

# THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

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## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

In the melancholy month of October, when the variegated tints of the autumnal landscape begin to fade away into the pale and sickly hue of death, a few soft, delicious days, called the Indian Summer, steal in upon the close of the year, and, like a second spring, breathe a balm round the departing season, and light up with a smile the pallid features of the dying year. They resemble those calm and lucid intervals, which sometimes precede the last hour of slow decline—mantling the cheek with a glow of health—breathing tranquillity around the drooping heart—and, though seeming to indicate that the fountains of life are springing out afresh, are but the sad and sure precursors of dissolution—the last earthly sabbath

Of a spirit who longs for a longer day,  
And is ready to wing its flight away.

I was once making a tour, at this season of the year, in the interior of New England. The rays of the setting sun glanced from the windows and shingle roofs of the little farm houses scattered over the landscape; and the soft hues of declining day were gradually spreading over the scene. The harvest had already been gathered in, and I could hear the indistinct sound of the flail from the distant threshing floor. Now and then a white cloud floated before the sun, and its long shadow swept across the stubble field, and climbed the neighbouring hill. The tap of a solitary woodpecker echoed from the orchard; and, at intervals, the hollow gust passed like a voice amid the trees, scattering the coloured leaves, and shaking down the ruddy apples.

As I rode slowly along, I approached a neat farm-house, that stood upon the slope of a gentle hill. There was an air of plenty about it, that bespoke it the residence of one of the better class of farmers. Beyond it, the spire of a village church rose from the clump of trees; and, to the westward, lay a long cultivated valley, with a rivulet winding like a strip of silver through it, and bound on the opposite side by a chain of high, rugged mountain.

A number of horses stood tied to a rail in front of the house, and there was a crowd of peasants, in their best attire, at the doors and windows. I saw at once, by the sadness of every countenance, and the half-audible tones of voice in which they addressed each other, that they were assembled to perform the last pious duties of the living to the dead. Some poor child of dust was to be consigned to its long home. I alighted, and entered the house. I feared that I might be an intruder upon that scene of grief; but a feeling of painful and melancholy curiosity prompted me on. The house was filled with country people from the neighbouring villages, seated round with that silent decorum which in the country is always observed on such occasions. I passed through the crowd to the chamber, in which, according to the custom of New England, the body of the deceased was laid out in all the appalling habiliments of the grave. The coffin was placed upon a table in the middle of the room. Several of the villagers were gazing upon the corpse; and as they turned away, speaking to each other in whispers of the ravages of death, I drew near, and looked for a moment upon those sad remains of humanity. The countenance was calm and beautiful, and the pallid lips apart, as if the last sigh had just left them. On the coffin plate I read the name and age of the deceased: she had been cut off in the bloom of life.

As I gazed upon the features of death before me, my heart rebuked me; there was something cold and heartless, in thus gazing idly upon the relics of one whom I had not known in life: and I turned away with an emotion of more than sorrow. I look upon the last remains of a friend, as something that death has hallowed; the dust of one whom I had loved in life, should be loved in death. I should feel that I were doing violence to the tender sympathies of affection, in thus exposing the relics of a friend to the idle curiosity of the world: for the world could never feel the emotion that harrowed up my soul, nor taste the bitterness with which my heart was running over.

At length the village clergyman arrived, and the funeral procession moved towards the church. The mother of the deceased followed the bier, supported by the clergyman, who tried in vain to administer consolation to a broken heart. She gave way to the violence of her grief, and wept aloud. Beside her walked a young man, who seemed to struggle with his sorrow, and strove to hide from the world what was passing in his bosom.

The church stood upon the outskirts of the village, and a few old trees threw their soft, religious shade around its portals. The tower was old and dilapidated, and the occasional toll of its bell, as it swung solemnly along the landscape, deepened the soft melody of the scene.

I followed the funeral train at a distance, and entered the church. The bier was placed at the head of the principal aisle, and after a moment's pause, the clergyman arose, and commenced the funeral service with prayer. It was simple and impressive; and, as the good man prayed, his countenance glowed with pure and fervent piety. He said there was a rest for the people of God, where all tears should be wiped from their eyes, and where there should be no more sorrow or care. A hymn was then sung, appropriate to the occasion: it was from the writings of Dr. Watts, beginning,

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb:  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust."

The pauses were interrupted by the sobs of the mother—it was touching in the extreme. When it ceased, the aged pastor arose and addressed his simple audience. Several times his voice faltered with emotion. The deceased had been a favourite disciple since her residence in the village, and he had watched over her slow decay with all the tender solicitude of a father. As he spoke of her gentle nature—of her patience in sickness—of her unrepining approach to the grave—of the bitterness of death—and of the darkness and silence of the narrow house—the younger part of the audience were moved to tears. Most of them had known her in life, and could repeat some little history of her kindness and benevolence. She had visited the cottages of the poor—she had soothed the couch of pain—she had wiped away the mourner's tears!

When the funeral service was finished, the procession again formed, and moved towards the graveyard. It was a sunny spot, upon a gentle hill, where one solitary beech tree threw its shade upon a few mouldering tombstones. They were the last mementos of the early settlers and patriarchs of the neighbourhood, and were overgrown with grass and branches of the wild rose. Beside them there was an open grave; the bier was placed upon its brink, and the coffin slowly and carefully let down into it; the mother came to take her last farewell—it was a scene of heart-

rending grief. She paused, and gazed wistfully into the grave. Her heart was buried there. At length, she tore herself away in agony; and, as she passed from the spot, I could read in her countenance that the strongest tie which held her to the world, had given way.

The rest of the procession passed in order by the grave, and each cast into it some slight token of affection, a sprig of rosemary, or some other sweet-scented herb. I watched the mournful procession, returning along the dusty road, and, when it finally disappeared behind the woodland, I found myself alone in the graveyard. I sat down upon a moss-grown stone, and fell into a train of melancholy thoughts. The gray of twilight overshadowed the scene—the wind rushing by in hollow gusts, sighed in the long grass of the grave, and swept the rustling leaves in eddies around me. Side by side, beneath me, slept the hoary head of age, and the blighted heart of youth—mortality, which had long since mouldered back to dust, and that from which the spirit had just departed. I scraped away the moss and the grass from the tombstone on which I sat, and endeavoured to decipher the inscription. The name was entirely blotted out, and the rude ornaments were mouldering away. Beside it was the grave that had just closed over its tenant. What a theme for meditation!—the grave that had been closed for years, and that upon which the mark of the spade was still visible!—one whose very name was forgotten, and whose last earthly record had wasted away! and one over whom the grass had not yet grown, nor the shadows of night descended!

When I returned to the village, I learned the history of the deceased: it was simple, but to me affecting.

[To be continued.]

### WISDOM AND CONTENTMENT. AN ALLEGORY.

THERE lived in a lowly cot a maid whose name was CONTENTMENT. This virgin wished not for pomp or grandeur—what nature gave was all her desire. Her food was from the green herbage of the field, and the rich juice of the grape. Her drink was from the crystal streamlet. Her clothing was homely. Her countenance wore a roseate bloom of health, while lustre sparkled from her radiant eyes. Her neck was whiter than alabaster, while her limbs, which could boast the swiftness of a wild deer, were as proportionate as nature could form them. Far retired from the world, she knew not the follies of it. Her every wish was gratified in her humble store—in short, she was happy.

One day, as she was reclining herself on a verdant bank, a youth appeared before her. An ethereal brightness shone around him; he seemed to tread upon the "seraph wings of ecstasy" the moment he beheld this beautiful maid; he loved her from his soul, and all his power drooped to his love. She was inspired with the same passion; they attentively viewed each other, and every minute their love increased. Oh! thought the youth, (whose name was WISDOM,) "were that charming object in my possession, how happy would I be!" An innumerable train of ideas crowded upon his imagination, as he thus addressed the beautiful damsel:—

"Angelic maid, I know I have seen the world, and with disgust spurned the innumerable follies with which it abounds. I have tasted those false pleasures, which for a time delude the silly—but soon they sickened before me, and I left them. Fashion, pomp, and all such insignificant bubbles, I freely resign for thee. Thou art a jewel ten

thousand times more precious than those; and thee will I foster in my bosom—in short, I will never forsake thee.”

