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AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

"YOUTH IS A SLIPPERY PATH."

THE following valuable remarks we have extracted from an admirable lecture lately delivered to the "Young Men's Presbyterian Association," in Halifax, N.S., by the Rev. Wm. Duff.

Here is a young man leaving the paternal roof to lay hold on the first link of social being. It is an event of no ordinary interest in the little household—an hour of many sympathies and feelings. The buoyant spirits and the visions of youth yield, for a time, to the depth and tenderness of filial love, as he listens with emotion to a father's counsels and receives a mother's blessing. He is destined. It may be, for the legal profession, and he enters the writing chambers to occupy the vacant seat at the table. Modest, diffident, ignorant of his work, yet forward to oblige and to be of what service he can. A few brief interrogatories discover him to his new companions to be what is termed, in the phraseology of the profligate, "green" in the ways of life. He has soon to listen to frequent inuendos against the truths of religion and the claims of virtue. He ventures perhaps to remonstrate, and his simplicity, as it is termed, calls forth only the laugh or the sneer. One, more thorough-paced in the ways of vice than the rest, undertakes to initiate him, and forthwith his principles are assailed, for there is no going on without these bulwarks of innocence being first demolished. Does he reverence the Bible? He is plied with arguments and insinuations against its authority, which as he has never before heard or thought of, he is unable to answer. Does he desire to remember the Sabbath day? its claims and sanctity are spurned and the too general practice, even of professing Christians, appealed to, and urged against the notion of its being intended for anything else than a day of amusement, idleness, or pleasure. Nay, the very feelings of nature are attempted to be poisoned. Should a father's or a mother's warning interpose to arrest him before he takes the fatal step—why should he continue for ever in leading strings now that he is old enough to be his own master? He may struggle for a time to resist this pernicious influence. The principles and lessons imbibed may not all at once be discarded and forgotten. But is it to be conceived, humanly speaking, that breathing daily in this polluted region, he should avoid inhaling the poison? No.—He yields at length, almost for peace sake he yields, and to escape being any longer the butt of ridicule. He makes one of a Sunday pleasure party, he joins the evening club, and mixes in the midnight revel, and the work of the destroyer is accomplished. He has at times his forenoon of reflection and bitter remorse, but every such thought and impression is speedily effaced by the return of riot and excess.

Who is yonder pale and emaciated wretch, whom we see prowling on the streets, like a wolf at evening for his prey?—a female form without one feature of a female soul—an out-

cast "whom neither the world nor its law befriends." And what has effected a transformation so revolting on one in whom a mother's hopes were centered, and whose cheek, now, alas! unconscious of shame, the blush of modesty once instinctively mantled?

She has been the victim of that bloated sensualist, who himself, but a few years ago, entered upon life uncorrupted, high in hope, with the path of usefulness, respectability, and honour, all before him, and with qualifications fitted to secure success; but he fell the victim to a vicious companionship, and now, cut off from the intercourse even of his early seducers, he walks a living pestilence, breathing around him the atmosphere of death, hated of himself, despised and shunned by all, a "vessel of wrath fitted for destruction."

The case we have supposed is by no means ideal or unique. You have seen it realised, bad as it is, in the history of some of your acquaintances.

You have seen the young man of promise, of high intellectual endowments, and amiable disposition, fitted both to adorn and improve society, and who might have left a name behind him to be uttered with a tear, sink into the very slave of passion, the victim of crime, disowned by those who once most tenderly loved him, forgotten while yet alive, consigned to oblivion ere yet the grave has hid his shame.

But, that the influence of wicked companionship may be fatal to his immortal interests, it is not necessary that it impel him to drain to the very dregs, the cup of sensuality and crime. He may not have descended to the point at which the world disapproves, and yet he may lie under the strong and emphatic condemnation of Heaven.—Various circumstances may combine to keep him short of this fearful consummation, and to prevent him from sinking into the lowest gulph of sinful indulgence. The consideration of the mere temporal consequences of such excess, a desire to keep on some terms with society, or a mere regard to economy, may be the highest motives from which this constraint arises, while the evil communication to which he has been exposed may have fully done its work, in the perverting of every principle, and in the poisoning of every feeling of his heart.

Does not the well being of society then, and, above all, do not the interests of beings destined for immortality, demand an effort in behalf of those whose inexperience exposes them to be practised upon by remorseless and designing villainy, and whose inherent corruption, and natural aptitude for receiving a wrong impression, render a world lying in wickedness so peculiarly dangerous and so frequently fatal?

But, to conclude, the class to which we refer are in that season of life when efforts in their behalf are most likely to prove successful.

They are sinners, as well as others, it is true, and prone to evil, but their minds are more open to conviction—their hearts are more tender and susceptible of salutary impressions.

They have not been "accustomed to do evil;" their consciences are not yet "seared as with a hot iron;" the delegate of heaven is not wholly disowned; the still small voice within is heard, of which advantage may be taken, and to which appeal may be made.

Ought this season to be neglected? Shall the lively period of youth, that soft and impressible season, when lasting habits are formed, when the seal cuts deep into the yielding wax, and the impression is more likely to be clear and lasting and strong—shall this warm and favourable season be suffered to slide by without being turned to the great purposes for which not only youth, but life, and breath, and being were bestowed? Shall our young men, our country's hope, be launched into the open sea of life, without either chart or compass to steer by amid its hidden rocks and yawning waves? Shall they be left, in this most critical period of life, when a right direction may most easily be given to their habits and pursuits—shall they be left to the chance impressions which they may receive from a world whose influence and intercourse are so emphatically pernicious?

It may be so, and in general it is so. You may leave them to their fate, but a race will arise around you, from whose very aspect your souls will shrink. Do you love your country? Know then by your neglect you have ministered to its ruin. Do you love your race? You will learn the extent of evil you have inflicted upon them, when you stand together before the great white throne, in the audit of an assembled universe, and hear the sentence go forth, bidding them for ever away into those realms of woe, where no voice is heard but the wailings of despair, "where hope never comes, that comes to all." You will then, it may be, reflect that there was a time when you could have been instrumental in averting this; when you might have told them of a God above, a judgment before, and a Saviour "near even at the door;"—a time when the Spirit of God seemed even to be striving with them, and beginning a good work; and you, alas, by cold neglect, quenched the smoking flax! But then it is too late,—you cannot give them a cup of cold water to cool their burning tongues. Let us feel and act upon this responsibility. It is in dealing, and in dealing vigorously with the youth of a country, that any great moral renovation is to be expected.—We can hope for little success when attacking the wickedness which hath "grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength" of our adult population. Nothing is indeed "so hard for the Lord," and we would therefore ply the manhood and the old age of crime with the lessons of the Bible; but the alone hopeful attempt, is that of applying Christianity as a preventive, and turning away the young from the steps of their fathers.

I might recommend the necessity of such efforts by referring to the actual state of religion among the young of this city. I might ask you to enter any of our churches during divine service on the Lord's day, and reckon up the regular attendants upon divine ordinances, and

compare their numbers with those who saunter at the corners of our streets, and crowd our thoroughfares, those who observe with those who desecrate the Sabbath; and I ask if this is a state of things which is to be quietly tolerated, without an attempt to remedy the evils or to check its progress? and, if so, to what will it ultimately lead? What but to the utter abandonment of the very name and form of Religion! This may appear to some, perhaps, "a consummation devoutly to be wished!" but should it ever come to this, it is not your impregnable forts, or the frowning battlements above you, that will shield and cover you in the day of peril. You have parted with the true palladium, without which no country ever can be great, as we have the word of him who cannot lie, that no country ever can be safe. It is not the chariots and the horsemen of Egypt that constitute a nation's stay and strength, but Righteousness which exalteth, as sin is the ruin of any people.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

In the course of my pastoral walks among my flock, I one day called upon a young widow, who has become a member of the church under my care since the death of her husband. I found her at her mangle, by which, and by letting a room or two to lodgers, she earns a scanty and precarious support for herself and child. I found her somewhat indisposed, exhausted by labor, and depressed, though not desponding, in consequence of her lodgings being unoccupied, and her work rather short. I entered into conversation with her on her necessitous and afflictive circumstances, when she expressed her strong confidence in God, and her expectation she should be provided for. She reverted to her husband, who had been a consistent member of my flock. Her eulogy upon his memory was in strong and tender language. She described him as having been one of the kindest and most indulgent of husbands, and implied that she had of course been a happy wife. "But," said she, "I can thank the Lord for his death; for in consequence of that sad event, I now hope to be associated with him, in the presence of Christ in heaven."

