

and kindness. Of these, the Scotch have an expressive proverb, that "the bark is worse than their bite."

A CASE FOR THE PHRENOLOGISTS.—There is residing in the city of Washington, a highly respectable and intelligent lady, rather advanced in life, who, in 1837, experienced a slight shock of apoplexy. Up to that time she possessed rather uncommon powers of conversation, was fluent, and had a ready command of five languages. She had prominent eyes, and her conversation indicated, that the organ of language, as the phrenologists would say, was well developed. The attack of apoplexy destroyed all power of recalling proper names, (with a single exception,) which she has never recovered. She still converses fluently, so far as proper names are not concerned; but whenever a proper name occurs, she is arrested in her conversation and cannot proceed, till the name is suggested, when she instantly recognizes the person or thing, and is enabled to go on. From this fact, would it not appear upon the principles of phrenology, that man is endowed with two independent organs of language, one for common words, and another for proper names?

We should like to know how the phrenologist would explain this case upon the principles of his science. —*Alex. Gaz.*

A MISTAKE.—What a great mistake people commit when they think the money they pay for the support of divine worship, or for judiciously conducted religious publications, is poorly expended. There is not an enjoyment upon earth that is not sweetened by the influence of divine truth. Our public and social devotions prepare us to experience a higher degree of good in possessing and using whatever comes from the temporal store house of God, and diffuse the brightest charms that mix and mingle with the scenes of social life.

We would affectionately recommend to every one to ask himself, seriously, if he is not indebted to the institutions of Christianity, and to religious knowledge, for most of the happiness he enjoys in this present world?

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—The long mooted and highly interesting question of etiquette, as to which side of a lady a gentleman should ride, on horseback, has been settled, finally, conclusively, and for ever, by a female correspondent of the Morning Post, who states that the ladies prefer that gentlemen should ride on their right, because—they can be so much nearer together. The decision will be met with acclamation by the right-siders. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Missionary Register.

From the Montreal Canada Baptist Magazine.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society was formed on the 8th of April last for the avowed purpose of "improving the religious and moral condition of the French Canadians;" an object, of vast importance to the future well-being of this Province.

Late events have opened a door for the introduction of the gospel among this people. The Committee feel persuaded that the time to favour them has come; and are desirous of taking immediate measures to accomplish their conversion from popish idolatry, to the simplicity of the faith of Christ Jesus.

We understand that the Rev. William Taylor, A. M. of this city, has acceded to the request of the Committee to proceed to England to lay the claims

of the Society before British Christians; and that he will leave early in September. We hope our friends at "home" will receive Mr. Taylor cordially, and contribute liberally, to enable the Society to put forth efforts commensurate with the wants of our Canadian fellow-subjects.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM BURMAH.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. E. L. Abbott, late of Rangoon, will be read with interest by every friend of the "Missionary enterprise." It was addressed to the Rev. Z. Freeman, of Seneca Falls; and is copied from the *New York Baptist Register*.

MUZMUN, Dec. 14, 1838.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your last is before me, and till now has remained unanswered. One prominent reason of delay has been, that my thoughts, anxieties, and energies, have all been absorbed in the scenes through which I have been called to pass. I have seen the disciples of Christ arraigned before magistrates and wicked rulers, oppressed, fined, and whipped, cast into filthy dungeons, and loaded with chains: given up to the gods as a well pleasing sacrifice, to become slaves, they and their posterity forever; cast out, as unworthy to associate with mankind, and subjected to the deepest degradation and ignominy;—again, dragging their chains on their ankles, and begging their scanty pittance of rice from door to door! And all this borne with a fortitude, and meekness, and holy triumph, which made their enemies pause and wonder, and no doubt the powers of hell quail.

Such scenes as these, my brother, try the strength of our faith, and to the missionary, may be dignified with the name of "*missionary trials*." But notwithstanding these persecutions, the work of God is going on, and multitudes are embracing the Gospel of Christ. O, it would do your soul good, could you take a trip with me into the jungles, and behold the multitudes flocking around, eager to get hold of the teacher's hand, eager to every word that falls from his lips. I have many a time wished that my Christian friends in America, could look in upon us at some of our meetings,—could stand beside our baptismal waters, and witness hundreds at a time following in the footsteps of the blessed Master, and taking upon them the vows of their ascended Lord. I have again and again desired that the enemies of missions (if indeed there can yet be amid such light and evidence of God's approbation,) could listen to the expressions of gratitude which flow from these sons of the forest to the disciples in America, for sending them the Gospel. And O, could some of our good young brethren and sisters at home hear some of their agonizing calls for books and "*more teachers*," their rest which they have made for themselves in a land of affluence and ease, would be converted into a bed of thorns. But, blessed be God, the cause of the Redeemer will triumph, and the millennial will dawn—"the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Although dark and portentous clouds gather over the land, and the servants of God are compelled to flee; though the lambs of Christ's fold are there scattered among wolves, and exposed to all that is fearful in the wrath of cruel persecutors, already thirsting for their blood, Burmah will yet be illuminated and saved; and I believe her redemption draweth nigh. We hope to be able to return and enter on our labors there under more auspicious circumstances, and yet live to see the goodness of the Lord in gathering in the millions of that empire into the kingdom of Christ.

Brother Simons and myself left Rangoon on the 24th ult., after prayerful deliberation. Not only the