

I enjoyed a truly sublime prospect. On either hand arose the British and Buckland mountains, exhibiting an infinite diversity of shade and form: in front lay the blue boundless ocean, strongly contrasted with its broad glittering girdle of ice; beneath yawned ravines a thousand feet in depth, through which brawled and sparkled the clear alpine streams, while the sun, still high in the west, shed his softened beams through a rich veil of saffron-coloured clouds, that overcanopied the gorgeous scene. Bands of reindeer, browsing on the rich pasture in the valleys and along the brooks, imparted life and animation to the picture. Reluctantly I returned to the camp at sunset.

SHOOTING RAPIDS.

From Sir John Franklin's description of the lower part of the Coppermine, we anticipated a day of dangers and excitement; nor were we disappointed. Franklin made his descent on the 15th of July, when the river had fallen to its summer level, but we were swept down by the spring flood, now at its very height. The swollen and tumultuous stream was still strewn with loose ice, while the inaccessible banks were piled up with ponderous fragments. The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid: in many of which we had to pull for our lives, to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers ragged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of Escape Rapid, of Franklin; and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock, which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, formed a terrible shower bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose. Our next impulse was to run round to view the fate of our comrades behind. They had profited by the peril we incurred, and kept without the treacherous rock in time. The waves there were still higher, and for awhile we lost sight of our friends. When they emerged, the first object visible was the bowman disgorging part of an intrusive wave which he had swallowed; and looking half drowned. Mr. Dease afterwards told me that the spray, which completely enveloped them, formed a gorgeous rainbow around the boat.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

ALLAHABAD MISSION.

(From the *American Missionary Chronicle*.)

THE REV. J. OWEN'S JOURNAL ON THE GANGES.

The failure of the overland mail has prevented our receiving the continuation of Mr. Owen's Journal of his tour to Delhi. We have been favoured, however, with the perusal of a Journal which he kept for the gratification of his family in this country, while on the voyage up the Ganges to Allahabad; from which we insert the extracts which follow. The first date is on the Hoogley, near Moorshedabad, about one hundred miles above Calcutta.

Jan. 26.—After tea, brothers Rankin and McAuley and myself, together with Gopenauth, went ashore to see what we could of the city. We passed through narrow, winding streets, in some parts of which the stillness of death seemed to prevail, and observed most of the buildings having a very ancient appearance, overgrown with grass and weeds, and built chiefly in Mohammedan style. When we had advanced a considerable distance within the city, a young native, who had studied English a little, and was ambitious of showing his knowledge of the language, approached us in the dark with a polite "Good morning, sir," and fell in with our company. The common people whom we met were afraid of us, and readily yielded to us a clear passage through the streets. The city is entirely native, not more than two or three Europeans residing in it. It is also very large.

We had a desire to visit the Nabob's palace, and the young man who had joined our company, directed us to it. It is an immense building, in European style, and was nine years in building. I saw a model of it in the Asiatic Museum at Calcutta. We had been hoping that the Nabob was there, that we might possibly have an opportunity of seeing him, but heard that he was absent at Calcutta. We sent to the man who has the keeping of the palace, expressing a desire to enter it, but he, being a strict Mussulman, returned word to us that he was at his prayers, and would not be through within an hour.

A NATIVE YOUNG MAN'S STUDY.

While waiting and conversing with the young man who was with us, I found that he had quite a thirst for knowledge, and he asked me to go into his lodgings, which were near. I went with him into a small room where he had a bed, a small book-case, a portable writing-desk, and something that looked a little like a table. Here he was engaged in painting his own likeness. Being destitute of canvass and paints, he had taken a piece of cloth, rubbed it over with chalk, and made it white, and was drawing his portrait with charcoal. Almost any one would have been surprised to see the accuracy and taste with which his work was done. He was also drawing a map of a river, from Calcutta upwards, and printing the names of the places quite beautifully. He had some mathematical instruments, and several English books, which he seemed to be proud of showing me. I was glad to see a copy of the New Testament, in which he could read very well. An excellent opportunity was now offered to me for speaking some of the truths of the Gospel, and I did not let it pass without attempting to improve it. But although he received what I said with attention, I perceived he cared more about studying English, and accordingly, I wrote him a letter of introduction to the missionary at Berhampore, desiring him to help him in English, hoping, also, that he will teach him what is infinitely more important. After waiting patiently a long time, the Mohammedan sent us word that he could not accompany us next morning. We then returned to the budgerows in company with the young man, to whom we gave some tracts in English, which he appeared very glad to receive.