The more Wisdom spoke, the more his features brightened up—his voice was harmonious—his look mild and pleasant. To CONTENTMENT he was an irresistible charm—she gently yielded to his addresses, and they were soon united by HAPPINESS, who blessed them—who now remains with them, and ever will.

The one could not exist without the other—and if any situation is enviable, theirs must be; and none but the wise, who despise the foibles of life, and follies of fashion, can ever find them—as they seldom take up their abode in court or city.—Josephus.

## THE TRAVELLER.

### THE NESTORIANS, OR THE LOST TRIBES.

BY ASAHEL GRANT, M.D.

#### CHAPTER VI.—(CONCLUDED.)

My host, as his title signifies, is the prince of a tribe, or a division of the large tribe of the Tiyary Nestorians; and, by virtue of his office, has an important influence among his people, though his office is rather advisory or paternal, than judicial or mandatory. The supreme civil, as well as ecclesiastical authority over the independent tribes, is vested in the patriarch: who holds nearly the same relation to his people, in these respects, that the high-priest did among the ancient Hebrews, and their government bears a striking analogy to that primitive theocracy. The assembly of elders still convenes, but without much formality; and the avenger of blood still executes justice in capital offences, while the offender may find all the advantages of the ancient cities of refuge in their venerable churches. Excision, not only from the privileges of the church, but even from society, is a common form of severe punishment inflicted by the patriarch; and his ban is greatly dreaded by the people. A man of high influence, living near the river on the more direct road from Lezan, is now resting under such a malediction; in consequence of which, the people hold very little intercourse with him; for this reason, I was desired to take the more circuitous route by way of Asheetha.

I observed that property was left much more exposed than is common in the East: a circumstance which evinces the truth of the report, that the people confide in each other's general integrity, while they have no fear of thieves from other quarters. As I noticed the fact that the houses were built at a distance of some rods from each other, while most Eastern villages are very compact, the same explanation was given: we have no thieves here. This, however, can only be comparatively true; though there is a high sense of honour, which forms a better safeguard, in many cases, than all the sanguinary punishments of the Turks and Persians. For instance, when any one finds a lost article, he gives notice of the fact, retaining the article until the owner comes for it, however long the interval. Cases are related of very unhappy results from the high sense of honour entertained by this people, one of which occurred in the family of my host some years since, and occasioned the death of two promising lads. One of these boys went out to cut down a valuable tree, in the absence of the parents of both, who were brothers. His cousin forbade him, saying the tree belonged to his own father. But the first boy persevered, while the other went and brought out his gun, and deliberately shot his cousin dead upon the spot. An indelible stain would now rest upon the family of the murdered boy, unless vengeance was satisfied according to immemorial usage; and the bereaved father, who was the legal avenger of blood, could accept of nothing but the blood of his brother's child, and they were both buried in one grave before the setting of another sun!

Another instance is said to have occurred at a social party, where, with less of formality than is used by some of our "men of honour," a person, in exchange for some supposed insult, plunged his large dagger, such as every one wears at his side, into the breast of another; upon which, the brother of the slain, the legal "avenger of blood," closed the tragical scene by laying the murderer

dead at his feet. But such cases must be of very uncommon occurrence, and they are related as such by the people. The summary manner of the punishment, no doubt, deters from crime—since the criminal has little chance of escaping justice.

I found my host a very intelligent man, for a person in his circumstances; but it is quite evident, that a people so much shut out from the world can have but a very imperfect and confused notion of what is going on in other countries. He had heard of steamboats and balloons, and wished to know if it were true that the English had ships which could sail under water, or which they could render invisible to their enemies, as he had heard. I was much pleased with his desire for information; and hope we may soon be able to respond to the call which continues to be made for books and schools, for the Bible, and the ability to read it: They want food for the mind.

The priest of the village often visited us, and expressed a lively interest in our plans and efforts for the improvement of his people. He was trying to live a very holy life, and had therefore taken a vow corresponding to that of the Nazarites among the Jews. He ate no meat or animal food of any kind, not even vegetable oils or milk: so that he might feed the soul by starving the body. Such instances are, however, very uncommon; but as celibacy is a part of the vow, it seems to have superseded the few convents which once existed among this people. Vows of celibacy among the females are known to exist, but the cases are very rare; and nunneries are quite unknown.

Oct. 23.—I found myself pleasantly employed in prescribing for the sick, and in general social and religious intercourse with the people. The situation of the village is romantic and agreeable; but it is not of the largest class, though there were others not far distant; so that we were not wanting for society. We still sat and slept on the floor, or rather upon the coarse felt carpets laid on the earthen floor, and ate our plain fare from one large wooden bowl, with wooden spoons, and with our fingers.

The women were social, and treated us with all kindness. The former wife of my host was a sister of the patriarch, and a rare example of female education: the only one of her day, I believe, among the Nestorians. She is said to have been a superior woman, and to have exerted a very salutary influence among her people. It is encouraging to see such respect paid to the educated of this too long degraded sex among the Nestorians. A younger sister of the patriarch has followed the example, and she is the only female among the mountain Nestorians who can read her Bible; while among those of the plain, not one could read previously to the commencement of our system of instruction. Let them become as intelligent and pious, as they are frugal, active, and virtuous, and they will soon rise to influence, and be a blessing and an ornament to their sex in these benighted lands.

Nature has been bountiful to them, and their minds are susceptible of the highest culture. They would not suffer in comparison with any other people. Their children are bright and active; but they are suffered to grow up without controul. Their affection for their relatives is strong, and they have a warm attachment to the family circle. But the example of a well-regulated Christian household is greatly needed; and the female missionary would here find a field of the greatest promise. She might exert an influence such as no one else could acquire; and, however self-denying her station, might enjoy, in the fruits of her toil, a more exalted happiness than all earthly pleasures could impart.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

### THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

METHOUGHT there stood before me a noble mansion, the entrance to which was by a door provided with a knocker, and over which was inscribed in large letters—THE HOUSE OF THE PHYSICIAN. As I stood admiring, a miserable and unhappy looking person came dragging himself along, and gazing with eagerness towards the dwelling. His countenance was haggard and care-worn, and I observed that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there was nothing but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. He walked with so much difficulty, that I was afraid he would never

reach the object of his desires; but when he came near enough to read the inscription over the door, I thought I saw his countenance lighted up with a faint smile of pleasure, while he quickened his pace. But the exertion was too much for him—for scarcely had he reached the door, and given one loud knock, than he fell prostrate on the step, and groaned aloud. The door was quickly opened, and a person with kind looks came out, and asked the poor man for what he had knocked? Scarcely could he answer, "Save me, or I perish!"

"But why," said the master of the mansion, "do you come to me? could you find no physicians nearer to your own home?"

"O," said the poor man, "I have suffered much of many physicians, and I have only been made worse."

"But," said the master, "what reward can you give me for a cure?"

At this the poor man seemed discouraged, but after a while, being reassured, he replied:

"Is not this the house of the Great Physician, who has sent out his advertisements through the country, that he will cure without money and without price? Alas! I am so poor and destitute, that I have nothing to give in return but a grateful heart."

At this I could see a smile on the face of the Physician, who immediately ordered his servants to carry the poor man in; and no sooner was he in, than he began to bind up his sores, and mollify them with ointment. The effect was wonderful: his flesh became sound, his cheek ruddy with health; and as he came out of the house, a new man, I could hear him loudly praising the compassion and the skill of the Great Physician.

He had scarcely gone on his way rejoicing, before I saw another who was in search of the Physician's house. By the manner in which he stretched out his hand to feel his way, I discovered that he was blind. His countenance was anxious and disturbed, and he seemed at every step afraid of falling into some dangerous place. Again and again, he would plaintively say, "Will none lead me to him who gives sight to the blind?" At length a benevolent man stepped up, and giving him his hand, led him to the very door of the house. At his knock, the Great Physician appeared, and said to him, "What wouldst thou have?"

"Oh," said the blind man, "that I might receive my sight!"

