

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.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1842.

No. 16.

"HE CHANGETH NOT."

BY CHAS. MOIR, ESQ.

THE merry reaper's song is hushed among the banded sheaves,
The harvest's past, the autumn's gone, the trees have shed their leaves;
The fields are shorn and cheerless now, that waved with golden grain,
And the lovely flowers have left us till the summer come again;
But let us not be weary, though the winter is abroad,
When Thou art with us, changeless still—my Father and my God!

What though upon our brow be cut the furrows deep of care—
This world's ills, a grievous load, may long have planted there;
Tho' the glad days of merry youth for us may smile no more,
And its ceaseless round of joys appear like a happy dream that's o'er;
Tho' the heart that once was light and gay the ills of life corrode;
If thou art with us, changeless still—my Father and my God!

Adversity, with cruel grasp, may tear our hopes away,
And leave the home of happiness to misery a prey;
And summer friends, who never failed to share our happier lot,
Pass by with cold averted eyes, as if they knew us not;
Oh! what will ease the weary heart beneath so sad a load,
Should'st Thou, too, turn thy face from us—my Father and my God?

Oh! Death, what would thy triumphs be were this world only ours,
And the mourner's hope to fail him in the sick-bed's lonely hours,
When he lifts his burdened heart, as he upward turns his eyes
To the home thou hast provided in the world beyond the skies?
But the Christian, with full trust in Thee, lays down his earthly load;
For thy Word is changeless as thy love—my Father and my God!

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THOMSON.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

BY E. D. TARR.

NATURE clothed in her virgin robes, unadorned by the arts and fancies of man, has beauties ever varying, ever new, and, when contrasted with the most lofty conception of the highest order of human intellect or stupendous pile of Grecian grandeur, far outshines them all, and even gathers lustre from the comparison. The universal desire for gain, and the haste to get riches, however, shut out from most visions the loveliest and most exalting objects of contemplation and enjoyment, when unconnected with pecuniary interest.

Would we see the displays of man's power and ingenuity, we would visit the stately palace and the opulent city—if the grandeur and beneficence of God, the retirement of the country, or the broad and expansive ocean. Seen from the "cradle of the deep," how magnificent the first appearance of the god of day, as he rolls together like a scroll morning's misty robe, and decks with the lustre of burnished gold each cress-crowned wave; and viewed from the lofty mount peak or rugged hill, how sublimely grand his retiring, as he gently sinks to rest on his gorgeous couch, and draws about him his richly tinted drapery. And how ennobling and elevating the contemplation of nature when the mind is enriched by the thought that God is and may be seen in all his works—as well in the joyous little brook, as it laughs, in infant glee, and sports along over its rude and pebbled bed, as in the mighty deep's terrific roar—in the wild flower that blooms unseen, and wastes its fragrance on the desert air, as in the leafy bower or the verdant lawn. We may hear his praise as well in the eagle's hoarse note, as in the soft song of the woodland choir, in the music of the rustling breeze, and in the howling hurricane. Not less perceptible is his awful majesty and power, in the thunder's awful roar, the lightning's vivid flash, or the ocean's mountain surge and billowy waves.

A farmer's cottage, beautifully situated, and inhabited by warm hearts and Christian spirits, one balmy evening in July, afforded me a most acceptable and hospitable shelter. Before retiring to rest, I threw up the sash of the window in the room assigned me, and reclining upon the handywork of God, I for awhile was lost in the contemplation of His character and works. The gentle wind, as it stole through the garden shrubbery, bore upon its wings the sweets of the flower and the health-giving odor of the newly turned furrow, fanned my temples, and seemed to give new life to my exhausted system. A death-like stillness pervaded every thing, and the veil that hides the Deity behind his works, seemed almost drawn aside, and made more evident his divine presence. A holy awe, a reverential fear, a child-like confidence, filled and overflowed my inmost soul. As the night advanced, the mellow light of the moon lengthened out the indistinct shadows of the well shaped trees, which reared their tapering tops in front of the cottage. In the profound stillness of night

might be heard among their branches, the nestling of little birds, taught by Him who clothes the lily of the valley, and marks the sparrow's fall, there to seek shelter and find security alike from the fangs of the reptile and the wantonness of youth. The din of business gave place to the hour of repose, and night's sable mantle was around and over everything; but even this seemed like net-work, for through it shone the soft rays of the pale queen of night, who rode forth in calm and blushing majesty, amid her ten thousand attendants; each apparently vying with the other to emulate the full brightness of their bland and beautiful queen. Man and his works were shut out from view, and nature's God alone was there. That God in all his grandeur seemed to have laid aside his sceptre of power, and stepped from his pure white throne, and walked forth among his works. Methought I heard his voice in every rustling leaf, as it waved in the gentle breeze, and threw up its silver tinsel back to receive additional beauty from heaven's be-spangled vault.

This awful grandeur and unruffled serenity characterized for a long time the whole visible heavens. Now, however, the extended horizon became skirted with clouds, and gathered blackness, which threw their dusky shade far up the zenith.—A little higher may be seen fitting clouds, as if agitated by a distant storm, assuming every possible shape and character, now speeding their flight with fearful rapidity, and now restraining their impetuous motion, as if maneuvering for a coming conflict. Cloud piled on cloud with increasing blackness. The lamps of heaven, one by one, went out, and the pale rays of the moon were hid by the thick folds of deepening darkness. In an instant more and the blackness of darkness settled upon all things. Imagination, unaided by vision, roamed unrestrained, and pictured a dread conflict already begun. A distant rumbling and a livid glare gave fearful forebodings, that the "war of elements" was not far distant. The mighty King of kings seemed suddenly to have laid aside his milder nature, assumed the sceptre of power, and mounted a chariot of fire. Peal after peal of heaven's artillery sent their reverberating sounds along the distant mountain's top, and received the echo's answer from every glen and valley. Now followed the lightning's vivid flare, and heaven's high arch was one extended blaze, as if illumined in honour of some mighty victory. Then stillness reigned, and one could almost hear the distant shouts of the intoxicated multitude, as their loud peals rent the air. Then burst again the lightning's blaze; then came darkness most intense, and now a moment's truce, as if the vanquisher and the vanquished would nerve for a decisive blow. Awful suspense, but not of long duration. The distended vision was made to ache with a sudden and searching flash.—Each peal grew louder and louder still.—Crash followed crash in quick and deafening succession. The dazzling blaze, the deathlike roar, and pitchy darkness, held alternate but a second sway. Heaven and earth seemed one vast battle-field,

and shook beneath the mighty tread of marching millions, and downed all else in the dead and angry strife. The mind was racked with fearful foreboding—the eye lost the power of distinguishing objects. The hour of final retribution seemed now to be at hand. Hope and fear, anxiety and despair, alternately took possession of the soul, when one tremendous stunning crash, preceded by a blinding blaze, hurled its destructive bolt from heaven to earth. A dizzy sensation, a hissing sound, and all was a blank—the light of the eye was dimmed—animation was gone, and the stillness of the grave was there.

When consciousness returned, all was at peace again. The heavens were clothed in their mildest robe—the moon came forth like a bride from her chamber, blushing and beautiful—the stars put forth their twinkling lights, as one by one they stole from beneath a vapoury cloud—the air again was balmy and fragrant—a hush like the deep silence of the Sabbath morn rested upon surrounding nature. Nothing now remained to remind one of the recent storm, save the scattered limbs of an aged oak that lately reared its towering head beside the garden gate. The increased murmur of the little brook, as it danced along in mirthful music in the rear of the cottage, or the rain-drop as it fell from the overladen leaf, or glistened among the folds of the tender flower.—Again Jehovah came nearer, and spoke more gently, yet more distinctly to man.

The present serenity very forcibly brought to mind the scene of the prophet as he stood “upon the mount before the Lord—and behold the Lord passed by, and a great strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord—but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. And behold it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood in the entering of the cave.”

Reader, if you cannot hear the Lord in the tempest, the earthquake, or the fire, listen to the gentle breathings of that “still small voice,” as in the stillness of thine own soul it whispers, “today if you hear his voice harden not your hearts.”

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1842.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the N. Y. Methodist Quarterly Review.

DR. ROBINSON'S INTERESTING VISIT TO SINAI.

