

# Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL xii. 4.

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## POETRY.

### APPEAL FOR CHINA.

THE following touching appeal for voluntary and individual gratuitous missionary effort in China, composed by FRANCES JANE CROSBY, a pupil in the "New York Institution for the Blind," was occasioned by hearing a statement from the wife of the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, (recently arrived from thence,) of the spiritual darkness which pervades the minds of the people of that Empire—in connection also with her expressed belief that now, in the divine and overruling providence of God, a door of approach to that people has become effectually opened, by means of the issue of the late contest between the forces of Great Britain and that Empire.

May it not be hoped that the appeal will commend itself to the sympathies of some one, or indeed many, in this Christian land, who in the good providence of God, are possessed of pecuniary means which will enable them to respond to the call?

WHAT mean those piercing notes of woe,  
That fall so sadly on the ear?  
From China's distant land they flow,  
And claim from us a falling tear.  
There superstition's darkness reigns!  
She groans beneath its tyrant chains!

Christians, awake! Her voice to you  
Doth for the Gospel loudly cry—  
Her gates are widely opened now;  
Then, to her succour quickly fly.  
Go—on your own resources go;  
God will a rich reward bestow.

Haste, we entreat you, haste away;  
Oh, hear her cries of deep despair!  
Your Saviour's great "command" obey,  
To her the Gospel tidings bear.  
On his sweet promise still depend,  
"I'm with you till the world shall end."

N. Y. Evangelist.

(From the American.)

### SATURDAY EVENING.

Sweet is the last, the parting ray,  
That ushers placid evening in;  
When, with the still, expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:  
How grateful to the anxious breast  
The sacred hours of holy rest!

Hushed is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and business cease,  
While soft the vesper breezes play,  
To hymn the glad return of peace;  
Delightful season! kindly given  
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

Oh! as this peaceful hour shall come,  
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,  
And bear them to my heavenly home,  
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—  
Till the last gleam of life decay  
In one eternal SABBATH-DAY!

ANON.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### MRS. NOBLE'S NARRATIVE

OF HER CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS IN PRISON IN CHINA, IN 1840-1, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND, DATED

NINGPO PRISON, Feb. 19, 1841.

(CONTINUED.)

LONG, very long did this night appear. Morning at last dawned, and the keepers brought us a little water to wash with, which was a great comfort; after which they led us to an open court, to be exposed to the public gaze of numberless spectators, to come throughout the day. Here they took our height, the length of our hair, and noted every feature in an exact manner, and then made us write an account of the wreck of the Kite. In the evening I was taken to see the mandarin's wife and daughters; but although my appearance must have been wretched in the extreme, they did not evince the least feeling towards me, but rather treated me as an object of scorn. This I felt the more, as I was unable to make them understand that I had lost both my dear husband and child in the wreck. We remained here two days and three nights, derided and taunted by all around us. On the morning of Monday, 21st, they took the end of our chains and made us follow them. They put our coats and quilts into small cages, just such as we should think a proper place to confine a wild beast in: mine was scarcely 2 yard high, a little more than three quarters of a yard long, and a little more than half a yard broad. The door opened from the top. Into these we were lifted, the chains round our necks being locked to the cover. They put a long piece of bamboo through the middle, a man took either end, and in this manner we were jolted from city to city, to suffer insults from the rabble, the cries of whom were awful; but my God had not forsaken me, and even then, although a widow, and in the hands of such bitter enemies, and expecting death at every moment, I could remember with delight, that Christ my Saviour had said—"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live;" and through the blessing of the Almighty, I was enabled to sing praises to God aloud. I need not tell you, my dear and much loved friend, how much I thought of my sweet and once happy home, and my dear fatherless child, and how fervently I prayed to that God of mercy and goodness, who had so wonderfully upheld me in all my sufferings, to bless her also.—Death was nothing to me; I longed to be with my Saviour to praise him for ever, and to meet again my affectionate husband and sweet child, who were more than life to me. Oh my dear friend, how often do my feelings at this and many other times of my sufferings shame me, when I feel myself cold in my duty towards my Redeemer. In body I was now very weak, having scarcely eaten anything since the wreck, but my spirit was strong in the Lord. We again stopped at another city and were taken out of our cages, having heavy irons put on our legs, with a chain half a

yard long. Mr. Witts and the boy had also irons on their waists; although I saw mine, they did not put them on at that time. The former were carried on board one boat, and I myself put into another, and thus we proceeded two days and three nights on a canal, during which time I did not taste any food, as they would not permit me to get out of my little cage on any account. You may judge what my sufferings were. I believe it was Wednesday the 23d, that we arrived at Ningpo. You may imagine my happiness in finding my dear friend Lieut. Douglass, and my delight to hear that he had been treated rather better than myself, and had arrived here a short time before. I also heard with gratitude and joy, that all the Kite's crew had been taken from the wreck by the Chinese and were prisoners in the city. But alas, alas! with all this good news my worst fears were confirmed, that all I treasured lay buried in the ocean. What can I say—my dear child could not have lived in an open boat and suffered as I had done, and my devoted husband, being of a warm and most affectionate temper, would not have lived to have seen me suffer as I have suffered, and how would it have torn my heart to have seen those ten thousand times dearer to me than my own life, endure so much. I humbly pray to be enabled to say, "Thy will be done!" God has, I believe, in goodness and mercy taken my treasures, who was able to do for them more than I could even ask or think. And although I am left destitute and alone, and far from home, yet in his mercy he has raised you up, my truly Christian friend, with many others, for my comfort on my account, of which I shall praise the Saviour both in time and eternity, and want whatever I may, may I ever possess a thankful heart.

At Ningpo I was very sorry to find another prisoner, Captain Anstruther of the Madras artillery, who has since proved to be a most kind and true friend; there was also the comradore, whom I think you have some knowledge of. My most cruel sufferings were now at an end, and of course I felt more deeply my sad loss; yet I knew that I still enjoyed many blessings. Captain A.'s prison was next door to mine, and I had the pleasure of seeing him often. The mandarins gave me some Chinese clothes of the gayest colours; distressing as it was to my feelings, I was obliged to wear them, and I was put into what the keeper styled a clean prison, with a woman to attend on me in my captivity. After breakfasting with Lieut. Douglass at the mandarin's, I went to my lonely cell—a small dirty room, two sides of which were a mere grating, in many places day-light appeared through the rafters, and it was scarcely fit to live in, its only furniture being my cage (in which I still slept at night, and into which I was put whenever I went to any of the mandarins,) a lamp, an old table, and a stool. For the first time after the wreck, I was enabled to undress myself and arrange my hair. I could not but rejoice when a large room was prepared for the three gentlemen to reside together in

—Lieutenant Douglass having been hitherto obliged to endure all the discomforts of the common prison—although it deprived me of the company of my friend. Subsequently we met only when we visited and dined at the mandarins, which we did at first frequently, but after their curiosity was satisfied I seldom saw them. When at their house, they amused themselves by questioning us about her Britannic Majesty and her government, the number of her navy and army, and the rank and income of the officers. Often I had to repeat my sad tale, particularly on the arrival of other officers—this I thought a great trial, especially when alone. Their inquiries about our respective families were most minute; particularly what relatives we were to Queen Victoria, and whether I myself was not her sister, which, notwithstanding what was said to the contrary, I was declared to be. But it would be endless to repeat all the foolish questions they asked; however they made notes of all our replies. Captain A. was generally employed drawing, and I am sure his great talent, as well as the patience he exhibited, often insured us kindness. I dwell with gratification on those bright shades of my then dreary life. It was always with deep regret I saw the arrival of my little cage. I had the pleasure of receiving from the gentlemen's prison a note almost daily. The compradore lived near me, and showed me many and great acts of kindness.

