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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

EFFECTS OF NOVEL READING.

A FACT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Advocate of Moral Reform* relates the following thrilling fact, as a warning to the reader against contracting a passion for novel reading:—

When visiting, in my tract district, about two years since, I met with a lady in a small and scantily furnished apartment, in whose history I at once felt a deep interest. Every thing about her, though perfectly clean and orderly, indicated the most abject poverty, while the style of her conversation, and the spirit she manifested, betokened one who had moved in refined and intelligent society, and who had also learned of Christ, and drank deeply of his spirit. She had evidently known sorrow, and I inferred that domestic troubles were the cause of her sadness. I tried to draw from her the history of the past, but she seemed studiously to avoid alluding to it; and while she conversed with the utmost freedom upon religious subjects, I was unable to learn the cause of her sadness.

Not long after my acquaintance commenced, her first-born, a lad of ten or eleven years of age, was drowned. While playing, in company with some rude boys on the dock, some difficulty occurred which occasioned a scuffle, in which he was precipitated into the water, and before aid could be obtained, life was extinct. The mother's heart was overwhelmed with the deepest anguish. "The loss of her son," she said, "in itself, was nothing, compared with the agonizing circumstance attending his death. The thought that he had been hurried from a scene of strife and guilt into the presence of his Judge, was the bitter drug in her cup of sorrow." I saw her frequently about this time. Afflictions, new and soul-subduing, seemed to break down the barriers of reserve that she had reared around her domestic history, and she freely opened to me her whole heart, and told me of her past errors.

She was a native of England; the child of Christian and influential parents, who watched over her childhood with the greatest care, and spared no pains or expense, in their efforts to make her all that is lovely and valuable in woman. Surrounded as she was by a large circle of intelligent and affectionate friends, with all of worldly good that she needed, her life ran smoothly and prosperously along, and she ripened into womanhood, with fair prospects for happiness and usefulness.

She enjoyed great advantages for reading, and cultivating her mind. It was her father's delight to see her with a book, and he never thought that money misapplied that was spent in the purchase of books. She said, "As I was leaving a school where I had spent two years, my teacher, for whose opinions I entertained a high respect, and who appeared to take a deep interest in my future progress in literature, proffered me some advice res-

pecting my reading, and laid down some rules for the regulation of my time. He concluded his advice by recommending to me the perusal of the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and a few other works of the kind. I had never been indulged in novel reading, and looked upon it as a forbidden pleasure; but with the sanction of my teacher, I purchased and perused the books without scruple. A bias was thus given to my taste, which I readily found the means of gratifying. I became a subscriber to magazines and periodicals that were filled with tales of romance; every novel that issued from the press found a place in my library. My substantial and useful reading was gradually relinquished, the novel reading became with me an all-absorbing passion; my views of life were totally changed; every thing that pertained to the common duties and occurrences of life was tame and uninteresting. I was restless and often unhappy, without any apparent cause. I was constantly longing for adventure, something to interrupt the smooth current of life."

The result of all this was, an elopement on her part with a man, of whose character and fortune she knew nothing, except from his own lips; one whom her parents judged to be worthless, and forbade her receiving his attentions; one who was evidently far below her, in intelligence and refinement. A few days after their clandestine marriage, they sailed for America, and for a time she thought she was experiencing the fruition of her hopes. A few months only had rolled away, before she found to her sorrow that she had linked her destiny to one who was utterly worthless; with no property to depend upon, and no profession by which to support himself and wife honorably; one who drank deeply of the inebriate's cup, and who was, in every respect, an adept in the school of vice. Years rolled on; poverty and disgrace, loneliness and sorrow were her portion. Little ones gathered around her, and cried for bread. He who should have provided it was often absent from their miserable home, for weeks and months together, and during these periods, and often at other times, all she had with which to feed and shelter herself and babes was the scanty pittance she earned with her needle. "O! how different," she exclaimed, "are the stern realities of a *life of incidents* and adversity, from what I imagined when poring over the adventures of imaginary characters." She had none to whom she could go with her sorrows, save the Friend of Sinners, and to him she had no heart to go. Friends at home looked upon her as a disgraced outcast, and her proud English spirit prevented her seeking from them supplies for her wants, or sympathy for her distresses.

About two years before I saw her, she had hopefully found Him who came to seek and save the lost and wandering. Since that time, though her worthless husband has been more neglectful and abusive than ever, her peace had for the most of the time been as a river, and her faith strong and unwavering. The support of her little ones devolves upon her,

and her needle is employed most diligently early and late. She has written to her parents, seeking their forgiveness, and making a full disclosure of her circumstances, and of the history of the past twelve or fourteen years. She has not heard from them, and fears they are dead. Her greatest distress and anxiety is respecting her children, lest they grow up in ignorance and vice. She said, after concluding her narrative, "I trace my filial disobedience, and all my consequent troubles, to the influence of novels. I wove a beautiful veil around my imagination, and fancied that the more full of romance my life was, the more of happiness it would yield me; but I have discerned my folly when it was too late to prevent its effects."

