

# 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.

### RELIGION IN ADVERSITY.

#### THE STARVING FAMILY.

[CONCLUDED.]

My dear kind husband, too good for a sinner like me, was carried off by fever in less than a month after we landed in England. We already begun to thrive. My dear departed John, on the day he sickened, brought home to this little boy a child's whistle—this, Sir, which you see (for the children grouped around us)—saying, 'Here, namesake, I have laid out twopenny of my earnings to amuse you! but you must not play on it till to-morrow, for my head is like to split asunder from pain.' Alas! alas! that morrow came, and dear, dear John, was in a raging fever! six days more and he was a corpse! If any thing could have mitigated my affliction for such a loss—if any balm would have allayed the inexpressible pain of my heart—I might have drawn comfort from the truly religious manner in which he closed a life wherein the love of God and neighbour had shone bright and glorious.

He was attended by a clergyman of our own church; a pious feeling gentleman, who performed all his offices with true Christian charity, and only ceased to speak the words of consolation and precept to myself, when the vessel was unmoored in which I left England. But what consolation, what reflections, could recompense me for the privation I had experienced? My husband, my dear, dear husband was gone? Oh what could supply his place? Not surely empty words of sympathy?—and yet why should I call them empty, though they had been no more than mere words, for they flowed from full hearts; full indeed, they were of every human virtue. They came from the family of the clergyman who visited me in my affliction, and behaved towards me with a tender regard which I can never forget. God also raised up some other benevolent ladies who came to see me. They all wished me to remain at Workington, promising me needlework and embroidery, and after a short time the superintendence of a school likely soon to become vacant; for miserable as I must appear to you, I received an excellent education—(her language fully bespoke it)—and was accustomed to teaching. Advantages were also offered to my children, sufficiency to have decided any one but me to accept them.

But, strange to say, I determined from the first moment after the stunning effects of my dear partner's death had subsided, to return to Ireland. It seemed to my poor weakened brain as if every enjoyment I should have at Workington would be an offence against his memory and love. I know I was very wrong—and bitterly, most bitterly, do I lament my folly: but I could not help it; a power superior to my own will seemed to govern me. By day I thought, by night I dreamed. My dear husband was continually before my eye, warning me that ill betided my stay. The impression, far from losing its force, gained strength daily. At length it became intolerable, and

in infatuated defiance of reason, kindness, prudence, duty, and affectionate remonstrance, I set sail with these orphans, and another, who I trust is now an angel in heaven.

The ladies were greatly displeased with me; still they gave me some money, and clothes for these children, and with much excellent advice, wished me farewell. I came in a coal vessel, and had a tedious passage to Belfast. While there the Lord laid his hand on me once more. First my little baby, an infant of four months old, died of convulsions, without scarcely any previous illness, the day after we landed. I waited one other day to see the little innocent decently interred, intending to set out the morning after; but even while I stood beside the grave of my child, I was seized with shivering fits, and before night became so unwell, that the people of the house where I lodged, alarm by my appearance, insisted on removing me to the hospital. They abandoned this intention only on learning that that receptacle already overflowed, and could admit no more patients. Still, on finding the necessity they were under, they treated me and my children with all possible tenderness. Next day the fever showed itself in its plain character. In this dreadful disease I lay for three long weeks, during a part of which I was either insensible or delirious; and when I became convalescent, I was greatly annoyed by the return of hysteric attacks, which a fright I met with at the birth of my poor baby had occasioned.

As soon as I was able, and much sooner than it was prudent for me to travel, I commenced my journey with these poor children. Though I had practised all economy, and experienced much consideration at Belfast, my resources in money, and what arose from the sale of my clothes, were totally exhausted. I left a town wherein I had suffered so much affliction, with tenpence in my pocket, and with seventy long miles to accomplish before I should reach the end of my journey—namely, the residence of my mother—a woman far advanced in years, and labouring under many infirmities. Weak as I still find myself, and with these poor children to drag along with me, we have been unable to get forward in the direct line of our journey more than about five miles each day, and perhaps may walk nearly two more through fields and lanes seeking support and shelter for the night; which latter, the dwellers by the wayside have uniformly refused, and those in more retired situations only grant in their out-houses, such is the prevailing fear that wanderers like us may carry infection.

This is the sixth day since we began our pilgrimage; tomorrow, as your Reverence knows, will be the Sabbath. Neither I nor my children have tasted a morsel of food since this time yesterday, and although we have not been refused by any *poor body*—My fair autobiographer laid no emphasis upon the words, but my own conscience pointed them. The blood rushed into my cheeks like a fiery flood of lava; they seemed to swell as if the skin must burst; and eyes and forehead were equal-

ly burning. "Although," she said, "we have not been refused by any poor body, yet they often gave us only one potatoe, and that sometimes a *small one*. With such store collected during the day, we purchased a night's lodging, and supported nature as we best might. This day has been the most unsuccessful of all while a double need was before me. You, Sir, have seen what has happened to my little provision for the morrow."

She ceased, completely worn out, but evidently aware that her history had interested me, and that some attention was reserved for her for one night at least. I need not add, that her expectations were justified by the event. I lodged the wanderers in a cottage about a hundred paces distant from my own house. It was requisite to observe considerable caution in administering food to the entire party. Even the mother herself, when relieved from the burthen of care which oppressed her, seemed to forget the prudence which her delicate state of health demanded, and would have devoured, rather than eaten, whatever was set before her as ravenously as the most famished of her children. I attributed this greediness to the hysterical affection under which she laboured, and which I now perceived had caused the wild smile that had well nigh hardened my heart against all pity for her distress.

On further acquaintance, I discovered that she had been brought up partly by religious parents, but more importantly as it affected her ideas and manners, in the house of a very worthy gentleman's family, chiefly in the capacity of a sempstress. Rather with their consent than approbation, she married the miner, who established himself in a small farm under his wife's patrons. For some years they lived prosperously enough; but at length misfortunes overtook them; and after struggling with adversity as long as he could, he took the step with which the reader of this story is made already acquainted.

The children came uninvited on the following day to my Sabbath school. They were all more or less instructed in the Catechism of the Church of England, and habituated, as they assured me, to morning and evening devotions. They were, indeed, interesting manifestations of the value of maternal care and piety. Their mother and they attended Divine service, being somewhat improved in their apparel by the extempore contributions of my wife, whose wardrobe furnished a motley raiment to the seminudes. In apparent interest in the work of prayer, and in the word preached, nothing could surpass this poor creature's demeanor. The subject of my discourse bore occasional reference to the distress of the period, and therefore necessarily to the long separations of death. Many a fast flowing tear fell from her wan cheek as the sad topic was discussed. Alas! they flowed or fell not without cause. Behind her was the memory of lost happiness—before, a dark and melancholy future. Yet I believe, she rested her hopes where true joys are to be found, and, I trust, did there find a blessed substitute for those transitory pleasures she was no longer to experience here.

Monday morning came, and she insisted on resuming her journey. We did what we could to dissuade her, but in vain—she would go. I was half-vexed at this obstinacy, and expostulated with her without effect. Her principal reasons, or I should rather say answers, were sobs. But she was not insensible to our kindness. If there be in gratitude a mixture of inexplicable pain—and I believe it so to be—even in that pleasurable sentiment my poor friend felt it to the full. Perhaps it was the strife of contending recollections that worked so powerfully in her mind, and gave to her first efforts at acknowledgment an insurmountable hesitation; perhaps, indeed, the still lingering hysteria impeded her expressions, for she remained silent during many minutes of our leave-taking. The spirit and the heart seemed in prayer, as her weeping bore witness. At length the tongue found utterance, and with much composure she thanked us for all the benevolence we had bestowed upon her, in terms of deep sensibility which I shall never forget. She asked my blessing on herself and her children, and returned it by an ardent supplication in my behalf, for which they all knelt. The parting has been, I trust, not without instruction to myself; it certainly ought to have profited me, for it was entirely of a Christian character. On leaving, she gave me the address of the respectable family with whom she had lived in early life, requesting that I would inquire from them concerning the truth of her story. Of that I had no doubt; but after herself I might with much reason have sought some intelligence. I intended to have done so, but neglected it; other incidents intervened, particularly at that calamitous period—other cares engrossed my attention, and my poor guest of two nights was overlooked in the "melee." Time has slipped away, and I have failed to fulfil an intention which, at the moment when I formed it, was very near my heart.