DR. ROBINSON and his companions took the upper road to Sinai in order to visit the mysterious monuments of Surabit el-Khadim. These are found mostly within the compass of a small enclosure, and consist of about fifteen upright stones like tombstones and several fallen ones, all covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. There are also the remains of a small temple, and at the eastern end of the enclosure is a subterranean chamber, excavated in the solid rock, resembling an Egyptian sepulchre. This spot was first visited by Niebuhr in 1761, and since that time many travellers have stopped here on their way to Sinai. The question arises, For what object were these temples and memorial stones reared in the midst of solitude and silence? But this point is wrapped in a darkness which modern science has not yet been able to unveil. An ingenious hypothesis has been suggested by Lord Prudhoe, viz. that this was a sacred place of pilgrimage to the ancient Egyptians, just as the mountain near Mecca is to the Mohammedans at the present day; and that when Moses demanded permission for the Israelites to go three days' journey in the desert to sacrifice unto the Lord, it appears to have excited no surprise among the Egyptians, as though it was something to which they themselves were accustomed.

The researches of Dr. Robinson around Sinai are peculiarly interesting. The topography of this region has been but little known, and the

identity of Scriptural sites has all been founded upon monkish tradition. It has fixed the spot from whence the law was given, and although some former travellers have dissented from it, yet they have offered nothing satisfactory in its stead. But Dr. Robinson, in approaching Sinai by an unusual rout, came upon a plain sufficiently large for the assembling of the people to receive the law.—All the circumstances agree with the Scriptural narrative, and no other place in the region, which is adapted for this purpose, has been discovered. This plain, then, was the spot where the congregation of Israel were gathered together, and the mountain impending over it, the present Horeb, was the scene of the awful phenomena in which the law was given. Former travellers have touched upon these points so confusedly that it has been the general opinion of scholars that no open space existed among these mountains.—Hence, our travellers were greatly astonished when they discovered the plain we have just alluded to. Dr. Robinson remarks,—

“We too were surprised as well as gratified to find here, in these dark granite cliffs, this plain spread out before the mountain: and I know not when I have felt a thrill of stronger emotion than when in first crossing the plain, the dark precipices of Horeb rising in solemn grandeur before us, we became aware of the entire adaptedness of the scene to the purpose for which it was chosen by the great Hebrew legislator. Moses, doubtless, during the forty years in which he kept the flocks of Jethro, had often wandered over these mountains, and was well acquainted with their valleys and deep recesses, like the Arabs of the present day. At any rate, he knew and had visited the spot to which he was to conduct his people—this *adytum* in the midst of the great circular granite region, with only a single feasible entrance: a secret holy place shut out from the world amid lone and desolate mountains.”—Vol. i, p. 176.

Our travellers afterward ascended the mountain which overhangs this plain. The ascent is laborious; but to quote again the language of our author:—

“The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Rahah lay spread out beneath our feet with the adjacent Wadys and mountains. Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some one of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord “descended in fire” and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and thick clouds would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trumpet be heard, when the Lord “came down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai.” We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene; and read with a feeling that will never be forgotten the sublime account of the transaction, and the commandments, there promulgated in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.”—*Ibid.*, pp. 157, 158.

They also ascended Jebel Musa, which for more than fifteen centuries has been considered as the spot whence the law was given to the assembled people; but with how little truth we have already seen. Dr. Robinson thus describes his feelings on reaching the summit:—

“My first and predominant feelings was that of disappointment. Although from our examination of the plain er-Rahah, and its correspondence to the Scriptural narrative, we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law, yet we had cherished a lingering hope or feeling that there might be after all some foundation for the long series of monkish tradition which, at least for 15 centuries, has pointed out the summit on which we stood as the spot where the ten commandments were so awfully proclaimed. But Scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and while the former has a distinctness and definiteness which through all our journeyings rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually and almost regularly to be but a baseless fabric. In the present instance there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Moses had any thing to do with the summit which now bears his name. It is three miles distant from the plain where the Israelites must have stood; and is hidden from it by the intervening peaks of modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from the summit, nor are the bottoms of

the adjacent valleys; nor is any spot to be seen around it where the people could have been assembled.”—*Ib.*, p. 154.

FAREWELL TO JERUSALEM.

If my feelings were strangely excited on first entering the holy city, they were hardly less so on leaving for the last time. As we had formerly approached repeating continually the salutation of the Psalmist—“Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!” so now we could not but add—“For our brethren and companions' sake we will now say, peace be within thee!” Her palaces, indeed, are long since levelled to the ground, and the haughty Moslem now for ages treads her glory in the dust. Yet, as we waited and looked again from this high ground upon the city and surrounding objects, I could not but exclaim,—“Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.” One long last look, and then, turning away, I bade those hills farewell forever.—*Dr. Robinson*, vol. III., p. 75.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

GOD THE SON.

WHERE shall I begin to wonder at thee, O thou divine and eternal Peacemaker, the Saviour of men, the Anointed of God, Mediator between God and man; in whom there is nothing which doth not exceed not only the conception but the very wonder of angels, who saw thee in thy humiliation with silence, and adore thee in thy glory with perpetual praises and rejoicings. Thou wast forever of thyself as God; of the Father as Son, the eternal Son of an eternal Father; not later in being, not less in dignity, not other in substance; begotten without diminution of Him that begot thee, while he communicated that wholly to thee which he retained wholly in himself, because both were infinite; without inequality of nature, without division of essence: when being in this estate, thine infinite love and mercy caused thee, O Saviour, to empty thyself of thy glory, that thou mightest put on our shame and misery.—Wherefore not ceasing to be God as thou wert, thou beganst to be what thou wert not, man; to the end that thou mightest be a perfect Mediator between God and man, which wert both in one person—God, that thou mightest satisfy; man, that thou mightest suffer;—that since man had sinned, and God was offended, thou which wert God and man might satisfy God for man. None but thyself which art the eternal Word, can express the depth of this mystery, that God should be clothed with flesh, come down to men, and become man, that man might be exalted to the highest heavens, and that our nature might be taken into fellowship of the Deity; that he to whom all powers in heaven bowed, and thought it their honour to be serviceable, should come down to be a servant to his slaves, a ransom for his enemies; together with our nature taking up our very infirmities, our shame, our torments, and bearing our sins without sin; that thou, whom the heavens were too strait to contain, shouldst lay thyself in an obscure cot; thou, which wert attended of angels, shouldst be derided of men, rejected of thy own, persecuted by tyrants, tempted with devils, betrayed of thy servant, crucified among thieves, and, which was worse than all these in thine own apprehension, for a time forsaken of thy Father; that thou, whom our sins had pierced, shouldst for our sins both sweat drops of blood in the garden, and pour out streams of blood upon the cross.—*Bishop Hall*.

THE WRECK.

A NOBLE vessel lay stranded on the beach, the sea sweeping over her decks, and her helpless crew and passengers clinging to the rigging, and directing their imploring eyes to the shore for help. The storm raged, and ever and anon, a strong wave beating upon the shattered wreck, loosed the grasp of some unfortunate mortal, whose strength at length had failed, and sunk him beneath the waters to rise no more. A crowd appeared on the shore, and while many gazed with idle curiosity on the harrowing scene, a few seemed busy in preparation to afford relief to the suffering. They had, however, but a single small boat, and not enough of necessary courage and humanity, to man it. Sad was the scene! how hopeless the prospect of the shipwrecked?

Can our sympathies be touched by such a picture? Then let us contemplate a still sadder re-

presentation. The world is a wreck. Millions are clinging to a frail support, and are momentarily sinking into the abyss of woe. They implore help from those who have been saved from the ruin. But alas! how few of those who profess to have been rescued by divine grace, are actively engaged in efforts to save the perishing. The missionary enterprise is as yet but like a small life-boat, poorly manned, able only to pick up one here and there of the drowning thousands, as they struggle in the agitated ocean. When will the listlessness of Christians be overcome?—When will they be induced to make adequate exertions to save the millions who are perishing without hope?

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Now, O Sinner! I put this question—it will be thought a strange one—Have you a friend in the world? I put it in seriousness, and with a desire that you should answer it to yourself with truth. Have you one in the world that loves and cares for you? Do you think you have a friend, I say? I do not believe you do. Look through your godless associates, and does one love you? I am sure you think not one. You are friendless; many acquaintances, but not one friend!—neither father nor mother nor sister nor brother, nor relative nor acquaintance, is a friend to you. You may be a great man; you may be a rich man; thousands may admire—thousands applaud; does one solitary individual love you? You believe not. I am sure this is a common case. Now, why is it that you believe that no one loves you? I shall tell you the reason—because you know you don't deserve it. You know your own heart; and you are convinced that you are so vile, so unlovely, so unloving, that you naturally conclude that you are without a friend. Have you never felt this press heavy on you?