Could the youthful readers of this article have stood with me in that lonely dwelling, and heard from *her own lips* the account of her trials, her miseries, and her utter desolation, and then heard her plead with the visitor to warn the young against the unhallowed page, they would methinks, fear to do violence to their moral constitutions, as she has done.

This case is but one of a thousand that falls under the observation of the tract visitor, where abject poverty and deep misery are the result of wrong views of life, and where those views are obtained from novels.

From the Methodist Quarterly Review.

LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE.

SOME critics of distinction have proposed, as a convenient test of poetical merit, the method of selecting from writers whom we would compare, those passages which describe the same, or similar objects; and it stamps the Bible with evident superiority. How majestic is the description of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea!—

"With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together;
The floods stood upright as a heap;
And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea!"

Such is the grandeur with which the scene is introduced. The host of Pharaoh pursue into the midst of the sea—the children of Israel are safe on the opposite shore. The triumph of Moses and the song of Miriam continue:—

"Thou didst blow with thy wind:
The sea covered them.
They sank as lead in the mighty waters!"

The sister of Aaron concludes with a strain of victory:—

"Sing ye to the Lord,
For he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!"

The host of the redeemed throw up a shout to heaven, which makes the hills of Aialy tremble; and the obedient waters roll in upon chariots and horsemen, and cover them with everlasting oblivion. We find not to the judgment of scholars, whether the entire circle of the classics can furnish a parallel to this passage.

Thomson, who wears the laurel in descriptive poetry, has paraphrased a part of the

ninety-first Psalm in the following celebrated strains:—

"O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty hear,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thee."

Every individual will exclaim, This is beautiful! And very beautiful it is. But let us listen to the original poet himself; rather, to a literal prose translation of the mighty monarch bard:—

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty!
He shall cover thee with his feathers;
And under his wings shalt thou trust!
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day,
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday!
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder;
The young lion and the dragon thou shalt trample
under feet!"

THE Bible is a store-house of truth and beauty. It contains history to instruct, precepts to guide, poetry and incidents to inspire and charm. It gives us the history of creation, the origin of the different languages, and the beginning of the most ancient nations. From it we learn the cause and the history of that deluge, with which the present mineralogical and geological structures of the earth are intimately connected. The laws of Moses are the foundation of the laws of all Christian nations. The Decalogue, the Proverbs of Solomon, and Christ's Sermon on the Mount, are the original sources from which correct moral teaching is drawn. No feigned inspiration of bards or sybils can compare with that which is real and Divine. It was the soft, the pensive, the heart-melting strains of David, that taught the Christian poet to sing his delightful Task. It was at this sacred fountain of simplicity and grandeur that Milton lit up the fires of his immortal muse. Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered would never have seen the light, nor would the returning crusaders have brought into Europe the revival of letters, had it not been for the sacred associations which the Bible has thrown around Zion and Olivet, the waters of Siloam and the cross of Calvary.

The incidents of the sacred volume are such events as the plagues of Egypt; the passage of the Red Sea; the Law given amidst the smoke and thundering and rocking of Sinai; the downfall of Babylon; the shaking of the nations; the burning of the world. The mightiest events are often painted by a single stroke of the sacred pencil, "Come down, O Babylon, sit in the dust," predicts the overthrow of the mightiest empire of ancient days. In history or in visions, the nations of the earth are often thrown upon the sacred pages, and disappear like the rapid and brilliant meteors of night. All the lovers of truth and of beauty, of ancient song and ancient lore, would admire the Bible and publish its praises, trumpet-tongued, to earth's ends, were it not for the religious doctrines and the moral duties which it inculcates.

HAS EVERY MAN A RIGHT TO READ THE BIBLE?

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

MONTAUBAN, TARN-AND-GARONNE, }
April 15, 1842.

A LEARNED minister of the Gospel, Mr. Oster, has published lately a book upon this question: "Has every man a right to read the Bible?" In this work is a chapter in which the author examines by what causes and means the Romish church has come gradually to forbid laymen to read the Word of God. It will be interesting to give you a sketch of these investigations, adding such as I have made from other sources.

At first view, we cannot understand how any church whatever has dared to prevent the reading of the Scriptures. What, indeed? Here is a book which is called the *Book of God*, the *Word of the Holy Spirit*, and do you forbid men to read it? Has God then given a work dangerous for souls? Has the Holy Spirit inspired things, the reading of which is pernicious? Are you wiser than God?

These objections, so natural, so simple, have often much embarrassed the popish priests; and when they meet with enlightened adversaries, they pretend that Rome has not forbidden the reading of the Bible, and charge the protestants with slander. Let us examine then the subject by the light of history, and we shall see what Rome has done and directed respecting the Holy Scriptures.

Every body knows that, in the early times of Christianity, the reading of the Bible was as universal as prayer among the members of the church. Justin, the martyr, invites the Gentiles to read the Bible, by relating the good effects which this reading had produced among Christians. Clement of Alexandria, informs us that Christians had the habit of reading some chapters of the Bible, before taking their meals. Tertullian condemns marriages between Christians and infidels, for this reason, that they prevent the daily reading of the Scriptures. Origen exhorts men to meditate upon the Word of God, not only in church, but in their houses. The bishop of Hippo, Augustine, says that there existed in his time innumerable translations of the Bible. In a word, the Fathers of the church are unanimous in attesting that, in the age when they lived, the Word of God was generally read.