The fact is, the death of her husband was the painful means, in the hands of the Spirit, of her saving conversion to God. In this you see one instance among many in which widowhood has been the furnace of affliction, where God has chosen some of his people, and called them to pass through the fiery trial to bring them to himself. The female whose case I am now narrating, by the piety she then obtained, and by the sweet hope of meeting her deceased husband in the land where there shall be no more death, endures with sorrowful cheerfulness the desolation of widowhood and the rigors of poverty.

What lessons does this little incident teach! What a potency and a heavenly balm are there in true religion! What present and what future advantages does it yield, when it can enable a poor widow to bow with her departed husband, or in the dreary abode once made happy by his love, and give God thanks for his removal, because of the eternal felicity that would result to both in heaven, from their early separation upon earth! What an admonition to those who, like this poor woman, have lost pious husbands, while they themselves are not partakers of true experimental piety. Let them consider the reasoning which is implied in her gratitude.—"Had my husband lived, I should have been content with my happiness as a wife, and have sought none from a higher source, and perhaps have lived and died a stranger to true religion. Thus after enjoying his society a few years upon earth, I should have been banished not only from his company but from the presence of the Lord forever; but now, since his death was sanctified for my conversion to God, I have lost him for a season, to be with him forever in glory."

O Widow, whose husband has left you, as did hers, in an unconverted state, let it be your desire, your prayer, your resolution, to turn this deep affliction to your soul's advantage. You have lost his life; lose not also his death. He bends to you from the skies, and with accents of faithful love, says to you, "Follow me to heaven and let us not be separated forever. Let faith, pray-

er and submission, heal the wound of separation. O let us meet in the blessed world of life and joy."—Comply with the admonition, and then you too will be able to comprehend the thanksgiving of this poor woman for the decease of a loving husband.

THE TRAVELLER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN JAFFA AND JERUSALEM.

From *Wilde's Travels in Palestine.*

Our party, which consisted of ten persons, all armed and accoutred made a very formidable cavalcade as we left the town about twelve o'clock at noon. For nearly two miles after leaving the town our road lay through the richest and most beautiful gardens of orange and lemon trees, then covered with fruit and flowers, and tall waving cypresses, corals, and fragrant mimosas, intersected with enormous nopals, or prickly pears, with the scammony in flower, twining through their invulnerable armour. These productions, as well as their exceeding beauty, have obtained for this verdant spot the appellation of the gardens of the Eastern Hesperides.

The inhabitants of Jaffa, who, though mostly Christians, are dressed in the eastern costume, have bowers and summer houses in these gardens, and as we passed, we observed them enjoying their sherbet, seated in the cool shades of those lovely retreats.

On the broad sandy track that winds through this fertile spot we passed numbers of pilgrims hastening towards Jerusalem, with the wild Arab of the desert seated on his camels, and wrapped in the folds of his voluminous burnoose; looking down with disdain upon the richly caparisoned horse and glittering accoutrements of the Egyptian officer.

From hence to Ramlah our way lay through one of the most fertile and extensive plains we had yet beheld in the East.

Although not a sixth part of this plain is cultivated, yet where it was tilled, the crops of corn which were about a foot high looked most luxuriant. I do not think we passed a dozen head of cattle of any kind, but the monotony of the plain is occasionally relieved by groves and clumps of aged magnificent olives, which gave it quite the appearance of a well laid out English park or demesne.

Most of these olives must be centuries old, from their great size and proverbial slowness of growth, and are, probably, the lineal descendants of those we read of in David's time, which were so plentiful in the low plains that Baal-Hanan the Gadite was placed as overseer over them.

Numbers of tall white storks paced about through the groves like so many spectres enjoying their solitary grandeur amid the scenes of other days. The day was delightful; a light breeze refreshing the traveller and the weary pilgrim as they journeyed to the Holy City; the fields, were decked with thousands of gay flowers; the scarlet anemone, and a beautiful specimen of red tulip,* intermingled with the white cistus, the pink floss, and the blue iris, and with crimson and white asters, asphodels, and lilies, forming an enamelled carpet that perfumed the air, and offered a scene replete with everything that could gratify the eye or charm the imagination.

This plain of Sharon is about fifteen miles broad, and nearly twice as many long, bordered on one side by the blue waters of the Levant, and the rugged hill country of Judea on the other. How writers could have described this "goodly land" as so unfruitful as to warrant the assertion of Voltaire, that he would not receive a present of it from the Sultan, I know not, as the appearance of this plain would alone refute so great a misrepresentation. (Pages 170-173.)

We rode over the lovely vale of Sharon, still producing those roses whose beauty and fragrance have been described by Solomon (Solomon's Song

* The tulip is a flower of eastern growth and highly esteemed: thus in the Ode of Messhe, "The edge of the bower is filled with the light of the ahmed, among the plants the fortunate tulip represents its companions."

† Much has been written, and many opinions expressed, regarding the rose of Sharon. I agree in opinion with those authors who state, that it is not a rose, but a cistus, white or red, with which this vale in particular, and other parts of Judea abound.

ii. 1) in the sweet strains of Hebrew poetry. Around us was an atmosphere such as can only be perceived and breathed in the East—no palpable sky, no cloud traversing a canopy definite in extent, but an ethereal expanse about and above us, terminating only where the powers of vision fail, and creating the thought that we looked into the regions of boundless pace. No detached houses, and but two villages, are within view on this part of the plain. One of these, Gazoor, and another called Betafafa, are but a few cottages standing upon low hills, as the few rising grounds on this immense plain would be always made use of in a country so long a seat of war. The former was originally fortified, and some of the works still remain standing. It has a pretty mosque, and by the road side a handsomely constructed fountain containing the clearest water. Beside the fountain is a chained cup, for the traveller's use.

After two hours' ride, we got a view of Ramlah, marked by its high tower; and a few miles to the left lay Lyda—the spiritual Lidda,—the minaret of whose mosque may be seen at a great distance. Ramlah, the ancient Arimathea, is about twelve or fourteen miles from Joppa, or about three hours' ride, distance being measured in this country by hours. It is pleasantly situated, surrounded by thick groves of olives and some palms: fine crops of corn, beans, and most luxuriant tobacco, border the suburbs—the enclosures are divided by the impenetrable nopals. It was the Christian Sabbath, and numbers of the inhabitants were lying in groups among the plantations, basking in the sun. The men in their long silk gowns, fur-trimmed cloaks, and dark wide-spreading turbans; the children, some of whom were exceedingly beautiful, frisking about in the warm sunshine; and the women, clothed in long white robes with a red border, and black silk face covers, sitting by themselves in little coteries under the shady olives, and the different groups of pilgrims, in the costume of their several notions, resting after their morning's toil—these, with the surrounding country and its associations, formed a highly picturesque and imposing scene as we entered the town. (Pages 174, 175.)

We were hospitably received at the Frank convent of St. Nicodemus, the brethren of which are now reduced to three Spanish Franciscans. These were Carlists, and appeared very anxious to hear news from their native country. (Pages 175, 176.)

The padres came and sat with us in the evening; they were anxious to hear news of their native country and of Europe, while we were anxious to learn something of the antiquities and Scripture localities of the neighbourhood. But they were not able to gratify our curiosity, or communicate to us any information; for on these subjects they, as well as all, or nearly all the monks whom we met in the Holy Land, were lamentably ignorant, and knew nothing of either the geography or the ethnography of the places around them, or if they had any tale to tell it was that of some hackneyed tradition, or some saintly legend equally false and absurd. The life led by these three monks was one of extreme indolence. The two elder seldom left the convent walls: The younger, who was the cure and cook, informed us that of late he had frequently been obliged to go out among his flock, consisting of a few Maronites, to correct the awful heresy of reading the Scriptures, which had made considerable (and in his eyes lamentable) progress since the English and American missionaries and Bible-agents had been labouring among this simple people. Some of them, he said, he had brought back to the bosom of the mother Church, yet many, he regretted to say, were incorrigible, and, like the Bereans of old, were determined to search the Scriptures, "to see whether these things were so." (Pages 178, 179.)

