

# 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.

CHAP. III.—(Continued)

On this part of my route I was favoured with the agreeable society and kind attentions of Captain Conolly, an intelligent English officer, who had, through many dangers, reached Mardin, on his way to India with despatches. I felt the exhilaration of returning strength after my late severe illness; and our journey was enlivened with the sight of fleet herds of antelopes, which scoured the boundless desert, and a slight altercation with a band of Koordish banditti, who lay in ambush to intercept and rob us. But we gained possession of an eminence that commanded their position, and, with a small party of Arab horsemen with long spears, who had been sent for our protection by the Chief whose encampment we had recently left, we presented such a formidable aspect that the robbers lowered their guns, and suffered us to pass quietly on our way.

At Mosul I found the country in a more quiet state, under the rule of their vigorous pasha. My observations upon this place were soon completed, and my preparations made to proceed on my route. The Nestorians who once inhabited this district have all embraced the Romish faith, and become Chaldeans, as the Papal Nestorians are usually called. They mostly inhabit the villages on the east of the Tigris; and Elkosh, with its convent of Rabban Hormuz, is the chief seat of their influence. Their patriarch resides at Bagdad, where there are but few of their people. He was educated at the Propaganda in Rome, and is a zealous supporter of his holiness the Pope. He receives his appointment directly from Rome, and is in no way connected with the Nestorian Church. That church has but the single patriarch, Mar Shimon, who resides in the mountains near Julamerk, and who will be hereafter described. The lineal descendants of the patriarch Elias of Elkosh are all connected with the Church of Rome, and the last pretender to that sect is now a bishop of the papal Chaldean Church. In the year 1834 he went to Ooroomiah, and told the Nestorians of that district that he had returned to the ancient faith of his fathers, and that he would bring over all the Chaldeans to the same faith, if the Nestorians would acknowledge him as their spiritual head. But it afterward proved that his professions were quite faithless: and he has since been actively engaged in efforts to proselyte the Nestorians to the papal religion.

There are about five hundred families of the Jacobite, and as many of the papal Syrians, in Mosul and its vicinity; but the Jacobite Syrians have their chief seat in Mesopotamia, and in their doctrines and practice they are more allied to the Armenians than to the Nestorians.

On the morning of the 7th of October I bade adieu to Mosul, with its thirty thousand inmates, on my way towards the unexplored mountains of central Koordistan, accompanied by two Nestorians of Persia, a Koordish muletter, and a Turkish cavass (police officer) from the pasha.

My passport was demanded and examined at the gate of the city, a formality of recent date in Turkey, and quite unknown in Persia. We came at once upon the Tigris, from which the city is supplied with water, conveyed in leathern sacks upon horses and mules, and in pitchers upon the shoulders of the poor. The bridge of boats was thronged with a motley crowd of Koords, Arabs, Turks, Christians, and Jews, clad in their various

and grotesque costumes; and, in their confused jargon of dissonant voices, bearing unequivocal testimony to the curse of Babel. Their camels, mules, horses, bullocks, and donkeys, were laden with the various produce of the country, with which the markets are crowded at an early hour in the morning, especially at this season of the year, when grain, fruits, melons, and vegetables are cheap and abundant. Some of the loads had fallen upon the bridge, increasing the confusion, which already threatened to precipitate man and beast into the deep and rapid current of the Tigris, which was then about 150 yards wide at that place, though much broader at high water. The Orientals are agreed that this and the Euphrates are two of the rivers which watered the paradise of Eden; and the original name Hiddekel, or Degleh, is preserved by the Christians and Jews; but the other two rivers they are unable to identify, and their notions of the situation of that primitive cradle of our race are altogether confused or visionary. But, while the blissful bowers of Eden are no more, the fruit of the fall everywhere abounds, and fills these fair portions of the earth with tears and blood.

The passage of the Tigris transferred me from Mesopotamia into Assyria, and I stood upon the ruins of Nineveh, "that great city," where the prophet Jonah proclaimed the dread message of Jehovah to so many repenting thousands, whose deep humiliation averted for a time the impending ruin. But when her proud monarchs had scourged idolatrous Israel, and carried the ten tribes into captivity, and raised their hands against Judah and the holy city, the inspired strains of the eloquent Nahum, clothed in terrible sublimity as they were, met their full accomplishment in the utter desolation of one of the largest cities on which the sun ever shone. "Nineveh is laid waste! who will bemoan her? She is empty, and void, and waste; her nobles dwell in the dust; her people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them."

Where her gorgeous palaces once resounded to the strains of music, and the shouts of revelry, a few black tents of the wandering Arab and Turkoman are now scattered among the shapeless mounds of earth and rubbish—the ruins of the city—as if in mockery of her departed glory; while their tenants were engaged in the fitting employment of weaving "sackcloth of hair," as if for the mourning attire of the world's great emporium, whose "merchants" were "multiplied above the stars of heaven." The largest mound, from which very ancient relics and inscriptions are dug, is now crowned with the Moslem village of Neby Yunas, or the prophet Jonah, where his remains are said to be interred, and over which has been reared, as his mausoleum, a temple of Islam.

Soon after leaving the ruins of Nineveh, we came in sight of two villages of the Yezidees, the reputed worshippers of the devil. Large and luxuriant olive-groves, with their rich green foliage and fruit just ripening in the autumnal sun, imparted such a cheerful aspect to the scene as soon dispelled whatever of pensive melancholy had gathered around me while treading upon the dust of departed greatness. Several white sepulchres of Yezidee sheikhs attracted attention as I approached the villages. They were in the form of fluted cones or pyramids, standing upon quadrangular bases, and rising to the height of some twenty feet or more. We became the guests of one of the chief Yezidees of Baasheks, whose dwelling, like others in the place, was a rude stone structure, with a flat terrace roof. Coarse felt carpets were spread for our feet in the open court, and a formal welcome was given us, but it was evidently not a very cordial one. My Turkish cavass

understood the reason, and at once removed it. Our host had mistaken me for a Mohammedan, towards whom the Yezidees cherish a settled aversion. As soon as I was introduced to him as a Christian, and he had satisfied himself that this was my true character, his whole deportment was changed. He at once gave me a new and cordial welcome, and set about supplying our wants with new alacrity. He seemed to feel that he had exchanged a Moslem foe for a Christian friend, and I became quite satisfied of the truth of what I had often heard, that the Yezidees are friendly towards the professors of Christianity.

They are said to cherish a high regard for the Christian religion, of which clearly they have some corrupt remains. They practise the rite of baptism, make the sign of the cross, so emblematical of Christianity in the East—put off their shoes, and kiss the threshold, when they enter a Christian church; and it is said that they often speak of wine as the blood of Christ, hold the cup with both hands, after the sacramental manner of the East, when drinking it, and, if a drop chance to fall on the ground, they gather it up with religious care.

They believe in one supreme God, and, in some sense at least, in Christ as a Saviour. They have also a remnant of Sabianism, or the religion of the ancient fire-worshippers. They bow in adoration before the rising sun, and kiss his first rays when they strike on a wall or other object near them; and they will not blow out a candle with their breath, or spit in the fire, lest they should defile that sacred element.

Circumcision, and the passover, or a sacrificial festival allied to the passover in time and circumstance, seem also to identify them with the Jews; and, altogether, they certainly present a most singular chapter in the history of man.

Their system of faith has points of strong resemblance to the ancient Manichean heresy; and it is probable that they are a remnant of that heretical sect. This idea derives support from the fact, that they seem to have originated in the region where Manes first laboured and propagated his tenets with the greatest success; and from the coincidence of the name of their reputed founder, or most revered teacher, Adde, with an active disciple of Manes, of the same name and place of abode. If Adde of the Yezidees and of the Manicheans was one and the same, the circumstance at once reconciles their remains of Christian forms and sentiments, with the testimony of the Syrian and Nestorian Christians around them, to their Christian origin, and throws important light upon the early history of this remarkable people. Their Christian attachments, if not their origin, should at least plead strongly to enlist the sympathies of Christians in their behalf, while it holds out cheering encouragement for us to labour for their good.

That they are really the worshippers of the devil can only be true, if at all, in a modified sense, though it is true that they pay him so much deference as to refuse to speak of him disrespectfully, (perhaps for fear of his vengeance,) and, instead of pronouncing his name, they call him the "lord of the evening," or "prince of darkness;" also, Sheikh Maazen, or Exalted Chief. Some of them say that Satan was a fallen angel with whom God was angry; but he will at some future day be restored to favour, and there is no reason why they should treat him with disrespect. It may be found that their notions of the evil being are derived from the Ahriman of the ancient-magi, and the secondary or evil deity of the Manicheans, which was evidently ingrafted on the Oriental philosophy. Some of the ancient Nestorian writers speak of them as of Hebrew

descent: a question which I shall examine more at length in another place in this volume.