At this period, it is evident that the bishops of Rome did not dream of preventing the reading of the Bible. Had they dared to do it, a cry of indignation would have been raised against them from all quarters, and would have compelled them to retract this wicked prohibition. How, then, have they since come to do so?

If the Latin language had continued to be the universal medium of communication among the nations of Europe, the reading of the Bible would have been kept up. But the invasions of the Barbarians produced gradually new dialects, Italian, French, Spanish, which were originally but ill-formed provincial dialects. Schools were shut, study forsaken, learning forgotten. Scenes of robbery and blood filled all the West. A profound ignorance crept over the church itself. The new Christians, Goths, Vandals and Germans knew only the external forms of religion, and passed their lives upon the field of battle. The priests were not better instructed. All the books and all the intelligence of ancient times had fled to a few monasteries.

The bishops of Rome, with consummate address, took advantage of things to strengthen and extend their dominion. They were then in a critical position. Their prerogatives had originated in the city where they resided. So long as Rome was the metropolis of the world, they had exerted a vast influence upon the churches of the West. But when new kingdoms were formed, the bishops who resided at their capitals, threatened to become independent of the Romish see: it seemed right that religious independence should follow political independence.

One means of supremacy remained to the Roman pontiffs: the continued use of the Latin language in the versions of the Bible, and in the celebration of religious worship. It was necessary at any price to preserve every where the use of the Latin, or the papal authority was gone. Unity in language was essential to unity in discipline. This explains the obstinate perseverance of the bishops of Rome to prevent religious teaching in the vulgar language. There were perhaps other causes, but the above mentioned was the principal. The missionaries who went to preach Christianity to the pagans, then very numerous in Europe, had orders to perform public worship in Latin; and if they did not, they were exposed to severe reprimands.

A remarkable example of this occurs in the ninth century. Two missionaries, *Methodus* and *Cyrill*, had preached the gospel to the Bulgarians and other nations who inhabited the east of Europe. As these new converts spoke only the Slavonic language, the Latin language was not introduced into the religious services. One of the missionaries, *Cyrillus*, even invented a Slavonic alphabet, and translated the Bible into

the language of the country. This caused great indignation at Rome. The two missionaries were cited, in 867, before pope *Nicholas I.* They appeared. *Cyrill*, to justify themselves, took the book of Psalms, and read this verse: "Let every thing which liveth and hath breath praise the Lord." Then he added: "It all that breathes ought to praise the Lord, why then, excellent fathers, would you forbid us from expressing the solemnities of worship in the Slavonic language? Seeing that this nation was wholly ignorant in the ways of the Lord, the Holy Spirit put this thought into our hearts, by which we have gained many souls. Pardon us then, fathers and lords, since the holy apostle Paul, the teacher of the Gentiles, says: 'Forbid not to speak with tongues' (1 Cor. xiv. 39.) If it is so, why should not the Slavonians praise the Lord in their own language?"

The pope replied to *Cyrillus* in these harsh terms: "Though the apostle recommended the use of divers tongues, he did not mean to say by this that divine service should be performed in the language of which you speak."

The missionaries returned to the churches they had founded, and as they continued to make use of the vulgar tongue, pope *John VIII.* wrote to them 879: "We learn that you celebrate mass in a barbarous, that is to say the Slavonic language. We therefore forbid you, by these our letters, from doing so."

But this prohibition did not last long. Most of the Bulgarians had recognized the authority of the patriarch of Constantinople, and the court of Rome feared that the other churches of the East would follow this example. Then, as has a thousand times happened to the Vatican, pope *John VIII.* changed his system to suit circumstances. He authorized in 880 what he had forbidden a year before. "We approve," he writes to the duke of Moravia, "of having the praises of God, the discourses and works of Jesus Christ, related in the Slavonic language. For the Bible exhorts us to praise the Lord, not in three languages only, but in all languages. And surely, nothing in faith or in doctrine prevents that the gospel, or the divine lessons of the Old and New Testament, should be read or sung, as well as other parts of religious worship, in good translations—for He who made the three principal languages, Hebrew, Greek and Latin, also made all other languages to his praise and glory."

Here then is a pope who, fearing to lose his jurisdiction over certain churches, speaks like protestants! Yes, but wait! These concessions, snatched by fear, were next revoked by another pope; such are the constant tactics of Rome, and it does not at all disturb the pretended successors of St. Peter to be in contradiction with each other.

To be continued.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE RAGGED CHILD AND THE WHITE CLOVER:

A LESSON FOR THE COMPLAINING.

THE beautiful and touching lesson of contentment containing in the following extract, is from the pen of Mrs. Child, the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Let the uneasy, the desponding and the complaining, read and ponder it, and be happy. With all the evils of life, the sources of enjoyment are infinite, and to find them, we have only to look around us and within us, instead of looking beyond us. We are poor in the midst of abundance, and wretched with all the resources of happiness.