I trust and hope, that the trials of her who was the object of it may have been sanctified to her immortal good; and I pray that no impatience may ever again cause me to "turn my face from any poor man."—"Pastoral Anxals," by a Minister of the Episcopal Church in Ireland.

#### TEACHING OF NATURE.

AMONGST the disciples of Hilliel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israel, there was one named Sabot, who hated all kinds of labour, and gave himself up to idleness and sloth. But Hilliel was concerned about the young man, and determined to cure him. So at length he took him out into the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem. There was stagnant water full of reptiles and insects, and covered with noxious weeds.

When they had reached the valley, Hilliel laid down his staff, and said: "Here let us rest on our way." The youth was astonished, and said, "What! master, in this hateful marsh! Do you not perceive what a poisonous vapor rises from it?"

"You are right, my son, replied the teacher; this stagnant pool is like the soul of the idler. Who would wish to tarry any where near him?"

Whereupon Hilliel took the youth to a waste field, on which grew only thorns and thistles, that choked the grain and wholesome plants. And Hilliel leaned upon his staff, and said: "This field has a good bottom for bearing every useful and luxurious product; but it has been passed by and neglected, so that now it produces abundance of thistles, and thorns, and poisonous seeds, among which serpents and salamanders nestle. Before, you saw the soil—now, see the life of the idler."

Then was Sabot affected with shame and penitence, and said: "Master, why did you bring me into so solitary and gloomy a region? It is the admonitory image of thy soul and life." Hilliel replied: "As you would credit my words, I have sought to see whether the voice of nature would penetrate thy heart." Sabot pressed his teacher's hand, and said: "You have not been

unsuccessful. A new life—you shall see it—has sprung up in me."

So it was: Sabot became an active young man. Then Hilliel took him into a fruitful vale on the bank of a stream, which, in beautiful meanderings, flowed through flowery meads, amid fruit trees, and overshadowed shrubbery. See here, said the old man to the delighted youth, the image of thy new, industrious life. Nature, which has admonished thee, may now also reward thee.

Her charms and beauty can only delight him who in her life beholds his own.—Krummacher's Parables.

#### CHURCH YARD REFLECTIONS.

CONTEMPLATIVE from habit and from choice, I can feel no pleasure in society equal to what I derive from rambling through a church-yard. Here I lose my worldly identity, and stand upon the isthmus between two seas, the past and the future. Seated upon the time-worn sepulchre, I entered into the soul-stirring solemnity of the scene. The landscape of our intellect is enlarged by meditation; the winds of heaven blow over it, and I hear the wing of cherubim rustling amidst its inmost recesses. Memory rushes like a torrent upon our minds. Hopes blighted, friends buried, feelings chilled or forgotten—all rise to view, arrayed in the same sweet freshness which they wore in the morning of existence. Such is the case at present. The shadowy forms of those whom I have loved, now sit before my mind. In their presence I live over again the days that are past; and only when I cast my eyes upon the gray flag stones, do I feel that they are gone for ever.

How beautiful is the spot where I am seated! how still the landscape that sleeps beneath me! There is hardly breath enough to stir yon grove of elms, for even rank nettles stand unshaken on the sod. That small mound of earth, which chequers the western quarter of the churchyard, records the decease of some lovely village maiden. What was her simple tale? She died, perhaps, of a broken heart, that malady of young and susceptible females. I can image her gradual decay: it was peaceful as the death of summer, noiseless as the expiring whispers of the breeze. She stole from the world as from a revel, and bade good night to her friends, in the hopes of a happier morrow. The stages of her decline were tardy: dejected spirits, timid shyness, tenderness almost infantine, a fading eye and a sunken cheek, all conspired to snap the slender ligament which bound her to the world. At length her cares were ended:

"After life's fretful fever she sleeps well,—  
Sorrow hath done her worst—nothing  
Can touch her further."

In yon westernmost corner of the grove, I perceive another little tomb, erected to the memory of a parent, and an orphan. Who was he that sleeps beneath it? A father, perhaps, who had survived his children, and stood like a leafless tree alone, in the autumn of his days. His end naturally engenders a serious train of musing; but the death of the young girl extorts a more bitter pang. When age sinks into the tomb, although we mourn, we are easily appeased, for grey hairs are associated with the sepulchre. But there is something inexpressibly awful, when innocence, love and beauty, are thus wrenched from the world. In vain we strive to connect the irrelevant ideas of youth and death, "for then dark winters come, ere yet sweet spring has flown."

For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection.

I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling and cheeks crimsoned with the feelings of her heart; as the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron fired with the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far, far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support; and when he is called from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb, then, without emotion! Man has

always justice done his memory—woman, seldom. The pages of history lie open to the one—but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other, sleep with her, unnoticed, in the grave.—Such, perhaps, was the case which this village maiden.

The principle of nature, whether animate or inanimate, tends decidedly to destruction and decay. The friends of our youth fall off,—the column moulders in the dust,—the flower passes away with its season,—and Death, with wasting hand, scatters the blight over all. Is he a stranger, then, that should surprise us? or an enemy, that we should distrust his approach! Far from it! He is the night that follows the morning,—when the spirit, fatigued with the labours of the day, sits longing for the hour of repose.

Pass but a few years—a few short years of sorrow and disease—and this hour of repose shall overtake us. The church on which I now gaze—the elm grove, which now waves its branches in the twilight—shall fall, like myself, a ruin to the earth. The very flag stone on which I am now seated, shall moulder, and of the corpse that sleeps beneath it, not a trace, not a fragment shall remain. Wave on, then, ye dark groves of Glastadden! let the spring gale murmur music amid your boughs, and the autumn blast scatter abroad your foliage, for the hour is at hand when all shall be silent and forlorn.

But a truce to reflection.—Twilight already darkens over the horizon, and the night breeze, from its temple amid yon elms, is offering up an evening hymn. Hark! how gloomily its diapason swells and falls upon the ear; now pealing with the deep-toned music of the organ, and now lingering in a dying close upon the gale. It is time to retire: the breeze has sung itself to sleep, and but one faint gleam of day yet lingers from the storied windows of the church; an instant longer, and I shall be alone with darkness and the dead.

#### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

##### THE ILLUMINATION OF THE FACE OF MOSES.

BY THE REV. H. O. CROFTS.

(Concluded.)