Two days after the removal of the gentlemen from the common prison, all the remaining captives were taken to a distant gaol under the pretence of better accommodations, excepting two who were sick. I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing them passing my door, but was not allowed to speak to them; it made my heart bleed to observe their distressed looks and haggard countenances.

It was October the 6th, that Captain Anstruther received some supplies from Chusan, with letters that held out hopes of release. He kindly sent me a large share of his clothes. The compradore was now taken away from us, which distressed me greatly, as I had now not a creature to whom to speak. They now gave me a bedstead, which I found a great luxury, having hitherto lain on a dirty floor. I was sometimes allowed to see and converse with the sick prisoners, and I almost felt a consolation in dwelling upon the dreadful past. Frequently my heart was sadly torn, on account of different reports about my late dearly beloved husband and child. I was once told that he was seen going to his cabin to rescue his child, and was afterwards seen dead with the baby on his bosom. Many were the sleepless nights that such accounts gave me, but I found subsequently, when meeting all the prisoners at the mandarins, and minutely examining into the fact, that this rumour was unfounded, for they had never seen the captain after the ship had heeled over.

On the 8th of October I was far from well; two days afterwards I suffered much from violent pain, and was not able to lie down during the whole night on account of the pain. This I felt deeply, not being able to speak to a creature, and being threatened to have irons put on my wrists; they had let them off only one night, on account of my being so ill. On the 9th I was only too glad to see the compradore return, who has been sent to Chinhae in order to ascertain whether the British delegate was really Captain Elliot; and if this was not the case, the individual who dared to appear under an assumed name was to be taken.

On the 14th, they sent another woman to wait on me, with a little cross boy about four years old, who cried the whole day long. This I felt a great trial, as I could not have a

moment to myself, and what distressed me most, my communion with God was interrupted. The other old woman brought also her girl, so that there were now four dirty creatures in my dirty hovel. This was scarcely endurable, but after many entreaties, and the lapse of a considerable time, both the children were removed. On Sunday the 18th, I heard the melancholy tidings of one of our sailors being removed, by the hands of death. I had seen the poor boy several times, and as I felt sure he could never recover, the few moments we were allowed to speak were spent in dwelling upon solemn subjects. Though he was a mere skeleton, and weak as a child, still he wore his irons to the last. A day or two before his death, he told me he knew that he would never be well again, but his mind was calm, and I fervently hope that the Saviour was present with him. As we parted for the last time, he said with much earnestness: "God bless you, mistress;" these words I still remember, they have been fulfilled, and God has remembered me. The two sick marines were much distressed at the death of the poor boy, and I was delighted to afford them some comfort, temporal as well as spiritual.

On the 26th, we were all summoned by the superior mandarins. I felt much grieved on my way, being entirely alone, not thinking what joy was in store for me. Clothes and letters had arrived from Chusan, clothes in abundance for myself and also for my dear boy—which I had not the least reason to expect, but for which, as I subsequently heard, I was indebted to dear Mrs. Proudfoot. The sight of clothes intended for my dear lost one, was overwhelming. May the Almighty reward the kind donor, and by his gracious and merciful providence, ever protect her from requiring such a comfort as she bestowed upon me. Among the above, I received a very kind note, with an acceptable present of shoes from my friend Captain Bailey. The gentlemen received large supplies of clothes, wine, ale, and other articles, with 300 dollars from Admiral Elliott; and all the prisoners had clothes given them. All the English, except the two sick, were present, and to our great satisfaction, our fetters were struck off; we were also informed, that we should be set free within five or six days for a certain. Gladness then pervaded every breast, but, as usual, mine was mixed with bitter grief; to think how short a time since I was a happy wife, and a joyful mother, and that I must now return desolate and alone. However, I could but be thankful to be freed from my fetters, having worn them, as I imagine aright, for thirty-two days; and on our way home, if our wretched prisons deserve such a name, our hearts were much lighter, and we began to put confidence in the glad tidings. Little did I then think that we should be obliged still to drag on four long months of our existence in the dreary abode. I now worked very diligently to provide myself with comfortable clothing, which I was soon enabled to do. On the arrival of letters, &c., I was usually the first person sent for by the mandarins to make known their contents. The gentlemen supplied me liberally with money, to provide myself with mourning, and other necessaries, as also with comforts for the sick.

To be continued.

From Dr. Tyng's "Letters from England," in the Episcopal Recorder.

#### VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

DEAR BRETHREN.—Among the occasions and objects of interest which were successively before me in England,—it will be difficult to avoid all which were of a character not purely religious. Perhaps it will not be considered improper if some of a different kind should be referred to; and yet I have hesitated a little how far we ought to

make our paper, designed for religious instruction, a vehicle for amusement merely. I will leave the matter, however, to your better judgement to determine,—allowing you to reject what may seem irrelevant to our purpose. Among the scenes to which I refer, was the Annual Literary Fund Dinner, on the 11th of May, to which I received a ticket through the politeness of the Stewards, and which I was tempted to attend, as an occasion of seeing most of the eminent literary men of this day and nation. The dinner was given in Freemasons' Hall, in Great Queen Street, in very magnificent style, and about four hundred gentlemen composed the company. The hall was very beautifully decorated for the occasion, and surrounded as it is with large and very splendid portraits of several of the royal family and other persons of distinction, it had the appearance of great magnificence. The galleries were filled with ladies dressed in a very showy style. And every thing was arranged to do honour to the occasion, and to the distinguished person who presided. Prince Albert was in the chair, it being the first occasion on which he had appeared in such a position. Their last royal president was the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen,—and the very last occasion on which he occupied the chair, he was called away by the expected occurrence of the birth of her Majesty. At the cross table, in the centre of which the Prince sat, were also many persons of eminence—among whom, besides several noblemen, were Archbishop Whately, Bishops Copleston and Gilbert and Stanley,—Mr. Everett, and Chevalier Bunsen and others,—Washington Irving was also present,—but I was amused in reading a notice soon after in a Philadelphia paper, that the dinner was given to him, and the Prince presided in that connexion. I was made a little alive to the foolish appearance of such notices by this,—for however elevated is the character of Mr. Irving, his being at this dinner was as much an accident as the presence of any other guest,—and I regret to say did not seem to awaken so much notice as my American feelings would have desired. Prince Albert is a young man of great personal beauty, and of a most modest and winning manner. He made three short addresses, very simple and unaffected, but highly appropriate. He speaks English with hardly a trace of foreign accent, and with so much accuracy and dignity, and with a voice so musical and sweet, that an entire stranger could not fail to be impressed with more than common regard for him, from even a casual hearing like this. He was received with the most animated proofs of universal affection, by the company, and when the following appropriate verse was sung in the national anthem of England, the enthusiasm of the assembly was unbounded:—

O Lord, thy blessings shed  
On Royal Albert's head—  
God save the Prince.  
Hear, Lord, a nation's voice!  
Long in their sovereign's choice,  
May England's sons rejoice,  
God save the Prince!

The assembly was in all respects dignified and appropriate to the purposes and objects of a Literary association. I saw many of those whose names are known in the literary world,—such as Hallam, Moore, Campbell, and many others whom I have not room to describe. The speeches were ordinary, and after having heard a few, my curiosity was abundantly gratified, and I left the place at an early hour. On this as on every occasion, I was deeply impressed, and I must say not a little pleased, with the loyalty of the English people. In all my observations there, the conclusion was the more fixed in my mind, that the nation was probably never so much devoted to the monarch,—nor the crown ever so popular as at the present time. All classes unite and vie with each other in expressions of this feeling, and I should unhesitatingly say, that love for the Queen is the language of England.