The Physician looked at him compassionately, and, without further solicitation, applied salve to his eyes, saying, "Receive thy sight." The effect was instantaneous, and never was a poor creature in such an ecstasy of delight, as the light of day burst upon him. He gazed upon the Physician, and fell down and embraced his feet, and then looked around him, exclaiming at every moment, "Once I was blind, now I see!"

The next person that appeared, seemed still in greater distress. He was bowed down to the earth, and did not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven. When he came to the door he seemed afraid to knock, and stood weeping for a long time, and groaned aloud, as if suffering from great inward pain; at last he said aloud, "I can be but refused," and then loudly knocked. The door was not opened, as it had been to the others, at the first knock; and it was not till the poor man was emboldened to try again and again, that the Physician appeared. He did not seem to notice him with a kindly look, but rather spoke harshly to him: "Why troublest thou me?" The poor man acknowledged that he was not worthy; but the more he was refused the more loudly he cried, "Have mercy on me!" Then said the Physician, "You have before refused my aid, and why should I listen to your request?" At this the patient seemed as if he would sink into the earth, with shame and distress, and as the Physician was about closing the door against him, he fell down despairingly, and cried, "If I perish, I will perish here." In a moment the face of the Physician was lighted up with a smile, and stretching forth his hand, he raised the poor creature from the ground, saying, "I will, be thou clean." His cure was forthwith effected, and never was one more happy and thankful.

When he had gone, I observed one coming tripping along, who, when he had arrived at the door, knocked carelessly, as if he did not care to be heard. No sooner had the Physician appeared

than he began to state his case, and declaring his aversion to all medicines and strict diet. I could see the Physician was indignant at his impertinence, and he plainly told him he would have nothing to do with him, unless he was willing to take his medicines, and even submit to the amputating knife.

"Rather than submit to that," said the man, "I will take the consequences."

The Physician looked compassionately at him as he shut the door, and I could hear him say, "Why will you die?"

At this time, another came along hobbling on crutches, and to the inquiry of the Physician, he said, "I have been a long time diseased, but I am now much better. I have been taking a great many remedies, and through these, together with these crutches, which are the fruit of my own ingenuity, I get along tolerably comfortable, and hope soon to be well."

"Why then come here?" said the Physician, "they that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

With this he shut the door in his face, and, as far as I could see, the man was but little troubled with the repulse.

After this, I observed a great many more pass by; most of them, although they showed the symptoms of disease, read the inscription over the door smilingly and incredulously, and passed on without making an inquiry; others, however, stopped and knocked; some timidly, others boldly—and while some were cured, others were sent away. This, however, I observed, that the kind Physician never refused to cure those who seemed sensible of the grievous nature of their maladies, and who were willing to trust him as the only one who understood, and could cure their complaints.—*Presbyterian.*

#### JESUS ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

It is impossible to conceive a spectacle of greater natural or moral sublimity, than the Saviour seated on the slope of the Mount of Olives, and thus looking down, almost for the last time, on the whole temple and city of Jerusalem, crowded, as it then was, with near three millions of worshippers. It was evening, and the whole irregular outline of the city, rising from the deep glens which encircled it on all sides, might be distinctly traced. The sun—the significant emblem of the great Fountain of the moral light, to which Jesus and his faith had been perpetually compared—may be imagined, sinking behind the western hills, while its last rays might linger on the broad and massy fortifications on Mount Zion—on the stately palace of Herod—on the square tower—the Antonia at the corner of the temple—and on the roof of the temple, fretted all over with golden spikes, which glittered like fire; while below, the colonnades and lofty gates would cast their broad shadows over the courts, and afford that striking contrast between vast masses of gloom and gleams of the richest light, which only an evening scene like the present can display. Nor, indeed, (even without the sacred and solemn associations connected with the holy city,) would it be easy to conceive any natural situation in the world of more impressive grandeur, or likely to be seen with greater advantage under the influence of such accessories, than that of Jerusalem—seated, as it was, upon hills of irregular height, intersected by bold ravines, and hemmed in almost on all sides by still loftier mountains, and itself formed, in its most conspicuous parts, of gorgeous ranges of Eastern architecture, in all its lightness, luxuriance, and variety. The effect may have been heightened by the rising of the slow volumes of smoke from the evening sacrifices, while, even at the distance of the slope of Mount Olivet, the silence may have been faintly broken by the hymns of the worshippers.—*Rev. H. Milman.*

#### THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE.

OH, how consolatory is the thought! If the spirit has been justified, regenerated, sanctified, it will return to the eternal fruition of God in heaven—return to be forever happy. It will be a dissolution from that body of corruption which has been a clog, a weight, a hindrance. How little we know of the disembodied spirit! How little do we know of the susceptibilities of the spirit that has emerged from this world!

#### A VERY DIFFERENT VIEW.

WHEN Xerxes, at the head of two millions of soldiers, halted with his hosts, and himself sat down and wept—it was because the thought occurred to him, that "in one hundred years all that mighty host will be dead." This was a very just reflection, and it is almost the only wise thing recorded of the heathen monarch. But Xerxes' vision extended no farther than their death. He wept for their mortality and his own; but he had no tears to shed for the destiny of these two millions beyond the tomb.

From this view of Xerxes we turn to another—and we behold the Son of God in tears. He sat down, as he drew near to Jerusalem, on Mount Olivet, which overlooked the city, and wept! The tears of the Divine Redeemer fell, not because within less than one hundred years Jerusalem should be desolate, without inhabitant, and the thousands which thronged its streets should be dead—but He looked beyond the tomb. His vision extended century on century into the great future of eternity, and Christ wept because the thousands of that great metropolis were rejecting the Gospel of life, and treasuring up the wrath of God upon their undying spirits. The reflections of the one were bounded by time—those of the other, by eternity.—*Morning Star.*

#### EARLY PIETY.

RELIGION never shines with so bright and benignant a lustre as upon those who embrace it in early youth. To the aged, it gives light, peace, and hope. Upon the young it confers all these, together with many peculiar benefits. It implants pure and noble principles—it nurtures kind affections—it imposes needful restraints upon bad passions, and purifies every vicious taste—it sheds a beautiful and benignant influence upon the whole social and moral character. Thus it blesses for a whole lifetime, and lays the foundation for blessings throughout eternity. It is to the young man who listens to its voice, a counsellor of infallible wisdom—a sun of righteousness which guides him through their whole being. Have you, my young friend, sought this inestimable treasure? You cannot prize it too highly. Give to it your whole heart. Sacrifice for it pride and passion—the love of pleasure, and of the world. Be heavenly-minded. Lay the foundation of piety broad and deep, now while habits are plastic and feelings are lively. Never be ashamed of your religion—never compromise it. Keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Let every year—if possible, every day—add perceptibly to your piety. Endeavour to do good—to be actively pious. Try to feel habitually that it is your duty always to make upon others a decidedly religious impression. Your life and example must do something towards saving others. Cultivate a sense of perpetual responsibility, that every day's history may give a colouring to your eternity.—*The Revivalist.*

#### PURSUIT OF VIRTUE.

THERE is one pursuit in life, which is in the power of all to follow, and to attain. It is subjected to no disappointment, for every contest will prove a victory: and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late; her reward is also with her, and she will come quickly: for the breast of a good man is a little heaven on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence.

#### RELIGION.

THE spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to behaviour: it is social, kind, and cheerful—far removed from that gloomy and illiberal state of mind that clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of the present.

#### FILIAL LOVE.

THERE is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of "innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

#### THE SUNFLOWER.

MANY flowers open themselves to the sun, but only one follows him always. Let your heart be like the sunflower: not only open yourselves to your God, but obey him likewise.

## The Christian Mirror.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1841.

WE most cheerfully forego any remarks of our own, today, in order to make room for several excellent communications, with which we have been kindly favoured: and for which we tender our thanks to the respective authors. We trust our readers will be gratified, as well as edified, by their perusal.

We have also had the promise, and are in daily expectation, of other contributions from the pens of several talented individuals: which, doubtless, will tend still further to enrich our columns, and render the *Mirror* increasingly interesting and valuable.

WE have devoted a considerable portion of our space, in the present number, to full details of the calamitous fire in the Tower of London, and an interesting description of the contents of the Jewel Chamber and of the Tower Armoury—which we have thought worthy of preserving, and which we trust will be generally acceptable.