Well, would you desire to have a friend? Yes. Then arise and return to your father!—Though you have spent all, wasted your substance in riotous living, and are utterly worthless, I promise you acceptance—happiness—peace. As God's ordained minister, I bear a message of mercy from God. As Christ's ambassador, and on God's behalf, I am authorised to offer you, through Christ, free pardon, if you return unto God.—*Rev. T. D. Gregg.*

"TREES WHOSE FRUIT WITHERETH."

"I find worldly and gay professors of religion to be, generally, more dangerous society than those who make no pretensions to religion: for when we are in the company of the latter, we are on our guard lest we dishonour our profession, and observe the least deviation from rectitude. But when we are in the company of professors, we are apt to take their example for our standard, instead of the word of God. And when off our guard, we suppose they are not watching for our halting, and are insensibly left to lukewarmness. L."

THE above was sent us by a valued correspondent, requesting our opinion in reference to it; which we have no objection to give if it may prove useful.

In the first place, we think it necessary to entertain a practical sense of the fact, that there is one witness of our conduct wherever we are, and that no circumstances will excuse or extenuate the turpitude of a voluntary or thoughtless deviation from duty.

Secondly, that those who measure themselves by themselves, and by others, are not wise, as no rule of judgment differing from the law and word of God, will receive any attention, except to be condemned, in the day when an impartial and exact decision shall be made respecting all characters and conduct. As for the readiness with which non-professors volunteer their valuations of religious character, it may be said, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" Their impenitence is no excuse for them, and if they know what a Christian ought to be, they have no excuse, and are to blame for not being altogether such.

It can neither be concealed nor denied, that worldly and gay professors of religion are a greater mischief to the church, individually as well as collectively, than if they were out of it. They should be lights in the world, adorning their profession by a consistent and holy life. But the light in them is darkness, and the darkness is great; for their conduct renders the gospel more obscure

and inexplicable to the impenitent, whose minds are clouded already. They wound Christ, while professing to be his friends, and bring reproach on his name. The ungodly and loose walk of men in the church, is a more terrible and baneful scourge, than the malice and enmity of open foes. Enemies are avoided and watched, while friends in profession only, send forth a pestilential influence, more destructive, because unlooked for. The Head of the Church has pretty fully indicated a preventive of the evils complained of: "See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Take heed brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God; but exhort one another DAILY, while it is called TO-DAY—lest any be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."

SEVERAL EVIDENCES OF LOVE TO CHRIST.

By seven tokens a man may suppose that he hath the love of Christ.

The first is, when all coveting of earthly things and fleshly lusts is slackened in him; for where coveting is, there is not the love of Christ.

The second is, burning desire of heaven; for when he hath felt aught of that Saviour, the more he feeleth the more he coveteth, and he that hath felt nought desireth nought.

The third token is, if his tongue be changed; that which was wont to speak of earth now speaketh of heaven.

The fourth is, exercising or practising what is for spiritual good; as when a man, leaving all other things, hath good will and devotion to prayer, and findeth sweetness therein.

The fifth is, when things which are hard in themselves, through love, seem light to be done.

The sixth is, hardness of soul to suffer all anguishes and troubles that befall.

The seventh is, joyfulness of soul when he is in tribulation, and that he loves God and thanks him, in all diseases that he suffers. It is the greatest token that he hath the love of God, when no work, tribulation, or persecution, can bring him down from this love.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1842.

THERE never was a period in the history of the Christian Church, when the zeal, activity, and liberality of Christians were more needed than at the present day—not only in furtherance of the great and important efforts which are now in progress for the evangelization of the heathen nations, for the restoration of the Jews to their forfeited inheritance, and for spreading the knowledge of the Saviour to earth's remotest bounds—but also in checking the tide of iniquity which everywhere abounds, on the right hand and on the left.

We earnestly recommend to the serious attention of our readers the following admirable remarks, respecting which we cannot do better than adopt the language of an esteemed contemporary, (the *Halifax Guardian*) who says: "We have often seen the duty of Christian liberality explained and enforced with great plainness, and earnestness, and eloquence, and we have heard the evils of covetousness openly and loudly exposed and condemned—the claims of the different religious and benevolent Societies which distinguish and adorn the age in which we live, are annually brought before the public, and often very strong and forcible appeals made to the friendly and patriotic feelings of the wealthier members of the community, for their continued and enlarged assistance and support. But we have seldom met with a more faithful and striking delineation of the duties which the rich owe to the poor, more especially as regards their spiritual necessities, than that which is contained in a letter lately addressed by the Bishop of Lincoln to the Committee of the Church Building Society for Nottingham and Nottinghamshire, when requested by them to

take upon himself the office of their President. We hope that the salutary but unwelcome truths which he has here promulgated, will not be lost upon the wealthy in our own city and Province."

"The Author of our Being," says the zealous and public spirited Bishop of Lincoln, "has been pleased to place the rich and poor in a state of mutual dependence on each other; and though in countries like our own, which have made great advances in wealth and civilisation, this dependence may be less apparent than where society is in a ruder state, on account of the extent to which the division of labour is carried, yet it is not the less true that the rich derive all their means of temporal enjoyment, all their conveniences and luxuries, from the labour, and are consequently bound to minister to the wants, both temporal and spiritual, of the poor. This is an obligation inseparable from the possession of wealth, not the less real, not involving a less serious responsibility, because human laws do not prescribe by positive enactments the manner in which it is to be discharged, nor annex penalties to the neglect of discharging it."

"How, then, let us ask ourselves, have we discharged this obligation—how have we acquitted ourselves of this responsibility, with reference to the spiritual wants of our poorer brethren?—While we have seen the population increasing on all sides, have we made any corresponding exertion to provide for its religious instruction, for its accommodation in the house of God? Can we look around without humiliation and self-reproach, on the churches of our ancestors, scattered over the face of this land, without painfully feeling how condemnatory of the age in which we have lived the comparison between their zeal for the honour of God, and our lukewarmness, our apathy in his cause? I mean not to include all in this censure. I know that there are splendid exceptions—instances of Christian liberality not unworthy of the best ages of the Church; but these splendid exceptions are as oases in the desert, serving only to render the surrounding barrenness more striking by contrast; they are not sufficient to redeem the age from the charge of apathy—of insensibility to the religious wants of the growing population. Of that insensibility we are now reaping the bitter fruits. We complain of the spirit of insubordination, of the intemperance, the licentiousness, the irreligion, prevailing on all sides, and especially in the manufacturing districts, and we are not slow in calling on the Legislature to interfere, and remedy the evil. We forget to inquire whether we are not ourselves the parties whom the law ought first to visit with its penalties—whether this melancholy state of things has not been produced by our own neglect of duty? If the voice of blasphemy! and impiety is heard in our streets—if the laws of God and man are held in contempt—is it not because we have taken little pains to send forth ministers to instruct our poorer brethren in their religious duties, to set before them the promises and threatenings of the Gospel, to infuse into their bosoms those principles which can alone render them proof against temptation—the fear and the love of God? If the Lord's day is openly and grossly profaned, is it not because we have taken little pains to enable them to pass it in a manner befitting its sacred character, by affording them the means of access to the house of God? If punishment is to fall, it should fall on us, who have neglected our duty—not upon the unhappy victims of our neglect."

THE present age, we rejoice to notice, is characterised by an increased union and liberality of feeling and sentiment throughout the various sections into which the Church of Christ is divided—all blending their influence and exertions together for the promotion of one common object—the glory of God and the salvation of man. This may be regarded as one of the most remarkable "signs of the times," and it warrants the indulgence of a hope, that "the latter day glory" is about to dawn upon our world, ushering in that glorious blaze of gospel light, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." If the sentiment, "Union is strength," be correct in any instance, it must be peculiarly so when applied to Christian ef-

fort. The time has arrived when the soldiers of Christ, of every name, casting aside every impediment, should gird themselves for battle against the common enemy.

A delightful evidence of the fact above alluded to was exhibited in this city on the evening of the 28th ult., on a Wesleyan platform, at the Anniversary of the Montreal branch of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. Ministers of almost every Church in the city lent their aid on the occasion, and countenanced by their presence and sentiments the exertions of this truly important and influential branch of the Church of the Redeemer.

About seven o'clock, the chair was taken by Jas. Ferrier, Esq., who addressed the meeting in a few very appropriate remarks, as to the importance of missionary enterprise, and the duty of every Christian devoting a portion of the property God has given him to this holy object.

