

The following is the population of Calcutta, in India, according to a late Census—Nominal Christians 17,138;—Mahomedans, 48,162;—Hindoos, 118,203;—Chinese, 414; total, 179,917.—The British Government in India, have forbidden the burping of widows under the age of 16 years, or while in a state of pregnancy. They likewise direct an inquiry, before a widow is consigned upon the funeral pile; for the purpose of ascertaining, that neither compulsion is used, nor intoxicating drugs administered. *We are happy to learn that Anthimus, the Bishop lately chosen Patriarch of the Greeks, is a friend of Miss Societies.*—A female slave belonging to a Dutch Gentleman, at the Cape of Good Hope, being threatened by her mistress, that her children should be taken into the interior and sold; resolved at once to destroy them, rather than have them subjected to that worst of all evils—she succeeded in drowning three, and was in the act of destroying herself and the remaining child, when she was discovered. She was then tried, condemned and executed, by being strangled at a stake, a party of the military attending, *under the command of a British officer.*

Sir Henry Blosset, who has gone to Bengal, as Chief Judge, has proffered his friendship and assistance to the Church Missionary Society.—Two females of the Wesleyan Methodist's persuasion, have become itinerant preachers, in England, of considerable celebrity. They are persons of fortune, and of great respectability, in the decline of life, and evincing considerable talent and much energy in the cause in which they are engaged.

The General meeting of the Diocesan Committee of Quebec, took place on Sunday the 16th ult. at the Cathedral, and was respectably attended. A Sermon, for the benefit of the Society, was preached by the Rev. L. C. Jenkins, and

the collection (including 10s. since received) amounted to £47:18:7. *We observe that the Hon. J. Irvine, Lt. Col. Harvey, C. B., Lieut. Col. Durnford, and J. Davidson, Esqr. officiated as collectors on the occasion.*

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THE DIAL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;
What is it?—Mortal man?
It is the scythe of time,
A shadow only to the eye,
Yet in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky;
And still, through each succeeding year,
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its strokes shall darken every hour,
Till nature's race be run,
And its last motion shall eclipse the sun.
Not only o'er the Dial's face,
The silent shade, from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months and years away.
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls
From Teneriffe towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass that falls,
For, O! where'er a shadow sweeps,
The Scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps,
O'er evanescent joys;
Like flowers glittering with the dews of morn,
Fair for a moment, then forever shorn;
—Ah! soon beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.
Then time, the conqueror will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend,
Each frail beholder's doom.
—O'er the wide earth's illumin'd space,
Though Time's triumphant flight be show'd,
The truest index on its face,
Points from the church-yard Stone.

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