NABOB'S PALACE.

I arose early this morning, and started in company with Gopee to the city, leaving the budgerows to proceed on their way, expecting to be absent from them until near noon. We walked a short distance, and passed an English military gentleman, drilling some native soldiers, who were the nabob's guard. He asked me if I wished to see the palace, and invited me to go with him. There are four stories. The first is principally appropriated to store rooms. In the second I was taken into a large room, where European ladies are received and entertained. Adjoining it are large and splendid sleeping apartments and baths. All the settees and furniture are richly adorned. We passed through a large, long dining hall, then into a great, round room of marble floor, appropriated to assemblies when the nabob is seated on his throne: then into a sitting room, which is so arranged as to be cool in the hottest weather; billiard room; lolling room; sleeping rooms above in the next story, and various rooms, the use of which I did not understand. Had I seen them when the nabob was at home, I should have seen great quantities of solid gold and silver, and splendour that is altogether unknown except in the east. I saw several portraits of his former highness, the present nabob's father. The present one is only in his eleventh year. He has an English gentleman for his preceptor. I was told that he speaks Persian excellently, but has not yet learnt English, although it is intended that he shall. I was also taken into the nabob's place of worship, fitted out in Mohammedan style, where he pays his homage to the false prophet. The gentleman who accompanied me is in the nabob's service, to drill his soldiers, and take the oversight of his stable. In these are kept 26 elephants, 26 camels, and 128 horses.

After I had seen all that was worth seeing, I took leave of the friendly Englishman, who recognised me as one of the ministers who were in Berhampore last Sabbath, and seemed to have

treated me with respect and cordiality on account of my office:

Jan. 27.—In our morning walk this morning, we passed through a village where were some temples and a car. We looked into two of the temples and saw some large images; near were two trees, worshipped by them, that they had recently married, and they stood tied together.

THE GODDESS OF KNOWLEDGE—JUNGIPUR—NATIVE SCHOLAR.

Jan. 28.—This is the day for the worship of the goddess of knowledge among the Hindus. In our morning walk we passed through a village where they were singing her praises. During the day we have passed places where were companies collected, singing with drums, tom-toms, &c. This afternoon we stopped at a large village called Jungipour, where is an English station.—Here also we met with the same music. Three large elephants passed our boats this evening. We see these animals very often.

Jan. 29.—This morning brother McAuley and myself took a walk into the village of Jungipour. It consists principally of one long street, lined on each side with dwellings and shops. On almost every corner, caused by the crossing of a lane, we saw a temple. The Hindu temples, so far as I have yet seen, are quite small. At length we came to a large garden, the walks of which were paved, and on each side was carved work of stone of various kinds. We entered and saw an exhibition of considerable taste in its plan and execution: On our way to and from this place, we saw the image of the goddess of knowledge adorned with various kinds of trinkets, fixed under a booth, with an image on each side of her, and before them were cast garlands of flowers in profusion, as offerings from these deluded people.

As brother Rankin and McAuley were walking out, about ten o'clock, a young man, who had learned English in Dr. Duff's school in Calcutta, came up to them, supposing they were ministers, and wished that they would preach. He came with them to the boats, and received some books, both in Bengalee and English.

We promised that we would go to the bazaar this afternoon and preach, and he engaged to come and accompany us thither.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1844.

It will be highly gratifying to the friends of religious liberty, to learn, that amongst the many "signs of the times" which are almost daily occurring, there is one peculiarly calculated to fill the mind of every unprejudiced Christian with the liveliest emotions of pleasure—we mean the very general desire manifested, and the strenuous efforts put forth by the different sections of the Christian Church, to promote a cordial union (irrespective of name or sect) of all who profess to love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, that there may be but one spiritual fold under one great Shepherd. The importance of a union of this kind is incalculable—whether we regard it in its effects upon individual Christians of different bodies, which cannot but be salutary in a high degree—or, more particularly, if we look at it in the mighty moral achievements it is calculated to effect, in the increased aid which will thereby be afforded to the Church in her efforts to spread the savour of the religion of Jesus to earth's remotest bounds.

That narrow-minded bigotry which has hitherto too generally prevailed, and which has always been deprecated by the truly pious, in every age, is now fast giving way; and we hope the day is not far distant when all the friends of the Saviour will meet and act upon