The only occasions upon which I saw her, were in public. But wherever she goes, she is received with unlimited demonstrations of affection. She is a small woman, with a countenance combining the expressions of firmness and tenderness, dressing in the plainest style, and seeming to meet the affectionate salutations she receives with a sincere reciprocation of feeling. Day after day a crowd of persons, most respectable in appearance and dress, wait around the gates of

the Palace for the pleasure of saluting her, as she passes out to ride. She rides in a low open bouché, so that she seems immediately among the people, as she drives through the multitudes. I could not witness such a constant demonstration of feeling by the people, without the conviction that the loyalty of England is a deep and mighty principle, and may be surely calculated upon, by a sovereign who, like Victoria, has personal claims to affection and respect. This same interest extends to her children. I found one day an immense concourse in the Park with their faces all directed to one corner of the Palace, and beaming with continual smiles. I could not imagine the reason, as I met them. They seemed to be looking up in the air. But as I turned round to see the object, I could discern nothing. When I got in among them and looked with them, I found it was the Prince of Wales that was attracting their eager attention, as his nurse held him up at a window before them. Lovely, blooming boy! I participated in the pleasure of looking upon him. But I thought with sadness of the scenes of trial, and danger, and difficulty, through which he may be called to pass, should he live to ascend the throne, and I raised my heart in prayer for a blessing from God upon him, as the tears gathered in my eye from the train of thought which a sight of him had brought to my mind. There was one verse of a new national ode which was sung at the dinner of which I have spoken above, that I think is perfectly characteristic of the mind of the nation in reference to this babe, whom Mr. Bickersteth called, at the Jews' meeting, "our dear little Prince of Wales."

God bless thee, Queen of England!  
A thousand tongues with joy  
Repeat the prayer for Britain's heir;  
God bless thee, royal Boy!  
A loving people greet thee.  
With loyal hearts we own  
Our thanks, that heaven a Prince hath given  
To grace the British throne.

I was extremely interested in the accounts which I heard from the most authentic sources of the character and influence of the Queen and Prince Albert in their domestic relations. The habit of daily reading the Holy Scriptures together, as the first employment of the morning—the early hours of their family, and her great attention and devotion to the duties of her high station, together with the selection of godly and faithful ministers for their domestic chaplain, were facts which much gratified me. The Queen herself oversees the payment of her trades-people, and at nine o'clock they have in their turn an appointed time of access to her. She has kept personal minutes in German and English of the acts and business of her privy council, as I was informed by the most respectable authority, from the commencement of her reign; and she has certainly risen every year in the estimation of her people, in reputation for true greatness of character and more than common talents.—You cannot fail to perceive the influence of this reputation everywhere in England. No one speaks slightly of the Queen. She stands among the nation which she governs with the influence of mind and character most rapidly increasing and enlarging. She is still very young. But every thing about her indicates that she will not be found inferior to the Queens who have ruled before her. England's most prosperous days have been in the reigns of her Protestant Queens, in two of which the land has been delivered from the yoke and "the detestable enormities of the Bishop of Rome." And I cannot but think, that if Victoria's life shall be preserved, it will be as an instrument of peculiar blessings to her nation. As I thought of the influence of England, in maintaining the dominion of Protestant truth, in giving the Gospel to the heathen world, and the apparent dependence of her power upon the life of the Queen, and reflected upon the vast and incalculable evils which must result to mankind from the anarchy and overthrow of the power of England, which would be more than likely to arise under a long regency at the present time, I could not but settle down in the feeling, that the most important life on earth, for the general interests of man, was that of this young woman. It has struck me as an amazing providence of God, and I have often implored the shield of His protection to be around her as I marked the dangers to which, even from a few infatuated rebels against lawful authority, she might be exposed. Next to the fear of God

in any land, is honour to the constituted authority of Government, the element of happiness and peace. And there was no feeling in my heart but joy and respect, as I found enthusiastic loyalty to the Queen ruling and prevailing among the people of England. Indeed my whole observation and reflection upon the arrangement of English society have convinced me that there are very fundamental principles of character secured and cultivated by it from the throne down to the most inferior person. Every individual between these two extremes has constantly called into exercise and action the two most blessed principles of conduct, of reverence to some one in a superior station, and of condescension and tenderness to some other in an inferior. These two principles are continually combining to produce an universal and remarkable gentleness of manners, and respectful courtesy in the common intercourse of life, the moral influence of which, a man must be a very superficial observer not to notice and admire. You will not find, I think, a cringing officiousness in an inferior, in any condition, as the rule of your observations, and still less, I think, a supercilious contempt in a superior. But you will always meet with a dignity and kindness which can afford to display itself, and is purely active, because it is without fear of encroachment upon the proper rights of its own station. This was my experience in England, without a single exception, in any one of the relations of life. It is the manifest and natural result of such a state of society, and the arrangement of permanent distinctions in the ranks and orders of society. It is but the ample development of the spirit of loyalty to constituted authority, and fidelity in the exercise of that authority by those who possess it. Of this spirit of loyalty, Mr. Woodward says, in his essays on the Millennium, "I can explain it in no other way than this: that it pleased God to infuse this passion into the human mind, as a secret intimation, that a Prince is to ascend the throne of universal empire, in whose reign this devoted loyalty will no longer be a blind and a headlong instinct, but will identify our high allegiance to God, and fulfil the first and great commandment of loving Him with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength." More than once I gave utterance to sentiments like these in public addresses, and urged upon brethren and friends the great duty of prayer for the Queen, and of teaching the habit to all the youth and little children of the country. She needs to be shielded by universal prayer, and it is a high Christian obligation upon all who are her subjects to unite in the habitual offering. In these remarks I give just the state of my continued feeling in this connexion. And as an American citizen, I feel myself in a condition to accord without fear the praise of its manifest excellences to the British Constitution and system of society, having no temptation to join in that coarse and radical cry which can imagine no liberty but in the overturn of order, and no demonstration of the love of liberty but in the unnecessary abuse of constituted authorities and dignities, and an affected contempt of superior stations and the rights which belong to them. S. H. T.

### THE TRAVELLER.

An extract of "Letters from the East," by J. Carne, Esq.

#### BETHEHEM.

We rode yesterday, accompanied by Antonio, the young Catholic guide, to Bethlehem, a distance of about six miles. The way led over a barren plain, for some distance, till we arrived at the monastery of St. Elias. Bethlehem soon came in view, on the brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are partially covered with olive-trees. On the right, about a mile from the village, is shown the tomb of Rachel; it has all the appearance of one of those tombs erected often to the memory of a Turkish santon.

After dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, it being Lent, we visited the church built by the Empress Helena: it is large, and supported by several rows of marble pillars, but has a very naked appearance. Leaving this church, and descending thirteen stone steps, you are in the place that was formerly the stable where the Redeemer was born. There is no violation of consistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is

that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of the rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains; the roof is as Nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps are ever burning, is erected over the place where Christ was born, and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. Directly opposite to this is another altar, to signify the place where the Virgin Mary and her child received the homage of the Magi; and over it is a painting descriptive of the event.

The second visit we paid to Bethlehem was a few days afterwards; and the monks being either absorbed in sleep, or in their devotions, as we could get no entrance to the convent, we found our way again to the grotto alone, and remained there without any intrusion. It is of small size, and not lofty; the glory, formed of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription. "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A narrow passage leads to the study of St. Jerome; and not far off is shown his tomb, near to which are the tombs of St. Paula and another pious lady. Ascending again, you enter the churches of the Greek and Armenian orders, but there is nothing particular in either.

About a mile down the valley, towards the wilderness, is the field where the shepherds kept watch by night, when the angels announced the birth of our Lord. Two fine and venerable trees stand in the centre, and the earth around was thickly covered with flowers. It is so sweet and romantic a spot, and so well suited to be the scene of that high event, that it would be painful to admit a doubt of its identity. At Bethlehem are sold the beautiful shells of mother of pearl, brought from the shores of the Red Sea: the surface is covered with various designs of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion, by the inhabitants of the village; and they are purchased by the pilgrims. Small crosses also, cut out of the shells, are carved in the same way. The village contains about seven hundred inhabitants, who appear to live very meanly.

### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

#### A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. B. STOWE.

IT WAS a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible, too beautiful in its appearance, too showy, too ornamental, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, "what a beautiful edition! what superb bindings!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review, for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—that forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature, an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin he had not exactly made up his mind—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his general impression about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his drawing-room table.

So much for one picture, now for another:—Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold—cold even with those few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little thin girl, with large bright eyes; who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

"Mary, my dear child," says the mother, "do keep that shawl close about you—you are cold, I know;" and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not very," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow, ominous cough. "I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother—"it really don't seem right for me to send you up this long street, now your shoes have grown so poor; I must go myself after this."

"Oh! mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I can go very well; I have got used to the cold now."

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother?" there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one on and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the other soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I haven't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother! Six months ago, she had a husband whose earnings procured for her both the necessities and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed, and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, and alone in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resources of her needle, she has come rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. I look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale, bright-eyed girl, whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fretful—and even when he leaves her breast, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he was once, till she has not a heart to remove him. All this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary's patient artifices cannot always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more. And the little money that is to come from this is already proportioned out in her mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet the woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace—and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much worn book.

Hearken now, while she says to her children, "Listen to me, my dear children, and I will read you something out of this book." "Let not your hearts be troubled, in my father's house are many mansions." So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little, cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there, all day?" says the little boy earnestly, "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother, "listen to what the Bible says: 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said little Mary, "for mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says; 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says Mary, "if God is our Father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he, mother?"

"Yes, children, you remember how he said, 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once, that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"Oh! mother, what should we do without the Bible?" says Mary.

Now if the rich man who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it, through translators and copyists, and

prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how then does she know that it is true? How say you? How does she know that she has warm life-blood in her heart? How does she know that there is such a thing as air and sunshine?

She does not believe these things, she knows them; and in like manner, with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! Nor is it by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Saviour, and is still.

Go, when the child is laying in its mother's arms, and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal identity, until you can make him think that it is not his mother. Your reasonings may be conclusive—your arguments unanswerable—but after all, the child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet, unreasoning belief on the subject, is precisely of the same kind which the little child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Saviour, and the reality of all those blessed truths which he has told in his word.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### ARRIVAL OF MRS. WILLIAMS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

We have cordial satisfaction in announcing the long expected arrival of the respected and beloved widow of the late Rev. John Williams. Mrs. W., accompanied by her youngest son, a youth ten years of age, reached the port of London, from Sydney, in the *Cumden*, on the 25th of October. We are thankful in being able to state that her health has been greatly improved by the voyage, and that under the sudden and awful dispensation that deprived her of her attached and honored husband, aggravated by the new trial of returning solitary to her native land, her mind has been graciously sustained by the consolations of the Gospel.

We copy the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Williams to the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

"It is now twenty-six years since we became connected with the London Missionary Society, and I must still say, I cannot feel myself separated from your noble institution; while I shall ever esteem it my highest honor to have been engaged in the great cause which you aim to advance, as the wife of such a man as my late beloved and honored husband. Widely as he was known to the churches, and intimately as some of you were acquainted with his character, I may be permitted to say, that no one knew so well as I did, how entirely his whole heart and soul were devoted to his work, and how truly he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might glorify God, and win souls to Christ. These were the ends, I can testify, for which he lived and for which he died. Often has he said to me, 'Life is short for so great a work as ours, and we must therefore labor while it is called to-day.'"

"As our arrival in England has been so long delayed, it may be proper for me to state the cause. When the *Cumden* arrived at Upola with the heart-rending intelligence, it affected my health and spirits so much that I did not feel myself able to undertake the voyage, nor to part with either of my dear children; and as it was expected that the vessel would be absent only six months, I decided on awaiting her return. But nine months passed before the *Cumden* again appeared; and it was not until the 11th of March that we sailed from Samoa. On our passage to Sydney we touched at five of the islands of the New Hebrides group. *Fetuna* was the first, and there we left two native teachers. One of the chiefs of this island accompanied us to Anatom; and I had not conceived it possible that a heathen savage and a cannibal would have expressed so much feeling and sorrow when he was told who William and I were. Immediately tears rolled down his cheeks, he beat his breast, and uttered something in his own language, in which he repeatedly exclaimed, 'William! William!' When we took him back to his own island, we were delighted to find that the native teachers there had been treated very kindly.

"We then sailed to Tanna, when Captain Morgan pointed out to me the different places where my dear and much lamented husband stood, walked, and conversed with the people. To describe my feelings at this time, it is impossible.

It required no ordinary effort to endure the trial; and the more so, as we had the dark-island of Erromanga in view. There was, however, much at Tanna to call forth our warmest feelings of gratitude to God, who had permitted his servant to carry to its shores that Gospel which we then found was taking root amongst its inhabitants. From Tanna, we crossed over to the small island of Nina, and were soon close in with the dark shores of Erromanga. But you will better conceive than I can describe the agony of my mind on seeing its cruel inhabitants; but yet I think I was then able to say, 'Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did!' May their savage nature be very soon changed by the sweet influences of the Gospel of Jesus. After this we visited the Loyalty Islands, Britania Island, the Isle of Pines, upon which landed, and New Caledonia, and then steered our course for Sydney, where we arrived on the 28th of April."—*London Mis. Mag.*

MISSIONS TO CHINA.—The friends of Missions will read with much interest the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, the distinguished Missionary to China, addressed to Mr. Mathieson, of Glasgow, Scotland. It is dated Nankin, August 24, 1842. His allusions to the opening, in Providence, for the introduction of the Gospel into that great Empire are worthy of the most serious attention of the Christian community in this country.

"During the last few months I have been constantly moving about, and therefore unable to promote the mental improvement of China. At the same time we have traversed one of the most magnificent rivers of the world—the Yangtze—as far as Nankin, and thus found out a high road to Central Asia, of far higher importance than all the discoveries on the Niger. To your Association this new progress of our arms must be highly interesting, as it is fraught with the highest benefit for commerce and civilization, and indeed the truest and best interests of the human race, and China especially. I do not think we can establish a national and permanent intercourse with China without influencing the minds of the people by just and proper means, and such publications as will serve this purpose. And whilst I most cordially, constantly, and above all other considerations, advocate the introduction of the Gospel, as the laying of the foundation for the temporal and eternal welfare of the Chinese, every other laudable enterprise for enlightening their minds upon any other subjects, which may tend to remove obstacles, will be eagerly pursued by myself. Since I am to be placed in one of the most important of the new emporiums, I hope often to hear from you, and shall not fail to give a true account of the appropriation of your money; and in the meanwhile, I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely, CH. GUTZLAFF."

THE JEWS.—We find the following in a letter from Odessa, of the 5th inst. :—

"Our government seems to be seriously disposed to grant emancipation to the Jews, whose numbers in Russia, according to the last census, amounted to about 2,200,000. The ministers of the interior and public instruction have charged Dr. Lilienthal, the grand rabbi of Riga, with the mission of visiting the eighteen governments of the empire in which Jews reside, to collect all the necessary details of their condition, informing them that the only object of the government is to be enabled to furnish gratuitously all the means of giving them the moral and intellectual education required for raising them to the rank of other citizens, without in any manner interfering with the free exercise of their religion. The Jews of our town are preparing to give Dr. Lilienthal a solemn reception, his arrival being looked for from day to day."—*Herald and Journal.*

TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN.—The disclosure of the condition of Sweden in reference to drunkenness, which the Rev. Mr. Scott made, while on a visit to this country, it will be remembered, cost him his residence in that country. We are glad to learn that the prevalent evil has received a decided check, by the wise and vigorous measures of the sovereign. A law has been passed by which all the brandy distilleries in that country have been abolished, and the names of all persons who get intoxicated, are ordered to be posted on the door of the parish church, and the clergyman is directed to pray for their reformation. A remedy which might not be out of place here.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1843.

**THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.**—Those interesting anniversaries were held on the 24th ult. and subsequent evenings, in the American Presbyterian Church, according to appointment; but as we have not been favoured with any account of the proceedings of the respective meetings, we must content ourselves with a few general observations.

The church was literally crowded on each evening, and a very deep interest appeared to pervade the assembled multitude—who listened with almost breathless attention to the numerous eloquent and forcible addresses delivered by the ministers of the different evangelical churches of the city and surrounding country. Two important features struck us as characterising those anniversaries, which must have proved sources of unmingled delight to every pious mind—we mean, first, the uniform evidence manifested of the prevalence of Christian love, unity, and friendly feeling among the ministers of different communions who so ably advocated the interests of those noble institutions—clearly showing that bigotry and narrowness of soul form no part of their character, and that all differences of opinion on minor and non-essential points can be laid aside, when union in the great enterprise of the world's salvation, is called for. The other feature to which we have alluded, and which strongly marked every address delivered, was the recognition of the great evangelical doctrine of experimental piety—the necessity of being “born again,” and the privilege of every sinner assuredly knowing for himself that his sins, which were many, are all forgiven him.

As the Reports of the different Societies will be forthwith printed and circulated, it is unnecessary for us to say any thing more than strongly to recommend their candid and prayerful perusal—being fully persuaded that the object of their publication will be thereby greatly promoted.

We have been informed that a Debating Society, composed of pious individuals, has lately been established in Montreal; and that, at one of its late meetings, the subject was discussed, whether the existence of those sections into which the Christian Church has been divided, has been productive of beneficial results. The following admirable speech of the lamented Cookman, which lately appeared in the *New York Christian Intelligencer*, may throw some light on this deeply interesting subject. At all events, its perusal has afforded ourselves much pleasure, and cannot, we are persuaded, be read without interest.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY THE LATE REV. G. O. COOKMAN.

The following appeared in the *MAGAZINE OF THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH*, for April, 1829, shortly after its delivery. It will be new to most of the readers of the *Christian Intelligencer*, and be read with interest by all. The respected author was one of the passengers who perished in the ill-fated steam packet *PRESIDENT*.

*Extract of a Speech, pronounced before the Young Men's Bible Society of New-Brunswick, N. J., by the Rev. Mr. G. G. Cookman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is spirited, full of sound sense, and highly interesting.*

Time was, when for a Presbyterian minister and a Methodist preacher to appear as joint advocates in the same common cause, would have been a crying wonder; but, sir, thank God! the age of sectarian bigotry is passing away—“Ephraim is ceasing to vex Judah, and Judah Ephraim.”

I am well aware also, that many well disposed persons have imagined that the surest method of silencing infidelity, would be for the Christian Church to effect a union in doctrine, to lay aside their peculiarities of religious opinion, and amalgamate into one uniform mass of sentiment and action.

Against such principles of Christian union you must permit me, sir, this night, as an individual, to enter my decided protest. Such union, at present, I should consider unscriptural—calculated to defeat the purposes for which it was intended; in a word, to promote the spirit of infidelity, and injure the cause of vital godliness.

I grant, sir, that on one ground we may all agree without respect or qualification,—I mean in the universal circulation of the Holy Scriptures. “The Bible,” says Chillingworth, “is the religion of Protestants;” and it is the positive duty of all Protestant Christians to unite in its distribution, without respect to sect or party. But, sir, notwithstanding this concession, I hold fast by the original assertion, that all union which involves any surrender of conscientious views of religious truth, would be pernicious, and promotive of the spirit of infidelity.

And, sir, on what ground is this assertion maintained? Why, that truth, being in its own nature unique, simple, and indivisible, holds no communion whatever with the changeling and contradictory varieties of human error, and therefore, in the present defective state of the human understanding, and of the human heart, it is safer that the Christian Church should be divided into parties, conscientiously differing in, but zealously maintaining points of doctrine and practice. For whatever delightful changes the millennial day may elicit, of this I am certain, that in the present degenerate condition of the world, the existing order of things is more favorable to the discussion and development of truth, the detection of error, and a friendly provocation to love and good works among the various bodies of professing Christians, than any such union.

Permit me to offer an illustration of the principle. Let us suppose, sir, that you are an honest Presbyterian, and I an honest Methodist—that is to say, we each conscientiously believe our own principles to be right. Let us suppose that we are engaged in a friendly debate on the respective merits of our doctrines. An infidel standing by, cries out, “Gentlemen, you are both wrong.” Well, sir, what is to be done? A fourth person interferes as mediator between the parties. “Brethren,” says he, “the scruples of the gentleman standing by, arise from your contradictory views of the divine truth. Now make a union; lay aside your sectarian peculiarities; be liberal, and think and speak alike. Suppose, sir, we agree. Is the infidel convinced? What says he now? “Gentlemen, I am now doubly convinced you are both wrong, and I charge you both with a want of principle and courage, in not maintaining and defending what you believed to be the truth.”

What, then, is the amount of the argument? We say, let each sect and party maintain its own distinctive position, and pursue its own plans of operation, in its way, to the very utmost. Let us agree to differ. We are none of us infallible. It is possible we may all be a little wrong, for it is as natural for man to err as to breathe. But how are we to set each other right? By the silent quiescent neutrality of a nominal union? Nay, sir, in such a motionless reservoir, the waters of life would stagnate. Let them rather run and encounter the winds of opposition and the rocks of controversy, and they will clear, and purify, and sparkle. Truth never did, nor never will lose any of its power, by open and liberal discussion, even on religious points. Give it an open field and fair play, and it shall overthrow the empire of infidelity, and conquer this world of sin,

Let then the Bible be the rallying point of Protestant Christians. Let them dispute for truth, not victory; let the God of peace preside in every controversy; yet let all be conducted in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace. Let each go to his post of duty, and without interfering or quarrelling with his neighbor, do his utmost under his own particular standard; let there be no strife, for we are all brethren, and the world is large enough for us all.

The union, then, which I would propose, would be a union in spirit, rather than a union in doctrine; let each party of Protestant Christians make its own distinctive efforts in its own way, rather than a promiscuous union of the general mass. For, sir, depend upon it, David will not fight in Saul's armor, and we can no more make men act precisely alike, than we can force them to think precisely alike. Will you allow me, sir, another illustration in confirmation of these views of Christian union? When we look abroad upon the signs of the times, I think we shall see the religious as well as the political world on the eve of convulsion and conflict. Thank God the Christian world has heard the trumpet of alarm: they are mustering for the battle, and by one simultaneous effort they are coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; and never, since the days of the apostles, was there so general a movement as at the present crisis. The leaven of divine truth is powerfully operative through the varied enginery of the Bible, Missionary, Tract and Sabbath School Societies, There is a shaking among the kingdoms, and the world feels the earthquake shock. Nor, sir, are the principalities and powers of darkness asleep—they have taken the alarm. Infidelity and Antichrist have sounded the trumpet through all their hosts, and never since the days of the French Revolution, has there been so much activity and determination among the enemies of the cross, as at this present moment.

I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavored to sustain. Let then, our Bible Societies, with their Auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemies' frontier, as bulwarks of defence. Let them be military magazines, well stored with spiritual weapons and Gospel ammunition; general rallying points for the whole army, and strongholds, from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our Sabbath Schools be military academies, in which the young cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the Tract Societies be so many shot-houses for the manufacture of that small, but useful material.