The celebrated traveller, Park, was once raised from despondency by an occurrence equally trifling. He had penetrated far into the interior of Africa: his food was consumed, his strength exhausted, and he alone: he lay upon the ground, with solitude and desolation on every side: giving himself up to despair, he resigned himself to death. At that moment his eye chanced to fall upon a little moss, of exquisite beauty, and the only form of vegetable life far as the eye could reach in that burning desert. The thought flashed upon him, could God create that beautiful moss, and take care of it in that dry and sandy waste, and give it such beauty, when there was no eye to admire it, and would he forsake him, his child, made in his own image, exploring his works, and destined to immortality? It could not be. New strength invigorated his limbs; he arose from the ground, and pursuing his journey in confidence in God, escaped from the desert.

"When the spirit is at war with its outward environment, because, it is not inwardly dwelling in

trifling obedience to its God, how often does some very slight incident bring it back, humble and repentant, to the Father's footstool! A few days since, cities seemed to me such hateful places, that I deemed it the greatest of hardships to be pent up therein. As usual, the outward grew more and more delectable, as it reflected the restlessness of the inward. Piles of stones and rubbish, left by the desolating fire, looked more ho, and dreary than ever; they were building brick houses between me and the sunset—and in my requiring selfishness, I felt as if it were my sunset, and no man had a right to shut it out; and then to add the last drop to my vexation, they painted the roof of the house and piazza as fierce a red, as if the mantle of the great fire that destroyed its predecessor had fallen over them. I might have applied to the city authorities to abate the nuisance; but luckily my aversion to such authorities was even greater than to red roofs, under a July sun. The wiser course would have been to try to find something agreeable in a red roof, since it suited my neighbor's convenience to have one. But the head was not in a mood to be wise, because the heart was not humble and obedient; so I fretted inwardly about the red roof, more than I would care to tell in words; I even thought to myself that it would be no more than just and right if people with such bad taste should be sent to live by themselves on a quarantine island.

"Then I began to think of myself as a most unfortunate and ill-used individual, to be forever a dandelion to gaze upon; from that I fell to thinking of many fierce encounters between my will and necessity, and how will had always been conquered, chained, and sent to the treadmill to work. The more I thought after this fashion, hotter glared the bricks, and fiercer glowed the red roof, under the scorching sun. I was making a desert within, to paint its desolate likeness on the scene without.

"A friend found me thus, and having faith in Nature's healing power, he said, 'Let us seek green fields and flowery nooks.' So we walked abroad; and while yet amid the rattle and glare of the city, close by the iron railway, I saw a very little ragged child stooping over a little patch of stunted, dusty grass. She rose up with a broad smile over her hot face, for she had found a white clover! The tears were in my eyes. 'God bless thee, poor child!' said I; 'thou hast taught my soul a lesson, which it will not soon forget. Thou poor neglected one, canst thou blossom by the dusty way-side, and rejoice in thy hard path, as if it were a mossy bank, strewn with violets?' I felt humbled before that ragged, gladsome child. Then saw I plainly that walls of brick and mortar did not, and could not hem me in. I thought of those who loved me, and every remembered kindness was a flower in my path; I thought of intellectual gardens, where this poor child might perchance never enter, but where I could wander at will over acres broad as the world; and if even there the restless spirit felt a limit, lo, poetry had but to throw a ray thence, and the fair gardens of earth were reflected in the heavens, like the 'fata morgana' of Italian skies, resting on a bed of rainbows. Because I was poor in spirit, straight way there was none so rich as I. Then was it revealed me that only the soul which gathers flowers by the dusty way-side can truly love the fresh anemone by the running brook, or the trailing arbutus hiding its beautiful face among the moss. I returned home a better and a wiser woman, thanks to the blessed ministry of that little one. I saw that I was not ill-used and unfortunate, but blessed beyond others; one of Nature's favorites, whom she ever took to her kindly heart, and comforted in all seasons of distress and waywardness. Though the sunset was shut out, there still remained the roscate flush of twilight, as if the sun, in answer to my love, had written me a farewell message on the sky. The red piazza stood there, blushing for him who painted it; but it no longer pained my eyesight; I thought what a friendly warmth it would have, seen through the wintry snows. Oh, blessed indeed are little children! Mortals do not understand half they owe them, for the good they do us is a spiritual gift, and few perceive how it intertwines the mystery of life. They form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls; and without them, such communication would be lost utterly. Then be thou ever as a little child!"

A GOOD WIFE.—Sir James Mackintosh, in a letter to Dr. Paw, says of his wife, then recently deceased:—

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connection in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful wife, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy or giddy enough to be infected by my impru-

dence, or who had rudely and harshly attempted to correct it, I should, in either case, have been irretrievably ruined; a fortune in either case, would, with my habits, have been only a short cut to destruction. But I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings and my character. Even in her occasional resentment—for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God that I could recall those moments!)—she had no sultriness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous—but she was placable, tender and constant. She united the most tender prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that disclaimed the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. To expect that anything on this side the grave can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe and paternal chastisement I am cut down to the ground."

