

variably gave to all attempts to turn him from his testimony to the truth.

His principles were condemned, but his person was saved. The creatures of the Pope insisted that "his ashes ought to be thrown into the Rhine, as was the fate of John Huss." But the majority of the princes would not consent to violate the safe-conduct, and he was suffered, after much delay, and many attempts on his fidelity, to set out on his return to Wirtemburgh; but he was waylaid, and carried into imprisonment in the castle of Wartburgh, before reaching the place of his destination.

But the book must be read before any idea of its contents can be formed, and then the characters of Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, and other eminent reformers, will be justly appreciated.

About the time that Luther made his appearance as an antagonist of the Romish Church, the art of printing was first discovered—by which means the doctrines of the Reformation began to spread rapidly and widely. "Ignorance," says this apostate Church, "is the mother of devotion." She withholds truth from the people, that they may become more devout, more religious, more holy! Alas, alas, that there should be in the year 1843 such fanatics, such enthusiasts! But great is the truth and it shall prevail, and whatsoever "exalteth itself and maketh a lie" shall ultimately fall to rise no more—the beast shall be slain, and those who have his awful mark on their head be destroyed, and that forever.

DR. DURBIN'S LETTER, containing a brief but highly interesting sketch of the present appearance and condition of France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, &c. will be found in another column: to which we respectfully direct the reader's attention.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FRIENDSHIP'S PARTING MEMORIAL; OR, THOUGHTS FOR SABBATH MORNINGS.

The world cannot impart true happiness.
"In the day of adversity consider."—Ecc. vii. 14.

MY DEAR AND MUCH ATTACHED FRIEND,
"Who will show me any good?" is, perhaps, your language this hallowed Sabbath morning; "the friend whom I trusted, whom I loved, esteemed, in whom all my affections were centred, has deserted, injured, ruined me." But be not passionate, nor hasty, nor yet of a murmuring disposition. The storm may be loud, the lightnings may flash, the waves may roll high and appear to be terrific; yet, beyond them all, may appear the "bow of promise" to do you good. Who knows whether you may or not have reason to say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted, deserted, tried, and ruined, (as you call it)—for before my affliction I went astray, but now I keep thy word."

You have, at length, tried whether or not the present world can really make you happy, and have you indeed found that it cannot? Do you really discover that what I said over and over again, was the truth? Oh, be assured that the world has not the power, no, nor the will, not the least inclination to make you happy. Selfishness is written upon all its actions, and upon all its engagements. Go, my dear affectionate friend, in the armour of your virtuous love, "go and tell Jesus" all your sorrows, and ask him to pity and befriend you. "Go and tell Jesus" all your trials, temptations and adversities, and ask him to sanctify them to your spirit. Go and tell Jesus all your state of backsliding, declension, and departure, and ask him to restore you again to himself; he is the best friend, the nearest relative, yes, the "all and in all" of our happiness and our joy.

And will you still try the world? It cannot yield you happiness. Seek it in friendship and you will not realise it there. Seek it in domestic enjoyments, but they are all, at the best, imperfect. Seek it even in Christian society, it is marred and stained by sin. Seek it in the exhibition of nature: look for it amid

the most beautiful flowers, the most delightful evergreens, you will not find it. Seek it in the toils of business, in the calmness of midnight, and you still seek in vain. Try to obtain it at the theatre, the ball-room, the crowded and fashionable assembly, "all is vexation of spirit." Surely you are ready to exclaim:—

"Bribe me no more with glittering toys,
To chase my soul away;
Nor seek by such delusive joys
To tempt my feet astray."

Come, my affectionate friend, let us try once more. Seek for happiness in yourself, and you shall not find it. Happiness in yourself! are you not the most unhappy? Yes, you have the smile in your cheek, the light in your eye, but "the heart, the heart is lonely still." Self is the great idol which is the rival of God, and which divides with him the worship of the human race. How subtle are its workings, how concealed its movements, how extensive its influence!

Ah, my dear friend, do I not see the pearly tears chasing each other down your cheeks, and can I not hear you exclaiming, "What have I to do any more with idols? Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee." Take these few hints, offered in much sincerity by one who loves your soul—meditate upon them this sacred and delightful Sabbath, and let the language of your heart be,—

This world has many charms for me,
But these, my God, compar'd with thee,
Are dust upon the scale;
I'm only happy as I share
Thy matchless love, thy constant care,
And feel thy grace prevail.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

I went to the Roman Catholic Chapel in the forenoon.—The music was indeed sublime, and could not but tend to elevate the mind to the worship of that Supreme Being whose unworthy creatures we are. The gorgeous dress, however, of the officiating Priests did not harmonize with the devotion I felt; far less, the mummery of the service, with the simplicity of the true religion of Christ.