The Illumination of the face of Moses, gave additional proof of his divine call to the important office he sustained, and gave increased force to the law which he delivered to the children of Israel. All who are acquainted with the history of the Jews, must be aware that Moses stood in need of the most decisive evidences of his call, to be their leader and commander. Not only were they during their journey from Egypt to the promised land refractory and rebellious toward God, but they often murmured against his minister, Mosce, and were disposed to question his authority. Even Aaron and Miriam, on one occasion, questioned the supreme authority of Mosce, saying, "Has the Lord spoken by us also?" Therefore Mosce needed the most decisive evidences, that his appointment was of God. And by the illumination of his face, the Israelites were furnished with the most visible proofs of his divine call to be their leader. They had only to look upon his face, and there they saw his commission engraved in the most legible characters. There was such a proof of his divine appointment, that the most rebellious could not question. Yet after this they murmured against Mosce; "For," as good Matthew Henry observes, "the most sensible proofs cannot conquer an obstinate infidelity." The shining of his face was also calculated to impart additional power to the law which he had then to deliver. He had then to give, in commandment, all that the Lord had spoken with him in Mount Sinai. Therefore the message which he had to deliver, was of the utmost importance; and the illumination of his face would greatly add to the weight and solemnity of the message when delivered. Though while giving the Israelites the law, Mosce veiled his face; yet the divine glory with which he was illuminated, would give additional power to the words which he uttered, and would carry every sentence to their hearts with accumulated force. The law read to them by Mosce, with a veil on his face, would certainly make an impression upon their minds, which could not easily be erased—which would not soon be forgotten. And the ministers of the New Testament, should ever

bear in mind, that elevated piety, like the illumination of the face of Moses, will give them the strongest evidences of their divine call to preach the Gospel, and will supply them with that unction and power in the delivery of their message, which the greatest natural talents cannot yield, and which the highest acquirements cannot impart. That Gospel minister who holds habitual communion with God, and in consequence of which, possesses extraordinary holiness, will ever carry about him undeniable proofs of his call to the blessed work of the ministry; and such an unction will attend the word when preached by him, that will effectually stop the mouth of every gainsayer. The minister who lives very near to God, has nothing to fear, for the Lord will open his way before him, and give him favour in the sight of the people. He may be surrounded with difficulties, and opposed by men of perverse minds, who hold the truth in unrighteousness, but habitual communion with God, will make him as bold as a lion. This, and this only, will give him a zeal which the greatest labours and difficulties cannot tire, and a love which all the waters of opposition cannot quench. But if this be neglected, the right eye will soon be dried up, and the right arm withered. The man will be shorn of his strength, and Ichabod may be engraven upon his forehead.

*The Illumination of the face of Moses shadowed forth the surpassing glory of Christ, and prefigured the superlative excellency of his glorious Gospel.*—There was scarcely any person or circumstance connected with the Levitical dispensation that did not refer in some way or other to Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. The illumination of the face of Moses shadowed forth the glory of that Redeemer, who was to supersede Moses in the house of God, not as a servant but as the Son, the owner of the house. And when Christ was illuminated on the Mount of Transfiguration, his glory far surpassed that of Moses, when the skin of his face shone, for "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white and glittering—was white as the light." Thus he that was made glorious had no glory by reason of this glory which excelleth; and Christ was thus transfigured, "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." But the illumination of the face of Moses more particularly prefigured the superlative excellency of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Yes, it was a faint resemblance of the glory of that dispensation which was to be introduced when his law was abolished; and the veil over his face, showed at once, that in the law, that glory was concealed—(see 2 Corinthians iii.) By contrasting the law, with the gospel, the superlative excellency of the latter, pre-eminently appears. The law which Moses gave, when the skin of his face shone, was the dispensation of the letter, which killeth; but the gospel is the dispensation of the Spirit which giveth life. The law was the ministration of condemnation and death, but the gospel is the ministration of righteousness and of the Spirit. The law pointed out the duty of man, and denounced the curse upon those who failed in their duty; but the gospel shows how the breach may be repaired, and the curse avoided. The law was written upon tables of stone, but the gospel is engraven upon the fleshly tables of men's hearts. The law was given by the disposition of angels, but the gospel was given by Christ, who is the Lord of angels. The law was only the shadow of good things to come, but the gospel is the substance of the good things promised. The law contained in ordinances was to be abolished, but the gospel is to continue until the end of time; and is therefore called the everlasting gospel. The law concealed the glory of God, that is, Christ was veiled by types and shadows; but the gospel reveals the glory of the Lord, and makes known the mystery of love, which is God manifest in the flesh, Christ in you, the hope of glory. In the law, all was dim, and hard to be understood; for life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. "And we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Therefore it is evident, that the gospel dispensation far exceeds in glory that law which Moses

gave, when his face was illuminated; and that superior privileges are enjoyed under the gospel, than what were enjoyed under the law.

Reader, do you prize your gospel privileges? Can you rejoice in that inward and spiritual illumination of which the apostle speaks in the verse above quoted? Your face may not shine as the face of Moses did, but have you the moral image of God stamped upon your soul? This you may have. Every individual who asks this illumination will receive it. Moses only was allowed to hold converse with God upon Mount Sinai, and therefore his face only shone; but all may, if they will hold communion with God upon Mount Zion; and therefore all may have his likeness indelibly impressed upon their hearts. And O, how sweet it is to hold communion with God! No tongue can express the happiness arising from communion with the Father of lights. My dear Reader, if you wish to be happy—unspeakably happy, if you wish to be useful in your day & generation, and if you desire to have a good name, which is better than precious ointment, live in habitual communion with God. "That which we have seen and heard, and felt, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." 1 John i. 3, 4.

#### "I HAVE SEEN AN END OF ALL PERFECTION."

I HAVE seen a man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees—like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger—he felt no sickness—he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body; he was perplexed at no intricacy—he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him, I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered: and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigour of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—"He is my brother," and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene. "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze.

I returned—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an opened grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice

broke the awful silence. "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister."—They covered her with the damp soil and the cold cinders of the valley; and the worms crowded in to her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sport; it rejoiced and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart. "It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant is shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dew-drop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem."

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honourable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartment, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.—Mrs. Sigourney.

**THE CONFIDENCE OF A CHRISTIAN.**—The righteous seem to lie by, in the bosom of the earth, as a weary pilot in some well sheltered creek, till all the storms which infest this lower world are blown over. Here they enjoy safe anchorage, are in no danger of foundering amidst the waves of prevailing iniquity, or of being shipwrecked on the rocks of any powerful temptation. But ere long we shall behold them hoisting their flag of hope, riding before a sweet gale of atoning merit and redemptive love, till they make, with all the sails of an assured faith, the blessed port of an eternal life.—Rev. H. Harvey.

**AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.**—Among the many fine passages of that excellent book, the "History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," we find the following burst of eloquence.

"Providence has resources the world knows not of. The gospel, like the fabled bird of antiquity, contains within itself a principle of life which the flames can never reach, and from the ashes in which it seemed to lie extinguished, it springs afresh, pure and vigorous as ever. Often when the storm is at its height, when the fiery bolt of persecution and enduring impenetrable darkness seemed to have closed over it—even at that moment there comes a gleam of light, and announces a great deliverance at hand."

**RELIGION AND LITERATURE.**—"I fear much," said Luther, "that the Universities will be found great gates leading down to hell, unless they take diligent care to explain the Holy Scriptures, and to engrave them in the hearts of our youth. I would not advise any one to place his child where the Holy Scriptures are not regarded as the rule of life. Every institution where God's word is not diligently studied, must become corrupt."

## POETRY.

The following lines were composed by the late Mr. ADAM MILLER, on hearing that truly eminent servant of God, the Rev. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, preach from Psalm cxvii. 5.]

## "THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY."

This vale of tears while passing through,  
Those cheering words be kept in view,  
Let them our constant thoughts employ.—  
Who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

We hear resounded from on high,  
"The soul that sinneth it shall die;"—  
This truth alarms our guilty fears :  
By grace convinced, we sow in tears.

In death temptation's fiercest hour,  
Tho' trusting in Almighty pow'r,  
In tears we sow, and idly grieve,  
Till Christ in us his pow'r makes known.

In tribulation's painful night,  
Immur'd in darkness, without light,  
In tears we sow, distress'd we sigh,  
Nor can we find salvation nigh.

In sore affliction's darksome gloom,  
Humanity's most certain doom,  
We sow in tears, lament our fate,  
And calmly for deliverance wait.

When in the light of grace we see  
Our innate heart's depravity,  
We sow in tears, and long to prove  
The glorious power of perfect love.

When death's dark vale we travel through,  
With immortality in view,  
With trembling then in tears we sow,  
Thus ending all our grief and woe.