The Christians of Mesopotamia report that the Yezidees make votive offerings to the devil, by throwing money and jewels into a certain deep pit in the mountains of Sinjar, where a large portion of them reside; and it is said that when that district, which has long been independent, was subjugated by the Turks, the Pasha compelled the Yezidee priest to disclose the place, and then plundered it of a large treasure, the offerings of centuries. The Yezidees here call themselves Dasseni, probably from the ancient name of the district, Dusen, which was a Christian bishoprick in early times. Their chief place of concourse, the religious temple of the Yezidees, is said to have once been a Christian church or convent. The late Mr. Rich. speaks of the Yezidees as "lively, brave, hospitable, and good-humoured;" and adds that, "under the British government, much might be made of them." Can nothing be made of them under the gospel? and will not the effort be made? Mosul is a central position from which to approach them, and they may well form an important object of attention for a mission in that city. The Nestorians claim them as a branch of their church; and there are other reasons why they might well be included in our labours for the improvement of that people. Many of the Nestorians speak the Koordish language, which is spoken by the Yezidees, and they would prove most important and valuable coadjutors in our labours for their conversion, while, at the same time, an opportunity would at once be afforded for the development of the missionary zeal which once so greatly animated the Nestorian church, and which we aim and expect, by the blessing of God, speedily to revive.

The precise number of the Yezidees it is difficult to estimate, so little is known of them; but it is probable that we must reckon them by tens of thousands, instead of the larger computations which have been made by some travellers, who have received their information merely from report. Still they are sufficiently numerous to form an important object of attention to the Christian Church; and I trust, as we learn more about them, sympathy, prayer, and effort will be enlisted in their behalf. It will be a scene of no ordinary interest when the voice of prayer and praise to God shall ascend from hearts now devoted to the service of the prince of darkness, "the worshippers of the devil!" May that day be hastened on.

Continuing in a northeast course, in two hours we came in sight of the ancient convent of Mar Matta, (St. Matthew,) which is said to have stood about fifteen hundred years. It occupies a bold position on the steep, rocky acclivity of a mountain, which I ascended on a mule, after receiving a charge to hold fast to his mane to keep from falling backward in the steep, zigzag ascent. It has been deserted in consequence of the ravages of the Ravendoos Koords, who overrun this region six or seven years ago, committing sad havoc, particularly among the poor Yezidees. A cool fountain in a cave, which is shaded by a pretty arbour and the overhanging rock, invited to repose, but I had not time long to admire its beauties; and, after surveying the extended and charming prospect, I hastened to the little village of Meirik, where my companions were waiting for me to partake of the plain collation of melons, &c., which the poor Yezidees of the place had prepared.

We then hastened on through an opening in the hills, and just at dusk reached another village of the Yezidees, called Mohammed-Rayshan, where we stopped for the night. Our ride was enlivened by the sight of small herds of antelopes, which skipped fleetly over the hills, or gratified their curiosity by gazing at us at a safe distance from our path. We also met a number of Koords, who gave me the friendly salutation (which a Turk accords to the true believers alone) of "Peace be with you."

Two monuments of the description of those I have mentioned, but of a much larger size, were very conspicuous objects near the village; but fatigue and the lateness of the hour prevented me from making a particular examination of them. The accommodations which the village afforded were of the poorest kind; and, to avoid the vermin of the houses, we spread our carpets in the open street, and, after a social chat, and a mess of porridge, made of sour buttermilk and herbs boiled together, I laid down under the broad canopy of

heaven, committing myself to the ever-watchful care of heaven's great Architect.

There is little or no dew in these countries, and the natives usually sleep in the open air through the summer. The people of a whole village may often be seen making their toilet upon the tops of their flat-roof houses at dawn of dawn.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

### THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

If we are taught that Heaven resembles the garden of Eden, it seems fair and reasonable to conclude, that the garden of Eden resembles Heaven, and was from the beginning intended so to do; that like the temple under the law, and the church under the Gospel, it was, to its happy possessors, a place chosen for the residence of God—a place designed to represent, and furnish them with ideas of heavenly things—a place sacred to contemplation and devotion—in one word, that it was the primitive temple and church, formed and consecrated for the use of man in a state of innocence. There, undisturbed by care, and as yet unassailed by temptation, all his faculties perfect, and his appetites in subjection, he walked with God as a man walketh with his friend, and enjoyed communion with heaven, though his abode was upon earth. He studied the works of God, as they came fresh from the hands of the Work-master, and in the creation, as in a glass, he was taught to behold the glories of the Creator. Trained in the school of Eden by the material elements of a visible world, to the knowledge of one that is immaterial and invisible, he found himself excited by the beauty of the picture, to aspire after the transcendent excellence of the divine original.

The sacred garden, the first Adam by transgression lost; but all the blessings signified and represented by it, have been, through the second Adam, restored to his posterity. In our stead, he subjected himself to the vengeance of "the flaming sword," and regained for us an entrance into Eden. For "when he overcame the sharpness of death, he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." He is himself "the tree of life in the midst of the Paradise of God;" and by the effusion of his Spirit, he gives us to drink "rivers of living water." In his church here below, he has all along communicated, and still communicates, his gifts, by external sacraments, which serve at once for signs, as means, and as pledges; but admitted to the church above, we shall see and taste them as they are. "Thou," O Lord Jesus, "shalt show us," for thou only canst now show us, "the path of life," the "way to the tree of life," and introduce us to the truth and substance of all that was shadowed out by the blissful scenes of Eden—for "in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—*Bp. Horne.*

### THE FINAL RECKONING.

MANY a broken reckoning shall we find then; such surd numbers, such fractions we shall meet with, we shall not tell how or when to get through—we shall want counters. They are so infinite and intricate withal, that I fear we shall be found in a mighty arrear, a huge debt of thousands and tens of thousands of talents; we shall not tell which way to turn us, nor what way to satisfy it, though all we have were sold, and we ourselves too. To balance this account, Christ is most needful. For, cast both these together, and Job being our auditor, he finds we shall not be able to answer God one for a thousand, that he can charge us with. Gather heaven and earth, and all that is in them, all together, and leave Him out, they will never be able to make our discharge. This is the last and great gathering of all, which shall be of the quick and of the dead. When he shall send his angels, and they shall gather his elect from all the corners of the earth—shall gather the wheat into the barn, and the tares to the fire. And then, and never till then, shall be the fulness indeed, when God shall be, not, as now he is, somewhat in every one, but all in all. And there shall be neither time nor season any more. No fulness then but the fulness of eternity, and in it the fulness of all joy.—*Bp. Andrewes.*

### THE WICKED TO BE PITIED, NOT HATED.

For those in whom we can discern nothing of God's image, we ought not to conceive any spite or hatred, but be possessed with pity and commiseration; and I shall desire all those hot zealots, who think they have a true zeal for God, when they are enlashed with fury against those who are in any error, how gross soever, to retire their minds to an inward serious contemplating of God, and attending to his voice; and then let them see if they can reconcile those hotter thoughts with the other serious ones; they will find that the more they are filled with the fulness of God, the more meek, tender-hearted, and gentle they are; and from this they may be convinced, that such heats are not of God, nor of that wisdom, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated. Therefore, if we see any defiling themselves with all the abominations which this age wallows in, we ought indeed to express a deep and just horror at their debauching maxims and practices; but we pity them, as we would madmen; and for those who are innocent in their course of life, but entangled with errors, we ought to have all possible tenderness for them, studying their conviction by methods suitable to the Gospel of peace, and the God of love; and not by courses that savour of a carnal, passionate, and unmortified temper, which are equally unpolitic and unchristian.—*Rev. H. Scougall.*

### A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

THE late eminent Judge, Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting in the city: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being, and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian hope is on it; not a law which does not own its truth and greatness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the Gospel."—*London paper.*

### THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is the food of the soul, even as the mother's milk is for the nourishment of the child; and you may as easily believe that the infant will grow without food, as that you will grow in knowledge or grace without the Scriptures. Read both for instruction and for impression; read attentively, and with meditation; pause and ponder, as you go along. Neglect not the book of God for the books of men.—*James.*

### IMITATION OF THE DEITY.

THERE is one picture which a man should be drawing all the days of his life: which is that of God upon his soul; and though the resemblance must needs be extremely faint and imperfect, yet, by a constant application and meditation upon the beauties of the original, he cannot fail, by divine grace, to make an admirable piece.—*Howe.*

### HABITS SURVIVE THE BODY.

MEN'S passions do not only make them miserable in this world, but are a very considerable part of their torments in hell. The body now limits and restrains the soul; so that the flame either of virtue or vice cannot blaze in this life to an excessive degree; but when it is freed from that confinement, the passions become ten thousand times more furious; being let loose by Divine vengeance to torment the vicious soul; as every virtue is increased immeasurably, to the infinite joy of the righteous. It is reasonable, that the inclinations of the soul to virtue or vice, at its departure from the body, are not changed after its separation, but exceedingly strengthened; so that it is indispensable, by Divine aid, to take sufficient time to endue it with habitual godliness, before it passes into eternity, where habits are not altered, but improved.—*Job.*

ANSWER TO PRAYER.—No man can ask of God so much as he is ready and willing to give.—*Martin Luther.*

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the Literary Garland.

