

missionaries, who have built chapels at Hong Kong. As usual, the devil is ahead; but the race is not to the swift, where truth is matched with error.

DOWNFALL OF HINDOOISM EXPECTED.—The Hindoos have a prophecy in one of their Shasters which says that in the last days, or, as they call it, in the iron age, a nation shall come from the far west, and convert their country, and overturn their civil and religious institutions. The brahmin now says—and it is the general belief throughout Bengal—"This nation is none other than the English; for they have conquered our country, and their missionaries are beginning to destroy our religion."

DROWNING IDOLS.—The mission recently commenced near the mouth of the Gaboon river, is in the territory of King Glass. A letter of Mr. Wilson, dated March 10, gives a very gratifying account of the prospects of this new enterprise. The following extract shows that some who have become acquainted with the object of the missionaries, are already prepared, if not to cast their idols to the moles and to the bats, to make a distribution of them which is equally satisfactory.

"A brother of King Glass, and his successor in office, sent for us, some weeks ago, and told us that he was thoroughly convinced of the folly and guilt of idolatry, and that he would henceforth place himself under the instruction of the mission. As an evidence of his sincerity, he had all his images—ten or fifteen—brought out, tied together, and, in our presence, sunk to the bottom of the river. Since then he has, at his own expense, built a small place of worship, and he is a regular and apparently a serious hearer of the gospel."—*Dayspring*.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF FOUR MISSIONARIES.—We learn by the Boston Mercantile Journal, that there were drowned, on the 1st February last, at the falls of the Willamette river, near the Methodist mission, in the Oregon country, Mrs. Cornelius Rogers, her sister Aurelia Leslie, Squire Crocker, and two Clatsop Indians. While passing the rapids above, the boat was accidentally carried over the falls. Mr. Rogers went to Oregon from Cincinnati, Ohio, in the spring of 1838, in company with missionaries of the A.B.C.F.M., to aid them in their Christian labours among the Indians there. He was a volunteer, bearing his own expenses. After labouring three or four years with them, he married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Leslie, of the Methodist mission on the Willamette, and took up his residence near that mission.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1843.

OUR CITY.—Great praise is deservedly bestowed on our excellent Corporation for the improvements recently made in our city. While, however, the press generally has noticed these improvements in detail, it has altogether overlooked a class of improvements infinitely more important than any that can be effected by wood and stone: we mean the moral and religious advancement of the inhabitants. Any individual possessing ordinary powers of observation, who has resided in Montreal during the last twenty years, cannot fail to have noticed the progressive and pleasing improvement in the religious character of our population.

We remember to have heard it stated from the pulpit, some years since, by an eminent minister who had laboured in large cities in Great Britain and elsewhere, that Montreal, in proportion to its size, was the most wicked place he had ever resided in. But a happier state of things now exists, and the blessing of the Most High may confidently be expected to rest upon us as a community.

This happy change in our condition is mainly the result, under God, of the efforts that have been put forth by the various religious bodies, who have carried on a holy emulation in "works of faith" and "labours of love." The Temperance Societies too, have, under the Divine blessing, contributed not a little to the general stock of virtue and good morals; and we venture to state, without boasting, there are few cities on this or any other continent, with as large a population, where there is less seen of the melancholy effects of that gross and depraved habit that marks the lowest and most degraded of our race—the habit of drunkenness.

Churches rise around us in every quarter: and if piety be estimated now by the number of edifices erected for the worship of God, as it was in a past era of the Church's history; we must be accounted any thing rather than an irreligious people.

Schools and colleges are also being established; and our good city bids fair to be by grace the centre of religion, morality and intelligence—as it is by nature fitted to be the centre of trade, commerce and legislation.

In proof of what we have above advanced, we copy the following from one of our city journals. In alluding to the Races which lately disgraced our city, it says:—

"The Course was very thinly attended, and the sport was of an inferior order. There was in particular a great FALLING OFF in the number of equipages, the space allotted for carriages in front of the stand being almost deserted. The weather, however, was most delightful; but even this did not compensate for POOR SPORT and VERY LITTLE COMPANY."