The Rev. J. Borland, one of the Secretaries, then read the Report—which was, as all Reports should be, to the point. It briefly glanced at the state of the Wesleyan missions in Ireland, Sweden, Germany, France and Switzerland, Spain, Malta, Ceylon, Continental India, Australia, New Zealand, Friendly and Feejee Islands, Southern and Western Africa, West Indies, Nova Scotia and the other British Provinces in North America—comprising in all 245 stations, and employing 357 Preachers, beside about 3,400 Scripture readers and other labourers; and \$4,000 members. It was stated that the Parent Society is in debt to the enormous amount of £40,000.

Rev. W. Taylor, in moving the first resolution, showed the happy change that had taken place in the feelings of different churches towards each other, and the necessity of union and co-operation among the people of God of every name, in order to evangelise the world, and successfully to oppose the Church of Rome. He challenged that Church, with all her boasted unity, to present such a spectacle of union among her different orders, as that presented on the platform on this occasion.

In seconding this resolution, W. Lunn, Esq. read some very interesting extracts from late Missionary Notices, relative to the state of missions in Sierra Leone, and along the Gold Coast in Western Africa. One pleasing fact is, that condemned slave-ships, in many cases, furnish materials to construct houses for the worship of God.

The second resolution was moved by Rev. H. Esson. This gentleman's remarks were replete with Christian kindness and charity. In his usual eloquent manner, he paid a handsome compliment to Mr. Wesley and the Wesleyan Church—showed the friendly relation in which it stood with respect to the Churches of Scotland and England—and, by a happy allusion to its principles and discipline, proved it to be fitted for very general and extensive usefulness in the world.

Rev. R. L. Lusher briefly seconded the resolution.

The third resolution was proposed by Rev. C. Strong—who remarked that we are generally more ready to supply the wants of the body than those of the soul; whereas the importance of man's spiritual necessities, as compared with his temporal, are immeasurably great. He proved that money for secular objects is raised with far greater facility than it is for religious purposes, and stated the astounding fact, that more money has been paid for the gratification of a single appetite (for strong drink) in one day in the United States, than is subscribed for the Bible Society in that country during a whole year.

In seconding this resolution, the Rev. W. Squire, in order to illustrate the proposition, "that the Gospel is the only efficient remedy

for converting the heathen," adverted to a fact that had come under his own observation in the island of Grenada, West Indies—where the whole of the slaves on a large plantation, who before were lawless, violent, reckless, and insubordination, being by the preaching of the Gospel, raised to sobriety, honesty, and good conduct. He also referred to the introduction of the Gospel into New Zealand, and contrasted the ferocious character of the islanders as it then was, with the mild, gentle, and civilised character which they now exhibit. The Rev. gentleman, in conclusion, requested the prayers of all Christians, that the same happy results may follow the Gospel wherever it be preached.

Rev. H. O. Crofts, in proposing the fourth resolution, urged upon individual Christians the duty of making the debt of the Society their own; and, by a reference to several texts of Scripture, proved it to be the duty of every Christian to contribute towards this good cause, according to the ability God hath given.

This resolution was seconded by Rev. J. J. Caruthers—who, in his own peculiar, perspicuous, and interesting manner, addressed the meeting. He read from a Wesleyan Missionary Report, the fact, that in two instances, they had withdrawn Missionaries from foreign stations—showed the evil of so doing by a reference to similar conduct on the part of the American Board of Foreign Missions. By an interesting anecdote, which want of space prevents our relating here, he illustrated the truth, that "by doing good to others, we confer a benefit on ourselves." The Rev. gentleman called the attention of the meeting to the fact, that our opportunities of doing good to our fellow-men will soon cease, and concluded with some sublime ideas relative to the rewards that await the faithful in a future state.

The last resolution was moved by the Rev. H. Montgomery—whose remarks we could not distinctly hear.

At the close of the meeting, a vote of thanks to the Ministers of other churches, who had so ably assisted at the meeting, was unanimously passed by the congregation standing up—when one of the most delightful meetings which it has ever been our happiness to attend was concluded, by singing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c.

We noticed in our last number, that a suttee was recently performed at Jaulnah: the following particulars, which we copy from *The Church*, will be found interesting. We sincerely hope that this most inhuman and disgraceful practice may speedily disappear before the beams of the Sun of Righteousness:—

We are indebted to the *Madras United Service Gazette* for the following account of a suttee having been performed at Jaulnah on the 1st instant. The scene of the occurrence was within the territories of the Nizam, in consequence of which the British authorities were unable to interfere. As, however, the Nizam is to all intents and purposes a vassal of the Queen of Great Britain, we trust that the Supreme government will lose no time in expressing to that Prince their decided disapproval of such inhuman proceedings being permitted to take place. "A rich Brahmin died (I believe) on the 30th ult., and on the following morning it was bruited that a suttee would take place in the course of the day, the widow of the deceased having, by the advice of the Brahmins, determined on sacrificing herself on the funeral pile of her husband. I attended the dreadful spectacle, which was conducted much as described by those who have witnessed the like before. About 3000 persons were congregated on the occasion. The widow walked round amongst them distributing her valuables as she passed, and saluting to the assembled persons. She then walked to the pile of wood, &c., and seating herself on it requested to have her husband's body placed upon her lap; but this was denied her, and

the poor victim was forced to lay herself down by the side of the corpse. The attendant Brahmins, however, told her not to attempt the sacrifice if she did not feel equal to support the torture. Her resolution was, however, unchangeable; and she repeated that it was her determination to be a suttee, and that she had no fear of the agony attendant thereon. The woman was then warned against attempting to escape from the pile after the fire should be lighted, as she would be instantly thrown back into the flames by the attendant priests. The wretches were, however, saved all trouble on this particular, as the poor creature, under the extremity of torture, made no effort even to rise, and only screamed out "My God, My God!" until past utterance. Such was the scene enacted at Jaulnah on the 1st instant—a scene disgraceful to the government that can even give its tacit countenance to such deeds of atrocity!"

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]
PICTURE OF A LIFE.

In a dream, as it were, this picture of a life came before me—a pleasing remembrance on the tablet of thought:—

'T was the twilight of a bright summer's evening, and the glorious sun had shed his last golden beams o'er the fair landscape. All was still and beautiful, and the very air breathed devotion to its Maker—this was nature's voice, this her silent adoration. But hark! from the neighbouring cottage the responsive swell of human praise. Yes—'t was the hour of evening worship in that peaceful abode, and the little circle were assembled, at the close of another day, to celebrate their Maker's praise, and seek his fostering care;—the last tuneful note had died away—the sacred volume was reverently closed after the reading of the Scriptures, the solemn Amen of the concluding prayer pronounced, and all the household had retired. As the door closed, the little Albert Mortimer rose from his low stool, and falling on his knees beside his mother, with upraised hands, repeated his infant prayer,—simple and few were the words, but, in the guileless beam of that eye, how beautifully were they expressed. He rose, and fondly caressed his loved parents, expressed some little desire or other as to his next walk to the village, and ere another hour, was wrapt in peaceful slumber.

Years flitted away in my dream, and the scene changed. In the spacious hall of ——— College, the great and learned were assembled, and young hearts beat high, while the balance of hope and fear wavered in their breasts. Many were the prizes of merit adjudged, but on one alone were bestowed the distinguished honours of that day. The assembly closed, and the students dispersed; but some of the worst passions of human nature had been roused, and, in a retired part of the extensive grounds, an angry altercation arose. Both parties had rashly armed themselves, seeking (as it were) a fatal rencontre—and the unerring blade of the angry assailant had well nigh buried itself in the breast of his opponent—when it was dashed aside, and the arm rendered powerless by the sinewy grasp of a third party:—"Thornton, what madness is this? I conjure you to desist—nay, I command you—'Thou shalt do no murder!'"—The rapier fell from the hand of the rash assailant, and gazing at the bold intruder, he saw the one who, but a short time before, had plunged into the foaming stream, and snatched him from a watery grave—the one whose gentleness, abilities, and virtuous life won him the love and the respect of all around him—the one who had that day borne off the highest prize—the highly-gifted boy who had thus the power to quell the angry passions of youth, and the will to mould them to a better frame—was the loved child, the *Infant Albert* of times long past.