Having thus, sir, disposed of the outworks, let us endeavor to arrange the army.

Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with the Methodists; and as they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent foragers in new countries, and active withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers.

As our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our infantry; let them occupy the centre, in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon's tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren we will station along the rivers and lakes, which we doubt not they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church, shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries.

But, sir, we want artillery men. Whom shall we employ? The light field pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this very important department to the Dutch Reformed Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy of their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean. And now, sir, the army is arranged. We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the cross, and “Onward!” is the watchword. Let us give no quarter, we fight for death or victory.

At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movements. Let not the cavalry, infantry, and artillerymen mingle in one indiscriminate

mass. Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under local colors, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigor, without discomposing each other, or disordering the ranks.

Let a strict religious discipline prevail throughout the camp, for we must not suffer that shameful reproach, that we recommend to others what we practise not ourselves. Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

And now, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shake to their centre!

Before I sit down, I have a duty to perform to that portion of the army here assembled. I have to fore-warn them that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. I will endeavour to describe this diabolic spy as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown grey in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked. His name sir is BIGOTRY. He seldom travels in day-light, but in the evening shades he steals forth from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth, and as deceptious as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavours "to throw arrows, firebrands, and death," in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in the open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry. And in so doing he makes no scruple to employ misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood—for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him.

I hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay. I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptist find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flank-battery, and the Dutch Reformed greet him welcome with a whole round of artillery.

Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble.

#### THE BIBLE BURNING AGAIN.

The *Montreal Herald* has taken up this subject in a most spirited manner, and is consequently entitled to the warmest thanks of the Protestant community generally. Having ascertained that a Society of Jesuits has been established in Montreal, under the sanction of the Roman Catholic Bishop, this independent journal has devoted a large proportion of its columns to a history of the character and doings of this infamous Society. We can only make room for the following extract:—

"In our editorial columns of the 17th instant, we brought before the notice of our readers, the outrage perpetrated by the Jesuit Telmont, at Chazy, in committing to the flames, in the most public and offensive manner, hundreds of copies of the sacred Word of God. In the remarks which we felt called upon to make commentary on such a proceeding, we carefully, and we trust effectually, avoided any allusions which could be construed by dishonest politicians, or disingenuous persons of other sects, into a wish to commence a religious crusade, or to condemn a whole community for the acts of some of its members. As a subject of grave importance, touching most vitally the interests and the honour of the colonists, we endeavoured to discuss it quietly and dispassionately; meaning nothing offensive to any party, or any sect, we believe it has been received in the spirit in which it was presented.

We therein expressed a hope that the Catholic Bishop of Montreal would explain, or cause to be explained, the part which was attributed to him by American writers; for has not this colony been already enough torn, and sufficiently agitated by the conflicts of political parties, without the fierce strife of religious

animosity being introduced among us, to sow the seeds of discord under every roof, to set every man's hand against his brother, and kindle a virulent and undying hatred between races, already too distinctly hostile?

Since that article was written, through the medium of the French Canadian journals, particularly that published by the Bishop's Chaplain, and styled *Mélanges Religieux*, we have been put into possession of information, that must fill the minds of all good Catholics, as well as Protestants, with alarm, regret, and indignation:—THE SOCIETY OF JESUITS IS FORMALLY RE-ESTABLISHED IN CANADA. Yes, under the auspices of the Bishop of Montreal, this society, whose chronicles are written in blood, whose history, from the date of its establishment till its overthrow, presents one continued scene of violence, avarice and licentiousness; whose ruling passion was the lust of power, and whose tenets acknowledged no law of God, or man, that could stand between its members and their object: this society has been inaugurated in Montreal."

#### THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HEALTH.

We are informed that a special express from Kingston arrived here early this morning, (Monday,) conveying letters from His Excellency's Military Secretary to the Hon. W. H. Draper, and Dr. Gwynne, requesting their immediate attendance at the Seat of Government. Both gentlemen left Toronto at 11 o'clock, A.M.—*Toronto Herald*.

We deeply regret to learn that His Excellency the Governor-General has experienced a relapse, and that Dr. Gwynne's services have again been required.—*Patriot*.

It is also stated that Dr. Widmer has gone down to Kingston. We know not the truth of these statements, but sincerely trust that our worst fears may not be realized in His Excellency's sudden removal.—*Christian Guardian*.

#### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

#### THE BIBLE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

THE literal meaning of the word bible, is the book; and it is truly the book of books—the only one that contains a revelation from God, wherein we have an account of the creation of the world and its inhabitants, and where we may learn the history of man in the first ages of his being. Here we may read of that high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity—who sitteth in that light which no mortal eye can approach, in whom we live and move and have our being. Here we are taught our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, as it is no where else inculcated. The lessons of philosophy sink into nothing in comparison—"the world by wisdom knew not God." If we need an illustration of the truth of this assertion of the Apostle, we may appeal to classic Greece, to Athens her metropolis, the seat of all that was great in science and literature, and gifted in art—where Genius herself seemed free born. Paul, as he passed by on his way to the famed Areopagus, or Mars hill, (before the tribunal of which one of his most eloquent discourses was delivered,) discovered an altar with this inscription, "To the unknown God."

In the Scriptures we find the earliest records that history can furnish, of governments, of the wars of kings, and the downfall of nations. To the lover of poetry they present a rich field of enjoyment. Many parts abound in the most sublime language, the most beautiful similes, and the most feeling expressions of which words are capable.

Though we may daily study the bible, we are frequently struck with some passage which appears new; it is like an inexhaustible mine, which the more it is searched yields the more wealth. A knowledge of the important truths it contains, can illuminate the most humble mind with joy and gladness, and invest it with a peace which the world can neither give nor take away; and it will chasten and refine intellectual attainments, and impart a warmth and a grandeur to them, which the unbeliever cannot appreciate or possess. To what other source can we turn for complete and satisfactory answers to the enquiries which naturally arise in the mind of man, as to the character of God, his will to us, our relation to him, and our destiny beyond the grave? This, and this alone, can fill the wants and wishes of mankind, and leaving every thing else far behind, puts into our hands the

palm of victory over the sorrows of earth, doubts and fears, death and the grave!"

In the present enlightened age, when the spirit of religious enquiry is abroad, it is strongly incumbent upon all to "search the Scriptures," that we may judge for ourselves of the various creeds which obtain in the world; and it should be considered no less a duty than a privilege to examine the book from which each boasts of deriving its authority, to learn if these things are so, and that we may be able "to give a reason for the hope that is in us."

The young people of the present day have cause to be thankful for the institution of bible classes. It is an interesting sight to see an assemblage of the youth of either sex, avowedly for instruction in the Holy Scriptures. This mode possesses, in some respects, a superior advantage to the bible teaching of the pulpit, bringing, as it does, the pastor and his people into more intimate communion—leading the pupils to religious conversations, and furnishing the mind with useful reflections, while it serves to unite them to their minister and to each other.

However well read people may be in the Scriptures, but few comparatively have access to such works relating to biblical history, so-render the study of it more interesting and useful; fewer still possess the advantage of being able to read them in the original; so that, by the teaching of their pastor in this familiar way, much valuable information may be obtained. And the beautiful lessons of morality which are so forcibly brought forward by question and answer, oblige the pupil to apply them to himself; and the minister, by appropriate remarks and exhortations, may accomplish a great amount of good!

The study of the bible was considered by the Jews as the most fashionable branch of learning, in comparison of which profane literature was held in contempt; and may those who call themselves Christians never neglect it! What other instruction can be half so important? "The Scriptures were indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown—they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from heaven, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our grasp, and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them; he who has once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again, and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them the best."

\* If you would take away my belief in the Bible, (said I once to an unbeliever,) what would you give me as a substitute? What can you offer, that can teach me to be resigned and contented under the various sufferings which flesh is heir to; and that can support and cheer the trying hour of death; like a faith which tells us that we shall live again in another and a better world? And the candid reply was, "Nothing!"