## THE JUBILEE.

A SKETCH.

THE sun rose, bright and beautiful, above the mountains of Lebanon, and the sultry breeze, cooled in its passage over their snow-crowned summits, descended, laden with the breath of the fragrant cedar tree, to mingle with the odours of Autumn, and waft health and activity around the fertile plains of Judea. Nature had lavished her bounties upon man: the olive and the date were gathered; the vine had yielded its fruit; "the former and the latter rain" had fallen, and their abundant produce had filled the barns of the cultivators with rich provision. But a nearer joy, a dearer interest, awoke the gratitude of Israel. It was the first of the year of Jubilee. The great atonement for the sins of a guilty nation had been made, and the trumpets were sounding their notes of joy, in unison with the voices of thousands of anxious and rejoicing ones, who hailed the arrival of that blessed morning. Hearts, whose cherished hopes had been deferred until they were almost extinguished, now swelled with grateful praise. The languid frame which poverty had attenuated, was invigorated by the certainty of again receiving its necessary comforts—the bondman was free—the wearied wretch, who for years had been the slave of another, was now to be the possessor of his own inheritance, the tiller of his native soil. And he will return to freedom a wiser man.—He has learned, from his own experience, to pity the sufferings of others—he has learned that a little shared with his beloved ones in his own dwelling, is better, far better, than abundance, in slavery and exile. What wonder, then, that a whole people should rejoice and shout their thanksgiving to the All-Wise, who, foreseeing and pitying the weakness of His creatures, had thus graciously provided against its consequences! What scenes of deep interest occur, as long parted friends meet, to return together to their former homes! What grief mingles with their joy, as they miss from their circle, the dear ones whom death has withdrawn from their anticipated happiness! And are no tears shed in remembrance of those whom they leave behind? Does not tie of sympathy, no bond of affection, cause them to regret the homes they are leaving? the chains they are discovering?

Behold that group of noble forms, assembled under the shade of those lofty Palms—joy and grief struggling in their hearts. They embrace, they smile, they weep.

They have met after years of separation, to return to their own Judah, the land of their inheritance, the home of their fathers. Famine had assailed them; disease and poverty had afflicted them, and they sold their possessions until the year of Jubilee, dispersing themselves among other tribes as servants, to await the period of their reunion.

It has arrived—but has it brought with it no wayward circumstances, no bitter remembrances to mar their happiness? Let us listen to the words of Nahshon, the father of the family, as he addresses a young man, whose stately figure, and noble countenance, might adorn the station of a prince.

"Elzaphar! wilt thou bring the gray hairs of thy father to the grave with sorrow, for thee, my son, my first-born? shake off this unmanly weakness; among the thousands of Israel canst thou find no other choice for thy heart than a maiden from the land of Syria? Remember, the sons of Judah wed not with the daughters of the heathen."

"Alas, my father! no daughter of Israel can surpass my Salome in loveliness, and is she not the affianced of my soul? Compel me not to leave her alone in her sorrow, but suffer me to return to my servitude, and fulfil my vows to my beloved."

"Rash and degenerate boy!" cried the father, "wouldest thou relinquish the splendid hopes of thy birthright; the noble aspirations of the freeman, wouldest thou endure the degrading ceremony, which would condemn thee to willing slavery for all the years of thy life? Go to, thou art beside thyself.—Arise, and let us proceed on our way."

So saying, he assisted his wife and daughter to rise from the bank on which they were reclining. They ap-

proached the unhappy youth—they clasped him in their arms, and the tears of the sister bedewed the cheeks of the brother.

"Son of my love!" cried the mother, "listen to the voice of thy father, for his are the words of wisdom. Return to thy home with us, and when our cares shall have restored its comforts and we shall be established in the inheritance of our fathers, thy father will buy the maiden of her master—she will become thy wife, and we shall not lose our son."

"Nay, my mother, the man Ahiezer will not part with the damsel; she is his slave—no Jubilee can free her from her bondage—and if I desert her, no flower of happiness will ever bloom for her."

"Say not so, Elzaphar my son; thy father will seek the man, and peradventure, a great ransom shall obtain her deliverance from him. Now obey his commands, lest his anger fall upon thee, and thy soul tremble beneath his reproof."

With a sad countenance Elzaphar bowed his head in submission to the commands of his parents, and taking the arm of his young sister, they followed their footsteps in silence.

In the city of David is seen a stately mansion—rank and opulence are displayed in its architecture and adornments; magnificence and beauty pervade its apartments, yet there is bustle and confusion, indicating preparation for a departure. Nahshon and his son are leaving their home to seek the habitation of the Syrian maiden. Their journey is to the distant city of Dan; and after two days of travel, they enter the dwelling of Ahiezer.

"We come," cried Nahshon, "to traffic with thee for thy Syrian slave, Salome. Elzaphar, my son, seeks her for a wife."

The brow of Ahiezer grew dark, as he rudely answered. "The slave of Ahiezer may not become the wife of the son of Nahshon. Thrice have I said to him I will not sell her."

"Be wise, and accept a great ransom for her," cried Elzaphar. "The money my father will give thee, will purchase many damsels."

"Let thy son seek another wife," replied the Danite, not deigning to answer his former servant; "this maiden loveth him not."

"Saidst thou not that she was betrothed to thee?" enquired Nahshon, turning to Elzaphar.

"I deceived thee not, my father. Let Ahiezer summon the maiden to answer for herself in this matter."

The fair girl obeyed the mandate of her master; and when the eyes of Nahshon fell upon her graceful figure, and lovely face, he started with surprise.

"God of my fathers!" he exclaimed, "hast thou indeed, restored the dead to my arms?" Then seizing her hand and gazing earnestly in her face he cried, "Tell me, maiden, art thou a daughter of Syria?"

Her voice was sweet and low, as she replied, "The days of my youth have been passed in that country, but my childhood was spent with my parents in the land of Judah."

"Thou sayest falsely," interrupted Ahiezer, "the man who sold thee to me told me thou wert Syrian."

"He feared to speak the truth, lest the price which thou wert to pay him for me should be diminished, for he knew well that no daughter of Israel might remain a slave; after the glorious Jubilee had come."

"And how didst thou fall into his power?"

"My parents visited a friend at Keilah and took me with them—a little child. The Philistines invaded the land, and in the hurry of flight, I was separated from them, and from my attendant, and fell into the hands of the enemy. In their retreat before the army of King David, I was borne away and sold to my first purchaser, from whom you bought me."

"Know you aught of your mother's family—of her name?" anxiously enquired Nahshon.

"Her name was Miriam—the daughter of Obed, of the tribe of Judah."

Nahshon arose, and folded the damsel in his arms.

"Now, the Lord be praised! who, in his own good time, hath shewn mercy to the house of Obed. Thou art, indeed, flesh of my flesh; the daughter of my sister, returned by Jehovah, to comfort and sustain her in her lonely pilgrimage. She weeps even now for the long lost child of her affection, killed, as she believes, in that terrible slaughter, of the families of Keilah." Then turning to Ahiezer, he continued, "This daughter of Judah thou canst not hold in bondage—the blessings of the Jubilee extend to her. Nevertheless, as thou hast paid a price for her, I will redeem her with the same; for am I not her nearest kinsman, and doth it not remain with me to provide a husband for her? Let my name be free from reproach in this matter, I pray thee, and yield the damsel to our demand."

The unwilling Ahiezer was forced to acquiesce in this arrangement, and the happy Elzaphar bore away his lovely bride in triumph, blessing the God of Israel, Jehovah who had thus visited and redeemed his people. Quebec. M. W. B.

## BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. G. G. COOKMAN,

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

THE following brief notice of this lamented servant of God, is abridged from the *Philadelphia Christian World* and the *National Intelligencer*.