Again the lapse of years—and the opposing enemies of two powerful nations lay encamped before me. As the morning broke, the flickering watch-fires one by one disappeared, and chequered lines of tents extending as far as the eye could reach in the hazy distance, disclosed at once the enemy's strength and position—and now came the mustering to arms, the drum's deep roll, the bugle's shrill summons, the hurried call, all the din and preparation of battle. There the lively

sally of the young soldier, with his flushed cheek of mingled anticipation, the cool bearing of the veteran warrior. The husband, the father was there—the heart's dearest associations rose in many a breast, and a thousand fond recollections were crowded into an hour so fraught with coming events. The struggle was long, and desperate—nor, amid the fire of musquetry, the rush and clang of cavalry, the thunder of artillery, and the clouds of smoke which almost enveloped the whole scene, could aught be gathered of the fortunes of the day; rank after rank appeared to be swept away, while the wounded, ghastly, and bleeding were borne in numbers to the rear. But there is a pause—a momentary wavering—the enemy are driven from the heights—and in one dense mass, one mighty torrent, their conquerors are bearing down upon them. The pursuit was not followed up; but ere the broken columns of the retreating foe had disappeared in the distance, the leader of the last gallant attack of the victorious army was summoned to the presence of an assembled throng of the most distinguished warriors of that glorious day—and there received the public thanks of his veteran commander.

'T was sunset—and the sombre tints of evening were closing around the field of battle, as a tall figure, in the steel cuirass and plumed helmet of a cavalry officer, rapidly crossed the fields, and entered a small hotel on the road side. His bearing was martial, his form graceful, and the expression of his countenance, as the light fell upon it on entering, inexpressibly fine. Making a hasty enquiry at the threshold, he passed through a group of slightly-wounded men who lay strewed around, and opening the door to a small and dimly-lighted apartment, advanced towards a low bed, on which lay extended a figure, pale and exhausted from loss of blood, as the uniform he wore, and such parts of it as had been laid aside, too clearly indicated. The wounded man attempted to rise on discerning the appearance of his visitor, while his features brightened into a faint smile, and he returned with earnestness the friendly grasp that was given him. There was a pause of some moments, as bending o'er the wounded soldier, with averted gaze, his friend sought to hide the burst of sorrow this melancholy sight called forth; at length he turned to the sufferer, and with all the kindness of his gentle nature, enquired of him how he felt. "Oh! very, very weak—nay, my wound has been examined, and I have but a few hours to live. Oh! it is now I can appreciate the many kind reproofs you have given me—the many lessons of holiness you have endeavoured to teach me. Alas! how little have I improved them——." He ceased, exhausted—but revived again on the administration of some little cordial, and was able to listen to the words of consolation, as from a small pocket bible his Christian instructor read to him the promises of the Gospel, and the blessed assurances of forgiveness to all who repent, even at the eleventh hour. A dim and flickering light continued to burn in the little apartment; and the wounded sufferer was that night tended, and his last moments soothed by his faithful friend. That friend was the General Officer who had so distinguished himself, and the decorating star of his rank glittered in the breast of ALBERT MORTIMER.

Again, in my dream, the slight of years. Ages had passed, and the romantic and beautiful little village of — appeared in its holiday garb. There were triumphal arches of evergreens entwined with flowers, and gay festoons gracefully waved from tree to tree along the shaded avenue of the village church, where was assembled at the altar a brilliant group of happy faces. The young and handsome bridegroom had just placed the ring on the hand of his fair bride, and was repeating after the officiating clergyman the solemn vows of fidelity and attachment which form a part of this impressive ceremony. His form, and the beautiful expression of his face, appeared familiar to me. It must be—I looked again: the young couple were receiving the blessings of an aged father and mother—and, in the venerable figure and noble brow of that father, I saw the gallant hero of former days—the faithful attendant in the chamber of death at the little cottage—he whom, in my dream, I had thus traced from the cradle.

Once more, there was the little church, but how different its attire—not now the gay animating scene I had before witnessed. It was unusually thronged, and on all were to be seen the emblems of sorrow. The services of the morning were followed by a sermon from the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And as the worthy pastor enlarged on this beautiful text, and painted with admirable and feeling eloquence the bright career of their departed and aged friend,—every eye acknowledged, in deep and genuine sympathy, the heart-felt sorrow of that bereavement. The aged Christian had been gathered to his fathers—he had seen his offspring flourish around him like the grass of the earth, and had indeed come to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

My dream is well nigh told. Yet, once more that little church rose before me, and on a plain marble slab, I read the names of GENERAL ALBERT MORTIMER, and ELEANOR HIS WIFE—and below, the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." March, 1842. J. D. M'D.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

RELIGION TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all."

RELIGION—true religion—what is it? A profession—a pretension—a routine of ceremony—a grave countenance? No. It is "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and keeping unspotted from the world. Is this what religion's author requires? Is this the conduct that will be approved in the day of final reckoning? Go to, ye professors—ye who assume the Christian name, and learn to add to your faith charity—active benevolence. Hast thou that mind that was also in Christ Jesus? Learn to do, according to thy ability, as He did who went about doing good. Go on, ye faithful followers of the Redeemer—and remember, that to him who patiently continues in well-doing, there is reserved glory, honour, immortality, eternal life. Know, that thou hast the promise of this life, as well as that which is to come, and that a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.

Thou who art united to the visible Church, cease to make any pretensions to piety until thou art engaged in some benevolent enterprise, doing good either to the bodies or souls of thy fellow-men. Verily thou hast no excuse. There is work for every labourer, whether he have ten talents or one. Supineness is the sin of the Church—up, therefore, and what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: remembering that "Wo" is denounced against them that are at ease in Zion.

March, 1842.

H. J.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

NO. VI.

In my last, while I endeavoured to show the difficulty of determining character by an examination of the head, I also pointed out some of the benefits of the science. A few more remarks on this part of the subject, and these "thoughts" shall close.

Phrenology is unquestionably the most rational and consistent system of mental philosophy yet taught, and in this light alone recommends itself to all who love to study the phenomena of mind; the knowledge of our spiritual nature, its powers and manifestations, its mode of acting, with the reasons of its imbecility and disorders, are surely of no small importance. To the legislator, the physician, the lawyer, and the teacher, such knowledge is indispensable.

"Mental Philosophy," says an eminent writer, "leads us to study the elements of morals, to view the principles and tendencies from which the complex phenomena of the moral world proceed, and to teach us to regard with benevolence and candour a nature whose endowments, and whose weaknesses are our own, and on which the Deity has so wisely impressed his image; whilst it gives us the knowledge of ourselves and of mankind, it gives us that which is of still higher value—an affection and reverence for that common nature which we inherit, and by fixing our thoughts on the powers and susceptibilities of man, we are reminded of the immortality to which by his Creator he has been evidently designed."

Its study is attended with real and legitimate pleasure. "It is an advantage peculiar to this science," adds the author above quoted, "that it renders every other tributary to it,—that it may be studied wherever there is a development of the intellectual or moral faculties, that the productions of the poet, the orator, and the mathematician, indirectly contribute to its progress, and may be employed in analysing some of the most intricate and complex operations of the human mind."

On the principles of Phrenology, the causes of dreaming are satisfactorily explained.

Lastly, it accounts for monomania and insanity, and consequently must be of immense advantage to those who have charge of lunatic asylums in the management of their patients.

These are a few of the reasons why Phrenology is worth being understood. As mentioned in my first communication, the science is still young. As in all other sciences, so in this, much yet remains to be known; but it is sufficiently established, and presents sufficient claims to attract the respect and attention of some of the leading minds both in Europe and America.—Let its opponents remember that sneers and ridicule are not arguments, and cannot prevail against it.

I had intended to compare Phrenology with other systems of mental philosophy; I had also intended to devote one communication to a description, on phrenological principles, of religious characters,—but my original object is attained by what has been written; and with many thanks for your kindness in giving insertion to these "unconnected thoughts,"

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

March, 1842.