#### THE SAVIOUR'S BRIGHT EXAMPLE A MODEL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

CHAP. II.—DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

"The noblest friendship ever shown,  
The Saviour's history makes known."

COWPER.

SELFISHNESS is the predominant and ruling passion of the human bosom. Its power over the conscience and the heart is glaring and awful; and were there not counteracting influences, produced by Divine grace, man, in every instance, would be a foe to his fellow, and the strong would, invariably, subdue the weak. This principle of the heart, of inclosing itself within itself, is acted out and manifested amid the grades and distinctions of men, from the prince on the throne to the lowest subject. And its influence is so subtle, its detection so difficult, and its power so secreted under plausible and opposite tendencies, that it is almost impossible rightly to analyse its motives, and detect its sophistries. Hence, the man of wealth will insinuate that selfishness is not his end, but a due regard to his increasing and rising family. Tho-

man of science will often attribute his unwearied, persevering energies to philanthropic feelings; while, in fact, the serpent of selfishness is at the root of them all. And there are not a few instances, where men calling themselves Christians pursue a noble, heroic, and fearless course of conduct, rather for the advancement of their selfish interests, and the glory of a name, than for the Divine honour, and the Saviour's praise.

Selfishness, too often, moves the springs of friendship: and it is here that the "many-headed monster" finds ready access. O, how often has the flattering commendation, the fulsome praise, the winning smile, been attributed to sincere affection; when, in truth, selfishness, in all its ignoble train, has moved the heart, and influenced the conduct. The young man has reason to question, may detest, any form of friendship which panders to his foolish and high-minded thoughts, flatters his heart, and pours adulation into his ear; such conduct betrays selfishness in its essence, and ignorance in its most injurious form. He is the *real friend* who will detect this malignant foe, and faithfully expose it. He is the *sincere companion* who will root up the weeds of folly, and affectionately tell his brother his faults. Oh, think not, my readers, that he is *less a friend* who pulls down at a blow your lofty "castle-building," and erects on their rubbish the foundation of right principles, just thoughts of yourself, and humble views of your position in the sight of a holy, Divine Being, whose law is equity, and whose government is founded on the pillars of truth.

With a sincere desire, my dear fellow-labourers, for your welfare as teachers of the rising generation, and to correct this principle of selfishness, common to us all, I beg your attention to its opposite characteristic, in the life of Jesus Christ. Yes, he was a *disinterested Friend*. Selfishness, the bane of society, the antagonist of every good word and work, never entered his soul: "My meat and drink," said he, on a memorable occasion, "is to do my Father's will, and to finish his work." His whole life was a breathing, moving, all-impelling principle of real benevolence. He thought, and they were thoughts of disinterested regard and intense affection. He breathed, and it was the breath of real, undeviating kindness. He acted, and his whole actions tell of sincere love, and unwearied devotedness. Tell me not of maternal solicitude, of paternal affection, of sisterly kindness, of brotherly love, of earthly friendships, in all their glowing and romantic colours. "Herein is love"—here is the highest stretch of disinterested friendship—"not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave himself for us." Come with me, my friends, to the streets of Jerusalem,

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Observe the practical operation of the disinterested friendship of your Redeemer, in the healing of the sick, sympathising with the wretched, instructing the ignorant, and saving the lost. Come with me to the garden of Gethsemane, the hill of Calvary, the ignominious death, the dreary tomb, and there behold friendship the world never saw before, which it shall never see again. "Herein is love." "I have a baptism to be baptised with," said this disinterested Friend on another occasion, "and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." His eye reached forward with a holy ardour to the consummation of his work. His soul was enlarged:—his zeal was a consuming fire, which burned intensely in every movement of his history, in every lesson he taught, in every office he performed, and became brighter and brighter as it progressed to its close—"how am I straitened until it be accomplished."

"Oh! never, never canst thou know  
What then for thee the Saviour bore;  
The pangs of that mysterious woe,  
That wrung his frame at every pore—  
The weight that pressed upon his brow,  
The fervour of his bosom's core.  
Yes, man for man perchance may brave  
The horrors of the yawning grave,  
And friend for friend, or child for sire,  
Undaunted and unmoved expire,  
From love—or piety—or pride:—  
But *who can die as Jesus died!*"

My dear fellow-labourers, allow me, affectionately, to ask you, *what think you of this friendship, disinterested and noble as it was?* O let it be a model for your *élan* imitation. Let your every act of instruction be associated with the character of a *disinterested friend*, to the children of your charge. Tell me, is it your meat and drink to do your Master's work? Are you fired with holy zeal, a vehement, burning desire for the salvation of the young committed to your hands? Contemplate yet closer the disinterested friendship of your Saviour. Imbibe his spirit: imitate him in this lovely feature of his character, and be assured that then "your labours shall not be in vain." O that we may breathe daily, earnest, wrestling, continuous prayer for this delightful spirit, and under the influence of this noble example, sow beside all waters, rejoicing that we shall in due time reap an abundant harvest.

JUNIAS.

M'Gill Street, Montreal, Feb. 1, 1843.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### 1842—CHINA.

THE aspect of the world has undergone some important changes within the last year. Among them all, the most striking, and probably the most influential on the condition of man in future years, is the opening of China to European commerce & enterprise, and to the religious influences of Christendom. The English papers, on the reception of the news, were filled with expressions of confident hope in the immediate and long continued impulse that would be given, by the event, to the industry of the whole British Empire. Manufactures of all kinds would resume their wonted life and vigor, trade would revive, the poor would find ready employment and adequate pay, idle capital would be brought into use; and instead of a general cry of want, distress and ruin from all quarters, there would be heard the cheerful hum of busy and successful industry.

Of the moral and religious results of this memorable event, we can hardly speak. We know that the policy of England for a quarter of a century past, has favored the spread of Christianity wherever her influence is felt. There is no reason to apprehend any reverse of that policy. And, although the particulars of the Treaty are not known, and the extent to which citizens of other countries may have access to the population of China, cannot with absolute certainty be predicted, there is yet, for all the purposes of Christian activity, sufficient ground to regard the empire as open and free to religious equally with commercial activity and enterprise. Three Hundred Millions of human beings brought within reach of the missionary's voice in a moment! Certainly, for practical purposes, we may speak of all those millions—that one-third of the human race—as accessible at this moment. There is not the least probability that the messengers of the Saviour's love will penetrate China so fast as it will be freely open. The laborers lag behind the whitening harvest. The master—who rules among the nations—prepares the open way faster than his servants are ready to enter it.

Nor can it be told what the results of these events upon the religious state of the Chinese people—upon their attachment to their old religious system, and their feelings towards a change, may be. But Christian faith must regard the developments of Providence as designed to subserve the purposes of mercy; and it is our part to cherish and act upon that faith in the present instance. We must look upon the whole as the work of God, which shall certainly attain its end, an end that can be no other, in the ultimate result, than that for which Christ Jesus came into the world. From a providential development of such magnitude and grandeur—one which may mark and give in its name to the age—ought we not to expect vast results in regard to the religious state of mankind?