The loss of the *President*, it seems, must be admitted. Even love, ever since the first fear still praying and hoping, must change its prayer, and transfer its hope. We wonder not that it has been so difficult to persuade those who are most dearly and nearly concerned in it, of the reality of this sad event. With no personal knowledge of any on board except the lamented Preacher, whose apparently premature decease has excited so general and lively an interest, we could never until recently yield to the conviction that ship and men are indeed down the deep. Nay, while we thus write, hope returns, as from a distant search, and as if to reproach us for taking advantage of her temporary absence. In an exchange paper, but a few days since, we saw a notice of a letter reported to have come from France, and giving information of the arrival of the steamship, after detention in the ice for seventy-six days. But none can believe it. By the storm, by the ice, by fire, by steam, or by some other equally awful agency, all agree in the deplorable conclusion that verily the work has been wrought. Still be Thou adored—O Lord of the land and of the sea!

The following sketch is from the *National Intelligencer*. It is a glowing tribute, and will doubtless long be treasured by the friends of its subject:

The dead are everywhere!

The mountain side, the sea, the woods profound,  
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—  
Is one vast burial-ground.

It was a beautiful Sabbath, toward the close of February last, when, with many others, I repaired to the Hall of Representatives, to listen to the farewell sermon of the eloquent COOKMAN. All who were present will recollect his last impressive words—"Perhaps," he said, "it is the last time, my beloved hearers, that I shall ever address you, or that we shall ever meet again upon earth. I go to my native land to receive the blessings of an aged father, and to drop a tear upon the grave of a sainted mother." There was something prophetic, solemn, and deeply affecting, in the tones and manner of the preacher. Small in stature, and slender in body, he stood like the image of St. Paul before Felix. All who had known him, or who had listened with rapt attention to the eloquence which gushed from his lips, touched as with a living coal from the altar, were moved to tears, and seemed to feel as if they were taking in reality a last farewell of one who had given a new ardour to their piety, and thrown an additional interest into the services of the sanctuary. The whole scene was in no ordinary degree grand, imposing, and affecting. Who of all that crowd of admiring auditors believed for a moment that in a few short weeks he who then stood before them, in the impressive dignity of an apostle, and with the appearance of one inspired of Heaven, would be buried in one of the "dark unfathomed caves" of the ocean, there to repose till the last trumpet shall call him before the throne of that great Being whose cause he loved, and to whose service he had long devoted all the energies of a superior intellect? It would seem most strange; but the ways of Providence are often mysterious and inscrutable.

Mr. Cookman was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in this country. Many were, perhaps, his superiors in polish and elegance of style, extent of acquirements, and depth of research, but none surpassed him in the power which belonged to the orator, in rousing the feelings and passions of the hearer, in the felicity and appropriateness of illustration, the splendour of his rhetorical figures, and the occasional bursts of impassioned eloquence. Such was the lamented Cookman as a minister of God and a pulpit orator. He sleeps the long sleep of death in quiet and peace, amid the deep dark waves of the bottomless ocean—no longer to mourn over the vices, or to weep for the miseries of mankind. He rests on the bosom of his Saviour, but his widowed relict and her helpless offspring are left to weep in anguish over their irreparable loss.

## CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

## RELIGION TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

RELIGION deserves the name of philosophy for this important reason. It is certainly the most sublime study, and calls forth into exertion all the noblest powers and faculties of man. Every other study is much limited in its extent, and falls infinitely below this in the importance of its practice. Most of the studies in which men spend the best part of their lives, are only amusements; some of them are childish, and some of them egregious trifles, and very few of them lead to any thing useful. A great number of them are but of very little service to the world, and of no great profit or satisfaction to the man himself. They are most of them only so far advantageous as they keep off the tediousness and disgust of life, which arise from idleness. They are advantageous so far as they occupy the mind, and act as preventives of great vices or crimes. But religion leads the mind to the most sublime and elevated studies, and, when properly directed, must have a very commanding influence over the life.

The philosophers of old ranked their profession very high, as they professed to be employed in the study of wisdom; our modern philosophers still retain the name, but some of them have very much narrowed the circle of the study. Take religion out of their studies, and let us examine what remains behind to dignify their labours with the name of wisdom. The study of the universe is certainly a sublime occupation. The contemplation of the works of nature, their laws, their connections, and dependencies, is an excellent employment for the human mind: but if we stop short—if the mind never rises beyond the mere workmanship, it becomes a lifeless, a barren, and a dead study. Unless you connect it with the great Author and the First Cause of all, what account can you give of its origin and preservation? What hope can you have in its continuance? How can you account for the several appearances, if you remove the Creator from his works? When you look up into the heavens, and contemplate the glorious bodies that are placed there—their magnitude, their order, their harmony, and their countless numbers—you see a magnificent building, but without an inhabitant, without intelligence, without goodness, without an animating principle to give life and joy to the whole.

Without religion, that is, without a Supreme Being, and his perfections and providence, it is a vast silent expanse, filled with innumerable bodies, but without power to uphold, without wisdom to govern, and without goodness to comfort.

Man, by the assistance of science, and many modern improvements in the mechanical arts, has carried his researches to an amazing extent. He has discovered many new wonders in the heavens—new planets, new moons, and new stars; and his discoveries, so far from exhausting the subject, only serve to convince him, that the works of the Creator are inexhaustible: the further that improvements carry the sight, you see still new wonders rising behind, the circle of creation spreading wider and wider, till the mind becomes overpowered with the contemplations.

Again, with the aid of the same glasses acting in an opposite direction, contracting more and more his views in the examination of the minutest particles of matter, and the smallest form of animal life, new wonders here again open. You cannot limit even the minuteness of these works: and the nearer you examine, the more order and perfection you discover in the smallest parts. Now, can any man stop short of such an enquiry? Can he feel satisfied without asking himself, who made and regulates all these things? Who provides for the wants of all these creatures? What skill, what wisdom, and what goodness do we find here! Would you call it wisdom to neglect these enquiries; and would you call it philosophy, not to feel, and acknowledge, and adore these perfections, which are here discoverable in every part of these works?

How useless and unfruitful is the study of the works of nature, that does not lead the mind to God? After feeling the mind enraptured with the contemplation of perfect power, wisdom, and goodness, which are manifest everywhere, to stop immediately short, to look forward to no Creator or Governor, is a joyless and mortifying study, and overspreads, instantly, those raptures with melancholy and gloom.

How much more reasonable and sublime is the spirit of the Christian philosopher, that directs the mind to the great First Cause? He sees everywhere almighty power, infinite wisdom, goodness and love. He sees an Author worthy of his work—and he sees life and intelligence in every part of this vast fabric. He sees man in his proper station, inferior to many other created existences, and dependant for every thing on God. This is the rank that the Gospel assigns him, and suitable to the station that he occupies.

Those persons who have regularly taken the first three numbers of "The Christian Mirror," addressed to them, from the Post Offices in their respective vicinities, are respectfully informed, that their names have been entered in our subscription book, as subscribers. In those places where no regular Agents are appointed, the Post Masters are authorised and earnestly requested to receive subscriptions, and forward remittances.

## The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1841.

## THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

THERE is no truth within the range of human conception of more importance to man, than that often-reiterated scriptural annunciation: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment,"—and yet, there is, perhaps, no subject connected with the existence of man so little thought of as DEATH: although the absolute certainty of it does, under peculiar circumstances, sometimes force itself upon the most thoughtless and inconsiderate.

In early life we seldom reflect upon death. While in the possession of health, and engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, or of business, our minds are so intensely occupied that we find no place for such gloomy associations; and thus we advance from youth to manhood, in the ardent pursuit of wealth, of pleasure, or of fame, apparently unconscious of the destiny which awaits us in another state of retributive existence.

Death, the relentless enemy of man, is never satisfied. He selects his victims without pity, and slays them without remorse; like an unyielding tyrant, he glories in the intensity of the sufferings of humanity, and sports with the agonizing shrieks of those whose naked spirits are in a few moments to stand in the presence of the Judge eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God. We may indulge in all the gaiety and thoughtlessness of life,—we may frequent the most fashionable and captivating places of amusement,—we may decorate our persons with all that is elegant and costly, and we may aspire to the highest honour and distinction amongst men,—we may "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth,"—and in the midst of all, there is something, on reflection, which is calculated to "drink up all our joys"—the brevity and uncertainty of human life.