ENCEPHALO.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Potsdam, N. Y., on the 14th ult., ANN AUGUSTA CHURCH, third daughter of Mr. Elam Church, Masconche, aged 22 years,—highly esteemed for her amiable and affectionate disposition. The chief consolation of her bereaved relatives is, that she died rejoicing in the love of her Saviour—testifying that the religion of Christ robs death of its sting.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—The spirit of the press, as far as relates to His Excellency the Governor General, and the prospective character of his administration, has exhibited in general a praiseworthy candour and fairness. It is true there is very little known with certainty of the measures to be proposed, or even of the principles upon which his administration will be conducted, and such being the case there is very little ground, it may be said, for actual disapproval or opposition. What we have learned must have been gathered from his Excellency's answers to the numerous addresses of congratulation, and from the few appointments already made by him. The style of these answers has been at once conciliating and guarded, giving assurances of a desire to meet the wishes of the different portions of the country as far as may seem to him consistent with the general interest and his responsibility to her Majesty's ministers. In the remarks of the press upon these, as well on the principles of future action to be gathered from them, there has been much of candour, and an almost entire absence of a carping and fault-finding spirit.—We have observed this with pleasure, and it is equally honourable to the press as it must be satisfactory to his Excellency. •• All parties seem to be willing to await the deve-

lopement of his Excellency's views, and judge of him and his administration by their fruits. This is certainly far the best course, and, in our estimation, speaks better for the good sense and patriotism of both parties than assertions or empty boasts of them by either.—*Transcript.*

THE CALEDONIA STEAMER.—There is as yet no news of the Caledonia steamer, and some considerable anxiety prevails in New York about her safety, but as yet there is hardly just ground to fear any serious accident. Every vessel arriving has reported having met with severe gales, and it should be remembered that the steamer Great Western, justly famed for her quick and regular trips, was once twenty-four days on her passage from Bristol to New York.

RELICS OF THE PRESIDENT.—Captain Jepson, of the schooner *Mokina*, arrived yesterday from the Azores reports that while at Bonavista, one of those islands, he was told by an English gentleman from St. Nicholas, another of the group, that some water-casks and a stern-boat, had been picked up and taken to St. Nicholas, having on them the name of the steam-packet President. Captain Jepson's informant had seen these interesting relics. Within a few days also a brig from Smyrna has arrived here, and reports having passed on the 21st of July, while on her voyage out, a large piece of wreck, some sixty feet long and thirty or forty wide, apparently of a large steamer.—It appeared to be part of the main channels, having four dead eyes, with turned moulding and long flat iron struts. Her hull was black, with a broad white streak, and large painted black ports. There was a bit of a hawser over a piece of wood, apparently part of the guards. The description is said to agree with that of the *President*.—*N. Y. Com. Adv. 10th Feb.*

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The New York papers of Monday announce the arrival at that port of the packet-ship *Hibernia*, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 13th, bringing papers up to the day of sailing. The whole English world was at that time in motion, making preparations for the christening of His Royal Highness the Infant Prince, which was intended to be one of the most magnificent affairs seen for years in the metropolis. It was believed to be fixed for the 25th, at St. George's Chapel. Preparations for the reception of the King of Prussia were in progress. His Majesty was to arrive on the 21st. A suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace were prepared for him. The week of the christening was to be consumed in a series of fetes and banquets, on a scale of grandeur, setting at naught all that has heretofore been seen.—*Messenger.*

The accounts received from the Niger expedition continued to be of the most melancholy character. The mortality and disease on board the *Albert* were so great that little hope remained of her attempt to ascend the Niger being persevered in, and the *Wilberforce* had returned, abandoning the voyage up the Tchadda. She had followed the *Souden* to Fernando Po. From that place the *Souden* had been sent to follow the *Albert*, and render assistance in case of need.

The news from England, by the Packet-ship *North America*, is of great interest.—London papers have been received up to the 7th January. Lord Ashburton may be looked for daily, as he was expected to embark on the 24th January.—Mr. Everett, the American Minister, had been making him a short visit at his seat in Hampshire.

The British Government has interposed, it is said, to adjust the difficulties between France and Spain on the question of etiquette, which threatened to be attended with serious consequences.

Ceremony of Churching Her Majesty.—On Saturday morning, shortly after twelve o'clock, Her Majesty and suite left Buckingham Palace in four carriages, for the Chapel Royal, St. James's, when her Majesty was churched. Divine service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, the Sub-dean, Dr. Steath and the Rev. Dr. Wesley. There were also present his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Ladies in Waiting, Maids of Honour, Viscount Hawarden, Lord George Lennox, &c. &c. We are happy to state that the Queen is in excellent health.

American Relations.—The *London Chronicle*, in commenting on an article in the *Quarterly Review*, says,—

Any hostile collision with the United States would be felt as injuriously as a civil war in both countries. In the feelings which a conviction of identity of interests necessarily generates, we have the best guarantee for the continuance of peaceful relations between these kingdoms and the United States. "Where there is a will there is a way," according to the adage; and the reluctance to arrive at any conclusion calculated to disturb the good understanding between the

two countries, will always, we trust, enable the governments to discover the means of arranging amicably such questions as may occasionally arise between them.

Government, it is currently reported, has resolved to establish a line of steam communication between the Pacific coast of South America and New Zealand and the Australian colonies. The authorities of Panama, we may add, have invited an English engineer to survey a line of railroad across the Isthmus, and are most desirous that the line should be executed by an English company, to which they are prepared to grant extensive privileges.—*Herald.*

His Majesty the Queen has forwarded £100 and his Royal Highness Prince Albert £50, in aid of the erection of the Royal Asylum at Morningside, Edinburgh, for the accommodation of 250 poor persons. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are subscribers to the amount of 125 guineas; the Duke of Roxburgh, Earl of Wemyss and March, and Earl of Stair, £100 respectively, and the Earls of Haddington and Rosberry, Marquis of Tweeddale, and Viscount Melville, are donors of sums of £50 each. The building is rapidly approaching completion.

The large concern of Messrs. Wingate, Son & Co., wholesale warehousemen in Glasgow, stopped payment on the 29th Dec.—Liabilities, £120,000—silk & shawl trade. Mr. W. 18 months ago, was considered to have realized a clear fortune of £30,000 or 40,000. This failure, joined with that of the Banatynes, grain-merchants, and those connected with them, makes considerably upwards of £200,000 in all, and will, in the latter case, be very severely felt.

Mr. Peel, uncle to the Prime Minister, died on the 9th January, worth £2,000,000.

The christening of the Prince of Wales takes place in the Court on the 15th January, and the King of Prussia is to arrive to hold him over the baptismal font.

Lord Melbourne had been paying a visit to the Queen at Windsor, for the first time since his retirement from the premiership.

The election for the City of Dublin is expected to be in favour of Lord Morpeth, who is now in the United States.

Perils of the Sea.—The Yarmouth Register gives the names and ages of sixty-two individuals belonging to Truro, who perished in the gale of October last. Thirty-five of them were young unmarried men, but twenty-seven of them have left widows and fifty-one children. There are one hundred and five widows now living at Truro, nearly all of whose husbands were lost at sea.

LATER FROM CHINA.

The latest news from China, by the overland mail, extends to Sept. 11, at which time the squadron is said to have been marching towards Ningpo and Chusan.

On the 1st of September, five days after the capture of Amoy, that place was abandoned, a garrison of 500 men being left on that island in the immediate vicinity, and on the 4th the expedition sailed for Ningpo.

Our advices are dated from Canton, Oct. 10, and from Bombay, Nov. 30. The news from China brings the account of the taking of the great Chinese fortress of Amoy, on the 27th of August, after considerable firing, but without the loss of a man on the side of the British. Several hundred cannons were taken, and some Mandarins were so horrified that they killed themselves with a sight of the invaders.

In the proclamation issued by Sir Henry Pottinger, the official account of the capture is given. The expedition, having left a force at Koolangsee, a small island close to Amoy, proceeded subsequently to the northward. The Chinese accounts at Canton in the beginning of October, stated that the British had, in the month of September, taken Chusan and Ningpo, and had established a blockade at the mouths of the Grand Canal. But no intelligence of those facts had reached Hong Kong or Macao when the *Mordelipper* left the latter port.

There has been some hard fighting between the Chilizis, a tribe of hardy mountaineers, who held the mastery over the passes leading from Cabut to Jellalahad and Peshawar.

The passengers and crew of the brig *Sultana*, which was burnt by lightning near the coast of Borneo in January last, have arrived at Singapore, after sufferings of the severest kind from the petty rajahs and pirates.

The trials of the Arab revolters on the frontiers of the Nizari's country are over. One of them has been executed, and several ordered to be transported. Tranquility prevails now in those districts.

FRANCE.

The King of the French had extended his clemency to Quenisset, Columbiere and Brazier, the three who were sentenced to death by the Chamber of Peers on account of the conspiracy against the lives of the King's sons. Quenisset is transported, and the other two sent to the hulks—all for life.

Count Alfred D'Orsay proposes to establish a House of Asylum for distressed French subjects, where they may find shelter for the night, and a portion of food.

Details have been received from Odessa of the autumn campaign of the Russians against the Circassians, & of

of their defeat at Jatcha, where some 500 were slain. It is believed that the Russians have lost some 8,000 men, mostly by disease. The Crimean hospitals are filled with the sick.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

BIBLE ANECDOTE.