THE TRAVELLER.

CHINA.

Those in this country, especially among the ladies, who think that China is a Paradise of Tea, where the great family of Sen-hongs, Gunpowders and Hysons, luxuriate and flourish, can form no adequate idea, without exploring the matter a little, how much trouble the natives of the Celestial Empire have, to send hither these products of their soil. They have not only to support themselves with the growth of rice and millet, but it is pronounced on the authority of Amoit, noticed in the "Collection," to which we have several times of late alluded, that the cultivated lands of the country are estimated at 598,172,500 English acres. This territory is divided into patches of a few acres each, generally owned by the occupants. A rigid economy of the soil is practised. With the exception of the royal gardens at Peking, no land in the empire is taken up with parks or grounds. Of meadows, there are none; of pasture grounds scarcely any. The few ruminating animals, scattered thinly over the country, gather a scanty subsistence, as best they may, on mountains and marshes unfit for cultivation. As wheel carriages are not used, the highways are but a few feet wide, and nothing is thrown away there. No fences are allowed to encumber the soil; no hedges to prey upon its strength. Sepulchres are always on hills too barren for cultivation. A narrow footpath separates neighboring farms, and porcelain landmarks define more permanently their respective limits. Even the sterile mountains are terraced into fertility, and glow with ripening harvests, intermingled with the brilliant foliage of clustering fruit trees. Porcelain manufacture, first introduced to Europeans by Marco Polo, had its origin in China. The first porcelain furnace on record was in Keang-sy, which dates as far back as the commencement of the seventh century of our era. King-tse-ching, a place near the Poyan; I. ke, is now the most celebrated for this manufacture.

The factories were commenced there about A. D. 1000, and have increased to several hundreds. Staunton says that the flames which issue from them cause the place to appear at night like a vast city enveloped in a general conflagration. The spectacle is terrific and sublime. The furnaces give employment to the male working portion of a population said to amount to a million. The division of labor is at its acme. A teacup, from the time when it lies embedded in its native quarries till it comes forth in its perfection from the furnace, passes through more than fifty different hands. The painting alone is divided between a half dozen persons, one of whom sketches the outline of a bird, another of a plant, a third of some other figure, while a fourth fills in the colors. The brilliancy of their coloring has never been surpassed; but the designing is not as a general thing to be commended. The reason probably is, that no higher wages are paid to those who labor in this department of the manufacture, than to those who perform the coarser operations. There is no greater mistake extant, however, than that which supposes no genius in China for correct landscape painting. That country has produced specimens in this art which win the highest admiration; and which may fairly challenge a comparison with any of the modern school.

WALKS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE want of beach for sea-bathing, is very sensibly felt by those who are accustomed to that source of health and enjoyment; and, unless a stranger is fond of walking in the woods and across the country, and musing, as he goes, on man and nature, he soon gets tired of the monotonous drives and rides along the few roads, which are rarely pleasantly practicable for equestrian exercise in summer to a greater extent than ten miles in two directions, or for a carriage for more than that distance on one alone. A walk along the frowning and beetling margin of the ocean, from Outer Cove to Torbay, is one of the best relaxations; for there the sea in all its grandeur incessantly wages war with the land, and gains great and permanent victories among the slate-cliffs. There, too, late in summer, you sometimes see the solitary yet splendid iceberg at a distance, looking like a crystal monument of nature, warning us that the season is short ere winter again is to wrap the land and water in its mantle of white. There you may see, now and then, the whale and the porpoise gambolling; and there man—busy man—is toiling on the broad waters, in a boat reduced by distance to a speck, for the means of supporting his existence; whilst the angry waves, climbing up and following on the precipices under your feet, give ample evidence that his occupation is precarious.—*Sir R. Bonycastle's Newfoundland.*

AN ASYLUM INSTEAD OF A GRAVE.

A LONG list of ships might be given whose crews have been massacred by cannibals in the islands of the Pacific ocean. The tragical history of the Boyd, the Charles Eaton, the Alceste, the Sterling Castle, the Corsair, the Oldham, and many other ships, afford most affecting proof of the dangers which formerly attended the navigation of those seas. But not one ship has been taken, and not one drop of European blood has been shed at any island, after its inhabitants have become Christians. From a memorial addressed by the Rev. Mr. Williams to the Common Council of the city of London, it appears, that about 150 ships touch annually at one or other of the islands where there are English missionaries. They anchor with perfect safety, procure all necessary provisions at a cheap rate, and refit as in the ports of England. In case of shipwreck, the toil-worn seamen, instead of being barbarously murdered, are treated with the greatest kindness. On an island which has but recently received the gospel, a ship was wrecked; but the crew were recovered from death by the gratuitous exertions of the converted natives; all the stores and cargo were preserved, so that the captain assured the missionaries that he had not lost a single nail. This is the eighth or tenth vessel that has been wrecked at one or other of the missionary stations, and in every instance the crew and property have been preserved.