\* \* \* WE beg respectfully to inform those subscribers who may still be in arrears, that the low rate at which the *Mirror* is published will not admit of the expense of employing a collector. We, therefore, earnestly request that they will oblige us by remitting, without delay, through the nearest Agent or Postmaster, or otherwise, the amount of their respective half-yearly subscriptions. The sum to an individual subscriber is very trifling, but to us the aggregate is of consequence.

For the Christian Mirror.

#### PERSONAL PIETY.

WHILST reading encouraging reports from stations and districts which have been brought under Missionary operations, I have been often led to enquire, what it is that hinders the advancement of religion amongst ourselves? May it not, in a large measure, and in many cases, be traced to the low ebb of personal piety? Are not some professed Christians practically saying, How far can I go in the pursuits and pleasures of the world, and yet retain my credit in the church? rather than, Where ought I to make a stand, in consistency with my Christian profession? Has not the spirit of the world crept too much into the church; and is not this an increasing evil?

In the families of professing Christians generally, the standard of piety is not any thing like so elevated as was that which distinguished the primitive Christians. Why are we not more anxious to cultivate their spirit in this respect? Why are we not more careful to imitate those of whom we profess to be the followers, in this particular? Instead of every other interest being made to yield, and to bend, and subserve the interests of religion,—is not religion made almost subordinate to nearly all other interests? Whilst we indulge a habit of compromising matters with the world, the cause of God must inevitably suffer; and sad is the reflection we are compelled to make, that it is "wounded in the house of its friends!"

The circumstances of the times call for decision, and united effort, on the part of those who profess to be the followers of the Lamb. Are not professors of religion criminally culpable, touching this matter? Do they not speak, and act, and live, as if they were ashamed of their profession—as if they were ashamed of the people whom they have avowedly chosen to be their people—as if they were ashamed of the name which they profess to espouse? Has not the question, "Is it respectable?" or "Is it attended with self-denial?" been stated, when co-operation in any benevolent undertaking has been invited? Is it in this spirit we are to expect, and anticipate, the latter day glory? Are these the feelings with which to usher in the millennium? Is it not the Christian's bounden duty to exert all the influence he possesses—to employ all the energies of his nature—to add example to precept—entreaty to persuasion, if by any means he may promote its advancement?

In proportion as we feel the importance of our own salvation, shall we be solicitous for that of our fellow-creatures—of the world at large. We know that the "possession" (the Spirit of God) is a "purchased" one; that we are warranted to regard the good already accomplished as "the earnest of the inheritance;" but are we required to do nothing to the "gathering together in one all things in spirit," so as to further its complete "redemption?" Are indolence and supineness in us justifiable, because it is foretold that "all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest?" Such a promise should stimulate us to activity, and shame our indifference; considering our individual responsibility and accountableness, let us act accordingly. Then, and not till then, will the interests, the immortal interests, of this dark benighted corner, in which we have cast our lot, be blessed with the light of truth; then, and not till then, will China, comprising a population of above 300,000,000, be evangelised, and "all the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."

Montreal, November, 1841.

L. Z.

For the Christian Mirror.

John xi. 2.

"LORD, BEHOLD HE WHOM THOU LOVEST IS SICK."

SICKNESS, at one time or other, is almost universally the lot of man; and most certain it is, that its introduction into the world is one of the consequences of sin; yet can it not be said, that men suffer, in this respect, in proportion to their guilt,—for it not unfrequently happens, that the emphatically ungodly are almost entirely free from all bodily affliction, and (to the eyes of their companions,) from every thing that can mar their happiness; indeed, they only suffer negatively, in the deprivation of those joys, which man alone can, and the humble Christian alone does possess. In the time of prosperity, they feel not the want of the comforts which flow from religion, because their affections are earthly and sensual; and while surrounded by what can afford these gratification, they imagine themselves perfectly happy. But ah! on what a slender thread hangs all their bliss!—one stroke of adversity—a "fit of common sickness"—a single gust of wind, it may be—and all is gone!—gone as though it had never been. The friends of such an one may speak to him of patience; but it is impossible for him to be patient. He may be silent—he may withhold the expression of his anguish, but only to feel it the more acutely. Their happiness is gone—they are

robbed of the treasure it may have been the sole business of their life to hoard.

How different is it with the Christian! His riches may make to themselves wings, and fly away—his friends may desert him—his children, and the wife of his bosom, may be taken from him by death—his health may forsake him—and he may, yea, he will, feel and mourn their loss; but these are not his *treasure*—that is laid up in heaven, beyond the vicissitudes of this world. Earthquakes, and storms, and diseases, affect it not, and these thieves do not break through and steal.

If laid on the bed of affliction, he turns to the God whom he has worshipped in health, with a confidence kindred to that which dictated the message, "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick;" and he endures with calmness, not because the evil cannot be avoided—for what solace can there be in such a conviction?—but because he knows the chastening to be for his good, and that the hand which inflicts it is guided by infinite wisdom, and infinite benevolence. Nor is this all; the Gospel can impart to those who possess its spirit, something more and better than repose: it confers active felicity. The Christian can rejoice in tribulation; his spirit can utter the language of praise in the moments of bodily anguish; and when death, so much and so justly dreaded by the worldly-minded, approaches, he regards it as a messenger sent to usher him into a state of unalloyed and unending bliss.

November, 1841.

C. R.

For the Christian Mirror.

#### PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE dims the mental vision—it is the veil on the heart, and a great barrier to mental improvement. But it is in connection with religion that its baneful influence is most felt. The prejudiced Christian is one who imagines that the cream of all ecclesiastical excellence is to be found with his own favourite body; and he looks with suspicion and mistrust on all sects but his own. If asked to engage in any enterprise, either for the good of the Church or the world, he shakes his head in a manner expressive of the most profound indifference and independence. His favourite motto is, "It is good for me and my people to be alone." Hence, he remains alone, isolated, abstracted.

He builds a circumscribed wall of prejudice around him, and cannot, on any terms, be induced to appear outside. He professes to be actuated by the most enlarged Christian liberality—he entertains the highest respect for all other Christian denominations, and wishes them "God speed," yet will he not co-operate with them in any way. He sets a high value on his own merits, and imagines that other Christians, in their benevolent attempts to do good, can badly dispense with his services,—and yet, forsooth, he chooses to remain alone. The last, and most remarkable trait in the character of this remarkable man, is that he looks upon himself as a catholic, in the most superlative sense; and, with the greatest self-complacency, he lays his hand on his breast, lifts his eyes to heaven, and thanks God that he is not prejudiced.

BETA.

For the Christian Mirror.

#### PRIDE.

It is with great pain I have observed the unnoticed prevalence, the uninterrupted progress, and demoralising effects of PRIDE among professors of religion in this city.

How often do we observe professing Christians, to whom God, in his kind providence, has granted

more of this world's good than what their fellows in general possess, disdain to speak to, or keep company with, a "brother" from whom God, in his inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to withhold the blessings that they enjoy, merely because he wears a poorer dress, or is considered by the world as not belonging to the same grade of society as they do.

It should not be so. Such persons, I should think, must either suppose that there is a heaven for the rich, and a heaven for the poor—or that the poor never go to heaven at all; for, if they do not think so, I cannot see how they can reconcile themselves with the thought of spending an endless eternity in company with those for whom they had the greatest contempt while on earth. And knowing, as we do, that heaven is a place of superior happiness, it would be highly preposterous in us to suppose, that persons who have kept up such a line of distinction between themselves and the poorer members of the Church while in the world, could be united and happy with them in heaven.

In Montreal I have witnessed more of this spirit than in any place I have ever been—"it pervades the whole Church." That brotherly love that the Scriptures so repeatedly inculcate and enforces, seems to have been banished from the breasts of many individuals holding responsible situations in the different sections of the Church of Christ in this city; and this spirit of pride—this spirit which hath so deadened the energies of the Church, and counteracted the effects the Gospel might have had upon their minds, and the minds of others—to have taken its place. They appear to live in utter disregard of the solemn declaration of St. JOHN, when he says, "If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. And this commandment have we from him, (that is God) that he who loveth God loveth his brother also." So that it appears from this, that they who have been living under the influence of this spirit, have been living in exact opposition to the express command of God.