We reap in joy, his grace to prove—  
The triumph of re-becoming love :  
Quicken'd to see our Jesus' face,  
Supported by Almighty grace.

We reap in joy while here below,  
Up into Christ our head we grow ;  
The fellowship divine we prove,  
And antedate the joys above.

We reap in joy, and loud proclaim  
The honours of Immanuel's name ;  
Our Zion's glorious state we see,  
And joy in her prosperity.

We reap in joy, in death's dread hour,  
And triumph o'er the monster's power :  
Exulting shout the Saviour's name,  
And victory through Christ proclaim.

Absorb'd in transport, endless, sweet,  
In heaven our joy shall be complete ;  
This shall eternity employ :  
"Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy."

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1842.

IN our last number, we made a few brief remarks on the desecration of the Christian Sabbath, and its open and shameless prostitution, which prevails to an alarming extent around us. We might enumerate various other ways in which the Sabbath-breaker dares the Majesty of Heaven, and provokes the Holy One of Israel to anger; but enough, we trust, has been said to convince all that this sin is not only disgraceful to a Christian community, but highly offensive to the Most High.

Let there be a united and strenuous effort put forth by Christians, of every name, to put

down the evil; and the Sabbath-breaker, whom you may now meet with almost at every step, will be as rarely seen as is the drunkard, thanks to the influence which the friends of temperance have exerted upon the community at large.

The following very appropriate remarks on this important subject, are copied from the *New York Christian Intelligencer* of the 7th instant—and will, we doubt not, be read with interest:—

## THE SABBATH.

How many interesting and delightful associations are connected with the day. It is the day which commemorates God's resting from his work of creation: and this is urged as the reason why we should rest from all our earthly toil and labor.

In view of the rest it enjoins from earthly cares it is a blessed institution. So all experience and observation prove. The labourer, the merchant, the lawyer, and all of all callings, by it are refreshed and invigorated for prosecuting their wonted business: when but for it, tired exhausted nature, would faint and fail. One day out of seven, set apart to be held as sacred time, is a merciful appointment for our bodies, as well as our souls. But for the rest, and the conservative influence of this day, the world would run mad.

The day also commemorates the resurrection of the Redeemer. He arose from the grave—was declared to be the Son of God with power, and so gave conclusive evidence of his divine character and mission—and as oft as this day returns, we are reminded of this fact, so animating to our faith and so consoling to our hopes. We believe that if Jesus be raised from the dead, so shall all who sleep in him be raised and be conformed to him.

We rest on this day from bodily toil—but more than on the other days of the week, we are called to enter into the spiritual service of the Lord. In imitation of the first disciples, we meet for the worship of God, we read and hear his word. We have our fellowship with the saints, and more than all, with the Father and the Son. A day spent in the courts of the Lord's house is better than a thousand.

How many are the benefits connected with the religious observance of this day! We are instructed, animated, comforted on it. We are anew fortified against temptation, and prepared to encounter a wicked and perishing world. We are reminded of the rapidity with which we are borne to the end of our Sabbaths, and to the retributions which follow. Soon the last Sabbath shall come—the last sermon be preached and heard—and an account sealed for eternity. The Christian, by the rest of this day, and the holy duties to which he is called, is led to anticipate that Sabbath of rest, which, the apostle says, remaineth for the people of God. If our earthly Sabbaths be so full of interest, what may we not expect that Sabbath will be, when we shall worship in the temple not made with hands, and when we shall see Jesus, and be made perfect in holiness? If the Sabbath on earth be so precious and so full of blessing, what will not the Sabbath be which shall run parallel with eternity? If it be sweet on the one to think of what Jesus has done for us, what will it be to enter on the full fruition of the other? If sanctified affections endear to us the worship we hold on it, with our friends, how much more delightful will it be to reunite with our sainted friends, in the heavenly worship which shall never terminate?

The Sabbath, we say, is a most blessed institution. So all Christians find it. We hail its return. On it, more than on any other day, we come nearest to heaven. Then let us cherish it, religiously observe it, and seek to promote its observance by all around us. How much do they lose, who neglect and profane this holy day! What guilt do they contract, by breaking an express command of Heaven! But what blessing do they renounce—how they forego influences which might lead them to life! Unhappy they—guilty, blind, hardened wretches they—who make this a day of business, diversion, feasting, and the like. Their sabbaths will soon be past, and they haste to a place where abused Sabbaths can never be recalled, nor their slighted mercies ever

be regained. Earthly Sabbaths spent profanely, more than any thing, indicates that a soul will fall short of the great salvation of the Gospel, and sink into perdition at the last.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first of a series of articles of a useful and practical character, from the pen of a literary gentleman of this city. The one before us is entitled, "Power and Responsibility of Thought"—which, with the introduction to the series, may be expected to appear in our next.

The poetry in another column, signed "Overbury," is from the same pen.

We are sorry to learn from the *New York Christian Intelligencer*, that the "Rev. Geo. Scott has encountered a violent opposition, since his return to Stockholm. The Swedes seem to have taken it in high dudgeon that he should have begged funds in the United States for the support of a mission among the heathens in Sweden. His 'Defence' has been met by a 'burst of indignation.' His position is declared to be 'perfectly illegal.'"

## GIVING ENLARGES THE HEART.

This truth, (says the *New York Observer*) so encouraging under the necessity for repeated and importunate applications in support of the Cross of Christ, is forcibly illustrated by Dr. Chalmers, in the following extract of his address to Dr. Duff, on the return of that zealous Missionary to his labours in India:—

Jealousy has been sometimes felt by the advocates of different Societies. This jealousy proceeds on a false arithmetic; or rather on a misapprehension, by virtue of which it is that natural and moral arithmetic are confounded together. By natural arithmetic, we estimate the means: by moral, we estimate the motives: and it is quite a natural thing, that by the very process by which the means of benevolence are alienated from our Society, a tenfold force is given to the motive. Nothing can be more palpably true, than that the guinea which is parted with for one charity is no longer in reserve for another; but that application, which drew the guinea from the hand, sent at the same time an impulse to the heart; so that he who has been operated upon, has become a much more hopeful subject for a fresh application, than the man whose purse has never been opened, and that because his sensibilities have never been addressed in the cause of liberality.

It is thus that our different schemes might work, and in fact do work, to one another's hands. Should the first have preceded, and gone over the whole of Scotland, the second only finds the ground the more softened and prepared. It acts not by exhaustion—it acts by fermentation. Exhaustion!—the notion is preposterous. Who exhausts himself? Who has abridged one item of his expense in the cause of Christ? Who has cast more into the treasury of the Lord, than a very small fraction of that, which is familiarly known by the name of pocket-money? They are mainly the same names which are to be found over and over again in all our great Charities. We do not count on the power of alchemy, which would transmute every thing into gold: ours is a higher and nobler alchemy—the alchemy of the heart; by virtue of which it is that the charity given for one object expands to another, till the giver exercises a wide and wakeful eye on all the sufferings and wants of humanity. Those who would cast jealousy between two Societies have never attended to the facts or the philosophy of the subject. They display an equally gross want of philosophy with those who would repress the liberality of the working classes in favour of our Bible and Missionary Institutions, lest it should bring them nearer the workhouse, and hasten their descent to pauperism: the fact is, it widens their distance from pauperism; and translates them into the dignity of givers, from that degenerate sloth and sordidness which turn many of them into receivers.

**CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—The Committee of the Church Missionary Society propose to create a permanent fund, in order to meet the sudden exigencies which often embarrass such operations as depend on casual and uncertain contributions. The advantages of such a fund are the following. It will obviate the difficulty which arises from the fact that charitable collections are not coincident with the periods and amounts of payments to be made; and from the fact that the income is liable to vary from year to year. A Missionary Society has contracted obligations to missionaries and their families in distant countries which cannot suddenly be withdrawn. The embarrassments of this Society were owing to a large expenditure, which was incurred in the West Indies, on account of the wants of the emancipated negro population, and to the great success of missions in New Zealand, Timnevelly, and North India.—*Christian Intelligence.*

**THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.**—The spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Jerusalem will extend, as we learn from official documents, over the English clergy and congregations, and over those who may join his church and place themselves under his episcopal authority in Palestine, and, for the present, in the rest of Syria, Chaldaea, Egypt, and Abyssinia. His chief missionary care will be directed to the conversion of the Jews, to their protection, and to their useful employment. He will establish and maintain, as far as in him lies, relations of Christian charity with other churches represented at Jerusalem, and in particular with the Orthodox Greek Church. A College is to be established at Jerusalem, under the Bishop, whose Chaplain will be its first Principal. Its primary object will be the education of Jewish converts; but the Bishop will be authorised to admit into it Druses and other Gentile converts; and if the funds of the College should be sufficient, oriental Christians may be admitted; but clerical members of the Orthodox Greek Church will be received into the college only with the express consent of their spiritual superiors, and for subsidiary purposes.

The King of Prussia has issued a circular and two rescripts, by which he explains the nature of the connection between England and Prussia in the establishment of the Bishopric at Jerusalem; and orders general collections to be made in the evangelical churches of Prussia in behalf of a school and hospital at Jerusalem. The latter is important as affording an asylum for travellers in case of need. His Majesty says he shares too deeply with his country these religious and national sympathies connected with the origin of the Augsburg confession, to be able to concede any thing of this firm and common basis on which the collective German National Church of the evangelical faith rests.—*Boston Recorder.*

**SYRIA.**—The report, that the property of the British and American missions in Syria had been destroyed, and that the missionaries had been driven from the country, proves to be incorrect. No American missionaries were residing there at the time of the occurrences alluded to.

*For the Christian Mirror.*

**THE GREAT END OF CHRISTIANITY.**

In all religious institutions, there is a grand end proposed by God, and this end should ever be pursued by Christians. The grand end of all to be attended to, in all ordinances, is the glorifying God, and our own salvation; and, though there seem to be two, yet they really are but one end, God having joined them so closely together, that it is impossible for any to put them asunder.

As a member of a smaller or larger body of religious men, we ought ever to consider the end designed by God in making us such, and be careful to keep it constantly in view. Am I a shepherd over part of his flock?—What is the end of my office? Am I a member of a Christian church?—What was the design of God in putting me among his people? Is it not to fit me for his service on earth, and the enjoyment of himself in heaven, that he may be glorified in my salvation? If I be a true member of his true church, that is the end designed by God, and should always be pursued by me. A careless unconverted professor, in every part of his religious character, either pursues no end, or a bad one—and thus, never considering the

end of his church-membership, nor pursuing it, misses the grand end designed by God towards his own people, both in this world and in the next; for he is neither made happy here, nor happy hereafter. The end of every Gospel institution is answered to each, who are made wise, comfortable, and fruitful:—wise, by a spiritual discovery of the glory and goodness of Divine truth; comfortable, in a rich and sound experience of its living power on the soul; and fruitful, by a practical improvement of its blessings in the life and conversation.

A spiritual discovery of the glory and goodness of Gospel truth is indispensably necessary to make a man a real Christian—for it is the wisdom of God in a mystery. It is not understanding the system or scheme of evangelical doctrines, as laid down in creeds and confessions, that works any sanctifying effects upon the soul, or brings a man one step nearer heaven; but it is a spiritual discovery of the glory and goodness of Gospel doctrines, which makes a man wise unto salvation. It is to be feared, that many, from a want of attending to this distinction, awfully deceive themselves. Being orthodox professors, they look upon themselves as sound believers, whilst they remain blind to the glory, and ignorant of the goodness, of those truths which they profess to believe.

It is a truth owned and acknowledged by all professors of Christianity, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; but when the glory and goodness of this truth is seen by an enlightened understanding, it produces wonderful effects in the soul.—“Counting all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.” Phil. iii. 8.

There is a sweet harmony and perfect agreement seen between the doctrines of truth, when viewed by a spiritual mind. The doctrine of human depravity serves to magnify the riches of divine grace, as when viewed in conjunction with other truths. By those who feel the awful truth in their own hearts, it brings to remembrance, and produces on humble walk towards God and man—shows the absolute need of Christ's sacrifice—and begets a profound admiration of God's love. When the Holy Spirit enlightens the understanding, and enables us to discover spiritual things in their true nature, God's glory, and a sinner's lost interest, are seen inseparably united, and eternally secured. We are thus made truly wise, and when the powerful influence of truth is felt on the soul, we are made truly happy, and unspeakably comfortable.

Every good work must proceed from a good principle, and there can be no good principle in a sinner's heart until it is formed there by the power of truth. The principles of religion, or the doctrines of the Gospel, are the only powerful incentives to real holiness; but they never produce it in any except those who discover their glory, and feel their power. When they are thus felt, they will produce a “conversation,” which will “adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.” We ought, therefore, ever to distinguish how an evangelical doctrine is professed, and truth experienced in its power. Truth professed in doctrine constitutes a professor—truth experienced in its power makes a Christian.

Every individual stands in a threefold capacity, and has three distinct characters to sustain:—as a man of the world, as a member of a church, and as a relation in the family. These three meet in a Christian character. An honest man in the world, an honorable member of Christ's church, and a good relation in the family. The spiritual knowledge and comfortable enjoyment of the principles of the Gospel is absolutely necessary to form such Christians, as are useful in the world, and an honour to the church, and blessings in the families in which God has placed them. The great end of all God's institutions is then answered, when we are thus made wise, comfortable, and fruitful Christians.

May, 1842.

L. Z.

**DIED.**—At St. Johns, L. C., on the night of the 26th instant, after a short illness, the Rev. W. D. BALDWIN, for upwards of twenty years Rector of that place.—His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of the fair hearts of St. Johns and the surrounding country.

*For the Christian Mirror.*

**CHRIST AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.**

THOU'ST stand the everliving Son of God,  
As o'er his sacred tomb the briny flood  
Reflow'd down; still sweet serenity  
Complacently, with holy majesty  
In thy future tomb. Ah, how I weep,  
As Lazarus, the blind, I have, I sleep,  
With a young child, Dost thou watchful centre keep  
In vain the Goulon metal grave unseal,  
And see their Mothers weep for me to feel,  
And turn their faces away from that green  
Robb'd the old manster of his sabbath crown,  
But look I on streaming fire, no awful pang,  
No dull case to hold, no scorching trumpet,  
Like Saul's moment here witness to, was there;  
But surely was lifted up the solemn prayer  
Of thy love his Gospel Father's prayer,  
To reach the mad beds, whose hearts of stone  
In various ways to Jesus' sabbath vale,  
In various ways to Christ's, voidless of noise,  
The young child would be divided for prey  
From night's shadow to the dawn of day—  
And forthwith come, in white habiliments,  
The hand of Christ, for he was only sent  
To disappoint the greedy enemy  
That of his soul's sins his rightful property  
Held in its power, as do the devils believe—  
But when the air of mercy still be still'd,  
Christ and his faithful messenger, do still  
The living God, and equal majesty denied  
To his incarnate Son, who o'er the dead,  
The lamps on St. and time, the honey fed—  
In suffering liv'd—in tender us mercy fed—  
For us and our salvation then was crucified.  
Macedon, May, 1842. G. W. W.

**RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.**

**THE ASSAULTED PRINCES.**

The following correspondence of the Assaulted Princes has appeared in *The Christian Intelligencer*, London, Ireland.

13, William Street, Hyde Park, Oct. 21, 1842.