Fossil bones of the lizard, 24 feet in length, equal to the dragons of antiquity, have been found in Britain.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the divinely appointed means of sustaining spiritual life in a believer's soul; and by shedding all within the influence of divine grace, imparting to all without the impress of the divine image.

It is the gathering of the celestial manna—the feeding on the living bread which came down from heaven, to nourish the soul to everlasting life; and for the divine nourishment thus obtained, nothing can be safely substituted.

Praising the bread of life, however warmly, cannot. Were you to try a similar experiment with your daily food for the body, what would be the result? And does the soul less require its appropriate nourishment, to strengthen its spiritual life?

Distributing the bread of life to others, however liberally, cannot be safely substituted for feeding on it ourselves, by prayer.

Try a similar experiment, but for one day, with the body; and will not its weakened and exhausted state at night, painfully remind you, that the most benevolent zeal cannot supply the place of necessary food in supporting animal life? Believe me, it can as little supply the place of secret prayer in support of the spiritual.

Working for God, however laboriously, is no safe substitute for devout communion with God; yea, the more work you have to do for God, you but the more require those abundant supplies of divine wisdom, grace and strength, which you can alone obtain by fervent prayer; and without which you will soon grow weary in, or weary of your work.

If the invigorating sunshine, and refreshing showers were withheld, would the seed deposited in the bosom of the earth spring forth? Or, if it had put forth its tender buds and blossoms, would they not, if un-nourished by heaven's sunshine and showers, soon languish, wither, droop, and die?

If the lamp be unfed with fresh supplies of oil, will not the flame burn dimmer and dimmer, and at length expire?

Not less indispensable is prayer to the progress, yea, the very life of spirituality in a believing soul!

Prayer draws down the warming beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the refreshing showers of the Spirit of grace, beneath whose genial influence all the spiritual graces which God's own hand has planted, expand in their fullest bloom, and diffuse all round their sweetest fragrance.—*Meditations on Prayer, by H. White.*

LIBERTY OF THE SOUL.

THE nearest approaches of the soul to God, its most intimate union with him, and entire subjection to him in its glorified state, make its liberty consummate. Now is its deliverance complete, its bands are fallen off; it is perfectly disentangled from all the snares of death, in which it was formerly held; it is under no restraints, oppressed by no weights, held down by no elegs. It hath free exercise of all its powers, hath every faculty and affection at command. How inconceivable a pleasure is this! With what delight doth the poor prisoner entertain himself, when his manacles and fetters are knocked off! when he is enlarged from his loathsome dungeon and the house of his bondage, breathes in a free air, can dispose of himself, and walk at liberty whither he will? The bird escaped from his cage, or freed from his line and stone, that resisted its vain and too feeble strugglings before, how pleasantly doth it range! with what joy doth it clap its wings, and take its flight—a faint emblem of the joy wherewith that pleasant cheerful note shall one day be sung and chaunted forth, 'Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped.' There is now no place for such a complaint, I would, but I cannot.—I would turn my thoughts to glorious objects, but I cannot. The blessed soul feels itself free from all confinement; nothing resists its will, as its will doth never resist the will of God. It knows no limits, no restraints; is not tied up to this or that

particular good; but exultates freely in the immense universal all-comprehending goodness of God himself.—*Howe.*

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

True blessedness consists not in any sensual enjoyment. The blessedness of a man can be but one. He can have but one highest and best good. And its proper character is, that it finally satisfies and gives rest to his spirit. This the face and likeness of God doth, his glory beheld and participated. Here then only his full blessedness must be understood to lie. But alas! this needs a great deal more to be pressed than provid. O that it were but as much considered, as it is known! The experience of almost six thousand years, one would think, hath sufficiently testified the incompetency of every worldly thing to make men happy; that the present pleasing of our senses and the gratification of our animal part are not blessedness; that men are still left unsatisfied. But the practice and course of the world are such, as if this were some late and rare experiment, which, for curiosity, every one must be trying over again. Every age renews the inquiry after an earthly felicity; the design is entailed and reinforced with as great a confidence and vigour from age to age, as if none had been baffled or defeated in it before, and as if it were very likely to take at last.—*Howe.*

THE SWORD AND SCEPTRE.

GOD said to the sword of justice, "Awake, oh sword! against my shepherd and against the man that is my fellow. Smite the shepherd." It obeyed. It smote him all along the highway of life. It followed him from Bethlehem to Gethsemane, and from Gethsemane to Calvary. There, on the top of the hill, its strokes fell thick and heavy. As it smote him, its glancings darkened the sun; its strokes shook the earth; they shook hell; they shook the universe. It smote him until justice was satisfied, and then it fell to the ground at the foot of the Cross. There it lay until the morning of the third day, when, lo, it changed to a sceptre of mercy. That sceptre has been waving in the world ever since. It is waving here now; and there is not a man, woman, or child, here, who may not touch it.—*Dr. Beaumont.*

FAITH in the object of adoration must precede the act of adoration. It is as the root supporting the whole tree, or as the reasoning soul informing and dignifying the whole body.—*Bishop of Chester.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN WATERHOUSE, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN AUSTRALASIA AND POLYNESIA.