The life of man is justly represented by the passing shadow, the drooping flower—which appear for a moment, and then vanish away. How short the life of the prattling infant—the mother's joy! It appears on the theatre of life this moment—in a few days, or months, it sickens, and it dies! The youthful maid, too, in all the loveliness of her person, and amiability of her character and disposition, springs up like a flower, unfolding its beauties in its progress—captivating the affections of tender parents, and the admiration of those who are interested in her welfare; but, almost imperceptibly at first, a change takes

place—the flower assumes a sickly hue—the progress of disease advances with fearful rapidity, and every succeeding day bears its distressing testimony, that the lovely victim is fast approaching her final destiny—till at length, amidst the sorrows and tears of afflicted relatives, her spotless spirit wings its happy flight to those delightful mansions, where there is no sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain.

The uncertainty of life appears also in the case of the premature death of that aspiring youth, who, actuated by the noblest motives in the pursuit of literary and scientific attainments, has devoted his youthful days to study, and his nights to the contemplation of those subjects in which his soul delighted; but, intense application, and an ardent desire to excel, has operated unfavourably on his delicate constitution, and has ultimately terminated in an early tomb.

Another, to "fortune and to fame unknown,"—possessed of the most brilliant natural abilities, yet surrounded by the most abject poverty and want—has struggled for some time with adversity, with sickness, and with sorrow; but, at length, like the bending willow, was uprooted by the storm:

Knowledge to his eyes its ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, didst ne'er unroll:  
Childpenury repress his nobler rage,  
And froze the genial current of his soul.

To every reflecting mind, death is a solemn subject. When we view the death-bed of a friend, and witness the restless anxiety of the sufferer—the piercing looks which he throws around him—the heaving of his palpitating breast—our deepest sympathies are naturally awakened, but more especially, if he be one who has lived, habitually careless of eternal consequences, without God and without hope in the world. Then it is that "the frantic soul raves round the walls of its clay tenement, turns to each avenue and seeks relief, but seeks in vain."

A death-bed is a detector of the heart; we are this moment in time, the next in eternity! We stand upon the shore, ready to launch away: the unknown and boundless ocean of eternity is before us, with all its glories or its horrors—and in a few moments we shall realise all that we have heard or read respecting that untried state of existence. The thought of such a change to the man who has neglected his eternal interests up to this solemn hour, must be agonizing in the extreme! It has been remarked that men of strong minds frequently manifest great fortitude and heroism at the approach of death, and that they die like brave men. But how much better to be enabled to say, he died nobly like a Christian. There is but one remedy for the ultimate removal of death's terrors, and that is, the sacrificial atonement of the Saviour. The application of his atoning merits to the guilty circumstances of the sinner, can alone remove the apprehensions of future wrath, and enable the justified believer in rapture to exclaim, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Death is no respecter of persons—the youth—the aged—the noble—the ignoble—the peasant, and the prince—all—all must bow to his stern authority.

The late mysterious dispensation of Providence—in the removal, by death, of the justly lamented LORD SYDENHAM—has led us to these reflections. This highly gifted Nobleman appears to have applied all the energies of his capacious mind to mature and carry out those great and extensive plans for the future prosperity and happiness of this interesting portion of the British Empire—and



would, doubtless, had his life been prolonged, have rejoiced at the consummation of his labours, and in beholding the advancement of the country in wealth, peace, and prosperity. His sun, however, is now set—his race is run—his political contest is ended. Thus are we admonished not to "put" our "trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."

THE first number of the second volume of the *Wesleyan*, a paper devoted to the interests of British Wesleyan Methodism, (formerly published in this city, but now at Toronto,) has just made its appearance; and, contrary to general expectation, is to be published semi-monthly, instead of weekly. Its typographical appearance is good, and the original articles numerous, and in general ably written. We hope it may have an extensive circulation.

In glancing over the contents of the first number, however, we were not a little surprised at observing the following rather unfriendly notice of the *Christian Mirror*:—

"We take the earliest opportunity of correcting an erroneous impression which has gone abroad that the *Christian Mirror* is an organ of the Wesleyans, or is, in some way, connected with the Wesleyan Body. On the contrary, it is, in no sense, identified with Wesleyan interests. We have no disposition, whatever, to injure the *Mirror*; but we are unwilling that it should be regarded in a false light, as either the local successor or denominational ally of this periodical."

We never had the most distant idea that such an "impression" had gone abroad as that mentioned by the *Wesleyan*, (viz. that "the *Christian Mirror* is an organ of the Wesleyans.") The only intimation we have had that such an impression prevailed in any quarter, was through a paragraph in the *Church*, and which we immediately corrected. Nothing that has ever appeared in the columns of our journal could by any possibility be construed into an attempt to circulate such an impression; but, on the contrary, many of our articles were calculated to produce the very opposite conviction.

But whilst we unhesitatingly deny that we ever aspired to be the official "organ of the Wesleyans," we, nevertheless, are by no means ready to admit that we are "in no sense identified with Wesleyan interests." Such an admission, we conceive, would be tantamount to declaring ourselves opposed to those interests; but so far from this being the case, we HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, AND STILL ARE, DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THE PROSPERITY OF THAT MOST RESPECTABLE AND HIGHLY HONOURED SECTION OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. Our design, however, in the publication of the *Mirror*, is, purely and impartially, as we have expressed ourselves in previous numbers, to contribute, in some humble degree, to the dissemination of general religious intelligence, and other useful information; and happy are we in being able to say that these our humble efforts have been very generally appreciated by all denominations of Christians.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to record our sincere gratitude to those numerous friends, both in town and country, who have so readily come forward to our support, as well as for the many kind assurances of approbation of our journal which we are daily receiving. Whilst it shall be our constant study to render our journal still more worthy of the support of the Christian public generally,—we would, at the same time, most respectfully solicit the increased exer-

tions of our friends to procure for the *Mirror* a circulation proportionate to the expense of a journal published at so low a rate.

THE communication signed "TENDERNESS," which we promised should appear in this number, having been accidentally mislaid, it may be sufficient for us to say, that the object of the writer was to direct the attention of the Corporation to the numerous instances of cruelty daily practised towards dumb animals, in our public streets and markets; and which so loudly call for redress.

WE have much pleasure in extracting the following from the *Halifax Guardian* of the 23d ult:—

"It appears that during the course of last winter, a correspondence commenced among the Ministers of the Presbyterian congregations in connection with the Church of Scotland in the city of Montreal, which resulted in the appointment of sub-committees by the different Sessions, to form a joint committee to devise whatever ulterior measures might be deemed best for accomplishing their object. At the first meeting of the Committee, among other useful suggestions, it was resolved that an association should be formed in each of the Churches, to collect funds for Missionary purposes. At a subsequent meeting, it was resolved that an application be immediately made by the Rev. Dr. MATHIESON, to the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly, for a City Missionary for Montreal, and that the Committee engage to pay their Missionary a salary of £125 currency, with an allowance for travelling expenses. In consequence of this application, which was soon after made to Scotland, the Colonial Committee have appointed the Rev. THOMAS HENRY, a clergyman of most respectable talents, to fill that situation. Mr. HENRY arrived at Halifax on Thursday last, in the Royal Mail steamer *Caledonia*, and after spending a very short time with his friends in this city, proceeded in the same vessel in the evening, by way of Boston, to Canada."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me, through your paper, to express my deep regret, that the Divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of Atonement, should have been publicly impeached in this city, without any reply.

In all cases where error is advanced, it is most desirable that it may be corrected in the same place, and before the same hearers.

Those who were at Mr. BRUCE's school room last Saturday evening, heard the orthodox plan of Atonement represented as a cruel and unreasonable plan, and contrary to the general tenor of Scripture.

All plans contrary to Scripture will be exploded by good men; but it remains to be proved, that the divinity of Christ and the doctrine of atonement are contrary to the general tenor of Scripture. It appears from the history of the Church, that most of those who have embraced Christianity, from the days of the apostles to this time, have been, and yet are, full in the belief of these important doctrines. And it is much to be lamented that a gentleman of talents and learning, who has lately visited this city from Boston, should have assailed doctrines which our Roman Catholic brethren, with most Protestants, think to be highly important. And most painful must it have been to all believers in those doctrines to have heard what I heard last Saturday evening.

There is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism—and why should we fall out by the way, especially in matters of the greatest importance?

The gentleman who has been visiting us can exhibit the excellency of practical religion, which

he has done several times to great advantage. And I do most earnestly entreat him, and all others who are engaged in controversy, to read the 4th of Ephesians, and act from the influence of the spirit inculcated at the close of that chapter.

That the Wisdom from above, which is pure and peaceable, may ever guide and direct all Ministers, and teachers of the rising race, is the prayer of

T. OSGOOD.

Montreal, October 4, 1841.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

MR. M'LEOD'S TRIAL.