MY DEAR SON.—The following letters from the Assaulted Princes, will, I think, be read with interest by many. They add to the hopefulness with which I already view the reform of our young friends to their country. May their entrance among their countrymen be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ? I shall be especially prone to the latter, the following extract from the Hon. and Rev. B. W. NICHOLS (Mr. Noel) had received a letter from one of the officers on board the ship in which the young man sailed, and he was informed that they had displayed an extent of Christian knowledge which could not have been expected of him. The officers on board had met for the discussion of topics relating to religion, at which they remained to ask questions. Two questions were proposed by these young men, one was—“How, if I return, returning to his native land from a civilized country, can I most effectually promote the progress of civilization among his people? and the other—“What are some young men believing in the Christian religion himself, should feel a to induce his countrymen to believe in that religion also?”

It will be observed that Prince Assault mentions, with just dilatory, a custom in which a poet was tortured in honour of their idols, by the people of the River Siam. They happy a contrast do these remarks present to the habits in which, but for the good providence of God, in London, to the British's favoured place, he would have been brought up. It should be known, that at the death of the father of this young man, (the Marquis) 2,000 human victims were publicly sacrificed in witness, and that some privately in different places throughout the empire. It is, in fact, being a fierce or subtle savage and idolater, our young friend is all that is most excellent for piety, candour, virtue, and affection. So heaven is the spirit of the gospel! No unspeakable the hopefulness of extending Christian civilization to the children of earth!—You are very truly,

Rev. J. M. Thew.



From Prince William Quantamissah to the Rev. Thomas Pyne.

Cape Coast Castle, July 21, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure I take up my pen to inform you by these few lines from this place, that we safely arrived here on Monday, the 19th instant, after a long but comfortable and agreeable voyage of 63 days. We stopped at the following places, viz:—Madeira, Terceira, Saint Vincent, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Gasville or Simon, and D. Nova. Indeed, I have no language to express my thanks to Captains Trotter and Bird Allen, for their great kindness to us during our voyage.

I wish you very particularly to tell our friends, that the statement that the King has put Coitechu (Korinchi) to death, in a manner that will disgrace the true Christians, and the civilized ears to hear, is an error. I thank the great and merciful God, that Coitechu is alive, but is no longer the chief of Adams; Governor McLean, who knows much of the King of Ashantee, said Coitechu was a bad man, and used to employ women to ensnare the traders.

The climate in this place is very healthy, and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and all the missionaries and their wives, are extremely well, and so are all the unchristian Europeans here. I use the word *unchristian*, because their ways are not perfect. There are two messengers just come from his Majesty to inquire whether we have arrived or not; and when they saw us they could not express their surprise and joy, and they said the King and my mother were so anxious to hear about us, that they could not stop a day at Cape Coast, but went away immediately to tell his Majesty. I have no news to tell you at present, and as I have written to you from Madeira, St. Vincent, and other places, and have received no answer yet,\* I shall wait a little till I go to Kumasi. My love to all my friends, and accept the same yourself from yours, affectionately.

WILLIAM OSSOO QUANTAMISSAH.

From Prince John Anshah to the Rev. T. Pyne.

Cape Coast Castle, July 26, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR—I feel always happy and delighted when I take my pen to write a letter to you, and particularly the thought of coming to England to dearest Mr. Pyne, really I feel a great comfort. Through the mercy of a good and gracious God, we arrived safely at this place on the 19th July, after an interesting stay at Sierra Leone. In this place we received very kind attentions shown to us by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, the acting Governor, the officers, and some of the missionaries. Mr. Morgan, the chaplain, kindly took us to see his interesting school of African children. I was indeed delighted to hear them read, so correct and distinct! The master asked them several questions in Scripture and in geography, and they gave such answers that made me quite feel that, *through the blessing of God, our country will not remain long before she sees the light of the Gospel.* We visited the Wesleyan Missionaries in the town, and they very kindly took us also to see their school, and we were pleased with it too. May the Lord help us to do good for our country, and to hasten the time for our people to hear the name of the Saviour, and to become His servants. Another thing surprised and interested me much, was to find so many different tribes from almost all parts of this vast continent, who have been torn away from their fatherland; for the sake of turning them into slaves—beasts of burden, to work with the whip—by their unmerciful masters; but now, instead of their being ill-treated, the Lord has pleased to bring Britons forward to put down this abominable traffic and to defend the weak; and they now enjoy their liberty in that free town. Some of them are in this good Expedition, going as missionaries and interpreters, to tell their countrymen how dear England is wishing for their welfare and their happiness. I am very glad to tell you that only one Ashantee, or Ashantee man, was in the town. He was taken in the war with Sir Charles McCarthy. He is a serjeant in the African corps. The Major was kind enough to turn the troops out for us to see how our countrymen can do; and he exercised them wonderfully well.

We stopped at Sierra Leone a week; after an interesting visit, we set off for Monrovia, in Liberia, an American colony. We came there in three days. We went to shore. Saw very bad huts. The governor's house is, perhaps, the only good

one in the place. No doubt you know the object of this colony. To see such an insignificant place like that, (you cannot imagine how bad the place is—my disappointment is beyond anything,) having an opposition newspaper, although there are not more than 20 Americans there, is quite laughable. No nation on earth will do such a thing with the exception of those who hypocritically call their land the *Land of Liberty*.

We left this place after a short stay, with the intent of going to Cape Coast; but our coals got short in the way, so we called in a town near Cape Palmas, named Grenville, on the Simon River, for wood, and stopped five days there. We went on shore with the captain. The natives all Krumen: saw them doing their barbarous custom in dancing; also saw them tormenting a goat for their idols awfully. I did not like the sight; I withdrew from them.

After a long and interesting voyage, we have safely arrived here. Captain Trotter, Mr. Fish-bourne, and all the officers, were very kind to us. Dr. McWilliam was kind enough to learn us how to use our medicine chest. When we anchored we went on shore with Captain Trotter, and the Governor received us kindly. There is no particular news in the town which I could mention to you now, but that it will not be long before we proceed to Kumasi. I am quite well, and may I trust that this letter will find my dear Mr. Pyne in the enjoyment of good health. You do not know how often I look at your picture. I cannot wish for a better likeness, Captain Trotter says, and better present; and I am quite agreed with him. I remain, dearest Sir, yours very affectionately.

JOHN OSSOO ANSAH.

\* Sufficient time had not elapsed for the arrival of letters from England to Cape Coast.

† Prince W. Quantamissah is about 22 years of age.

‡ Prince Anshah is about 15 years of age.

MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND THEIR EFFECTS.

EVERY succeeding month brings glad tidings from Africa. When the London Missionary Society commenced its operations in that degraded quarter of the globe (says the report of the Cape Town Auxiliary), "one station only had been commenced by the Moravian brethren, and it is probable that a few Christians felt the necessity of instructing their domestics; but this was the whole amount of labour rendered by the Christian church for the inhabitants of this vast continent; they were without knowledge, without civilization, without God and without hope, in the world." Now, says our intelligent and conscientious friend, the Rev. S. Dyer, "The Scotch brethren, the Moravians, the Wesleyans, and our own Missionaries, are all doing much good. In Caffreland, and other quarters, education, civilization and conversions, are all progressing; and as for Cape Town I have seen and heard for myself. The principal booksellers' shops are stocked with Bibles and religious books—the work of education goes on well—infant schools and adult schools are thriving; and there are many missionary hearts beside the hearts of Missionaries. From the Minister of the Dutch church I obtained some interesting accounts of the working of negro emancipation; and had the friends of Africa heard his statements their hearts would have leaped for joy like mine. Many of the Dutch boers are indignant with the Missionaries—and why? Because, say they, the Missionaries have done them an irreparable injury! what a testimony to the fruits of Missionary Societies! What they call injury is only justice to Africa." With joy and thankfulness may we adopt the expression of assurance from our valued brother, "The blessing of Africa will surely come upon Britain."—*Missionary Magazine*.

