

not been for my good father, who would not let me be a Methodist preacher, I might now have been in City-road chapel, instead of St. Paul's cathedral." Well, then, my Christian friends, may I give you back your own words, and say I do recognise you as brethren and fellow-laborers in this great work? Now, if you want to reduce any high Churchman to such sentiments, give him Archbishop Whately's book, and let him read that. There is a good deal of capital Oxford logic in it, and it will satisfy any reading, thinking man, who chooses to think fairly, that the monstrous doctrine of apostolical succession, as held and taught by the Tractarian party, is altogether a delusion. Well, we do recognise you:—

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,"

wherever we are, we will say to you,

"A hearty welcome here, receive."

That is the first thing. The second is sympathy in the trials which the Protestant Missions have been called upon to encounter: and here one text may be enough. We believe in the Bible, and therefore believe that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it: and that is the reason why we feel so much about the Tahiti Mission. I cannot bear to hear persons speak, as I have heard some: "We shall see a nice end to all these sectarian concerns." For, alas! in such terms can party spirit allow itself to think and speak of labours and success, which not only remind us of the apostolical times, but evidently bear the impress of the divine favour and blessing. Yes; the work that had been begun, trusting in Jesus, shall go on prospering and to prosper. We feel, that "whosoever doeth the will of my Father, who is in heaven, the same is my mother, and sister, and brother." If a party, arrogating to itself the exclusive title of "the Church," ventures to cast out our brethren, we must only bind them more closely to our hearts; and, as ever we hope to be ourselves confessed by Christ at the last day, must be ready now to confess before the world all who truly believe in him, love him, and seek to promote his glory. It was such sympathy as this that called forth the commendation of the apostle John upon those who had "brought forward the brethren, though strangers, on their journey after a godly manner; because that for his name's sake they went forth taking nothing of the Gentiles;" adding, that we "ought therefore to receive such that we might be fellow-helpers to the truth."—And here let me remark, that it is the high Tractarian party who force us to come and declare such sentiments. We cannot help it. Now do not take all this for flattery. All that I hope for the Wesleyan Methodists is, that they will be true to those holy, sainted men who have gone before them; that they will never become worldly-minded; that they will remember those "who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises." I shall never forget good Walter Griffith. I have him now in my eye. I can remember when I told him I wanted to be a Wesleyan preacher. He said, "Don't be unhappy, my boy, it is all right." I said, "What is my duty?" "Duty!" said he, "submit to your father." I do not regret that I did; and, really, I never should have taken this day's part if these Tractarian people had not begun to say that none but episcopally-ordained Ministers were true Ministers. I should not take the course I do, but that they force me to do it. I remember your old preachers; I bless God I ever heard them, and I trust you will remember to walk in their path. When Mr. Griffith was at Leeds, I wrote to him from my first curacy, begging him to come and see me. I said, "I cannot offer you my pulpit, but I offer you my house and my heart: come." The dear old man wrote me a letter in reply which I shall never forget; saying, "I remember the love of your youth; but I thought the old Methodist preacher was probably forgotten." O no; he never was forgotten,—he never will be forgotten. One word more, and I have done: My Resolution looks forward with joyful anticipation to the period when all shall be gathered together into the fold of Christ. I quite agree with your excellent President, who said there was no cause for alarm. No. He thought it was a proof, he said, when Antichrist raged, that something was being done. Now, your venerable Founder—(so my good old mother told me)—once said to her that he almost

doubted his call to a place where they did not meet him with brickbats; but, wherever they did meet him with brickbats, he had no doubt of his call there. I am certain that the enemy rages, and is furious, because the work of Christ is carried on by the Church Missionary Society, by the Baptist Missionary Society, by the London Missionary Society; and, though last, not least, by your own Society, as well as by others. The devil fears the effect of it. Yes, and he may depend upon it, that the result of this opposition will ultimately compel those who stand behind and say nothing, to come forward, and say what they really think. Still I wish to be very civil. It is said of John Wesley, that he once met a rude, blustering fellow, who intended to push against him, and knock him down. The blustering fellow said, "I never make way for a fool." "I always do," said the venerable man, stepping back. Now, although these men come, and are very rude, be you very civil, yet do not be afraid. I have greatly exceeded the time I allowed myself. Let me conclude by quoting the words which were written by Charles Wesley to George Whitefield. I will not give you a long extract; I will give you a very short one. The words which I am about to quote will, I hope, justify a member of one Christian denomination in coming and acknowledging the members of another:—

"Not by a party's narrow banks confined,  
Not by a sameness of opinions join'd,  
But cemented by the Redeemer's blood,  
And bound together in the heart of God."

I trust this spirit will actuate you: and I do hope, as Dr. Steinkopf has well observed, that the howling of wolves will drive the sheep nearer to the fold, and nearer to the shepherd. I regret that I shall not be able to remain during the whole of this Meeting; but I rejoice that I have had this opportunity of testifying my love to my Saviour, my honour to my departed parents, and my respect to Mr. Reece, one of the dear friends of my old father, whom I heartily take by the hand. I not only rejoice in being able to testify my regard for you in this manner, but I will add, in the language of Scripture, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ."