ON Monday the Court met at Utica, Judge Gridley presiding, when, on motion of the Attorney General, the names of the witnesses on behalf of the State were called over, and on motion of Mr. Spencer, the prisoner's counsel, the case was postponed till today, subject to the pleasure of the Attorney General to bring it on at an earlier date.—*Com. Messenger of Oct. 4.*

The President of the United States has issued a Proclamation, condemning, in strong and in just language, the proceedings of those citizens of the United States who lend their countenance and support to the border brigandism so general of late, and denouncing the Hunter Lodges as dangerous to the peace and honour of the country. It is only to be regretted that the Executive has not greater power to make itself felt throughout its nominal jurisdiction. The Proclamation is well timed. The arrest of Grogan, against which a representation has been sent to Washington by the inhabitants of "Abenagh City," will afford the President an opportunity of further explaining his own correct opinions on the subject of the outrages so disgraceful to the Union, and so annoying to the Canadians.—*Id.*

We understand from our correspondent at Utica, that the panel of jurors made out for the trial of M'Leod, consist of several Quakers and others, who are disposed to look at the matter in a light the most favourable for M'Leod.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DEATH OF SAMUEL BLACK, ESQ., OF THE HON. HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—Died, near the mouth of the Columbia River, on the 8th of January last, Samuel Black, Esq., a chief factor in the Hudson Bay Company. The deceased was shot by an Indian of one of the tribes inhabiting that country, as an atonement, it is supposed, for the death of a chief, who fell a victim to a disease which baffled the skill of their "medicine men," and was consequently ascribed by them to the "evil spirit of the whites." Mr. Black went to the Indian country in 1802, in the service of Sir Alexander M'Kenzie & Co., and joined the North West Company's service at the coalition of 1805. He was an active and intelligent man; and was on the eve of retiring from the Indian country, when the savage and unprovoked attack which caused his death was committed.

LORD SYDENHAM, it is understood, has left legacies and remembrances to the Officers of his Suite, and to most of his household: amongst other bequests, it is reported that he has left £600 to Mr. Murdoch, late his Chief Secretary, to publish a Memoir of his administration in Canada.—*Mercury.*

PRINCE ALBERT has announced to the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, the Provost of Eton, his intention to present the sum of fifty pounds annually to Eton College, as a prize for that boy who shall be the most distinguished in the school in a knowledge of modern languages.

A recent London paper mentioned that the British Government had given £300 to aid in printing for the blind. A noble act of magnificence.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE.—The Halifax papers mention a rumour that this gentleman is to receive the appointment of General Colonial Secretary, with a salary of £1100 sterling a year, and to take up his residence in Canada.

WIDOWS.—No city in the world contains so many widows as Paris. There are fifty-three thousand six hundred and twenty-five in the city, and sixty-four thousand and eighty-two in the department.

ISLE OF MAN CENSUS.—The population of the Isle of Man is:—Males, 23,024; females, 24,262—Total, 47,286; being an increase of 6,228 since 1831.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ADDRESS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND  
TO THE JEWISH PEOPLE.

TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, IN ALL THE LANDS  
OF THEIR DISPERSION, THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY  
OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND  
SENDETH PEACE.

*Men and Brethren, beloved for the Father's sake,*—The God of glory appeared to Abraham, when he dwelt in Ur of the Chaldees, and promised to make of him a great nation, and that in him all the families of the earth should be blessed. This promise, which was again and again renewed to him, was confirmed to Isaac and to Jacob. As it is also said in the 105th Psalm, He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word he commanded to a thousand generations; which he made with Abraham, and his oath unto Isaac; and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law, to Israel for an everlasting covenant. Within the ample bosom of this covenant, the glorious charter of all the blessings which, as a nation, you have ever possessed, or yet hope to receive, we, sinners of the Gentiles, as well as you, the men of Israel, find ourselves embraced: for so it is written, In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. Of this promise, we, in this distant island of the sea, and after the lapse of almost 4000 years, can attest the truth. In Abraham and his seed we have been blessed. In Him who was to be the desire of all nations, our souls have found a secure refuge. Through Him we have been brought to the knowledge of that God whom your fathers worshipped. In Him we have found peace to our consciences, hope and joy to our hearts: even in the Man who, as the prophet foretold, would be an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Men and brethren, having thus obtained mercy ourselves, how can we but be deeply moved by the unhappy condition of those from whose stock has sprung that Branch of the Lord, beautiful and glorious! under whose wide-spreading shadow we have been made to sit with great delight. How can we but desire that they might come and find rest from their weary wanderings under the shelter of that wonderful name, Jehovah our righteousness! How can we but seek the good of that people, by whose means, at first, our fathers were turned from dumb idols to serve the living and true God, and from whom we have received those oracles of truth which everywhere testify of his Anointed!

Moved by these considerations, our Church, as many of you know, sent forth, two years ago, four of its ministers to seek the welfare of the children of Israel. These brethren, full of love to your nation, traversed many lands, and brought us word again. They have been at Jerusalem, and have seen the Jew at his mournful devotions beside its ruined wall. They have been through the land once flowing with milk and honey, and have seen the thorns and the briars which now cover it. They have seen your holy cities a wilderness, Zion a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. They have been in your synagogues; they have visited your families; they have observed your religious services; they have conversed with your people; and, grateful as they have felt for the kindness received, they have been pained, though not surprised, to witness your wide departure from the ordinances of God, and the ignorance which prevails of his life-giving Word.

Knowing, as we do, that the Lord, in his sovereign grace, has persuaded us, the sons of Japhet, and caused us to dwell in the tents of Shem; enjoying, as we do, the fulness of the provision of our Father's house,—we would seek, in our turn, to persuade you, saying to you, as Moses to his father-in-law, Come with us, and we will do you good. We cannot think of possessing alone the privileges and honours of adopted children, while you, the natural heirs, are outcast and destitute. We feel it to be a reproach to us that it should be written, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after. We would rather desire to be employed, under the Shepherd of Israel, in seeking out his sheep, and delivering them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. We have, therefore, thought of sending

you this letter. May the Lord incline your hearts to receive it from our hands, and lead many among you soon to call to mind the blessing and the curse among the nations whither the Lord your God hath driven you.

And now, men and brethren, permit us to inquire whether every visible mark which the Scripture gives of the advent of Messiah, may not be seen in connection with Jesus of Nazareth? Your father Jacob foretold, The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, till Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. The sceptre did depart when Jesus appeared, and to him the Gentiles have come. You have, therefore, here a double mark that Jesus is the Christ. Again, the Prophet Haggai, when the second temple was a building, foretold, in Jehovah's name, I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory. All nations were shaken: the Persians gave place to the Greeks, and the Greeks to the Romans. The second temple is no more, having been destroyed not long after Jesus came to it. You have, therefore, a double mark again that Jesus is the Christ. Isaiah foretold that Messiah would be rejected by the Jews, but believed on by the Gentiles, as may be seen from his book of prophecy. This has been largely fulfilled in reference to Jesus of Nazareth, and furnishes another proof again that he is the Christ. Daniel, one of the greatest benefactors of your race, who, like another Jacob, had power with God and with man to procure their release from Babylonish and Persian thraldom, foretold, that, in a given time, Messiah the Prince would appear, and be cut off, though not for himself; and that afterwards the city and the sanctuary would be destroyed by war: the sacrifice and oblation would cease; and a flood of desolations would continue till an appointed period. All this has been accomplished in connection with Jesus of Nazareth. Seventy prophetic weeks, or 490 years, elapsed from the time when Ezra restored the law, to the time when your fathers put Jesus to death. Not long after, as you know, Jerusalem was destroyed, and you have remained ever since, as another prophet declares, without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice; your land left desolate, yourselves aliens in a strange land, and everywhere pursued by the manifest tokens of the Divine displeasure. You have, therefore, here manifest proofs that Jesus is the Christ.

Surely you will allow, that everything in your circumstances as a people calls for consideration. Is it not the case, that ever since the time when your fathers crucified Him who declared himself to be the Messiah, sent of God, and rejected the salvation preached by his apostles, your nation has been under the perpetual rebuke of a frowning Providence? Your civil and sacred institutions have been entirely broken up. The holy and beautiful house where Jehovah was praised, has been burnt up with fire, and all your pleasant things laid waste. Your cities have been wasted without inhabitant, and your houses without man, and the land made utterly desolate. And the Lord has removed you far away, and there has been a great forsaking in the midst of the land. The Lord has scattered you among the heathen, and dispersed you through the countries. And among those nations you have found no ease, neither has the sole of your foot had rest; but the Lord has given you there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and your life has hanged in doubt before you, and you have had fear day and night, and have had none assurance of your life.