COVETOUSNESS.—The sin of covetousness in the professing Church of Christ, in the present day, is alarmingly prevalent; and painfully apparent to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Taking into account the awful exposure of those persons who indulge in it, and the mischievous consequences their example is calculated to produce in the minds of many who are striving to enter in at the straight gate,—one grand reason why the Church is not more generally successful in her efforts for the salvation of men, is too plain to be denied. The following remarks on this subject is from an old author, and gives a melancholy, yet true, picture of this most destructive evil:—

"Where avarice rules and rages, there is nothing of humanity remaining; as the drudgery of this vice is mean, so is it constant too,—it keeps a man always in the wheel, and makes him a slave for life; his head or his hands are perpetually employed—when one project is finished, his inclinations roll on to another; so that his rest is only a variety of labour. Neither the decays of age nor the approach of death can bring him to his senses, nor shew him the extravagance of his passion; on the contrary, his folly commonly increases with his years. Wolves and other beasts of prey, when they have once sped, can give over and be quiet, till the return of appetite: but covetousness never lies down, but is ever hungry and hunting. It is perpetually harrassing others, or itself, without respite or intermission. The covetous man is *homo illudatus*, a man that you can say no good of. He abuses all his advantages, either of person or fortune; his inclinations are ungenerous, his understanding cheats, and his power oppresses his neighbour; he is not big enough to love, to pity, or assist; neither blood, nor honour, nor humanity, can take any hold, where interest comes in competition. So far is he from doing any good, that he desires none;

his wishes are often malevolent; for blasting and mildew, for rots and murrain, for storms and shipwrecks, that he may put off his stock and his store the better. Upon these accounts, he generally receives as little kindness as he does, and finds as few friends as he deserves. To sum up the evidence. A covetous man loves to be boring in the earth, like an insect, and lives always in a creeping and inglorious posture. His satisfactions are as mean as his figure; he has not the heart to oblige anybody, no, not himself, and therefore is both pitied and shunned."

EVENING.—I think there are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth, you love it for its mellow moonlight, its million stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbaths there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other beings in other worlds. To youth the evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the flow of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is also the delight of old age—it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation: it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life; serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet winds over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.—*Franklin*.

POINTED SERMONS.—About a hundred years ago, there graduated at Harvard University a man by the name of Rawson, who consequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishioners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character—so much so, that many of his hearers rose and left in the middle of the sermon. A short time afterwards, the preacher delivered a discourse still more pointed than the first, from the text, "And they being convicted out of their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion no one ventured to retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones resigned themselves, with as good grace as possible, to the lash of their pastor.—*Christian Repository*.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.—It is the voice of God. And though it speaks to us sometimes in mighty thunder, yet it speaks in love. It proclaims to a feeble and independent world the care and love of a Father. It bids us look upon the manifestations of His wisdom, and the exhibitions of His power in all His works; declaring him good unto all creatures, and mindful of the wants of His children, even of the evil and unthankful. It proclaims the Power Omnipotent, which rules, and governs, and directs all things, governed by wisdom that never errs, and love that encircles all creatures, from which even death itself cannot separate us.

The voice of God which speaks to us from the pages of inspiration, tells us the same glad story, that God is the Father, Preserver and Saviour of all men. O shall we fear and distrust while such are the teachings of the revelations God has made to man. Never, no never. The bigot may scowl, the fanatic may rave, and the boaster may scoff, but we will put our trust in God, for his grace is sufficient for us.—*Better Covenant*.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"The mockery of reed and robe, and crown
Of plaited thorns upon his temples pressed."

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known among botanists by the name of the "Thorn of Christ," supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion. It has many sharp prickles well adapted to give pain, and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of the Messiah chose it, from its similarity to a plant with which emperors and generals were accustomed to be crowned; and hence that there might be calumny, insult, and derision meditated in the very act of punishment.