THIS much lamented event took place at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, on March 30, 1842. As announced in our Number for April, Mr. Waterhouse safely returned from his second series of Polynesian voyages and visitations, in September, 1841. The business which awaited him on his arrival, especially his correspondence, and the public speaking he deemed it right to undertake for the purpose of stating the condition and progress of the Polynesian Missions, made large demands upon his strength, before he had taken time to recover the exhaustion arising from his long voyages. Yet, under the date of November 2d, Miss Waterhouse, now Mrs. Butters, says, "That my father's health should continue so good beneath the pressure of perpetual excitement, intense anxiety, and labours yet more abundant," is matter of devout gratitude and wonder." Within a few days after the last mentioned date Mr. Waterhouse was exposed to heavy rain, while proceeding on horseback to fulfil an appointment; and from this circumstance proceeded the illness which has deprived the church of God of a much-respected Minister, and the Wesleyan Missions of an invaluable agent and superintendent.

His afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence is felt as a severe loss to the large and important Missions under the care of Mr. Waterhouse, which had already derived great benefit from his prudent management, and wise and Christian counsel. It becomes us, however, to

bow with submission, and to acknowledge the unerring wisdom, and the undoubted goodness of God. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." It is worthy of remark that notwithstanding the extensive range of the labours of our lamented friend, and his frequent exposure to danger and death, he should have ended his course at his own peaceful home, and amidst the soothing and affectionate attentions of his numerous family. It is a still higher instance of the goodness of God, that his servant should have been graciously supported throughout his painful affliction, and his last moments should have been honoured with the full assurance of faith and hope. "He knew in whom he had believed," and "did not fear, though he passed through the valley of the shadow of death."

DEATH OF THE REV. JOSEPH ORTON, AT SEA, AND OF MR. WYATT, AT CAPE-COAST.

WE deeply regret to have to announce the death of these valued missionaries. Mr. Orton, in 1828, suffered imprisonment in Jamaica, in company with the Rev. Isaac Whitehouse, at a time when the local authorities determined, that it was a crime to preach the gospel to negroes. His confinement in the common jail of St. Ann's—at that time a most unwholesome prison—was very injurious to his constitution, and rendered a change of climate necessary. In 1831, he received an appointment to Australasia, where, for several years, he rendered very faithful and acceptable service to the society. Before his embarkation for his return home from Melbourne, his health had considerably failed; the weather which was encountered off Cape-Horn was more than his enfeebled frame could bear, and he sank under his sufferings on the 30th of April. His end was calm and peaceful, and his remains were committed to the deep in full and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. His sorrowing widow and seven children have arrived in this country.

Mr. Wyatt proceeded to Cape-Coast as a probationer in December last; and his zeal and devotedness encouraged the hope that he would prove very useful to the Africans, in whose welfare we was deeply interested. His career was suddenly cut short. He had safely passed through the seasoning fever, and was supposed to be fast recovering; when he was seized with epilepsy, and died, after a short illness, on the 7th of April last.—*Lon. Watchman.*

THE ASHANTI PRINCES.

ACCOUNTS have been received of these young men up to June 6. They are well, and are living with the Missionaries, whom they speak of as a great comfort and encouragement to them, whose benevolence in leaving their country for a distant people they appreciate. They accept with gratitude and humility the means of grace, and are using their influence with the King of Ashanti against slavery, and express a belief that "that traffic will be abolished." The impression on the natives by the return of their Princes was very favourable to the white man's character for faithfulness, and the king, who received the presents sent him with apparent gratitude, "is very happy that the good English people wish much for his comfort and prosperity and for that of his subjects." The young men "have not formed any particular friendship or connection whatever, and the report of their marriage is wholly false and unfounded."—*Id.*

AFRICAN CHAPELS.—It is a fact which must be gratifying to every individual who rejoices at the downfall of Slavery, that out of twenty-six Wesleyan chapels in Sierra Leone, the roof-timbers, the flooring, and other wood-work of twenty is composed nearly exclusively of slave-ships, which have been taken by H. M. Men of War on the coast, and condemned by the Mixed Commission Court.—*Sierra Leone Watchman*,—a new monthly journal published in Freetown,—named, we presume, after our own,—conducted by Wesleyan Missionaries,—and for the establishment of which a fund was raised by public subscription, his Honour the Chief Justice being the first and largest contributor.—*Id.*

"NOTHING LIKE THIS AMONG OUR PEOPLE." ONE of our missionaries at the East writing home a few months ago, in a letter just received, describes the death scene of Mrs. A——, the wife

of one of the devoted servants of God now toiling among the heathen. He speaks of the power of the scene upon the natives who were standing around the bed of the sufferer, as she triumphed in the hour of expiring agony, and smiled sweetly in the moment of her departure.

One of the heathen looked on with wonder, and at length broke the silence of the room by saying, "We never say any thing like this among our people."