We write not these things to add to your affliction, but from love to your souls. Surely you, as well as we, may put the question, What meaneth the heat of this great anger? Why is it that the Lord has covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud, and cast down from heaven to earth the beauty of Israel? It is not enough to say that you have sinned. Your fathers oftentimes sinned, and were led into captivity by their enemies. But where, in all their history, will you find a captivity like this? Even when carried to Babylon, the desolations of Jerusalem lasted only seventy years. But now, for eighteen hundred years, the holy city has been trodden under foot, and you banished from the land of your fathers.

Come, then, O house of Jacob, and let us walk together in the light of the Lord. Why should

you remain any longer in darkness and in sorrow? Century after century have you been looking for Messiah, but have looked in vain. The time of his coming has often been fixed by your learned men, and every time their calculations have failed. Meanwhile, successive generations of your race have passed into eternity without knowing the answer to that all-important question, How can man be justified with God, or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Why would you be stricken any more? Will it not suffice you, that for 1800 years you have followed the traditions of your fathers, and have found them like the friends of Job in his affliction—miserable comforters? What avail your Talleth or Tsitsith—to what purpose your Tephillin or Mezuzoth? May it not truly be said of them, the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it. Would that you would listen to Jehovah's words: Behold the days come that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah; not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt. Would that you heard the voice of your redeeming God, saying, Behold me, behold me. Look unto me and be saved all the ends of the earth. Would that the Lord himself might be pleased to pour out upon you the spirit of grace and supplications promised; and then would you be made to look on him whom you have pierced, and to mourn for him. Then would your eyes be opened to see the fountain which has been opened for sin and uncleanness, and which flows from the pierced heart of him on whom the Lord laid the iniquity of us all.

Blessed will be the day when Jews and Gentiles together shall submit to him who is to have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. Then shall be fulfilled to their utmost extent the words of prophecy: The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the sucking-child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. Then shall Jerusalem be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God. To her light the Gentiles shall come, and kings to the brightness of her rising. Then shall that song be sung in the land of Judah, and re-echoed from the ends of the earth, We have a strong city, salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for Jehovah, Jehovah, is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

May the Lord hasten it in his time.

In name and by appointment of the General Assembly.  
ROBERT GORDON, Moderator.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS IN GREAT  
BRITAIN.

At the late Wesleyan Conference in Manchester, there were present upwards of five hundred regular ministers, including eleven Missionaries from different parts of the world.

The number of preachers who died during the year was, in England, fifteen; in Ireland, two; on foreign stations, eleven.

Thirty-three young men who had completed their four years probation, were, after public examination, duly ordained to the ministry.

The present number in Church fellowship with the Conference is 440,204—being an increase during the year of 11,555. There were also 16,825 on trial for membership.

The Report of the Committee on education, states the completion of a general plan of education for the whole body; also a tabular view of the Sunday, week-day, and infant schools in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists; and of the education of several efficient "Teaching Masters" at the Normal Seminary at Glasgow.

There are in the various Wesleyan schools of Great Britain, 590,627 children, 64,146 teachers, and 991 School Libraries.—*Hal. Guardian.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## ON CONTENTMENT.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

"The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties towards God and man; to enjoy the present without any dependence on the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have—for he that is so, wants nothing." Seneca.

HAPPY are they who can say with St. Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." The number, however, of those who are really satisfied with their lot, and whose desires are confined to what they possess, appears to be small. It seems natural for man to look forward, with the expectation of enjoying some future good, rather than to appreciate his present blessings. But our happiness is so intimately connected with a contented mind, that the practise of this disposition becomes a positive duty, which we owe, not only to ourselves, but also to those around us, whose peace and comfort must necessarily, in some degree at least, be influenced by our conduct. Some are by nature more inclined to this temper than others, but the cultivation of it lies in the power of all.

That it forms no mean part of the Christian's duty to be contented under all the dark and mysterious providences that God permits to fall upon him, no one will pretend to deny; yet we occasionally observe that some who bear the name indulge in discontent and repining.

We are but poor judges of what is best for us; and the conviction that our Father in Heaven alone really knows what is so, should cause us readily to acquiesce in his judgments. The experience of many has led them to perceive that circumstances, which they at first considered as highly afflictive, have ultimately proved blessings; and, on the other hand, what seemed to them the joyous fulfilment of many an anxious hope, has at length appeared to exert the most unfavourable influence upon their happiness,—clearly shewing how unfit is shortsighted man to mark out his own destiny, giving him cause to exclaim:

"O happiness! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

The history of man plainly shews that a state of interrupted prosperity is not desirable; and God has, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, allotted to every one those trials by which he will be most likely to receive benefit. Few are gifted with sufficient philosophy to desire affliction, and this is not expected of us; yet, when the chastening hand of our Father sends us needful correction, he requires a cheerful submission, which it is incumbent upon us to assume, would we learn that "we are the uses of adversity."

Afflictions, received in a right spirit, have a tendency to improve and rectify the heart and affections, and we should endeavour to meet them with such a frame of mind that we may pass through the furnace like silver purified by the fire.

The principles by which we are impelled to cultivate and practise contentment, do not imply that we are to be so satisfied with our present condition that we ought not to seek to improve it by all laudable means. There is nothing wrong in seeking to add to our worldly advantages in a moderate and proper manner. And in embracing every opportunity of increasing the stores of the mind, we but perform an important duty, which we owe to that nobler part of ourselves, which shall survive its frail tenement of clay throughout the vast ages of eternity.

A disposition of contentment is not like the brilliant and transitory light of a meteor, but may be termed the calm and steady sunshine of the soul,—brightening the aspect of all things around, and teaching us to look at everything on its fairest side; while a contrary spirit—the canker-worm of discontent—imperceptibly wears itself into our natures, causing us to keep our eyes fixed on the dark clouds that occasionally obscure our path, and heedlessly to disregard the many flowers that the kind hand of Providence has yet strown in our way, to cheer and encourage us in pursuing our onward course through life—and occasions us to forget the consoling truth, that, after all, there is more of happiness than of sorrow in the common lot of man, even as the days of sunshine exceed those of gloom. We should consider, under all our trials and afflictions, that we have still much cause for thankfulness—that we are not as much afflicted as we might have been—that our misfortunes are less than those of others, who are perhaps more deserving than ourselves—and that, by indulging in murmuring and repining, we cannot, in the least degree, improve our condition, but only add to our unhappiness. By giving way to a discontented and fretful temper, we are laying the foundation of a

miserable life, & our frame of mind will eventually become such that no blessing will be rightly received and appreciated.

By placing a due value on those means of enjoyment within our reach, and partaking of them with a thankful heart, we are not deterred from the pleasure of looking forward through the bright vista of hope, in the soothing expectation of better days to come. Yet it is not wise to permit the mind to be so fully bent upon happy anticipations of the future, that we place ourselves in danger of incurring the bitter heart sickness of hope long deferred.

Another incentive to the cultivation of contentment, is the consideration that one possessed of this disposition finds enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of others, which causes him in part to forget his own cares and vexation; and his gratifications are multiplied by the interest he takes in the pleasures of his friends—which is, indeed, a pure and disinterested source of delight. But to a discontented person, this affords no satisfaction; his state of mind rather disposes him to look with an envious and grudging eye on the prosperity that is denied to him.

Discontent appears to exert an equally prejudicial influence on physical and mental health. Writers on physiology are unanimous on this point. Many are the victims of dyspepsia and hypochondria, who might trace the origin of their sufferings to this cause. With regard to the mind, its tendency is to benumb its faculties, plunge the timid and fainthearted into slothful inaction, while the reverse gives a pleasing and proper confidence in ourselves, which it is really necessary to possess, would we make our way through the world with respectability. How eloquently does St. Paul speak of the triumphs which this disposition gave him over the evils he endured—"Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The excellent Zollikoffer says, that "Contentment is the happy temper of the man, who, by reason and religion, by reflection and discipline, has learned to control himself, and duly framed himself to his relative position to God, and to external objects,—whose heart is open to all agreeable emotions,—who is satisfied with God, with himself, and with all nature,—enjoys the present with a grateful heart, and promises himself, from the future, more of good than ill. Such a constitution of temper—such a serenity of mind—are certainly the surest means, and the most cogent impulse to virtue and integrity. The duty of contentment does not imply that we are required to assume a stoic indifference to the misfortunes of life. We should indeed claim little merit for bearing what is not felt."