In this aspect of it, therefore, the opening of China is an event of unspeakable importance, and we have reason to watch the results as likely to be among the grandest of those that shall combine to usher in the day when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. What Christian would willingly pass the two or three years to come without the China news, and the news of movements the world over in regard to China! Let it be remembered that God is thus moving, His wonders to perform,

and these overturnings among the nations assume an interest and a grandeur that, while they quicken and elevate the thoughts, fill the believing soul with awe and wonder.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

ANECDOTE OF A TRAVELLER.—The following amusing anecdote is told of Burckhardt, a famous traveller in Africa:—

Burckhardt sailed from England early in 1809, and arrived at Malta in safety. Here he equipped himself in the style of an Oriental, assuming the character of an Indian Mohammedan merchant, and sailed for Acre, whence he hoped to be able to reach Tripoli in Syria, or Latakia. After being twice duped by the captains of the little trading vessels with whom he engaged a passage, by their telling him, when he was fairly embarked, that they were not going to the place which they had represented, he reached the coast of Syria, at Suedieh. Having bargained with the muleteers for the transport of himself and his baggage to Aleppo, he was beginning to load the mules when he received a message from the aga, or Turkish governor of the place, requesting to see him. Our traveller found this dignitary smoking his pipe in a miserable room, and pulling off his slippers he sat down before him. After having partaken of a cup of coffee Burckhardt asked his highness what he wanted. The aga answered by making a sign with his thumb and fore-finger, like a person counting money; at the same time inquiring particularly what was contained in the chest of which our traveller's baggage was composed. Burckhardt, who had among them several packets for the British consul at Aleppo, told him that he did not know, but he thought there was a sort of Frank or European drink (beer,) and some eatables, which he had brought from Malta for the consul. Not to be thus eluded, the aga sent one of his people to examine the contents. The messenger tasted the beer, and found it abominably bitter, and as a sample of the eatables, he carried a potato, which he took out of one of the barrels, to his master. The aga tasted the raw potato, and instantly spitting it out again, exclaimed loudly against the Franks' stomach, which could bear such food. After this sample he did not care to investigate further, and exacting a fine of ten piastres, he allowed Burckhardt to proceed.—*Merry's Museum.*

BENEFIT OF A SINGLE TRACT.—In attempting to cross a river in America, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and got into deep water, but by catching hold of a bough, reached dry land in safety. After drying his clothes in the sun, he met a man who directed him to the nearest village, telling him to inquire for a good lady's house, where he received all the kindness and attention she could show him. The next morning the Doctor took leave of his kind hostess, and proceeded on his journey. After a lapse of five years he happened to be in America again. As he was on his way to one of the provincial conferences, in company with about thirty other persons, a young man requested the favour of being allowed to converse with him; and asking him if he recollected being in such a part of America about five years ago, he replied in the affirmative. "And do you recollect, sir, in attempting to cross the river, being nearly drowned?" "I remember it quite well." "And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady at such a village?" "I remember it well," said the Doctor, "and never shall I forget the kindness which she showed me." "And do you remember, when you left, leaving a tract at that lady's house?" "I do not recollect that," said the doctor, "but it is very possible I might do so." "Yes, sir," said the young man, "you did leave there a tract, which that lady read, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to the conversion of her soul; it was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours, and there is now in that village a little flourishing society." The tears of the good Doctor showed something of the feelings of his heart. The young man resumed, "I have not, sir, quite told you all. I am one of that lady's children, and owe my conversion to God to the gracious influence with which He accompanied the reading of that tract to my mind, and I am now, Dr. Coke, on my way to conference to be proposed as a travelling preacher."—*Rep. T. S.*

DIED.—At Napierville, on the 2d January, after a short illness, at the protracted age of 76 years, Mr. James Delmige.

(See last page.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

From Tiler's Natural History.  
THE TIGER.

The tiger has the appellation of royal attached to it for the same reason, we presume, as the lion is honoured with the title of majesty, namely, amazing strength and rapacity, by which he spreads terrors and desolation among the inhabitants of the forest. But surely it is no compliment to royalty to apply the term to such ravenous and savage beasts as that upon the notice of which we are now entering.

The tiger, though somewhat less than the lion, is scarcely inferior in strength; whilst in the splendour of his clothing, and in the general beauty of his form and appearance, he is greatly superior. There is no other quadruped, perhaps, that is so gaudily attired as the tiger; but what savage and bloody-thirsty dispositions lie concealed under that gay clothing? The beauty of the tiger's form and marking are lost in the terror that his unmeasured power and insatiable thirst of blood, with his surpassing craft in seeking it, awaken in the breast. The hair of the tiger is of a bright yellow ground, with transverse streaks of extreme blackness; the whole coat is exceedingly smooth and glossy, while the elegance of his form, with the beauty of his adorning, are deeply calculated to awaken the admiration of the beholder. If all within were as fair as all without, the tiger would be the most favourite quadruped in the world. But clothing, as his lovely skin does, the most savage dispositions in the world, his beauties are permitted to waste themselves in the trackless wilds he is doomed to inhabit, shunned and dreaded by all, but especially by man, who alone has the disposition to admire and appreciate the beauty of the tiger's form and colours.

Tigers are not found on the African continent, but they abound in India, and are found in some parts of China; whilst in Sumatra they exist in so great numbers that whole villages have been depopulated by their ravages, and all the cattle destroyed. They are said to be the largest and most ferocious in Hindostan, where, as well as in Sumatra, they are worshipped by the superstitious inhabitants through fear; though some account it an honour, rather than otherwise, to be devoured by such a creature as a tiger, whose powers are considered as those of a divinity.

Sir S. Raffles gives several accounts of these superstitious fears of the Sumatrans in regard to the tiger. He says, "One of the villagers in the vicinity of Bencoolen told me that his father and grandfather were carried off by tigers; and there is scarcely a family that has not lost some of its members by them. In many places the inhabitants appear to have resigned the dominion to the tigers, and take few precautions against them, regarding them as sacred. The natives hold the transmigration of souls, and call the tiger their *nene*, or grandfather, upon the supposition that the souls of their ancestors are dwelling in the tigers. On the banks of one of the rivers, above a hundred persons were devoured by the tigers in a single year. When the tiger enters a village the people prepare rice and fruits, and place them at the entrance, supposing that the tiger will be pleased with this hospitable reception, and pass on without doing them any harm."

Lady Raffles also says, "The coolies, in passing through a forest, came upon a tiger that was crouched upon the path. They immediately stopped and addressed him in terms of supplication, assuring him they were poor people, carrying the *luan basur*, or great man's luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they implored permission to pass on quietly and without molestation. The tiger, being startled at their appearance, got up and walked quietly into the depths of the forest; and they came on perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety."

The Sumatrans are roused to attempt the destruction of the tiger by the death of some of their relations, that it has devoured. The tiger sucks the blood of its victim; and the next night it comes again to carry off the carcase into the woods to devour it. The natives sometimes fasten this to a tree to prevent its being removed, and place a vessel of water, mixed with arsenic, besides it, so that the tiger, after satisfying itself with flesh, comes to drink of the water, and is poisoned. Tigers are caught also in strong traps, like cages,

with falling doors, within which the animals are enticed by the bait of a goat or a dog. Other devices are employed, too, for their destruction.

Hunting the tiger in India is a popular, but dangerous sport. It is an exercise, however, which is of great service in that country; and, as the dominion of Europeans has extended there, the race of tigers has rapidly diminished. The E. India Company formerly offered a considerable sum, about twenty skillings per head, for every tiger that was killed within their provinces; and a German, of the name of Paul, is said to have killed as many as five tigers in one day. They are hunted upon elephants, as horses can very seldom be brought to face a tiger: and elephants are very much frightened, holding up their trunks in the air when they approach one of these dreadful creatures. The hunters shoot the tigers from their seats on the back of the elephants. The sport is not always successful, as the tiger generally attempts to conceal himself, and escape unseen; but, wounded and roused from his lair, he meets his enemies and death with great courage and fierceness. Tigers take immense leaps, and come often with surprising force upon their enemies. They will sometimes spring with such force upon the head of an elephant as to bring it, with its riders to the ground. The elephant is generally able to shake off the enemy under his feet; when the tiger is crushed at once, or receives a kick which breaks half his ribs, and drives him perhaps twenty paces.

To be continued.

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