DECLINE OF SOCIALISM.—Out of the 58 places where socialism formerly was progressing, there are only 33 left in which its principles are openly taught and acknowledged? In only three out of these thirty-nine branches do their numbers exceed 100; in eight others their numbers are 50, and below 100; in thirteen the numbers are 20, and under 50; and in neither of the remaining fifteen branches does the number of members reach 20, while it goes down so low as three. It will also be seen, that of the 39 living branches, 21 are considerably in arrears with the executive—the amount, in some instances, approaching very nearly to £60.

MOST MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

WE have this day to record one of the most distressing and heart-rending events which has ever occurred in this colony. On the forenoon of Monday week, as has been already mentioned in the newspapers, the two eldest daughters of Mr. John Mcagher, residing on the Preston road, the one seven and the other only five years of age, lost themselves in the woods at no great distance from their father's habitation, and the anxious efforts of the afflicted family in search of them that evening proved fruitless and unavailing. The melancholy tidings soon spread abroad, and excited, as will readily be believed, a most extraordinary sensation in Preston, Cole Harbour, Dartmouth, and also through this city. Large parties proceeded on Tuesday and the following days in different directions in quest of these helpless sufferers; a coloured man reported that he heard their cries at a great distance on Tuesday afternoon, and towards the end of the week a fragment of one of their garments was found covered with blood. The impatient anxiety of thousands could not rest satisfied until a last and combined search was made on the forenoon of the Lord's day in the neighbourhood of the place where the bloody piece of cloth had already been found, and soon after noon the mortal remains of these lost wanderers were discovered by the piteous howlings of a dog belonging to Mr. Cury, one of the party, near the summit of a rocky eminence, more than 7 miles distant from their father's house, firmly locked in each others' embrace, the elder daughter as if endeavouring to protect and to shelter the lifeless body of her infant sister. The report of their discovery soon spread in all directions through the surrounding woods, and in a short time two or three hundred persons were collected at this retired and lonely spot, to witness this sad spectacle; and we have been informed by one of the spectators that there was not a tearless eye in the whole assembly. It is impossible to conceive, far less describe, the excruciating sufferings that these little children must have endured from anxiety, from cold and from hunger, before death came to their relief. Their lifeless bodies, stretched side by side, bore lamentable proofs of the scars and injuries which they received in wandering through the pathless wilderness, their feet and legs being completely covered with wounds and bruises. The countenance of the younger child still wore a calm and placid expression, and betrayed but few symptoms of grief; but we shall never forget the care-worn and agonized features of the elder sister, who, though only seven years of age, had the appearance of a person of fifty or sixty. Distressing as this calamity is, almost beyond precedent, it is a consolation to the afflicted parents, and to the whole community, that their fate has been ascertained, and their bodies have been found, and the sorrowing mother expressed a melancholy satisfaction that she had them once more with her before they were laid in the grave. We sincerely sympathize with this bereaved family, whom the Lord has severely wounded, and we fervently pray that this awful dispensation may be sanctified to them, and to all who read this brief narrative.—*Hal. Guardian*.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The *Christian Almanack*, published at Dusseldorf, contains the following interesting anecdote of the late King of Prussia.

The King and Queen were standing at the window of the Palace, the Queen holding in her arms the young Prince Royal (the present King of Prussia) who was amusing himself with some gold pieces, when an old man, poor, but decently dressed, approached the window, and bowing low to the Royal couple, of whose real rank he was ignorant, said to the king,

"Will mein Herr kindly give something to a poor old man, forsaken by his ungrateful daughters, and whose only son serves in the army?"

His Majesty replied in a tone of sympathy, "My friend, I have not my purse about me, but address yourself to this lady, who, as you see, gives her children gold pieces to play with, she probably have some to offer to a poor father deserted by his children in his old age."

The Queen immediately gave the young Prince four Frederics d'or, saying, "My dear Fritz, give these to the poor man." The Prince joyfully

Crow them down into the old man's hat, who was quite overcome at the sight of a gift so considerable, and, stammering a thousand thanks, left the window. But he had not receded many steps, when her Majesty called him back, and asked his name?

"Berghoff," was the reply; "I was formerly a soldier at Brandenburg. I saw twenty-three years of honourable service under the glorious standard of Frederick the Great, and I have my discharge as sergeant."

"Without any pension?" demanded the Queen.

The old man replying in the affirmative, her Majesty said, pointing to the King, "This gentleman, although he has not his purse about him, has, however, pen, ink, and paper, address yourself to him, for I assure you his signature is as good as money."

The King, affected by this idea so naive and full of kindness, left the window for a few moments, and returned with a piece of paper, on which he had written the following words: "The War Exchequer will pay a monthly pension of twelve thalers to old Berghoff. Frederick William."

On seeing the King's signature, Berghoff well nigh fainted, and he had not time to express his gratitude to the Royal couple, for the King had closed the window and retired. The old soldier was long before he recovered from the surprise, and fell on his knees, thanking God, and calling down blessings on the heads of his august benefactors.

#### VOCAL MUSIC CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthful exercise, should be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect.

"I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been suggested to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to deliver them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting of blood amongst them. This I believe is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of our academy," says Gardiner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing."

In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chaunted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increase the activity and powers of the vital organs.—*Musical World.*

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—A very full meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on Monday evening; among the company being the Bishop of Norwich, Sir R. H. Inglis, and several other distinguished members. Among the presents, were twenty-two charts of the coast of France, and several other maps from the Depot de la Marine at Paris. The communications read were of a very interesting character: The first was the results of a new chain of observations made to determine the depression of the Dead Sea by Lieutenant Symons; in which he proved that the sea was at least 1,200 feet below the Mediterranean. A letter was read from Capt. Symons

dated Auckland, New Zealand, 4th Oct., 1811; he had traced the sources of several rivers on the north-east part of that island, where he found the natives very different from what they had been described to him at home; in their behaviour they are fierce and cautious; they rebel only in anger, and will not attack Europeans.—He also described the chain of hot springs running across the northeast part of the island. A paper from Sir James Alexander gave account of the same plains to the West of the Rocky Mountains in North America, where he had been engaged in fixing the boundary-line between this country and the United States. He mentioned the having heard of a tribe of Indians of fair complexion, who possess a language of their own.—They were supposed to be the remains of the Welsh colony; who, if they existed any where, would probably be found about the 42d parallel of latitude. In August of last year, Mr. Evans, a Welsh gentleman from New York, had set out to go to Santa Fe, whence he would start with the first caravan across the Rocky Mountains, in order to endeavour to find this lost race of his countrymen, who left Wales under Prince Madoc in 1169, according to the received tradition.—*London Paper.*

#### THE HONEST SON:

##### A LITTLE STORY OF SMYRNA.

A grocer in the city of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of Naib, or deputy of the Cadi; and as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going to his accustomed rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to remove his weights; but the old cheat, trusting to his relationship to the Inspector, laughed at their advice. The Naib, on coming to his shop, coolly said to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them."

Instead of obeying, the grocer endeavoured to evade the order with a laugh; but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by ordering the officers to search his shop. The instruments of fraud were soon discovered, and after an impartial examination, openly condemned and broken to pieces. He was also sentenced to a fine of 50 piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

After this had been effected on the spot, the Naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at the feet of his father, and watering them with his tears, thus addressed him:

"Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, and my country, as well as to the station I hold; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to ties of kindred. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature; you had offended against the laws of justice—you deserved the punishment, but I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future; and instead of censuring me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

So extraordinary an act of justice gained him the acclamation and praise of the whole city; and a report of it being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced the Naib to the post of Cadi, and he soon after rose to the dignity of Mufti.