I now leave the subject with God and the reader who has been cherishing this spirit of pride, (for to no other is it applicable,) humbly trusting that the preceding few and feeble remarks may, with the blessing of God, have the effect of awakening him, as a professor of religion, to a sense of his duty as a Christian.

G.

For the Christian Mirror.

#### THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

NO. II.

MAN is composed of body and soul. By the soul is meant that spiritual, immaterial substance, whence springs the motions of the body, and those various powers or manifestations called feelings, sentiments, and faculties.

So far as our experience teaches, there cannot be any manifestations of the soul in this world, independent of its material tenement. The body, and more particularly the brain, is the instrument, or instruments, of the soul: a portion of it being used to give expression to every act of the mind. Hence, the mind is superior to, and master of the body; and the brain, as a mechanic, is master of his tools, or instruments: it uses the brain for its own purposes. The tool, or instrument, may be large or small, and, consequently, strong or weak: size being, through all nature, considered a measure of power, other things being equal. These instruments of the mind are, in phrenological language, called "organs."

A large organ predisposes to a manifestation of mind through that organ: it being a principle of our nature always to use that most, which we can use best. This accounts for the fact, that on a peculiar organization, or conformation of brain, depends peculiar character.

The Creator made all the organs; He made nothing bad; therefore, there are no bad organs. The brains of men are now unquestionably similar to that possessed by the first man. The form of the head, as the expression of the countenance, may be different, some portions of the cerebrum being predominant; but no son of Adam possesses one organ more or less than their great progenitor.

An instrument cannot be bad unless applied to a bad purpose. The agent, not the instrument, does either the good or the evil, as the case may be. We do not blame the knife, or the razor, nor even the hand of the assassin, for deeds of blood, and the pen of the Editor is not accused with writing the objectionable articles that may appear in a journal. With just as much reason may vanity be attributed to the organ of *self-esteem*, pugnacious propensities to the organ of *combateness*, or murder to the organ miscalled *destructiveness*.

When we charge certain organs with the feelings manifested through them, we forget that they are organs—mere instruments—perfectly harmless of themselves, even as the pen or the razor. Ignorance of this fact originated the idea that Phrenology leads to materialism.

To what, then, shall we assign the crimes and vices which unfortunately are so common to man?—to the material or immaterial nature?—to the instrument or the agent? This question can receive but one reply.

ENCEPHALO.

## OBITUARY.

DIED, on Sunday evening, the 22th Nov., Mr. JOHN BROWN DOUGLASS, of Douglassville, near Napierville, Yeoman, in the 33d year of his age—leaving a mourning widow, and numerous relatives and friends, to lament his early removal from them. During his last illness, Mr. Douglass experienced a renewed sense of the mercy and favour of God, through Christ our Lord, and departed this life with the most cheering and scriptural anticipations of another and better world.

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

Sept. 27, 1841.

The Council reported the following donations:

From James Keith, Esq. of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company—one large brown (ear'd) owl, one loon, or northern diver, two teals, two ducks, one stormy petrel, sea fowls' eggs, and shells.

From C. Jones, Esq. of Fort Erie (Canada)—a wild turkey, from Detroit.

From Dr. Chatrand, of St. Vincent de Paul—a collection of beautiful moths, in excellent preservation.

From the Quebec Mechanics' Institute—a catalogue of their books, and the Rules of their Library and Reading Room.

From Albert Furniss, Esq.—a specimen of lignite, from Toronto (Canada.)

From Mr. Isaacson—a Caracass silver coin.

From Dr. Belin—four nuts of the acajou tree brought by him from the Island of Guadaloupe.

The thanks of the Society having been voted for the above donations,

The Chairman of the Committee of Physical Sciences reported that the meteorological observations at the Island of St. Helens, have been completed for the last two years, and the manuscripts preparing for publication.

The Chairman suggested the advantage of continuing these observations for the ensuing year, and that a record be kept of the barometer, and added thereto, offering to supply the necessary instruments at his personal expense, the Society undertaking to remunerate the person superintending the observations at St. Helens.

On motion duly seconded,

Ordered, That the above suggestion and offer be adopted, and carried into execution.

The President announced the death of Lord Sydenham, Patron of the society, and the Recording Secretary was directed to enregister that lamented event in the Register of the Society.

Kenneth McKenzie, Esq. and B. B. Brown, Esq. M. D., both of St. Louis, Missouri, were ballotted for, and declared unanimously elected Corresponding Members.

The Council was directed to take measures for organizing courses of lectures during the ensuing season.

October 25, 1841.

The following donation was announced:—

From the Hon. George Moffatt—two cones of the gigantic *pinus lambertiana*, of the Oregon Territory, across the Rocky Mountains. These cones were sent from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, by Dr. McLaughlin, Chief Factor of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, who states that this tree is the largest species of pine known. The late Dr. Douglass measured one which had been blown down by the wind, fifty-two feet in circumference at the butt, and at the length of two hundred and fifty feet, where it was broken, and the upper part carried away by the water, it was still thirteen feet in diameter. We find these trees only between this (Fort Vancouver,) and California; they grow without branches, with only a tuft at the top. The Indians eat the seed. The cones are many a foot long; those presented to the Society showing their two extreme sizes.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Moffatt, for his donation.

Chas. Mondelet, Esq. was unanimously elected an Ordinary Member.

Dr. Thomas Bouthillier, Member of the Legislative Assembly, was unanimously elected a Corresponding Member.

DONATIONS.—The Treasurer of the Mercantile Library Association acknowledges with many thanks, the receipt from the Hon. George Moffatt, of the very handsome donation of thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings, in aid of the funds of the Association.

The Treasurer of the Montreal Mechanics' Institute acknowledges with thanks the receipt from the Hon. George Moffatt, of the very handsome donation of thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings, in aid of the funds of the Institute.

R. N. Watts, Esq., M.P. for Drummond, has presented his Parliamentary indemnity for the purpose of erecting an Agricultural Hall—£10 having been reserved from it for a blind man resident in the country.

NOBLE INSTANCE OF HONESTY.—It gives us pleasure to insert the following paragraph, from the *Montreal Herald*:—"It is an old proverb that honesty is the best policy, and we trust that it will be proved in a satisfactory manner in the case of a private in the Royal Welch Fusileer who is a specimen of a truly British soldier. His name is William Evans; he found a pocket book on one of the streets in this city, a few evenings ago, containing some valuable papers, and money to the amount of seventy dollars, which he handed over to Captain Comeau, of the Police department, after having informed his superior officer of the circumstance. We do not mention this fact as a matter of singular occurrence, if opportunities were afforded of similar instances of honesty being exhibited—but as they seldom occur, the one to which we allude is worthy of notice, as exhibiting in a striking point of view, that the soldiers in the British army are as conscientious as they are brave."

BOURNE'S LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH OF A TEMPERANCE PIC-NIC.—The Temperance Pic-Nic held on the Mountain in August last, has given occasion to a spirited Lithographic Sketch, from the establishment of Mr. Bourne. The drawing presents a very fair view of the Mountain scenery—of the tents erected for the convenience of the party, and of the crowds who assembled to do honour to the cause, and to enjoy the pleasures of a summer ramble among the trees. The sketch is really well prepared, and as commemorating a very pleasant event, deserves to be well preserved. On the other side of the sheet which contains it is a portrait of Father Mathew, administering the Temperance Pledge. These efforts of art ought to be generally and generously encouraged.—*Com. Mess.*

MARRIED.—At St. Antoine Hall, on the 26th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Willoughby, Thomson Vanneck, Esq., only son of the Hon. Thomson Vanneck, of Suffolk, England, to Catherine Ann, daughter of John Torrance, Esq.

At St. John's, on Wednesday evening, the 24th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Dr Robert Wight, to Cynthia, second daughter of Jason C. Pierce, Esq. of that place.

At Quebec, on Tuesday, at the Cathedral Church, by the Reverend George Mnekie, B.A., the Reverend John Torrance, Missionary at Manouche, to Jane Ann, second daughter of Jeremiah Leaycraft, Esq., of this city.