Is it possible (I thought) that a rational thinking creature can for a moment suppose that his prayers to the Almighty Father of the Universe are rendered more acceptable by such a paltry pageant? Does it not seem that, with daring impiety, man ventures to form a comparison between himself and his Creator; and feeling, perhaps, how much he is himself carried away by the outward show and pageantry bestowed on earthly objects of distinction, attributes the like frailty to One who, from his throne of glory in the eternal heavens, views this atom of his creation amid the countless myriads of worlds prostrate at his feet? And does he not blush to offer at such a shrine aught but the pure sacrifice of a penitent heart, and the incense of simple devotional prayer.

April, 1843.

J. D. M'D.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. THOUGHTS ON EMIGRATION.

THE subject of the spiritual destitution of the numerous Emigrants who arrive upon our shores, from year to year, cannot be too frequently or too forcibly brought before the public mind. The following short dialogue, which took place some time since in one of our back settlements, will tend to show how lamentably destitute are many of the inhabitants of our forests of the means of religious instruction.

Mother—Well, my dear, shall we have service at the school today?

Father—No, I think not—Mr. C.— will not be able to come so far; it is near twelve miles. I fear we shall never see the period when our religious privileges will be again any thing like what they were in the old country."

Joseph—I say, Mother, shan't I go to Sunday School today; I want to get some more tickets, and to get another book.

Mother—No, my dear boy, I am afraid there will be no school today, as Mr. C.— will not be there,

and there is none here able or willing to teach; we shall by and bye have better opportunities of instruction.

Thus, reader, you see what emigration is; here is no school, no chapel, no means of grace. Here is darkness, a complete wilderness.—Oh that Christians in this city would see to it that the villages around Montreal and its neighbourhood, at least, were supplied with the word of life.

MODESTUS.

Craig Street, Montreal, 26th April, 1843.

UNCLE HUMPHRY'S HINTS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

DO NOTHING RASHLY.

YOU never in your life saw such a dear good-humoured old man as my uncle Humphry. He would chat away by the hour, and his conversation was so edifying and encouraging that it did my heart good to hear him. "Do nothing rashly, do nothing rashly, my dear children," he would often say, "for, you are sure to repent of it. Think seriously over what you intend to do—act cautiously, deliberately, prayerfully. Always ask God for direction; see to it that you do not act hastily—it is the very worst thing in the world you can do. Remember, too, that the eye of God is always upon you; his hand is near you—he is near you now, nearer than the flesh on your bones—nearer than the vital fluid which circulates in your veins.

"If you find some cave unknown
Where human feet had never trod—
Yet there, you could not be alone:
On every hand there would be God."

Again, I say, do nothing rashly. Make known all your desires to your heavenly Father; see to it, my dear children, that you acknowledge him in all your ways, and he will assuredly direct your paths. There is no difficulty too great for him to remove, no perplexity too dark for him to guide, no sorrow too poignant for him to heal, and no exigency too severe for him to ameliorate; but act cautiously, and do nothing rashly."

EXIGARIUS.

Cbeneville street, Montreal, May 1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IMPORTANCE OF INDIA.—Of all the countries on the Asiatic continent, India, from the earliest ages, has excited the greatest interest, and enjoyed the highest celebrity. The exploits of the conquerors who made it the object of their warlike expeditions, as also the splendid productions of nature and art which were thence imported, procured for it a great name even in the remotest eras of classical antiquity. It has all along appeared to the imagination of the Western World as adorned with whatever is most splendid and gorgeous; glittering as it were with gold and gems, and redolent of fragrant and delicious odors. Though there be, in these magnificent conceptions, something romantic and illusory, still India forms unquestionably one of the most remarkable regions that exist on the surface of the globe. The varied grandeur of its scenery, with the rich and copious productions of its soil, are not equalled in any other country. It is also extremely probable that it was, if not the first, at least one of the earliest seats of civilization, laws, arts, and of all the improvements of social life. These, it is true, have at no period attained to the same pitch of advancements as among Europeans; but they have, nevertheless, been developed in very original and peculiar forms, displaying human nature under the most striking and singular aspects.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

CHARACTER OF MAHMOUD.—There are few characters in oriental history more mixed and doubtful than that of this great conqueror. By some he is extolled as the model of a perfect prince, while others brand him as a monster of avarice, injustice, and rapacity. There seems to have been in his nature a strange combination of opposite qualities, his best actions being alloyed by a mixture of wild caprice. He carefully discharged many of his duties as a sovereign, and made great exertions to secure the husbandman and merchant against the inroads of the predatory bands who occupied the mountain fastnesses.