There is an inward satisfaction that the mind enjoys in the consciousness of the right application of its powers, in the cultivation of this disposition. It shews that reason, that noblest attribute of man, exerts her sway over the feelings, which it is her province to subdue and control, but not to crush or annihilate. There is, too, something to be admired in the exercise of a spirit that maintains itself firmly upright, amidst the chances and changes of fortune; something satisfactory even in the thought that we can endure the pelting of the pitiless storm, much as we may feel its searching bitterness.

"And thou, too, whoso'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

"Oh! fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To suffer and be strong."

## AMBITION.

THERE are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.—Addison.

## DISEASE.

It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.—Addison's Anecdotes.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE following is taken from the *New York Journal of Commerce*—a paper remarkable for the liberality of its sentiments, and the ability with which it is conducted:—

THIS mother of nations claims to have been in existence more than a thousand years. Her vast dominions cover nearly three millions square miles. She possesses portions of each continent, and a multitude of the islands of the ocean. The number of her subjects is over two hundred millions. Almost one third of all the inhabitants of the earth bow to her sway, and are controlled by her policy. The greatness of her wealth it is impossible to compute. Twenty three thousand ships enter her ports during the year, which are laden with four and a half million tons of the wealth of distant climes. Twenty thousand carry forth, during the same time, three and a half millions tons of her stores. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand vessels enter and clear from her ports during the year, which are engaged in her coasting trade. The stores of wealth hoarded in her bosom are not known; neither have we an estimate of the bounties of her soil. Her nobles and learned men are among the great men of the earth. She has long been a chief depository of the only principles of truth and virtue known among men. In a time of usual peace she commissions for her Navy nearly three hundred vessels, which could form a battery of four thousand six hundred and ninety guns. At the same time she employs an army of ninety-nine regiments of foot soldiers—twenty-four regiments of dragoons, besides fourteen other different regiments. What her strength would be in the hour of trouble, has never yet been fully shown. If any empire has ever existed on earth which could claim a pre-eminence over this, no records of it have come down to us.

## LETTER-WRITING.

ONE of the most innocent and exquisite pleasures of this life is that of hearing from an absent friend. When we are suddenly reminded, by a letter, of one who is dear to us, and see our name in the well-known hand on the direction, a flash of delight pervades the whole frame; the heart beats with expectation while the seal is being broken, and, as the sheet is unfolded, goes forth in full benevolence to meet the heart of the writer in the perusal of its contents. An epistolary correspondence between intimate and endeared connexions is a spiritual communion, in which minds alone seem to mingle, and, unembarrassed by the bodily presence, converse with a freedom, and fervour, and an eloquence rarely excited, and perhaps never more felicitously indulged in personal intercourse. Hence the chief charm of a letter, if the term may so be applied, is its individuality, as a message from one whom we love or esteem, according to the degree of kin or congeniality between us, sent expressly on an errand of kindness to ourselves. The consciousness that it was written to and for him, gives the receiver a paramount interest in its existence, as well as in its disclosure. To him, therefore, it becomes an object of affection; and none but himself, however some others may sympathize with the feelings, can enter into it with the same degree of ineffable emotion; that, indeed, is "a joy with which a stranger intermeddled not." In letter-writing, when the heart is earnestly engaged, the first thoughts in the first words are usually the best; for it is thoughts, not words, that are communicated; and meanings, not manner, which is mainly to be aimed at. The ideas that rise, and thicken as they rise, in a mind full and overflowing with its subject, voluntarily embody themselves in language the most easy and appropriate; yet are they so delicate and evanescent, that unless caught in the first forms, they soon lose their character and distinctness, blend with each other, and from being strikingly simple in succession, become inextricably complex in association, on account of their multiplicity and affinity. The thoughts that occur in letter-writing will not stay to be questioned; they must be taken at their word, or instantly dismissed. They are like colours from "a bank of violets"—a breath—and away. He that would revel on the fragrance, by scenting it hard and long, will feel that its deliciousness has eluded him; he may taste it again and again, and for a moment, but he might as well attempt to catch the rainbow, and hold it, as long to inhale and detain the subtle and volatile sweetness. He who once hesitates amid the flow of fresh feelings and their spontaneous expression, becomes unawares bewildered; and must either resolutely disengage himself by dashing right forward through the throng of materials, to recover the freedom of his pen, or he must patiently select and arrange them, as in a premeditated exercise of his mind—a given theme.—Montgomery.

## THE LOVE OF STUDY.

To love study is a blessing from the Almighty, and a benefit to the student. It is a blessing, as it conveys to the mind a longing after useful knowledge, diverts the mind from those vain pleasures, (pleasures if so they may be called), which corrode it, and bring youth into eternal misery. It is a benefit to the student, as it enables him to study his subject, without that pain which is attendant on those persons who study only because they are compelled to do so. It were well if we could at all times sit down to study, with our minds free from those wicked thoughts which almost continually run through our mind, and which, unfortunately, we are apt too often to encourage.

There are two kinds of study: one from books, the other from nature. That from books conveys to the mind such information as has been picked up by the author, and is very essential. That from nature enables us to "contemplate the wonders of divine intelligence and power, in the objects with which we are surrounded." This should be our first study, as it enables us to look at those wonderful objects with an inquiring eye, and consequently must lead us to determine that there must be a maker. This is of the utmost importance to a Christian, as it clearly explains to him what the Almighty has done for our convenience, and how much we owe Him for all His kindness.

Without knowledge we must consider ourselves as very inferior. As an instance of this let us consider how the New Hollanders, a race of beings who are devoid of any talent—who cannot make for themselves a place to live in—any thing which would cover their naked bodies—and in short any thing which is beneficial for the comforts of life. I doubt not, but were we without knowledge, we would be as inferior as them. 'Tis true they are a newly discovered people; but it is well known that they are making little or no progress in the arts—and as yet they are unable of themselves to do any thing from which might be derived comfort. Captain Cook says, when he discovered them they looked like baboons—seemed not to be surprised at the ship—and looked at all the other things which he had, and which they had hitherto been unaccustomed to, without the least surprise. By these proofs, then, we see that study is essential to gain that information by which we are brought to a knowledge of our Creator—by which we are elevated above the lower order of animals—and by which we learn to do all those things necessary for the common comforts of life. If, then, it be admitted that it is necessary, as the foundation of religion, to have the mind impressed with that knowledge which leads us to comprehend the natural perfections of the Deity, we must determine that to seek and study it should be our first endeavour. **MODESTUS.**

PHILIP OF MACEDON being advised to banish a man who had railed at him—"Let us first see," said he, "whether I have not given him occasion." And understanding that this man had done him services without receiving any reward, he gave him a considerable gratuity.

**FOLLOW PEACE.**—Do not offend a bad man, because he will stick at nothing to be revenged. It is cruel to insult a good man, who deserves nothing but good. A great man may easily crush you—and there is none so mean who cannot do mischief. Therefore follow peace with all men.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN  
BOOT & SHOE MART,

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

**EDWIN ATKINSON**, in tendering to his Patrons, the Gentry and inhabitants of Montreal generally, his thanks for the distinguished encouragement he has received, begs to assure them that the advantages that have hitherto signified this Establishment, and gained him a preference for a good article at a moderate price, will ever be adhered to; and as it is his intention to sell **ONLY FOR CASH**, he will be enabled to offer a further Reduction of from **FIVE TO TEN PER CENT.**

This Establishment is constantly receiving from England **BOOTS and SHOES**, of the first make and quality.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE**  
No. 61, NOTRE DAME STREET,  
Opposite Messrs J. & W. M'Farlane's Grocery Store,  
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**HATS, CAPS & FURS,**  
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**JAS. PATTON & CO.,** Manufacturers and Importers of **CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE**, have a large and well assorted Stock, and are expecting a further supply by the *Fanny*, *Thomas Hughes*, and other Vessels.  
N.B.—**J. P. & Co.** will receive Orders for the **Manufacture, Staffordshire Potteries**, and have them executed there at Pottery prices.  
M'Gill Street,  
Montreal, August 12, 1841. }

**H. C. McLEOD,**  
*Sign of the Globe, Notre Dame Street,*  
**H**AS received by the late Arrivals, an elegant assortment of **BIBLES and COMMON PRAYER BOOKS**, bound together; **BIBLES and PSALMS**, do.; **TESTAMENTS and PSALMS**, do.; **Bibles**; **Testaments**, **Common Prayer**, **Psalm Books**, **Watts' Psalms and Hymns**, bound separately,—in various binding and sizes.  
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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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Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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

**JOHN KELLER.**  
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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