We again set forward on our journey towards Jerusalem. The plain on which Ramlah stands extends further eastward for about five or six miles, and then the land rises in gentle slopes towards the mountains, still, however, retaining its beauty, and its fertility. This part of the country was well cultivated, but the crops of wheat, oats, millet, and barley was in ear, though it was not more than eighteen inches high.

The hill country is entered by a narrow pass at a place called Ladron, where are the remains of an old fort and the gothic arches of a large church. The former was probably erected as a

resting place, and also a defence for the pilgrims, as this spot has ever been the haunt of the Arab robbers.

Several flocks of gazelles bounded across our path, and numerous herds of small black goats, with long silken hair and beautiful pendant ears almost reaching the ground, followed the steps of the goatherd as he led them along the different mountain-passes. The tinkling of their little copper bells, when heard among those solitary hills through which our road lay, had a pleasing effect, and helped to beguile the tedium of the way.

We had reached the hill country of Judea, and a complete change came over the scene. The eye was no longer refreshed with the verdant sward and the beauty of the plain which we had traversed after leaving Joppa. The hum of bees, the low of cattle, and even the music of the goat's bell, was no longer heard.

A solemn wildness reigns in those elevated regions, the hills of which rise in amphitheatres or rather in concentric circles, one above another. The strata of grey limestone protrudes its naked head through these hills at regular intervals, like so many seats in a stadium. There is no vestige of human beings, and the road becomes a mere horse-track, with scarcely room for two to pass a breast; yet the dreariness and monotony of the view is occasionally relieved by valleys & ravines clothed with low woods of dwarf-oak, which was then putting forth its young leaves and long green catkins; and here, for the first time in our travels, we met the thorn becoming white with blossom, and reminding us of the lawns and hedge-rows of our own far distant homes.

A few fields of corn showed by their fertility, caused by the moisture which is more abundant on these elevated regions than on the plains, what could still be effected by cultivation on the limestone soil of Judea, and on the terraces between each band of rock, which act as so many retaining walls. Much was originally, and much could still be effected in the growth of the vine and the olive on the sides of these hills. Those who exclaim against the infertility and barrenness of this country should recollect, that want of cultivation gives it much of the sterile and barren appearance which it now presents to the traveller. The plough in use in that country is one of the rudest instruments of any implement of the kind that I have ever seen. It resembles the ancient Egyptian plough, and it does little more than scratch the soil, making a furrow scarcely three inches in depth. (Pages 180-182.)

An hour and a half's ride brought us to the Terebinthine Vale, memorable as the battle-field on which the tripling son of Jesse prostrated the vaunting champion of the Philistines. A narrow bridge here crosses a small stream, in which it is said the youthful warrior filled his scrip with the smooth pebbles, one of which laid Goliath in the dust, and achieved a glorious victory for the army of Israel. The scene instantly calls to mind the position of the two armies placed upon opposite hills, with a valley running between.

The hill to the left is now occupied by a considerable village of low square Arab huts. Along the banks of the rivulet are some lovely gardens, adorned with apple-trees, apricots, almond-trees, orange and acacia-groves, together with rose-laurals, figs, and sycamores. (Pages 185, 186.)

Hippolite, our guide, now informed us that we were approaching near the Holy City, when all became excitement; enthusiasm appeared in every face, anxious hope beamed in every eye, each pressed forward beyond his neighbour. We quickened our horses' paces, and every turn and rising ground upon the road was gained with accelerated speed, in order to catch a distant view of the city. At length we arrived at an old marabout, where the country became more level, but still presenting the same stony character, and here we caught the first glimpse of Jerusalem, at about a mile's distance. The first object that attracted our attention was a line of dead wall, flanked by two or three square towers, above which could be distinguished a few domes and minarets. Such is the appearance which the city presents when seen from this point. Beyond the city, on the eastern side, rose a three-capped hill, whose highest point was surmounted by a white dome and one or two straggling buildings; its sides, which were studded with low shrubby plants, exhibited a brown and rugged aspect. This is the memorable Mount of Olives. Our party reined their horses, and stood

in motionless silence for some minutes, gazing on the scene.

The expectations we had formed respecting the appearance of Jerusalem were disappointed, but our enthusiasm had not in the least degree abated.

For myself, I confess that as I gazed upon the north-western angle of that solitary wall, sorrow came over my heart; no living thing could be seen on the intervening ground; nothing stirred, and solitude seemed to reign within its walls. It was then approaching towards the close of day, and every thing we saw appeared lone and desolate; so quiet and solitary did the city appear, that it looked as if its inhabitants had been asleep for years, and that we had come to awaken them from their slumbers. As we approached the city, the line of wall which we had first seen opened out and extended to the right.

We passed the upper pool of Gihon, and met a few Arab crones going with their pitchers on their heads to draw water from a neighbouring well. They appeared like so many of those witches described in works of fiction, coming forth to meet us from the silent city. Turning a sharp angle of the wall, we reached a large massive square building commonly called the Castle of David, and now the citadel of the modern city. To the left of it is the Jaffa gate, which was guarded by a few Egyptian soldiers, who offered no obstruction to our entrance. (Pages 187-189.)

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GETHESEMANE.

Tread softly round that hallowed place,
The man of grief is there;
Tears are upon his sacred face—
He bows himself in prayer.

THIS interesting spot, made sacred by the presence and sufferings of the Redeemer, lies in the valley of Jehoshaphat, just at the foot of Olivet, a few steps over the Cedron. Though it is called a garden, it has no vegetation except eight large olive trees, and a number of small ones, which have been recently set out. The large trees are very old. Some persons assert that they are the same which stood there when our Lord used to resort thither. This would make them more than eighteen hundred years old. They are probably as much as eight hundred years old, and may be trees which have grown from those which were living when the Saviour was betrayed. This, however, is not important for us to know. The garden is now surrounded by a loose wall, which has fallen down in some places. The monks who have charge of it, show the place where the Saviour sweat drops of blood, where he prayed that the cup might pass from him, and where Judas kissed his Lord, but there is no certainty whatever about these localities. No one can know the exact spots where these scenes occurred. We only know that this is Gethsemane,—the place where our Lord used to sit with his disciples, where he prayed in agony, and was betrayed by a kiss. As such let us consider it now. We will pass over the frequent visits of the Saviour and his disciples, and speak only of that memorable night, when the incarnate Son of God was given into the hands of sinful men, to be crucified. It is late. The busy hum of the city has died away, and nothing is heard in the deserted streets but the heavy tread of the Roman guard. But while the unthinking multitude are lost in slumber, careless of what shall be on the morrow, there is one who sleeps not. The wearied Saviour has retired to Gethsemane to pray, for he knows that his hour is near. He is alone. His disciples have fallen asleep, and heed not the agony of their Master and Lord. The sins of men are laid upon him and he bows himself in sorrow. Great drops of blood start from his sacred temples and fall down to the ground;

He groans beneath the load of sin,
The mighty burden bears;
Salvation brings to guilty men,
By sweat, and blood, and tears.

As he looks upon the bitter cup which wicked men have prepared for him to drink, his soul is sorrowful even unto death, and he prays that it may be removed.—Yet, "Not my will, but thine be done." The struggle is over, and the Redeemer is ready to die. But see! a band of soldiers are scaling down the hill

from the city gate. Their suppressed voices, hurried steps, and glaring torches, tell that they are on no errand of good. Who are they? It is Judas and his companions. "Rise, Peter, rise, for the betrayer of thy Master is at hand." He comes—"Hail! Master, hail!"—and gives the traitorous kiss. "Ah Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Yes, the innocent Jesus is betrayed. The soldiers seize upon him, bind his hands, and bring him up to the palace of Pilate.

