BY a Small Family, a SMALL DWELLING HOUSE, or APARTMENTS distinct from any other family, with a Shed for Wood and Lumber, till the first of May next. Rent moderate. Possession required on the 1st October. Apply at this Office.  
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This Establishment is constantly receiving from England BOOTS and SHOES, of the first make and quality.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

JOHN LOVELL,  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

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All orders punctually attended to.

August 12, 1841.

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

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Expected by the Fall Arrivals, a fresh supply of Goods, suited for the Fall and Winter seasons.  
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M-Gill Street,  
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