The following was related at the late anniversaries in London, by Dr. Cox:—

"A circumstance was lately brought to my knowledge, by a person from the East Indies, which tends to illustrate the importance and value of the Bible; and to show in what various ways its benefits may be displayed when we are not, perhaps, conscious of the happy effects which it is secretly producing. Archdeacon Corrie, now Bishop of Madras, was, at the time of which I speak, the Chaplain of Allahabad. At one time there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages into the Hindostanee language, and every morning distribute the papers at his door; 20 years afterwards, he received a communication from a missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there, and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and to die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him there several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his impression of its great realities, that he put the question, 'How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the Sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a missionary in your life, nor any to teach you the way of life and salvation?' And what was his answer, my Lord? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well-worn and tattered bits of paper, and he said, 'From these bits of paper, which a Sahib distributed at my door, whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day till they are tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language. From them I have derived all the information of eternal realities which I now possess. This is the source of my information. Thence I have derived my knowledge.'"—*N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.*

A LITTLE BUNDLE OF TRACTS.

In the spring of the last year, a girl about twelve years of age, who is a scholar in one of the Sabbath Schools connected with the Southwark Sunday School Society, was in a delicate state of health. Her father, being a seafaring man, employed in navigating a trading vessel to the coast of France, resolved to take her with him to Dunkirk, where an English family resided with whom he was acquainted. The Sabbath previous to going, on taking leave of her teacher, she asked for some tracts to take with her, as she said she hoped they might be useful. Her request was cheerfully complied with, and she was supplied with a bundle of tracts. She was the only female on board the vessel, the crew and passengers of which were very profane. The voyage proceeded very tediously, and on one occasion they were becalmed for many hours; this gave occasion to the utterance of a profusion of oaths, that shocked the feelings of this child, who had been taught the sinfulness of swearing. Lying in her cabin very ill, she thought of her tracts, and mustered strength enough to crawl to her box, and taking out "The Swearer's Prayer," she put it into the hands of the young man who had been the most profane, and asked him if he would like to read that little book: He said he should be glad to read any thing to pass away the time. He read it aloud, and every individual appeared deeply attentive. A solemn pause ensued. This encouraged the little girl to go to her box a second time. She then brought the "History of Naaman." This was eagerly read by the same youth, and listened to with equal attention, so much so that not a word was spoken for several minutes. Some time after, an oath was uttered, but it was heard with general disapprobation. The young man who had been reading addressed the swearer, and said, "How can you swear after hearing what has been read? I am determined never to swear again as long as I live." "So am I," said another; and the whole company entered into a solemn vow that they would

not swear any more. This engagement they adhered to, at least to the end of the voyage, and no profane language was heard during the remainder of the passage. When landed at Dunkirk, and the parties were separating to proceed to their respective destination, the young man begged the little girl would oblige him by giving him the tracts he had read, that he might carry them with him. This she very readily did, and they parted, probably never to meet again in this world. The other tracts she took with her, and read them to the family in whose care her father left her, and who were very glad to hear them, and during her stay, frequently requested her to read them over again. After a residence of about a month, she returned to England in another vessel, leaving behind her, at the particular request of the family, all her little books. She arrived in the River Thames about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, got on shore, and reached her home between one and two on the Sabbath morning. In the afternoon, she appeared in her place at the school, and related to her beloved teacher, with feelings of peculiar animation and interest, the history of her little bundle of religious tracts.—*London Home-Mission Magazine.*

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

THE Rev. Mr. McNeille, of Liverpool, in a lecture recently delivered by him, introduced the following interesting anecdote :

"I will tell you a circumstance that occurred lately in this town. A journeyman housepainter who had long entertained infidel sentiments, and was addicted to corresponding bad practices, was employed in his trade upon a house nearly opposite to mine. From his elevated position, he saw over my blind into my study, and he observed me at my work. The next morning, at an early hour, he saw the same; this attracted his attention, and the third morning he came still earlier, but I was before him. He ascertained who I was, and he kept watching me over the blind every morning while the job opposite to me lasted. In the meantime, as I learned afterwards, he began to reason with himself, saying, 'This gentleman must be in earnest, however, right or wrong;' and he said, moreover, 'the result of all this reading and writing so early, morning after morning, must, I should think, be worth hearing. I will go and hear what he has to say.' Accordingly, he came to my church. He heard me describe the aching anxieties of the human soul not to be satisfied with any creature thing, but aching still, and longing for repose, until it found it in the bosom of the living God. He heard me describe the way in which a God of holiness can admit a sinner to such repose—the way in which a sinner may enjoy that holy communion. His heart was touched: the secret cause of his infidelity was detected: it was not the want of evidence in the revelation of God, but a want of willingness in man to be conformed to the character of God. Before a rising willingness to be holy, all the scepticism of his intellect disappeared, and instead of a sullen infidel, he is, I have reason to hope, a happy, cheerful Christian."

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.

We have just been informed, that in addition to the donations of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, of £200 each, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has, within the last few days, remitted the sum of 200 guineas in furtherance of the objects of the above Society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DESERTED INFIDEL.

WHEN Paine's infidel companions said to him, "You have lived like a man—we hope you will die like one," he observed to one near him, "You see, sit, what miserable comforters I have." He declared on one occasion, if ever the devil had an agent on earth, he had been one. "There was," says Dr. Manley, his physician, "something remarkable in his conduct about this period, (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death,) particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was author of "The Age of Reason." He would call out, during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, "Oh Lord, help me! God help me!—Jesus Christ, help me! Oh Lord, help me!" repeating the same expressions, with-

out any, the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. This conduct induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions; and I was more inclined to that belief, when his nurse, who is a very serious and I believe pious woman, told me, that he would inquire when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading; being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would give particular attention. But when his physician repeatedly pressed him to confess his guilt and errors, and asked him, "Do you believe; or, let me qualify the question, Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" after a pause of some minutes, he sullenly answered, "I have no wish to believe on that subject."—Dr. Manley remarks, "For my own part, I believe, that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished infidel, he would have left less equivocal evidences of a change of opinion."—The woman whom he had seduced from her husband and children in France, lamented to a friend who visited Paine in his departing moments—"For this man I have given up my family and friends, my property and my religion; judge, then of my distress, when he tells me that the principles he has taught me will not bear me out."

MILTON'S HOUSE.

Milton's house at Hornton was pulled down about fifty years since, and another—apparently of similar dimensions—built in its stead. The garden and ground are the same: and an old pigeon-house belonging to the former mansion has been preserved. In the garden is a decayed apple-tree under which the poet is said—with no great probability—to have composed the *Arcades*. The situation of the house is low and marshy. Though near the public road, it is concealed by the shrubbery and a cluster of 'hedge-row elms.' We had some difficulty in finding the house, as the villagers considered our inquiries to be directed towards a more aristocratic mansion, the manor-house, which has recently been destroyed, to the great regret of the people, who described it as a noble old residence, that had stood for hundreds of years.—The Milton house was the second in importance in the village. Having traced out the spot, we found the proprietor, Mr. Cooke, a hale cheerful old gentleman, engaged in the fields superintending his hay-makers. He came with great alacrity to show us the house, pointed out the pigeon-house and apple-tree, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the appearance of two tall poplars on the lawn, about a hundred feet in height, which are visible, he said, all the way to Slough, near Windsor, and on the London road. There is not a hill betwixt Hornton and London. In this secluded spot, 'shrouded in cheerful shade,' the poet had nothing to withdraw him from the studies in which he delighted. Mr. Cooke called one of his labourers to accompany us to Horton Church, in which, he said, no doubt the Miltons often sat, and where the poet's mother lay buried. The honest peasant was as civil and cheerful as his master, of whom he spoke with the affection of the 'olden time,' that still lingers in these remote nooks and corners; society is much the same as it was two hundred years since. His master, he said, had suffered much affliction; all his family had died before him, and their tombs were in the church. There is, fortunately, in some minds, an elasticity and ever-springing cheerfulness—the result of a happy nature and calm reliance on the goodness of Providence—that enables them to surmount the heaviest calamities that befall humanity. Horton Church is like the village, low and antique; it has its yew-trees and ivy-mantled walls, the characteristic and interesting accompaniments of such spots. An ancient font is in the interior. The chancel is paved with red bricks, among which the blue flagstone over the grave of the poet's mother is conspicuous. The stone is inscribed, "Here lyeth the body of Sarah Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3d of April, 1637."—*Frazer's Magazine.*

MORMONISM.