Now that the Saviour has gone, let us stop a moment and think. Why did he suffer thus in the garden? Why was his soul sorrowful and his agony such as to force blood from his body like sweat? Was it for his own sins? No. He was without sin. The man who condemned him to die, declared that he could find no fault in him. Why then did he thus suffer? It was for the sins of the world. It was for your sins and mine. That we might be saved from sin and hell, he gave himself to a life of suffering and sorrow, and a death of agony and shame. What shall we then do in return for this amazing love of our Lord? We have nothing to give but what was once given to us, and we can only offer him the earliest, noblest affections of our hearts. This is what he asks, and this alone. Wealth, honour, learning, or professions, of love he does not require, but the heart. And shall we not give this? Who can look upon the sorrow of the Saviour, and feel that he thus endured for him, and not be persuaded to repentance and faith? There is something so touching in the betrayal scene of Gethsemane, that our sympathies must naturally be with the sufferer, but let us be careful not to mistake this sympathy for love. The deep and steady affections of the heart must be upon Jesus. The saviour's work is finished, and we are left in the world to fill up what remains behind of his sufferings. Let us be diligent, then, in this great work, and follow the Lord, whithersoever he goeth.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

FELIX NEFF'S LETTERS.

1. *Letter on private religious meetings*, 6 October, 1823. "My beloved brethren of the church of Mens, do not think that by merely attending regularly public worship, you fulfil the commands of the word of God.

You readily see that at church, where no one speaks but the pastor, it is impossible to converse together for mutual edification. Besides, you are mingled in the house of God with a crowd of people who are ignorant of the Gospel, or do not believe it, and who cannot understand the language of Christian experience; so that, to bring them to the truth, the preacher is obliged to neglect in some measure the instruction of more advanced Christians. Now, if any one says that he is seeking the salvation of his soul, and yet feels no interest in these private meetings, you may be nearly certain that he has not the love of the truth, and that he is still far from being converted; for if he had a little life in his heart, and if he believed the Gospel, he could not deny that these fraternal meetings are good, useful, necessary, expressly recommended by the Lord. What, then, prevents them? Two things only: the love of the world, and fear of the world."

2. *Letter on lukewarmness in the faith*, March 25, 1824: "As for those who, after having found peace in believing in Jesus Christ, become lukewarm, I believe I can say confidently that this evil arises from neglecting prayer and meditation. They are content to know these things, but not to do them: they speak of the grace of God, but do not seek it; they know Jesus Christ, but do not desire to have continual intercourse with him; they are not Christians in their closet, and therefore they are not in religious meetings. We ought not only to go to the church to seek God, we ought to take him with us there; we ought ourselves to be the temples of the Holy Spirit. The source of life is not in ourselves, it is in God; and when we cease to derive it from Him by prayer, by reading and meditation, we become dry and barren. It is with our soul as with a pasture on the declivity of a

mountain, exposed to the sun and in a sandy soil: as soon as you cease bringing water to it, it dries up and withers."

3. *Letter to a sick sister, October 15, 1824.* "Dear sister, I assure you that I grieve to learn what you have suffered; but do you not know the Comforter? For the worldly man, affliction, sickness in particular, is a great evil; for when he loses his health, nothing remains which he can enjoy; and the fear of death subjects him to the greatest bondage. But to the Christian, trials are useful; and, in the midst of his sufferings he experiences the grace and compassion of God. You suffer, it is true, dear sister, but you know that this suffering will not last long; you see before you deliverance and rest; you reckon upon days of sorrow, and you say as the prisoner said, whose term of confinement was about to expire: 'Yet one day more has passed, and it will not return; I am today nearer than yesterday to my eternal home.' Death does not affright you, it is for you the gate of life. The thought of the judgment does not alarm you; for there is no condemnation to them that are in Jesus Christ. Meditate upon these consoling truths, and you will find your cross light. Hope will sustain you, when even the grace of the Lord shall seem to you hidden and obscure, as often happens. The good Shepherd does not always hide his face. If you pray to him, if you go to him, he will come to you; if you cry to him, he will answer you; for he is not far from every one of us, and especially is near to those who call upon him. Think of the tender love of this good Saviour, who calls us his brethren, who is called the spouse of our souls, who loves to adorn them, to purify them, who will make us sit and reign with him. It seems, on hearing the language of this sweet Saviour, that he would not be happy without us, so much does he love us, though we are so unworthy of his affection!"

RELIGIOUS IGNORANCE—ITS CAUSE.

It is justly regarded as a wonder, that so many people, not deficient in secular knowledge, and brought into such familiar contact with the means of instruction in religion, should manifest such ignorance as they do of the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. But we find a partial explanation of the mystery, in fact, in the experience of Christ's disciples, showing how hard it is to understand that which we do not wish to understand. Christ told his disciples, over and over again, that he was to be put to death; but this was so contrary to their expectations and wishes respecting a temporal reign of the Messiah, that they could not understand it. On one occasion when he spoke of it, the evangelist says, "But they understood not that saying, and it was hid from them, that they perceived it not." On another occasion when he spoke of it, Peter undertook to contradict and rebuke him, not being willing to have it so. The thought was so unwelcome, that when uttered it could not enter into their minds, and it passed away as water glides over a rock which it cannot enter. And the result was, that when Christ's words came to be verified, and when he was actually put to death before their eyes, they were smitten with amazement—such an event was farthest from their expectations, though they had been repeatedly told to expect it, in the plainest terms. They were ignorant of what Christ had told them again and again. They knew it not, because they had been unwilling to entertain the thought of it.

Here, if we mistake not, is a leading cause of the religious ignorance that prevails under the intensest light of the Gospel. Men retain their ignorance of the most important truths of the Gospel, while constantly hearing these truths, because the ideas are such as they are loath to entertain. They hear of their lost condition—of the reconciliation to be had through Christ—they hear that Christ will have the throne, and assert his sovereignty in all his works of grace—that their hearts must undergo a radical reformation—that God's kingdom must be set up in them, and that their lust and vile affections must be put down; they hear these things constantly, and yet they know them not, because they do not allow them to sink deep into their minds. They hear as if they heard them not.

The sound comes in at the ear, but the thought reaches not the mind, because the heart is unwilling to entertain it. And it is a sad and mournful thought, that among those who have heard the Gospel all their days, many will for the first time be made aware of the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, when they awake in eternity. **AND WHOSE, THINK YOU, WILL BE THE FAULT?—Puritan.**

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

SYRIA.—A letter dated April 28, written by Mr. Smith in behalf of the mission, gives a minute account of the then present relation of the mission to the Druses. Their intercourse with that people began to be important in the winter of 1835 and 1836. As is almost always the case with unevangelized communities, who of course have no correct idea of spiritual benefits, the Druses were at first led to seek the friendship of the mission by the hope of temporal advantages. Individuals then wished to be connected with the mission, in the hope of being protected from the military conscription of Mehemet Ali. At a later period, they were influenced by the hope of obtaining a national government of their own, dependent, indeed, on the Porte, but independent of the Maronites, and under the protection of England. With this hope, they determined to become Protestant Christians, and for that purpose put themselves formally under the instruction of the American mission, which was authorized to establish schools throughout all their villages. In this hope, as the public already know, they were disappointed. About this time, several of the great Druze sheiks, who had been banished by the old Emir Beshir, returned to their homes. As their exile had commenced before their people became acquainted with the mission, they knew nothing of Protestantism; and understanding that nothing was to be expected from England, they sought to strengthen themselves by aid of the Turks, and agreed to put their people under the instruction of Mohammedan teachers. This, however, was the movement of the sheiks merely, and was contrary to the wishes of the common people. The result of this movement was, that the Turkish governor, on some pretext, seized the sheiks, and at the date of the letter, held them in close confinement at Beirut. The Maronite Patriarch, the most efficient opposer of the mission, was crushed by his war with the Druses. He may in time regain some part of his power; but it is not probable that he can ever become as dangerous as he has formerly been. The great Druze sheiks have fallen; and the missionaries are left at liberty to hold direct intercourse with the common people who regard them as friends, and whose friendly intercourse with the mission has never been interrupted since its commencement, except by immediate danger of oppression. And it is a curious and important fact, that among this people, religion is a matter of choice, and not of inheritance. No one is a Druze, in the religious sense of the term, by birth. The candidate must be a person of sound mind and sound body, and must voluntarily seek for admission. Hence a large part of the people remain uninitiated, are in fact of no religion, and according to the notions that prevail among them, have their religion yet to choose. The advantage which the mission may derive from this fact, is obvious. In every other sect in that region, and almost in the world, every child inherits the religion of his father, and must practise it, or be punished as an apostate.