DIED.—At the town of Three Rivers, on the 23d ultimo, the Rev. John Doty, Chaplain on half pay since 1783, aged 96 years and 7 months.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

SIR CHARLES BAGOT.

The following letter contains the latest intelligence respecting our new Governor General:—

QUEBEC, 23d Nov., 1841.

SIR,—I am commanded by the Administrator of the Government to inform you, that by a Despatch received this morning, it appears that H. M. Steamer *Styx*, on which the Governor General and his suite were embarked, had been compelled, in consequence of an accident, to put back to Portsmouth, and that Sir C. Bagot would, therefore, proceed to Canada on board H. M. S. *Illustrious*, which was expected to sail about the 10th instant.—As, however, it would be impossible for that vessel at this season to enter the Saint Lawrence, His Excellency would proceed at once either to New York or Boston, and from thence direct to Kingston, where he may be expected to arrive about the middle or end of December.

The despatches contain no other intelligence which His Excellency considers it necessary to communicate to the public.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

T. W. C. MURDOCH.

His Worship the Mayor.

The following notice of Sir CHARLES BAGOT is extracted from "Dodd's Peerage":—

"Bagot, G.C.B., creation 1820.—Charles Bagot, P.C., second son of the first Lord Bagot, by the daughter of the second Viscount Bolingbroke. Born 1781; married 1806 eldest daughter of Lord Maryborough; was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs 1807; Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris 1814; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, 1815; Ambassador to the Court of Russia, 1820; Ambassador to the Hague, 1824; was created a Privy Councillor on proceeding to Washington, and received the Order of the Bath on his return."

## NEWS BY THE CALEDONIA.

SUMMARY.—The news of the acquittal of McLeod had reached England, and appeared to create a good deal of satisfaction.

The 96th Regiment are to proceed to China direct, instead of relieving the 87th at the Mauritius, as formerly arranged—and the 50th to proceed to Calcutta.

Twenty-two villages have been destroyed in Egypt by the overflowing of the Nile.

Rear-Admiral John W. Holland expired at his residence, at Bath, Tuesday last, in his 76th year. Lord Ellenborough had been appointed Governor General of India, and was about to take his departure for that country.

Among the marks of respect intended to be paid to Lord Morpeth at New York, the St. George's Society of that city propose to give him a dinner. It is to be a splendid affair, and his reception will be most cordial, as amongst the members of that National Society are many of his old Yorkshire constituents.

Theodore Hook, it seems, has left his family—a widow and five children—utterly destitute. A subscription for their relief has been got up, but the papers complain that its proceeds are altogether inadequate. His income must have been large, but he appears to have consumed it all in "riotous living."

## DREADFUL FIRE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The first discovery of the fire was made about half past ten o'clock by the sentry on duty at the jewel-office, who perceived a bright light issuing from the windows of the tower, which is situated at the Northern extremity of the building, and immediately attached to the grand storehouse of armoury. The engines stationed in the Tower (of which there are several) were immediately on the spot, and were quickly followed by those of the neighbouring parishes, and almost immediately after by those of the brigade establishment. The flames had by this time gained a fearful ascendancy, and the fire had made its way from the round table tower to the centre of the grand armory, and burst forth from several windows with extraordinary fury, rapidly extending both East and West. The greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining a supply of water, and it was not until the hose had been conveyed to the water's edge that any thing like a sufficient quantity was obtained, and even then the distance was so great to the burning pile, that the labours of the firemen were frequently retarded for long intervals.

In the grand armory, which is stated to have been the largest room in Europe, were deposited 280,000 stands of arms, besides a vast quantity of military carriages, bombs, and other spoils of war, captured by our troops in various parts of the world. The flames having once penetrated the hall, no hope existed that any portion of it would be saved, and the exertions of the firemen were confined to the preservation of the surrounding buildings, upon which they played with all the water they could obtain. At this crisis the greatest apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the crown jewels deposited in the regalia office, which closely adjoins the Eastern extremity of the grand armory; and the yeomen of the guard, under the direction of their captain, were deputed to undertake the removal. This service was safely performed without accident, and the whole of the valuables, including the beautiful model of the white tower, were consigned to the care of the governor, and placed in the vaults beneath his residence. The heat from the pile burning had now become so excessive that the firemen could no longer act in the centre square, and it was quite impossible to attempt to save any portion of the arms, &c. contained in the great storehouse.

About one o'clock the appearance of the burning mass was surpassingly grand: the flames having at that time extended to nearly the whole length of the armory. Shortly after, the roof, being completely burned through, fell in with a tremendous crash, the flames rising with a lurid glare far above the towers of the citadel. At this time it was feared that the whole of the Southern side would fall a prey to the flames, but by the judicious exertions of the brigade establishment, they were prevented from extending across the narrow avenue between the outer wall and the round tower, and hopes were entertained that no other portion of the building would be sacrificed. This expectation happily proved correct. The fire was not subdued, however, until near five o'clock, and the mass of ruins was burning fiercely throughout the whole of yesterday. It was hoped that this calamity had been unattended with loss of life, but we regret to record the death of a fireman named Richard Wivel, of the brigade establishment, a fine young man, aged 24, who was killed by the fall of a mass of stone from the top of a wall, under which he was holding the branch.

Many rumours are in circulation as to the origin of the fire: but nothing is known at present on which confidence can be placed. Over-heated flues are stated to have caused the disaster, by some; while others attribute it to the act of an incendiary. An inquiry will be, no doubt, set on foot by the Government.

It would be utterly impossible to estimate with any thing approaching to exactness the extent of loss the country will suffer by this disastrous event. To say nothing of the national trophies which it is impracticable to restore; but there can be no doubt that the damage sustained by the building, together with the arms destroyed, cannot be replaced for less than one million sterling.

## REMOVAL OF THE JEWELS.

Notwithstanding the great heat which pervaded the jewel room, Mr. Superintendent Pearce of the H division, having broken the iron bars in front of the regalia, succeeded in handing the

new imperial crown and other portions of the regalia to Mr. Swifte, the keeper of the regalia, by whom they were placed in the custody of the several wardens, as follows:—Although there was much excitement at the time, Mr. Swifte carefully placed the crown in its case in the same way as when it is conveyed to the House of Lords on state occasions. This crown was conveyed to the house of Major Edington, the fort-major; it is termed the new imperial crown, and made for the coronation of her present Majesty. It is of imperial form, with nearly pointed arches supporting a gorgeous diamond orb, surmounted with a cross of the same precious materials, adorned with three remarkably large pearls. In the front is a large Jerusalem crown, entirely frosted with brilliants. In the centre a magnificent sapphire of the deepest azure, nearly two inches square; it stood within a revolving plate-glass bell.

The celebrated six sceptres and gold walking-stick were carried by Mr. Dorrington. These comprised the King's sceptre and cross, which is covered with precious stones, beneath which is a fine amethyst, the pommel similarly ornamented, and the head formed of triple leaves of jewellery; the well known King's sceptre and dove, the cross, centre, and pommel richly decorated with jewels; the Queen's sceptre and cross, fancifully ornamented with large diamonds—it was made for the coronation of Mary, the Queen of William III.; an ancient sceptre, discovered in the jewel office, in 1814, and was supposed to have belonged to William III.; it was adorned with several valuable jewels; the ivory sceptre, which belonged to the Queen of James II., mounted in gold, surmounted by a dove, composed of white onyx; the elegant simplicity of this ornament has excited general admiration. The staff of Edward the Confessor, formed of pure gold, 4 feet 8 inches in length, and weighing nearly 9 lbs. The golden model of the white tower, which is also called the "state salt-cellar," and was used at the coronation of George IV. It is fancifully set with jewels, and adorned with cannons and other figures at the base, and its weight, we are informed, is nearly half a hundred weight.