I, with a few others, was curious to go to a Mr. Dunning's, in Gloucester, on Saturday evening, the 23d ult., to hear a Mormon preacher, one of the followers of Joe Smith. This Yankee fanatic said, amongst many other things, that "Moses" (who was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,) "was an ignorant man—that Aaron

was appointed to be his assistant, he being a learned man—that there were two principles in man, a good and a bad one." He made a distinction between the Comforter promised by Christ to his Apostles, and the Holy Spirit. The former is a Divine Teacher, which character he himself assumed, inasmuch as he pretended to the spirit of prophecy and miracles—that Christ was now coming on earth (not by his spirit) in his bodily form—that the New Jerusalem will be rebuilt (not in the land of Palestine, not near the fountains of Zion, Siloam, and Cedron)—but in South America, where Jesus Christ will fix the seat of his empire, and reign a thousand years; that the Jews and the Israelites would be gathered from the Isles of the Sea, one part on the Eastern, and the other part on the Western Continent; that the curse which was pronounced against the Jews, for the rejection of the Gospel, would be pronounced against the Gentiles at the coming of Christ, and that they would be destroyed from the face of the earth. The above, Sir, is a specimen of this impostor's preaching.—*Correspondent of the Bytown Gazette, 10th Feb.*

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY IN A CHURCH.

A FEW days ago, a discovery of an extraordinary kind was made in the interior of the parish church of Barking, Essex:—The interior of the ancient building affording scarcely room for the increasing population of that town and its vicinity, the Rector, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Liddell, has recently undertaken, at his own expense, to improve the chancel, to afford additional accommodation. To accomplish this, it was found necessary to cut away a portion of the ponderous pillars by which the galleries are at this end supported, and which were of ten times the strength required. While the workmen were engaged in removing a thick crust of plaster in which one of the pillars was encased, and which had been put on upwards of 70 years ago to give them the appearance of stone, they discovered a nest of five toads, two of which were of a very good size, and the others smaller. The reptiles, on being relieved from their place of lengthened confinement, jumped about the place, and seemed quite healthy, and were picked up and put in a place of security. In removing some wooden skirting from the wall near the same spot, a live bat was found, which must have been confined quite as long as the toads, and which was also secured by the workmen. These extraordinary curiosities attracted much attention, and various applications had been made to the rector for one or the other of these creatures, but they were unsuccessful.

PRACTICE OF MR. WESLEY IN REGARD TO SLEEP.

THE celebrated John Wesley, who paid every attention to the best means of invigorating his body, in order that he might be enabled to exert himself for the general benefit of his fellow creatures, to the utmost his corporeal and mental powers would allow, informs us, that he had been accustomed to awake every night about twelve or one o'clock, and lay without sleeping for some time: he, therefore, very justly concluded, that this was caused by his lying in bed longer than nature required. To be satisfied upon this point, he procured an alarm, which awakened him next morning at seven, nearly an hour earlier than his usual time of rising.—He still lay awake at night. The ensuing morning he rose at six; but notwithstanding this, he lay awake the second night. The third morning he rose at five; but, nevertheless, lay awake the third night. His next hour of rising was at four, and lying no longer awake, he, for a period of about sixty years, continued the same practice; and, taking the year round, never lay awake for a quarter of an hour at a time, during a month. He justly adds, that by the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, any person may discover how much sleep he really stands in need of. Mr. Wesley was in the habit of going to bed at ten—so by rising at four, he had six hours uninterrupted sleep, which he considered to be sufficient for his own health; he, however, very properly remarks, that invalids and persons of a delicate constitution, and those accustomed to much bodily fatigue during the day, may require seven or eight hours' sleep.

MERE parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection.

THE ARK.

We are informed that lately an eminent ship-builder of one of the outports, upon reading the dimensions recorded as those of the Ark, was so struck with the just proportion that pervaded the whole plan of construction, and the similitude that it bore to that in use at the present day, that he applied himself to the formation of a model which would explain at sight the character and capacity of the huge vessel so well known in religious history; and, to exhibit how little our largest ships vary from her admeasurement, a model of the British Queen has also been constructed on the same scale. In both these works of art the proportions are observed to the greatest nicety. It is understood that the models will be presented for exhibition by the ingenious projector to some public institution in the metropolis.—*Shipping Gazette.*

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.—Man would be a miserable being, were it not for the indulgence of the social and domestic affections—and nothing desolates the human heart like the loss of near connexions and friends. Death is trebly armed with terrors to those who enjoy unalloyed happiness in their domestic relations—while on the other hand, the loss of those whom a man holds most dear, seems to sever the ties which bound him to life. *May he survive his relations and friends?* was the imprecation of a Roman on the person who destroyed the monument of his ancestors. A more dreadful curse could scarcely be pronounced.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

FRIDAY, March 4, 1842.

	£	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per bushel	1	3	a	5
Barley, "	2	6	-	2
Pease, "	2	6	-	2
Buckwheat, "	2	3	-	9
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	-	10
Geese, "	4	0	-	6
Ducks, "	2	6	-	4
Chickens, "	1	3	-	6
Partridges, "	1	6	-	2
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0	10	-	1
Do. oil, "	0	7	-	0
Butter—chury, per lb.	0	10	-	0
Do. salt, "	0	7	-	0
Pork, per hundred	20	0	-	25
Beef, "	27	6	-	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	-	15
Beef, per lb.	0	2	-	0
Pork, "	0	2	-	0
Veal, per quarter	1	3	-	10
Mutton, "	1	3	-	10
Lard, per lb.	0	6	-	0
Potatoes, per bushel	1	0	-	1

THE SUBSCRIBER

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

—ALSO,—
A general assortment of BAR, ROD, HOOR, and SHEET IRON.

JOHN KELLER.
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

WILLIAM GEMMILL,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public in general, that he still continues the business at the old stand, No. 2, Place d'Armes; where he will be happy to execute all orders on the shortest notice and LOWEST TERMS, for cash or short approved credit.

N. B.—Three first rate Journeymen Tailors Wanted immediately.
February 10, 1842.

JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.
St. Paul Street.

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.
August 12, 1841.

NEW GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully invite the attention of their friends, and the public generally, to their present extensive and varied assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, which they are disposing of at very reduced prices.

H. MATHEWSON & Co.

November 18, 1841.

JOHN LOVELL,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
St. Nicholas Street.
MONTREAL.

All orders punctually attended to.

W. GETTESS,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER
IN
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,

Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.
August 12, 1841.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:
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—ALSO,—

TIN SMITH'S MACHINERY AND TOOLS, in complete sets, or single pieces—same maker.

Terms Liberal.

SCOTT & SHAW.

Montreal, December 16, 1841.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN
BOOT AND 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 signalized 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.

J. H. TAAFFE,
GENERAL GROCER,
No. 85, Notre Dame Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,
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ROBERT MILLER,
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Entrance of the Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.

HAS on hand, and offers for Sale, very low for CASH, a general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, PRAYER BOOKS, PSALMS OF DAVID; WESLEY'S, WATTS', and other HYMN BOOKS; Writing Paper, Steel Pens, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Slates, Blank Books, Children's TOYS in great variety, &c. &c.

PAPER RULED and BOUND to any pattern; and every description of BINDING executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—Orders for the Country punctually attended to.
August 12, 1841.

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS STORE,
Wholesale and Retail,

MUIR'S BUILDINGS, PLACE D'ARMES.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand a large and well assorted Stock, which he will sell low for CASH.

Expected by the Fall Arrivals, a fresh supply of GOODS, suited for the Fall and Winter seasons.
E. THOMPSON.
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
PLACE D'ARMES,
Next door to the Union Bank, entrance by the Green Gateway.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR, respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that having purchased a NEW PRINTING OFFICE, and established himself as above, he is prepared to execute, in the best style, every description of PRINTING, viz:

- Catalogues,
- Law Blanks,
- Circulars, Cards, &c.
- Funeral Letters,
- Bill Heads,
- Labels of all kinds, &c. &c.

All Orders entrusted to his care, shall meet with immediate attention.

Charges very moderate.

JOHN E. L. MILLER.

January, 1842.

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OPPOSITE MESSRS. GIBB & CO.
Notre Dame Street.

August 12, 1841.

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August 12, 1841.

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BRACKET and OFFICE CLOCKS,
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MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES,
Gold, Plated and Gilt JEWELLERY, and GERMAN CLOCKS, Warranted at \$5 each.
JOHN WOOD,
St. Paul Street.

November 18, 1841.

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St. Francois Xavier Street, facing St. Sacrament Street.

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