Among the Druses, too, a strong feeling has been excited in favor of education, and there is an earnest desire for schools throughout this country.

There are, however, some very discouraging circumstances. The state of the country is unsettled. The designs of the Turkish government are unknown, and may be such as seriously to interfere with missionary labors. That government is exceedingly jealous of foreign intrigue. It may suspect that the mission has secret political designs, and therefore arrest its operations by force. The missionaries hope, however, by manifest innocence, to escape such a calamity; and think it their duty, notwithstanding some uncertainty concerning the future, to take advantage

of present openings, and extend their operations among the mountains.

Here let me remind your readers, that during all these manœverings for secular objects, there have been among the Druses some serious inquiries after the truth; and that a goodly number of them have given evidence of piety, and are consistent members of the mission church. It may be well also to remark, that the hopes of temporal good, which have been mentioned, were always conjured up by the Druses themselves, and were never suggested by the missionaries. They first thought of turning Christians, to escape impressment into the Mohammedan armies; and they were driven to think of Protestantism, by their hatred of their old enemies, the Maronite papists. Having thus become acquainted with the missionaries, they were pleased with the men, who appeared to be their friends, and found in their system of religion and education, some things which they liked, and others which they fancied that they should like, if they understood them.

Letters have been received to June 10. Those of the younger missionaries indicate a discouraged state of mind. The Turks were bringing in barbarous troops from Europe, (Albanians,) for the purpose of disarming the mountaineers, and there was a prospect of another scene of universal carnage and devastation.

INDIA.—Letters have been received from Ahmednuggur to April 29. The station at Ahmednuggur calls loudly for help. Mr. Poor is preaching at Tillipally, his first station, to three congregations on the Sabbath, amounting in all to about 1000 souls, of whom not more than one-tenth fail to attend on the same day.

ITALY IS WAKING UP.—The present state of feeling in Italy is far more favorable than our country men generally suppose. That country is often viewed as one of the darkest places of the earth; because from its superstition, ignorance, immorality and false principles have been extended to other countries. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that there are multitudes of the Italians who scorn the intellectual chains which many other people choose to wear, and utterly reject the doctrines which are elsewhere preached as peculiarly Italian.

It is difficult, for example, to find an educated Italian who is not an open opponent of the Pope; and, if the cause of his opposition is asked for, the answer is, "we know him too well to love or to approve. Go to Rome, and you will learn why we wish the papacy overthrown. It is the great foe of our country, and every man sees how it acts against his own individual happiness. It has not a hook left to hang upon except the bayonets of Austria; and if the principle of *Nonintervention* were extended to Italy to day, to morrow there would be no Pope."

JEROVAN JIREH.

The following narrative is extracted from a report, made to the Board of the New York City Tract Society, by one of the Missionaries, at the last monthly meeting.

A woman, whose hopeful conversion we reported last month, was left with three small children entirely destitute of the means of subsistence. In her distress she sought the residence of the Missionary, but could not find it. She returned to her cheerless apartment and hungry little ones with much anguish of spirit; but having recently been made a partaker of precious faith, she reflected that God knew what was best for her infant family. That she might defer as long time as possible the wretchedness of want, it was late the next morning when she arose. She felt her situation, and the iron entered her soul. Encircled by her little ones, she bowed before the Lord and poured out the sorrows of her heart. While repeating the Lord's prayer, she offered the petition "Give us this day our daily bread," and then, with all the gushing emotion of a mother's grief, she exclaimed, "Father, give me bread for my children, or else they die!" Her mind became more tranquil, and she felt assured that a mother's cries had been heard by her heavenly Father. Just then she heard a knock at the door, and the Missionary entered. He inquired generally as to her welfare, and then, as her diffidence prevented a particular disclosure of her grief, he wished her well and left the room. When he closed the door, she felt as if shut up in despair, for her

hope had failed. But soon the door reopened, and the Missionary returned to inquire if she had food for herself and children. It was speedily provided, and when a visitor called upon her in the afternoon, she was found satisfied with the bread that perisheth, and feasting on that which endures unto everlasting life.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1842.

WE entertain too high a respect for the venerable Church of England, to suppose for one moment that the language quoted below will meet with many advocates; we cannot conceive that such sentiments can be adopted by any one who is at all solicitous for the peace and prosperity of Zion, and the extension of true and experimental religion in the world. We have conversed frequently with intelligent and serious members of the Church of England respecting some of the exclusive and uncharitable sentiments uttered by our contemporary the *Church*; and they, one and all, condemn them as dangerous to that peace and unity which ought ever to characterise the followers of the Saviour. As to the verdict in question, however much we may regret that the Rev. Gentleman should have suffered himself to be carried away by such anti-Christian and uncharitable conduct, we must, nevertheless, pronounce it just. We fervently pray that our rulers may always be "a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well."

"The law of the land has pronounced against Mr. Escott; and he is bound to obey it, or resign his living, should another trial of conscience be laid upon him. But we firmly believe that the day will come when no Clergyman will be compelled to read the Burial Service over those who have wilfully alienated themselves from the Church, and have never been baptized within its sacred pale. The case is one of persecution on the part of the Methodists against Mr. Escott, for the Wesleyans, it is stated, "had actually a burying-ground of their own attached to their own meeting-house in the parish, and much nearer to where the child was, than the parish church."

"The Clergy, as a body, we are happy to learn, refuse to recognize the validity of Dissenting-Baptism, and generally make a practice of re-baptising conditionally.

"This, and other great questions, which are now being agitated, involve vital Christian truths, and must soon call for an authoritative decision from the collective Anglican Church."—*Church*.

The case in question was decided by the Court of Arches, in favour of the plaintiff; sentencing the defendant to three months' suspension, and the payment of costs; but was appealed from that Court to the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, which has lately given its verdict as follows—"The sentence appealed from must, therefore, be affirmed, in all its parts, and the applicant (Mr. Escott) must further pay the costs of this Appeal." Thus has an important precedent been established, which, we trust, will prevent the recurrence of such uncharitable conduct for the future.

AN Association of Young Men has been for some considerable time in existence in Montreal. The Association, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is composed of

young men under thirty years of age, of unexceptionable piety, from the different Evangelical Churches in the city—having for their object their mutual improvement, and the amelioration of the temporal and spiritual condition of their fellowmen, which they endeavour to promote by personal visits, the distribution of tracts, and by any and every means calculated in their judgment, to secure so desirable an end. The Association meets once a week, and at every meeting an original essay is produced by one of the members, and discussed by the meeting. This Association cannot fail to be a source of most delightful recreation, besides the advantages which invariably result from the association of the truly pious. With much sincerity, we wish them "God-speed," in their "work of faith and labour of love."

We shall be most happy to lend our columns occasionally to the publication of any information connected with this most valuable Institution; and we have no doubt our readers will appreciate it.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE abolition of this barbarous traffic in human flesh, so long a blemish and disgrace to many countries nominally Christian, we are most happy to perceive, is now occupying the attention of some of the ablest and most excellent men in the neighbouring States; and we cannot entertain a doubt that the time is not far distant, when the United States will awake to a sense of her glaring inconsistency, and at once wash her hands from so disgraceful and inhuman a barter. The following very eloquent and forcible appeal to his country, was made by the Hon. Mr. ELLSWORTH, at a recent meeting of the American Colonization Society, held in Washington:—

"The slave trade! mankind condemn it; it has ever been a horrible system, yea even a crime, and has robbed one continent of much of her population, while at the same time it entailed misery upon all who have become connected with it. I said it *has been* a crime,—what is it now? Is it over? Oh, no, my friends, would to God that it were! What, however, is the fact? From the best data, from evidence laid before a Committee of the British Parliament, and by them published to the world, it appears that not less than 500,000 human beings in Africa fall annually victims to this traffic. Some perish in capture, some in the middle passage, and some drag out existence in captivity. Yes, 1700 daily. I am wrong; I have not included the Sabbath—there is no day of rest for the slave-dealer; he stops not in his cruel career—he has no Sabbath. The laws of God and man he regards as naught.