The two golden tankards, which are richly chased and very massive, and from which his late Majesty William IV. drank at his coronation. The Queen's diadem, entirely composed of pearls and diamonds, made for the consort of William III.; the golden chalice, and the golden sacramental dishes, on one of which is engraved in fine *alto relievo*, "The last Supper," and on the other the royal arms of England, and which are used at the coronation. The golden salt-cellars, the rest of the sacramental plate, consisting of golden plates, spoons, &c. The ampulla, or golden eagle, from which our Sovereigns are anointed at their coronation, and which was brought from Sens Abbey, in France, by Thomas a Becket—it had been there revered as the gift of an angel from Heaven—the sword of mercy, and some other articles. The Prince of Wales' crown, which is of plain gold, without any jewels. It is usually placed on a velvet cushion in the House of Lords, before the seat of the heir apparent. The ancient imperial crown, the arches, flowers and filets, covered with large jewels of every colour, inclosing a purple velvet cap, laced with treble rows of ermine; as also the golden orb, six inches in diameter, fringed with matchless pearls and precious stones, (beneath the cross is a remarkably large amethyst, which is placed in the Sovereign's left hand at the coronation.)

The golden baptismal font, a magnificent piece of workmanship, upwards of four feet in height, used for the issue of the royal family; and also one of the sword of justice; the other, together with the small golden orb, called the Queen's, the celebrated golden wine fountain, which at coronations and other state banquets throws four beautiful jets of wine in several divisions. It is nearly three feet in height, and a foot in diameter; this was the last article that remained. The ancient golden spoon, which is of equal antiquity with, and receives the oil from the ampulla, when required for the purpose of anointing the bosoms of our monarchs; the golden spurs, which are buckled on the King's heels at a coronation; and the Queen's enamelled bracelets, some salt-cellars, several golden spoons, some loose jewels, and many other valuables, Mr. Swifte had previously deposited in his pocket for safety. All the sceptres were carefully enclosed in blankets provided

for that purpose, but the crown and larger articles were, of necessity, carried openly in front of the parade, while the fire was raging, and had a singularly interesting appearance, caused by the reflection of the flames.

During the operation of breaking down the bars of the jewel chamber, and in getting them out, the soldiers stationed at the entrance became unable to endure the heat of the flames, and the keeper of the jewels was clamorously pressed to retire and leave the last remaining article (the wine fountain,) to its fate, as the destruction of the entire of this building then appeared inevitable.

Mr. Swifte states that, having seen the last article of his charge out of the jewel chamber, which had become itself almost like a furnace, he with difficulty effected his escape, for the flames from the armory completely crossed the court yard from the Eastern gable to his dwelling, the doors of which were blistering quite fast. He made the best of his way to the house of the governor, and having again examined the regalia, (particularly her Majesty's crown,) he found that not the minutest particle was missing.

Mr. Swifte states that the intrinsic value of the regalia is at least upwards of a million sterling, which, of course, is far under the amount, looking upon them as relics of antiquity.

One of those coincidences which occasionally occur, although in themselves unimportant, is, that the pass-word used on the night of the fire was the same as that at Moscow; and for some hours the fearful scene which took place in the capital of Russia had every appearance of being realized in London; for it appears that there were four hundred boxes of gunpowder in the Magazine attached to the White Tower, and had this part unfortunately caught, it would have been one of the most calamitous events that has occurred in the history of our country.

Upwards of one hundred officers and constables of the City Police force were actively engaged during the fire at the Tower; and we regret to hear that the Surgeon reports six of them as incapable of performing duty. Sergeant Patterson dislocated his wrist, two constables were injured in their eyes, and the other three were suffering from very serious colds.

## THE TOWER ARMOURY.

In this magnificent apartment, which is now one heap of ashes, were deposited upward of 150,000 stand of arms, fit for immediate use, besides several hundreds which have fallen into desuetude. They were placed in racks ranged in longitudinal and transverse rows, and reached from the floor to the ceiling. A tasteful and ornamental cornice was composed of the breast-plates of old armour, pistols, and other weapons. In the space between the windows, the arrangements were so complicated as to baffle description, no two compartments being alike. On each side of the door was a representation of the sun; on the east side as rising, and on the west as setting. These were placed in chequered frames of brass-handled hangers, with dog-head pommels, which were used by the marines when serving as regiments. In the middle of the room were four columns, 22 feet high, and round these were hung numerous pistols, some of which also formed an oval on the ceiling above.

On a table, within a glass case in the centre of this armory, were the sword and sash of the late Duke of York, and opposite to it was a curious cannon taken by the French at Malta, in June, 1798, and brought to this country by Captain Poote, who, as commander of the Sea Horse frigate, captured the French frigate *Le Sensible*, in which it was found. The cannon was made of a mixed metal resembling gold, and on it, represented in bas relief, was the head of a grand master of Malta, with two genii as supporters. The carriage on which it was mounted was likewise exceedingly curious, the centre or groove of the wheel representing the sun, and the spokes its rays. The date, as appears from the inscription, was 1773.

Among the miscellaneous contents of this room, most of which fell victims to the flames, may be enumerated the arms taken from Sir William Peikins, and other parties concerned in the intended assassination of King William the Third at Turnham-green—a number of arms taken from the Scotch rebels in 1715—two swords, one of justice, the other of mercy, which were carried before the Pretender when proclaimed the same year in

Scotland—carbines of the old pattern formerly used by the cavalry, ranged in "flourishes and furbelows"—two carved eagles, richly gilt, holding the rose and crown, and surrounded by pistols—a Medusa's head, commonly called the "Witch of Endor," with pistols arranged as snakes around it—a figure of Jupiter riding in a fiery chariot, richly decorated with ancient bayonets and six military fans, drawn by eagles, and holding a thunder-bolt in his left hand—and lastly, the figure of a Hydra with seven heads, curiously carved and combined by links of pistols and bayonets. Until required for use, the arms were kept bright, but when delivered out they were blued for the land service, and blacked for the sea service.

The new horse armory, which was situated against the south wall of the White Tower, immediately opposite to the ordnance-office, was constructed from the designs, and under the superintendence of Mr. Wright. The interior presented one of the most imposing spectacles that could well be imagined; the numerous equestrian and other figures ranged here in chronological order, and accoutred in suits of armour wrought in remote ages, all combining to give interest to a scene which was probably unique. This apartment was 149 feet in length and 33 in width; it was divided longitudinally into two unequal parts by a series of pointed arches raised on a brick floor.—Behind the equestrian figures were deposited a number of cannon of ancient and highly beautiful workmanship, and along the wall in front were several pedestrian figures in the military costume of different ages, while on a recessed platform were various specimens of armour, and other accoutrements of the reign of Charles I. The intervals between the horses were occupied by 21 small cannons, which were made by order of George III. and presented to the Prince of Wales on his becoming of age.

The Spanish or Queen Elizabeth's Armory, as it was recently called, contained arms and weapons similarly disposed of, and of equally great antiquity. Among the weapons enumerated as Spanish, but not one of which could be truly assigned to that nation, were spears, lances, and pikes, some 13 feet long, halberds, musketoons, together with many instruments of torture, such as the *cravate*, or engine for locking together the head, hands, and feet; the *bilboe*, or yoke, and the thumb-screws. The *cravate* was used in the Tower before the Spanish Armada, and was called the *scavenger's daughter*. Among these valued relics of ancient history, scarcely one can now be found, to gratify the sight of either the antiquary or the historian.

#### GREAT FIRE AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

Letters from Eastport received at Boston state that St. John has been again visited with a most disastrous conflagration.—The following extract from one of the letters gives all the particulars that were known at Boston on Monday last.—A lady left St. Andrews for St. John on Monday the 15th inst., and in consequence of the heavy wind on Monday evening was unable to cross the river, and was detained at Carleton. She writes that the fire broke out on Monday evening, and has swept all South Market wharf, and the buildings, &c. down to Whitney's wharf; from Prince William street to the water, destroying the new market house, a number of ships, &c. Whether it crossed Prince William street or not was not known. Large quantities of goods were put in the market house, and all burnt; 40 vessels stated to have been burnt, including five large ships. The fire was still raging when the mail left. The fire was distinctly seen here on Monday, and also last night; in fact, it was seen here this morning at daybreak. The wind was very high last night—a gale from W.S.W.—and it is feared that a greater part of this city must have gone. It is supposed here that Barlow's building, on the corner of King street, must have taken fire from the market house, the wind blowing directly on it; and if so, where will it have stopped? Another letter from Eastport, upon the authority of passengers from New Brunswick arrived there, says that seventy-seven buildings, (stores and warehouses) and forty vessels, including five square rigged, were destroyed, with a vast amount of property.

**DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A Daughter shot by her Father.**—Mr. Noble, a master mason on the Croton works, residing in Eighty-sixth street, having

heard that persons had threatened to attack his house, has recently been in the habit of keeping loaded pistols in readiness, in case of such an event. Yesterday some friends called to see him, and these pistols were lying on a chair, and one of the gentlemen, without perceiving them, sat upon them; but at the request of Mr. Noble, who said they were loaded, immediately got up, and Mr. Noble took one of them up to show it, and raised the hammer. While in this position, his finger slipped, and the hammer coming down upon the cap, which remained in the socket, the charge exploded, and, horrible to state, the ball with which the pistol was loaded, struck his daughter, Jane Noble, who was standing two or three yards off, on the right side of the head, passing through the brain, and causing instant death. The unfortunate young lady was about twenty-two years of age, and was as much beloved as her untimely end will be deplored. The father is in a state of frenzy, and it is very questionable if he ever recovers his reason.—*New York Courier.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE LOST BOY.

The following interesting fact is related by the Rev. J. STEWART, in his account of the wreck of the "Rothsay Castle":—

"Amidst these almost overwhelming distresses, involving in one general calamity, men, women, children, and even infants, it is a rest to the heart to turn for a moment to some marks of Divine mercy. I am sure, my very dear friend, the following incident, related by the father of the boy, will deeply affect you:

"He was near the helm, with his child grasping his hand, till, (the waves rolling over the quarter deck, and taking with them several persons who were standing near them,) it was no longer safe to remain there. The father took his child in his hand, and ran towards the shrouds, but the boy could not mount with him. He cried out, therefore, 'Father, father, do not leave me!' But, finding that his son could not climb with him, and that his own life was in danger, he withdrew his hand.

"When morning came, the father was conveyed on shore, with some other passengers who were preserved, and as he was landing, he said within himself, 'How can I see my wife, without having our boy with me?' When, however, the child's parent let go his hand, his heavenly Father did not leave him. He was washed off the deck, but happily clung to a part of the wreck, on which some other passengers were floating. With them he was miraculously saved. When he was landing, not knowing of his father's safety, he said, 'It is of no use to take me ashore, now I have lost my father.' He was, however, carried, much exhausted, to the same house where his father had been sent, and actually placed in the same bed, unknown to either until clasped in each other's arms.

"When we read the interesting fact regarding this poor ship-boy, let us remember the words of David, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up.'"

### THE CROCODILE OF THE NILE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *United States Gazette*, writing from Egypt, makes mention of the Crocodile of the Nile, as follows:—

"Yesterday, for the first time, we saw a crocodile. This ancient of the Nile has been gradually retreating from the lower part of the river, and he is now rarely found below Minyeh, one hundred and sixty miles to the south of Cairo. We passed great numbers of them yesterday and today. We counted no less than eight on one sand bank, dozing in the sun. They were attended by their inseparable companion on land, the trochilus of Herodotus, and siksak of the Arabs. The siksak still performs the same friendly offices for the crocodile as in the days of Herodotus.

"It is a small bird, with a long pointed bill, and armed at the point of each shoulder of the wings with a sharp talon. According to the Arabs, when the crocodile is basking on the sand, with his mouth open, vermin creep in, which

cause him so much pain, that he is unable to close it again. The siksak pursues his tormentors into his throat, and destroys them. The crocodile, forgetting the presence of his friends, sometimes closes his mouth, and imprisons his benefactor. The siksak immediately extending its wings, pricks his throat, and obliges him to open it, and thus escapes. This group of crocodiles appeared to be members of the same family. Two of the smallest, about four feet long, were gambolling in the sand in great glee, around their venerable parents, who were stretched out upon the sand full twenty-five feet in length. At the approach of the boat, the siksaks uttered an admonitory cry, and the whole party made for the water with all possible speed. We poured in a shower of shot and musket balls upon them. It rattled upon their backs like hail, and just as harmlessly."

### AN AMERICAN PANTHER.

An enormous animal of this species was killed in Sidney, on Saturday last, about seven miles from this place, by a party of men who were out fox hunting. They came upon and followed his tracks about three miles, when they overtook him in the woods, and fired upon him at the distance of about fifteen feet, without any apparent effect. He retreated some fifty rods, and stopped. Two of the party again approached to within about ten feet, and fired again, when he turned and came at his pursuers with the utmost ferocity; but fortunately a hound which they had with them seized him behind, and caused him again to retreat a short distance. After firing a dozen rounds of shot and balls, they so disabled him as to allow them to approach and knock him on the head with an axe. He measured seven and a half feet in length, and twelve and a half inches round the fore arm, and weighed nearly 200 pounds. He has been exhibited in this town, and is considered the most formidable animal ever taken in our forests. He had not long been in that vicinity, and it is surprising how an animal of this kind could have penetrated into so populous a territory without being sooner discovered and hunted down.—*Kennebec Journal.*

### HOME.

THE only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, may delude it with its golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres, and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is domestic love that can render it truly happy.

**ECLIPSES IN 1842.**—There will be five eclipses next year—viz., three of the sun, and two of the moon. On January the 11th, there will be an annular eclipse of the sun, invisible at Greenwich; Jan. 26, a partial eclipse of the moon, visible; July 8, a partial eclipse of the sun, visible; July 22, partial eclipse of the moon, invisible; and Dec. 31, an annular eclipse of the sun, invisible.

### NATURE AND EDUCATION.

I THINK that as in bodies some are more strong, and better able to bear fatigue than others; even so among minds may be observed the same difference; some of them being by nature endowed with more fortitude, are able to face danger with greater resolution. For we may observe that all who live under the same laws and follow the same customs are not equally valiant. Nevertheless, I doubt not but education and instruction may give strength to that gift nature has bestowed on us. The same difference is likewise observable in every other instance—and so far as any man exceedeth another in natural endowments, so may he proportionably, by exercise and meditation, make a swifter progress towards perfection. From whence it follows, that not only the man to whom nature hath been less kind, but likewise he whom she hath endowed the most liberally, ought constantly to apply himself with care and assiduity to whatsoever it may be he wishes to excel in.—*Socrates in Xenophon.*

THE last best fruit which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

THEY run to seed with the fool, but turn to sage with the wise.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAJOR RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF WACOUSTA, ETC.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries having intimated a desire that an accurate account of the EVENTS of THE WAR of 1812 in this country, should be given by those who participated in it—and the Montreal Herald in particular having done the Editor of this paper the honor to name him, among others, who could, from personal experience, supply the desired information, we beg to state, for the information of our subscribers, that on the completion of the adventures of "Jack Brag in Spain," we shall publish a "Narrative of the operations of the Right Division of the Army in Upper Canada." All Officers who served in that war, and who are in this country, have it in their power, to supply detailed accounts of the operations of the centre and left Divisions, are requested to send us their various statements (free) with a view to a compilation which will embrace the principal occurrences of that period. The form of the personal narrative connected with the military operations detailed, as will be more interesting to the public, as well as more corroborative of the historical events recorded, be desirable. The operations of the Right Division by the Editor, will embrace the several actions in which Tecumseh was engaged with the British Troops, and will throw a light upon the character of that renowned Indian, which has never yet been thoroughly revealed to the Canadian public. As the copyright of this Narrative will be secured, those only who now are, or may become, subscribers to the "New Era," will have an opportunity of possessing themselves of an important portion of Canadian History, which cannot be without interest to the Canadian public—particularly to the admirers of Tecumseh."—*New Era*.

## 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.  
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November 18, 1841.

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OPPOSITE MESSRS. GIBB AND CO.,  
Notre Dame Street.

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Sign of the Globe, Notre Dame Street,

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A variety of JUVENILE BOOKS, illustrated and finely bound, and of Children's Toy Books. Foolscap, Post, and Pot PAPER, and other Stationery.

—TOGETHER WITH—

An assortment of useful FANCY GOODS, in his line, too extensive for enumeration: All of which he is selling at Low Prices, for CASH ONLY.

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