**RAISE EVERY THING.**—Every farmer should make it a rule to purchase nothing which he can raise or make on his farm. There can be no higher evidence of an unthrifty farmer, than to see him purchasing his pork, his beef, his horses, his corn, or his flour. He should be ashamed to have it said that he is a purchaser of any of those articles. If he thinks it is cheaper to purchase than to raise, it is only additional evidence of his folly. If we look through the country for our best farmers, we shall find them selling instead of purchasing those articles.—*Am. Farmer.*

**YEAST.**—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour. After it becomes milk warm, bottle it close. One pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

#### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The average price of brown Muscovado Sugar, exported from the returns made in the week ending April 12, is 37s 10d per cent.

The *Frankfurter Gazette* states that the consul-general at Trieste has officially announced that the corn trade has been declared free by the government of the Ladin Islands.

The total charge for the China expenditure up to April, 1812, is £1,197,692, of which, including £68,133 for the Canton ransom, £1,013,530 has been provided for. The estimated expense of the year ending April, 1813, is £1,794,000.

Benjamin Smith, the convict who was sent to her Majesty's Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and removed from there on board a transport, was ironed for some time at Surgeon Hope, of the convict establishment, to deter him from being taken often account of the bad state of his health.—He left in the greatest penury, and seemed to suffer acutely the degraded situation he had placed himself in. The utmost sympathy was felt for him among the other unfortunate convicts there.—*Edin.*

One of the largest manufacturing houses in Ireland, that of Joseph Beale & Co., of Mountmellick, has stopped payment. By this event no less than 1000 persons were thrown out of employment.

#### INDIA.

The Indian journals mention, in terms of deserved praise, the heroic fortitude of Lady Sale. One of the resolutions of the convention signed by General Elphinstone and Major Fanning, the Political Agent, was, that Jellalabad should be evacuated; and an order to that effect was forthwith forwarded to Sir Robert Sale. With this demand that officer hesitated to comply; and a letter from Lady Sale, who seems to have a presentiment of the perfidy of the Khan, encouraging him to hold out to the last extremity, confirmed him in his determination to retain his position. The assistance of this lady may thus have materially aided in preserving him, and those under his command, from a similar fate to that which had involved the Cabul forces in destruction; the sanguinary Albar, in anticipation of General Sale's compliance with the order to quit Jellalabad, had actually made preparations for attacking him on his march, and would, doubtless, have cut off the whole force under his command. An attempt to induce the Afghans to attack Jellalabad had failed; and there is every reason to believe that Sir Robert Sale will be able to hold out for three months, before which time the reinforcements and supplies would be expected, reach him.

General North had defeated a force of five thousand Afghans in Candahar,—the commencement, we trust, of a series of successes by which these our brave countrymen and their native companions in arms will be signally though with no similar crimes and cruelties, avenge on their perfidious murderers.

With the execution of the 4th Regiment, which was composed entirely of British-born, all but the officers of the other regiments, including the camp-followers, are Sepoys and natives of India.

**GENERAL SALE'S POSITION.**—We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter received from an officer of Her Majesty's 9th Regiment, dated Peshawar, February 9: "The force for the relief of Sir Robert Sale at Jellalabad consists of the following, viz:—Her Majesty's 9th Regiment, 10th Light Cavalry, 26th Native Infantry, 4th Native Regiment, from Peshawar, and one company of Artillery, with six guns. The 3d Light Dragoons have marched from Kernul, and the 15th Lancers and Her Majesty's 31st Regiment are under orders to join the above force without delay. The brigade are to attempt to force the Kyber pass on the 11th inst. remaining but two days at Peshawar to recruit their strength after long forced marches. It is expected that the enemy will make a most determined resistance, as they muster strong, and a short time before defeated two native regiments, the 60th & 61th, with loss of 4 officers and 200 men killed in the attempt to force the pass. When this formidable difficulty is surmounted, the brigade expect to relieve Sir R. Sale on or about the 14th of February, as Peshawar is but 40 miles from Jellalabad."

The Court of Directors of the East India Company will give a sumptuous entertainment to Major General the Marquis of Tweeddale, K. C., on his appointment as Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Fort St. George, Madras, in the room of Lord Elyhinstone, who returns home. The gallant Marquis is one of the heroes of the Peninsula, where he was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, and while acting in that capacity, was severely wounded at Busaco. His Lordship's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Hay, is married to the Marquis of Douro.

We omitted last week to contradict the announcement that Lieut. General Sir Benjamin D'Urban had been appointed to succeed Sir Jasper Nicoll, as Commander in Chief of the Army in India. Finding, however, that the *Morning Post* and several weekly newspapers have been deceived so far as to reiterate the intimation, at the present moment nothing whatever is known of this arrangement at head quarters.

**REMOVAL OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.**

Our readers are respectfully informed, that the office of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR is now removed to Great St. James Street, next door to the workshop of Messrs. Richard Robinson & Son, and opposite the residence of Dr. Holmes,—where every description of Printing will be executed in a superior style, and on very reasonable terms.

Opportunity is also taken of requesting those subscribers to the MIRROR who may have changed their residences on the 1st May, to leave their new addresses at the office.

**N. Y. CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.**

**PROPOSITION**

To Clergymen, Students, and Others.

ANY Clergyman, Student, or other person, who will send us the names and Post-office address of six new subscribers to the CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, together with fifteen dollars, current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to Prof. Robinson's work, and Maps complete,—delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.

And any person who will send us the names and Post-office address of four new subscribers, together with ten dollars current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to the "ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE," delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.

Any person who will send us the names of five new subscribers, together with twelve dollars and fifty cents in current funds, free of expense, will be entitled to a complete set of Dr. Chalmers' Works, viz. seven volumes.  
New York, May, 1842.

**SHEFFORD ACADEMY.**

THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution has now commenced, under the superintendance of

S. C. L. CURTIS, A.B., PRINCIPAL.

A thorough and systematic COURSE OF STUDY will be pursued; well calculated to make finished Scholars, both in the English branches, and the Classics.

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Board—including washing—can be procured in the Village, by Pupils from a distance, at from 7s. 6d. to 8s. 9d. per week.

By order of the Trustees.

DAVID FROST, Secretary.

Frost Village, }  
April 25th, 1842. } 20c

**JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,**

SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.

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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.

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**GENERAL GROCER,**

No. 35, Notre Dame Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,  
MONTREAL.

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THE SEMINARY of SAINT SULPICE of MONTREAL being under the necessity, in compliance with the requirements of the Ordinance, to REGISTER THEIR CLAIMS to the ARREARS of SEIGNIORIAL RIGHTS, request all TENANTS in the TOWN AND SUBURBS OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL to call and settle immediately their accounts for LODS ET VENTES; and also to bring with them their Title Deeds.

Office hours, from 9, A.M. to 4, P.M. every day, (Sundays and holidays excepted.)

JPH. COMTE, P.TRE.  
March 24, 1842. 17-h

**AGENCY & COMMISSION BUSINESS.**

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared, on the opening of the navigation, to transact business as a GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and GOODS BROKER.

He will give his best attention to the sale of consignments, and purchase of every description of GOODS, PRODUCE, &c., Liquors excepted, and will spare no exertions that will render his services advantageous to those who may confide their interests to his care.

He begs to say, that for the last eleven years he has been employed in one of the most extensive HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, during the last seven of which he has had the charge of the business, and that for the seven years preceding he was employed in the GROCERY LINE, and has engaged the services of a person who possesses an intimate knowledge of Dry Goods.

In offering his services as a Goods Broker, he begs respectfully to remind Importers and Consignees of Groceries, Produce, &c. that this mode of effecting sales substituted for auctions, would save the Provincial and Municipal Auction Duties.

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Messrs. EDWARD FIELD & Co. New York.

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ALEX. BRYSON.  
Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

**JOSEPH HORNER,  
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August 12, 1841.

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May 5, 1842.

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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.

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Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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February 10, 1842. c

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November 18, 1841.

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JOHN E. L. MILLER.

Montreal, May 5, 1842.

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