"Every day in the year he numbers his victims; it is then 1400 daily. This cause alone has probably already swept off from Africa a far larger number of her children than the whole population of every description in these united States. What an amount of wretchedness and woe. Do you doubt it? What will persuade you? Call upon the mighty deep to give up her dead; call upon those for witness, unseparated in the middle passage. The trumpet will one day sound, and these must appear as dreaded witnesses against those who have murdered them there. Ask them whence they came; they will tell you, how they were torn from all they loved, how greatly they have suffered, how they were manacled and bruised, how thousands were engulfed in a single hour to lighten the ship so hotly pursued. Hear their separate stories: Oh hear the female captive relate her sad tale of woe, and how gladly she embraced the messenger of death which consigned her body to a watery grave, and

bore her spirit to a just and merciful, but till then, an unknown God. Yes! the grave for once is satisfied—it has enough: hear the deep itself exclaim in the hoarse echo of its loud roar, Cruel monster! stay thy hand, crowd me not further; I am already full. Pardon my feelings on this subject? Can man be indifferent to the accumulated woes of a whole continent? Make the case your own. Suppose a ship from Africa was to heave in sight in the Potomac; notice was given for a cargo of slaves, and a high price offered; your relatives, your wives, and your children, carried into captive. Oh, then your lamentations and woe! nor could you cease to weep, thinking of the loved ones torn from you—gone forever. What is the difference in the two cases? simply that in this case, it is the African ship that has made reprisals to supply the ravages which the ships under your flag are daily making. Yes, my friends, ships protected by your flag. Oh that foul blot which stains our national banner! Tell me not here of dignity and national honor! Did the track of the enemy lead to your dwellings, had you already lost a part of your children by plunder and robbery, would you suffer to pass one that was suspected, and who was apparently making another approach for the remainder? would you not enquire his name and business, or would you let him pass lest you might injure his feelings, by showing suspicion; especially if he bore any peculiar insignia or carried a certain flag? No, you would examine him, perhaps find him loaded with manacles for your family. I love my country's honor; I would not submit to search and imprisonment of her seamen, but I would most cheerfully grant on the suspected coast a reciprocal examination: this boasted land of freedom has applied again and again to foreign nations to aid in suppressing the slave trade. We have been the first to call it *Piracy*, and punish it with death, And now when the nations of Europe respond Amen, let it cease; when they do all that we have asked or desired, shall we hold back? If we do so, let those who suffer the consequences claim not from an injured world the sympathy and forgiveness they may yet need.

"Let us rather as a nation follow the example of this Society,—line the coast of Africa with colonies; these will be perpetual barriers against the slave dealer. It is as easy to transport thousands to freedom as it is to hurry off yearly 500,000 to death and captivity. A few years only would accomplish the whole work, were the heart of the people given to it. How much better such a preventive, such a remedy, than ships of war whose presence is transient, and which still afford opportunity to elude their vigilance.

"And what would be the moral change on the coast? Good markets for commerce for the interior; no longer would cupidity and avarice bring the price of blood to purchase the comforts of life. Human hearts would still be given; but only in exchange for the blessings of that holy religion which is offered without money and without price—a purchase above all value—temporal and eternal joys."

MILLER'S THEORY DISPROVED.

We have heard and read much respecting this individual and his disciples, and, though not prepared to deny their belief in the rather startling theory they have been so industriously propagating, or the purity of the motive by which they have been influenced; yet, we must confess, that we cannot approve of their conduct, much less are we convinced by their arguments, powerful though they may seem; preferring to be governed by the Divine injunction, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." We have copied the following from the *New York Observer*, for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

As to Mr. Miller's scheme of prophecy, and his proof of it, the following is a brief account, which we think the reader will be able to understand. He finds in Daniel 8: 14, the period of 2300 days, during which the sanctuary is to be trodden under foot. He presumes and maintains, that these days

means years. But when do they begin? In the next chapter, Daniel 9: 24, he finds a period of 70 weeks, or 490 years; and he maintains, that the 2300 years begin at the same time with the 490 years.

And as he thinks the 490 years end with the death of Christ, so if we count 2300 from 490 before Christ, it will bring us to the year 1810; that is, if we deduct 490 from 2300, it gives 1810. Now, as our era begins at the birth of Christ—33 years before his death—we must add 33 years to 1810, which will give 1843, the year of the burning up of the world.

To this scheme we make the following objections:—

1. It is not certain, that the 2300 days mean years. In the Hebrew language, in which the Old Testament was written, and of which our Bible of the Old Testament is a translation, the word is not the Hebrew for days,—but ‘evenings and mornings’—and the meaning may be 1150 whole days, 1150 being one half of 2300. In this sense some learned men explain it of Antiochus, the King, who between 160 and 170 years before Christ polluted the Jewish sanctuary, and interrupted the evening and morning sacrifices, about 1150 days, that is 3 years and 70 days. This is not an improbable explanation of the prophecy; especially as the question is, verse 13:—‘how long is the vision concerning the daily sacrifice?’ &c.

2. If we allow that days, or mornings and evenings mean years, yet there is no evidence that the 2300 years begin, when the 490 years begin. The vision in which the 2300 years are mentioned, was in the year 533 before Christ, ‘the third year of the reign of Belshazzar,’ Dan. 8. But the next chapter, Dan. 9, which gives the 490 years, was written in 538, ‘the first year of Darius.’ By what authority shall we begin these two periods at the same time?

3. If we are to begin these periods at the same time, yet Mr. Miller is wrong in the time of beginning them. He begins the 70 weeks or 490 years, so many years before the death of Christ, whereas the 70 weeks—Dan. 9: 24—do not end with the death of Christ; but we learn expressly, v. 25, 26, that the Messiah was to be ‘cut off’ after 7 weeks and 62 weeks, that is, after, or at the end of 69 weeks, instead of 70,—that is, after 483 years; and 1 week of the 70, or 7 years of the 490, remained for other purposes.

Now learned men have proved, beyond all doubt, that it was precisely 483 years, of 360 days each, from the order of Artaxerxes to Nehemiah to rebuild Jerusalem, to the time of the death of Christ. If, then, we count 2300 from 483 years before Christ, (that is, if we deduct 483 from 2300, and add 33 for the life of Christ,) it will bring us to the year 1850. So that Mr. Miller has made a mistake of 7 years, by using 70 weeks instead of 69 weeks. This mistake he will be happy to learn, if he shall live to the end of 1843, for it will give him 7 years longer, before the world is to be burnt up!

4. After all—supposing the 2300 days to mean years—and that they begin 483 or 490 years before Christ, and will end in 1850 or 1843—what is it, that is predicted Dan 8: 14? Not that the world is to be burnt up, but only that ‘the sanctuary will be cleansed, or justified’

5. There is one other great difficulty in the way of Mr. Miller's scheme. The years of Daniel are Jewish years of 360 days, not of 365 days. The period already mentioned of 483 years before the death of Christ, and the period of 490 by Mr. Miller, are both years of 360 days each. This is a part of the 2300 years of Daniel, which are all alike. But the other part since the death of Christ, namely, 1810 years down to 1843, is reckoned by Mr. Miller as common years of 365 days, as in our chronological tables. Thus the years are too long by 5 days each, making 25 years too many in 1810 years. We must then, deduct 25 from Mr. Miller's year 1843, which gives us the year 1818, when the 2300 years of Daniel ended, and the world should have been burnt up according to Mr. Miller's scheme. Or deducting 25 from 1850, the 2300 years ended in 1825. However, the world stands, and proves there is some mistake in the theory of this modern expounder of the prophecies. Either the 2300 evenings and mornings do not mean years; or, if they do mean Daniel's years of 360 days, they ended 18 or 25 years ago; or there is a blunder about the beginning of them at the same time with the 70 weeks.—*Hamshire Gaz.*

ORDER IN THE FAMILY.