## THE TRAVELLER.

### MONSTERS IN WESTERN AMERICA.

In the marshes, as soon as the rider feels his horse sinking, the first movement, if an experienced traveller, is to throw himself from the saddle and endeavour to wade or swim to the cane-brakes, the roots of which give to the ground a certain stability. In that case his fate is probably sealed, and he is in imminent danger of the "cawana." This is a terrible and hideous monster, with which, strange to say, the naturalists of Europe are not yet acquainted, though it is too well known to all the inhabitants of the streams and lagoons tributary to the Red River. It is an enormous turtle, or tortoise, with the head and tail of the alligator, not retractile, as is usual among the different species of this reptile; the shell is one inch and a half thick, and as impenetrable as steel. It lies in holes in the bottom of muddy rivers or the swampy cane-brakes, and measure often ten feet in length, and six in breadth over the shell, independent of the head and tail, which must give often to this dreadful monster the length of twenty feet. Such an unwieldy mass is not, of course, capable of any rapid motions: but in the swamps I mention they are very numerous, and the unfortunate man or beast going astray, and leaving for a moment the small patches of solid ground, formed by the thicker clusters of the canes, must of necessity come within the reach of one of these powerful creature's jaws, always extended and ready for prey. Cawanas of a large size have never been taken alive, though often, in draining the lagoons, shells have been found measuring twelve feet in length. The planters of Upper Western Louisiana have often fished to procure them for scientific acquaintances; but although they take hundreds of the smaller ones, they could never succeed to drag on shore any of the larger ones after they had been hooked; as these monsters bury their claws, head, and tail so deep in the mud, that no power short of steam could make them relinquish their hold. The "gar" fish is

also a most terrible animal. I have seen it more than once seizing its prey, and dragging it down with the rapidity of an arrow. One day, while I was residing at Captain Finn's, upon the Red River, I saw one of these monsters enter a creek of transparent water. Following him for curiosity, I soon perceived that he had not left the deep water without an inducement; for just above me there was an alligator devouring an otter.—As soon as the alligator perceived his formidable enemy, he thought of nothing but his escape to the shore; he dropped his prey, and began to climb; but he was too slow for the gar fish, who, with a single dart, closed upon him with extended jaws, and seized him by the middle of the body. I could see plainly through the transparent water, and yet I did not perceive that the alligator made the least struggle to escape from the deadly fangs. There was a hissing noise, as that of shells and bones crushed, and the gar fish left the creek with his victim in his jaws, so nearly severed in two that the head and tail were towing on each side of him. Besides these, the traveller through rivers and bays has to fear many other enemies of less note, and but little, if at all, known to naturalists. Among these is the mud-vampire, a kind of spider leech, with sixteen short paws round a body of the form and size of the common plate. The centre of the animal (which is black in any other part of the body) has a dark vermilion round spot, from which dart a quantity of black suckers, one inch and a half long, through which they extract the blood of animals; and so rapid is the phlebotomy of this ugly reptile, that, though not weighing more than two ounces in its natural state, a few minutes after it is stuck on, it will increase to the size of a beaver hat, and weigh several pounds. Thus leached in a large stream, a horse will often faint before he can reach the opposite shore, and he then becomes a prey to the gar fish. If the stream is but small, and the animal is not exhausted, he will run madly on shore, and roll to get rid of his terrible bloodsucker, which, however, will adhere to him till one or the other of them dies from exhaustion or from repletion. In crossing the Eastern Texas bayous, I used always to descend from my horse to look if the leeches had stuck. The belly and the breast are the parts generally attacked; and so tenacious are these mud-vampires, that the only means of removing them is to pass the blade of a knife under them, and cut them off.—Capt. Maryatt.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1844.

"IGNORANCE is the parent of vice." This is a trite, but correct apothegm; and when it is associated with the opposite sentiment, so warmly cherished by some, to wit, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," the antithesis is completed. The latter proverb is certainly as destitute of the truth, as the other is replete with it: and these two circumstances exhibit a philosophical verity rejoicing over a superstitious dogma. These remarks have obtruded themselves upon us; or, perhaps, we ought to say, they have been induced, by a transient recurrence to "The Education Bill," lately submitted to Parliament, by Sir JAS. GRAHAM. The objectionable clauses in this bill, met, as every one knows, with a most determined opposition from the Wesleyan Methodists. This opposition was not, indeed, the act of a party; but the effect of a great principle;—not the movement of a faction, trying to defeat the measures of government—but the act of a great religious community, shewing to that government, the imperfections of its legislation. The Body, to whose conduct we are now adverting, rarely meddles with politics; they keep at a respectful distance from "those that are given to