“Order is Heaven's first law.”

ORDER is essential in every situation and under all circumstances, but we wish to view it more particularly in reference to domestic life. Order is absolutely necessary in the family.—“A place for every thing, and every thing in its place,” is not a more useful precept than a time for every thing, and every thing in its time. To an ordinary observer, it is remarkable what a wide difference may exist between two families in every other respect nearly equal; both have the same number, and their similar circumstances are on a par; and yet, look in, and see both. There is one. The wife a good natured woman, and religious too; but she is untidy in her dress. The children are slovenly. There is no family prayer in the evening, much less in the morning. This morning they have slept too long, and encroached on the hours of business; the whole house is a scene of confusion; the children are crying. And see, they are not all dressed for breakfast. Seldom all sit down at once to a meal, and seldom are meals ready at a stated hour. The father blames the mother, the mother the servants. The children share part of the blame, and all goes wrong; bad feelings are engendered, bickerings ensue. The children are trained by a bad example, and peace flies; all bustle about, all do something, and yet nothing seems to be done. This family lacks order—they have no method of living.

See the other family,—here is no bustle, no confusion. Look at that plain, neat, tidy woman, that is the lady of the house; those children with smiling faces, combed hair, and clean frocks, are hers. All rise betimes in the morning; at the ringing of a small bell they are ready for family devotion; at a given hour the meals are ready, and every member of the family is there. A general tranquillity rests on this house. The servants look placid and contented. There is no hurry here, and yet every thing is done, and well done. Here there is a set time for every thing, especially family prayer, rising in the morning, and retiring to rest at night.

PURGATORY—HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

“How many masses,” solemnly asked a Cardinal of the Roman Church, one day, of his Chaplain—“How many masses will it take to pray a soul of purgatory?”

The Chaplain was mute with astonishment and shame, at his inability to answer so great and profound a question. In vain he called to his mind his familiarity with the writings of the ancient fathers; in vain he rubbed his forehead, placing the thumb and second finger of his hand on either extremity, and gradually approximating them towards the centre of the forehead, in order to squeeze out the ponderous secret from its fancied receptacle. But vain, vain, alas! were all his efforts! He was obliged, in utter despair, to confess the truth—a thing unheard of before in Rome—that he did not know!

“Well,” exclaimed the Cardinal, after unmercifully roasting the poor Chaplain, who, with widely extended mouth, erected ears, eyes ready, as it were, to start from their sockets, sat the very image of a purboiled purgatorian;—“I will tell you.” And while the priest, with unaltered expression of countenance, still gazed upon him, he added, “It will take as many masses to relieve a soul from purgatory, as it will take snowballs to heat an oven.”—*See Pres. vgt. Pop. p. 113, 114. Glas. Prot. ch. 76. Brownlee's Letters, p. 248.*

A meeting for the protection of Agricultural Industry is advertised to be held at Antley, in the Eastern Townships. There has for some time past been a good deal of attention given to this subject in that section of the county, and from our personal knowledge of many of the gentlemen farmers there, we anticipate an interesting, as undoubtedly it will be a large meeting. We shall be glad if the inhabitants of these beautiful, healthy, and fertile Districts unite together to render it what it might be made—for we believe that those best acquainted with that part of the county, will bear testimony to the truth of the

assertion, that a want of steady union on any great or general object, has been the great draw back and hindrance to the improvement of that section of the Province: they have never practically known as yet how much of strength lies in union.—*Transcript.*

THE INSTITUTIONS OF CANADA—religious, moral, literary, scientific, and commercial, were never so numerous or efficient as at the present time. To our Canadian reader there needs no proof of this; for he knows it. He knows that the Christian Churches of the land are various, active, and successful.—Within two years an awakening has taken place in them, and by them. Missionary agencies are indefatigable. Benevolent societies are increasing, and confer many benefits on those for whom they exist. Temperance Societies are scattering their principles among every class of the community. The commencement of King's and Queen's Colleges, the opening of Victoria, and the operations of the Congregational Academies, unfold prospects of great promise. The increase of Mechanics' Institutes and Boards of Trade, sanctioned and promoted as they are by the Representative of Her Majesty, bespeak something of the energies, and betoken much of the future prosperity, of our country.—We hail with joy, and gratitude to her God, the stretching forth of those energies, and predict for her days of peace, and piety, and learning, and happiness, which shall be interminable.—*Chr. Guardian.*

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—During the services at the Beneficent Congregational Church in Providence, R. I. on Thanks giving day, (says the Journal,) when Dr. Tucker had proceeded about half way in his discourse, he spoke of the wonderful deliverance which God had wrought in behalf of the people of this State, and observed that were the congregation to feel that deep sense of gratitude to God which a correct view of his providential mercies should lead us to feel, every individual present would rise in his place and join in an anthem of praise. At this moment, the organ sent forth its heavy peals, and the choir sung an anthem of praise to God, while the congregation, which was the largest we recollect ever to have seen in any church on a Thanksgiving day, rose and remained standing during its performance. When it was done, the congregation resumed their seats, and the Doctor continued his able discourse.—*N. Y. Observer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE INFLUENCE OF A WORD.

The following—which is truly remarkable as a historical fact—is introduced by a correspondent of the Episcopal Recorder, to illustrate what is meant by “a word fitly spoken;” and as a motive to Christians in the common walks of life, to improve the occasions which offer, to speak to their fellow men on their most important and permanent interests.

When the missionaries of the cross (St. Austin and his companions) reached Britain for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, a number of the chiefs came together to deliberate upon the merits of the new doctrine, and to decide whether it should be introduced into the country. The president of that assembly was the King, a nephew of Ethelbert. After several had expressed their opinions, a venerable old man, on whose brow the pen of time had written three score and ten, and whose head was whitened with the frosts of years—who had been in youth, the bravest in the field, and whose counsels were now received with the utmost respect, slowly rose in his place, and thus addressed the King,—“Our present life, O King, reminds me of a bird that flies in from the darkness and the cold without, to take shelter under your roof when your majesty and your nobles are assembled at the festive board. The little stranger comes in at one door and departs by another, whence and whither we know not. It came from darkness and to darkness it returned. Such is the life of man. Now if this new doctrine instructs us where we go after we leave this world, I give my voice for its acceptance and adoption.”—Such was the effect of these few words upon the King, and upon the whole assembly, that the missionaries were unanimously received with a most cordial welcome. This was the immediate result; but who can tell the results more remote? We must wait until the revelations of the last day are made known before these last can be discovered.

A HINT TO PREACHERS.—At a visit to a friend's house, not long since, a social conversation passed between us, in the course of which his companion observed, "I do not like to see Mr. — at our house," naming a minister of the Gospel. This excited my curiosity, when I observed, "Why, Mr. — is a faithful preacher and a good man, why do you not like to see him here?" She replied, "Why, when he comes to our house he pays no attention to my children, and scarcely notices them at all." These were the words of a fond and amiable mother, and, no doubt, the sentiment expressed by her is in accordance with the feeling of every mother's heart. The way to gain the esteem of a fond parent is through her much beloved offspring,—but he who passes them by with cool indifference, will be sure to meet with a cold reception from the parent, who sees her little ones thus neglected by the minister. Besides, what influence may a little attention from the minister have upon the child himself? A kind word spoken, the hand placed upon the head of a child, and occasional notices of that kind, may secure the love of the mother and of the child likewise, and render the visits of the pastor acceptable and profitable.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAY.—About sixty years since, three pious brothers covenanted together to observe a particular day of every week to offer special prayer for the conversion of their aged father. The old gentleman was a strict moralist, and one who deemed conversion unnecessary, and consequently would resist every appeal to repent and yield, to be saved by grace alone. Thus he lived till eighty years of age. But his faithful sons would not give him up for lost; they continued for fifteen years to offer their prayers before perceiving any visible token of good. At length however, to their unspeakable joy, their aged father, during the past year, became the subject of God's converting grace. He publicly professed his faith in Christ by uniting with a Christian church. A few weeks after this, the old gentleman sickened and died; but he left behind an evidence of God's power and willingness to save to the uttermost all who come unto him through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In view of facts like the above, let praying souls take courage and hold on in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.

THE REFINER OF SILVER.—Some months ago, a few ladies who met together in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and made them the subject of conversation, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the Fuller's Soap, and the Refiner of Silver, were the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed,—there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse: "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." They agreed that possibly it might be so; and one of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. But, sir, said she,—Do you sit while the work of refining is going on? Oh yes, madam, replied the silversmith, I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver will be injured. She saw at once the beauty, and the comfort too of the expression—"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; but he is seated by the side of it: his eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! When Christ shall see his own image in his people, his work of purifying will be accomplished.

THE CENTURY PLANT.—A great curiosity.—We learn with great pleasure that our enterprising friend, Bernard Duke, has in his possession the largest specimen of the Century Plant, or One Hundred Year Flowering Aloe, (*Agava America-*

na) in America. While the report of the rarity of the plant now shooting up its flower stem, at the Patroon's green houses in Albany has been exciting the astonishment of all America, Mr. Duke has quietly suffered his doubly splended specimen to pass on to florescence without a comment, completely stealing a march on our good citizens, who would have overrun his extensive grounds to witness this wonderful production of nature. The plant, which is over 35 feet in circumference, is now in full perfection, the flower stem being upwards of 20 feet in height and covered on every branch with thousands of rich deep yellow blossoms. Its appearance is singular, grand and curious, and will no doubt excite the astonishment of the whole of the fashion and beauty of our city.

But three specimens of the *Agava* as yet have flowered in America, the first of which, a small plant, blossomed on the grounds of Wm. Hamilton, Esq., at the Woodlands, where it was visited by upwards of 20,000 persons, and the second which bloomed at Lemon Hill, was exhibited in Philadelphia for the benefit of the Philadelphia Orphan's Asylum, to about 35,000 visitors. The present plant, which will be exhibited at the Masanic Hall, is now 95 years of age, and was originally grown by the same gentleman at his conservatories. It has been since his death the property of the McMahon family and is now in the hands of Mr. Duke. An opportunity to view the Aloe seldom occurs, and as there is no sufficiently large plants in the country to bloom, will not occur again the present century. It dies immediately after its florescence has terminated.—*Phil. Inq.*

THE CORPORAL.—During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavouring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid? The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal! You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck! It was the Commander-in-chief.

DEAD PEOPLE LIVE HERE.—In Mackenzie's "Second Campaign in China," he thus describes a remarkable suburb of Canton: "One suburb of the city deserves particular mention: being, in the literal acceptation of the term, a city of the dead. It consisted of a well-built town, which was apparently not inhabited by living beings, but devoted entirely to the tenants of the tomb. The front of the houses was appropriated to the worship of Joss, while the back part was divided into several coffins, arranged on elevated platforms, and surrounded with incense burners. The outside of these chambers was tastefully ornamented with beautiful creeping plants, while over the doorway were generally inscribed some Chinese characters. The coffins were very thick and made of camphor wood: and, when opened, contained embalmed bodies in the highest preservation. Each "tenant of his narrow bed," being attired in his best clothes, presented no unpleasing image of a long sleep. One coffin, in particular, contained a mandarin, dressed in full uniform, with rich satin robes and cap and button, denoting the rank of the deceased: one hand held a fan, and the other a Chinese chop, while some money was arranged on his breast, in the form of a cross. The Chinese are, I believe, very particular in paying respect to the memory of their ancestors, which may in some degree account for the extreme neatness of this immense mausoleum."

MEMORABLE SAVINGS.—"To use force first before people are fairly taught the truth, is to

knock a nail into a board without boring a hole for it, which then either not enters, or turns crooked, or splits the wood it pierceeth."

"The good child reverenceth the person of his parent, though old, poor and perverse—as his parent bare with him when a child, he bears with his parent if twice a child; nor doth his dignity above him cancel his duty unto him. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster Hall, beg his blessing of him on his knees."

WEDDED LOVE.—Conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy; One person, who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word; who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom, you would sacrifice all; from whom except by death, night nor day, can you ever be divided; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy, and your love the same. Such is marriage, if they who marry, have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and sublime.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes as it were consecrated and sacred; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away when that love alone is visible; and the God who watches over the little ones sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes His own!

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

From the Herald Extra.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

By the Queen which arrived this morning from Quebec, we received the Quebec Gazette of yesterday, containing the news by the Britannia, which reached Halifax in the forenoon of the 17th. We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Washington, of the Queen, for the copy of the Gazette from which we extract the intelligence.

The Britannia has made the passage in 12½ days. The only important features of the news are improvements in business generally, and favorable crops. The accounts of a pacific arrangement with China will require confirmation. In India there is nothing decisive; on the continent of Europe there is no material alteration of the general state of affairs. Parliament was expected to be prorogued on the 17th August.

STATE OF TRADE.

Liverpool, Aug. 14th.—Our predictions of a speedy revival of trade on the new tariff coming into operation have been realised. The accounts from most of our great seats of manufacture and commerce speak of improvement. This is particularly the case in London, Leeds, Bristol and Manchester. In Scotland, too, there are marks of revival; while the harvest, everywhere will be abundant. In the money market, such is the overflow of money, that lenders discount good paper with avidity at 2½ per cent. A cessation of agitation would soon restore all the depressed interests to their former prosperity.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

"Among the items of intelligence which have reached us from Scinde, and which may be depended on as authentic, are an announcement that a large army, said to be 25,000 strong, is advancing from Mushed to Herat, and that very auspicious conferences are being held at Hyderabad, between the Ameers and others, requiring the most vigilant attention of Major Outram.

"We have news from Jellalabad to the 29th of May. Akbar Khan had demanded 10,000 rupees for General Elphinstone's remains. The Delhi Gazette of the 14th of May mentions that they had been interred, on the 30th of April, within the walls of Jellalabad. Akbar Khan claims that Dost Mehamed be sent back, and that we evacuate the country, leaving an agent at Caboul in exchange for the English captives."

BIRTH.—In this city, on Friday, the 19th inst., Mrs. William Dolan, of a son.

DIED.—In this city, on Friday, the 19th inst., William, infant son of Mr. William Dolan.

POETRY.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE DYING CHILD.

Dear mama, I'm now to leave you,
I must bid this world adieu;
Do not let this saying grieve you,
I have glory in my view.

Something tells my infant spirit,
Soon in heaven I shall be,
Endless pleasure to inherit;
Therefore, do not mourn for me.

Now, behold, I've just departed,
Wipe those tears of grief away,
Be no longer broken-hearted—
I am in eternal day.

I'm forever now with Jesus.
In this bright and happy place,
Where afflictions and diseases
Fly forever from His face.

If you wish to dwell in heaven,
And be saved from endless pain,
All your sins must be forgiven,
And you must be born again.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY is just beginning, with the sinner when he dies—

Time, the space he spent in sinning, to Eternity it flies;

Every sinful word and action, in our life-time we have done,

Rendering justice satisfaction, we must reap what we have sown.

Now, contrition and repentance, faith in Jesus Christ alone

Indemnifies from Justice' sentence, bidding all our fears begone,

Testifying now forever, that we're changed, and love to be

Yet increasing in His favour, even to Eternity.

A DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

A FACT.

"MAMA!" a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,—
"Put no sweet roses round my head
When in my coffin dress I lie."

"Why not, my dear?" the mother cried,—
"What flower so well a corpse adorns?"

"Mama!"—the innocent replied,—

"They crowned our Saviour's head with thorns."

J. MONTGOMERY.

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August 12, 1841.

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Montreal, August 12, 1841.

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November 18, 1841.

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Montreal, April 21, 1842.

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Montreal, June 30, 1842.

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