No, no, poor pagan! and you never will, till the religion of the gospel shall shed its blessed influence on the hearts of your dying friends. Heathenism, philosophy, infidelity may teach us to die without emotion, but the gospel only can cause us to smile and sing while the heart-stings break.—*N. Y. Observer.*

STATE OF THE JEWS.

A MEETING was held on the 12th ultimo, at the school in Borough Fen, to give information concerning the state and prospects of the Jews throughout the world, Sir C. E. Smith in the chair. The meeting was shortly addressed by the Chairman and the Rev. Jos. Pratt, rector of Paston, and, at considerable length, by the Rev. Ridley Herschell and the Rev. Dr. Keith. Mr. Herschell is a Christian Israelite, a native of Prussia, who has, perhaps, more intercourse with his own nation, in this country, than any one who has quitted their faith for the religion of Christ. He stated many remarkable facts relative to the English Jews, both as to their customs, and their existing state of division and of excitement. It appears that a separation has taken place within a few months, between those Jews who hold to tradition, and those who regard no authority but that of the Hebrew Scriptures. There has been mutual communication between the parties; and the reformer Jews, whose chief place of worship is in Burton-crescent, London, are excused by their brethren of intending to become Christians, and are said, by Christians, to manifest a very devotional and interesting state of mind. Dr. Keith, the well known author of "The Evidence of Prophecy," "The Signs of the Times," &c., (who came from Scotland to assist at this meeting,) was one of four clergymen of the church of Scotland who were lately commissioned by the General Assembly to visit Palestine, Syria, and the continent of Europe, to ascertain the state of the Jews. Many of the results of that investigation Dr. Keith detailed to the meeting, wonderfully illustrating the minute fulfilment of prophecy, not only as to the people of the Jews, but the aspect of the country of Judea.—A collection was afterwards made for a society which is on the eve of formation in England, under the auspices of the Committee of the General Assembly, but open to all classes of Christians, for the temporal and religious benefit of the Jews, particularly those in England.—*Stamford Mercury.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1842.

To the truly pious mind, it is a source of deep regret, that so many errors of a fatal tendency prevail amongst professing Christians respecting the nature of true religion—and more especially, as there appears no reason why men should embrace error in preference to truth: for whatsoever is essential to salvation is so clearly revealed, that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

There is one class of individuals who "lay the flattering unction to their souls," and vainly suppose that a regular observance of the outward forms of religion is all that is necessary to constitute a true disciple of Christ; and hence, whatever relates to *experience* in the profession of their fellow-worshippers, is immediately branded with the epithet of fanaticism or enthusiasm. The communications of the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit to the heart of the believer, so repeatedly promised, and so freely offered, in the Word of

God to all who faithfully seek them, are treated with practical contempt, and many of the most solemn declarations of our divine Redeemer set at nought. To such individuals we would affectionately say, on the authority of that God to whom as religious journalists we feel ourselves responsible, that nothing short of the destruction of the carnal mind, "which is enmity against God," and the renewal of the heart in righteousness and true holiness, can support the soul in the hour of death, and secure its admission into the company of the pure and holy inhabitants of heaven. There must be a constant growth in grace, an increasing deadness to the world, ardent aspirations of soul after holiness, a strong feeling of love for the souls of our fellow-men still under the influence of sin, and an untiring zeal for the glory of our Divine Master, in endeavouring, by every means within our power, to extend the blessings of the everlasting Gospel to earth's remotest bounds.

But there is another class of Christians to which we must briefly refer,—who, although apparently sincere and earnest respecting their own salvation, nevertheless, put forth little or no effort towards reclaiming their perishing fellow-sinners. There is, if we may so speak, a *selfishness* about such a line of conduct totally at variance with the scriptural definition of the child of God; and the conclusion must be come to, (however humiliating it may be,) that there is something alarmingly defective in the character of such an one. We appeal to the experience of every individual who has been made the subject of a change of heart, whether one of his first and strongest emotions upon receiving this blessing, was not an ardent desire that every fallen child of Adam might be blessed with "like precious faith." What is the reason, then, that that desire is not more generally carried out by corresponding conduct? Is there not too much reason to fear, that the rebuke administered by the Spirit to the Church of Ephesus, may be applied to all who are "at ease in Zion,"—"I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

In no period of the history of the Church of Christ was there greater need for the exertions of the pious than at the present day; and we rejoice to add, that opportunities for Christian exertion were never so numerous. Let the awfully responsible character of the Christian profession, induce all who may read these few humble remarks, to betake themselves at once to humiliation, prayer, and self-examination; and, should they discover that their love for their Saviour hath waxed cold, let them without delay attend to the instructions contained in the conclusion of the passage we have above quoted: "Remember, therefore, from whence thou hast fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

Since the above was written, we have re-

ceived a communication, bearing upon the same important subject, from our respected friend, "L. Z.," which will be found in another column. The subject is of such vital importance, and so applicable to the conduct of too many professing Christians at the present time, that we would earnestly recommend it to the serious perusal of our readers.

THE Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England has lately issued their Annual Address to their societies and members throughout the world. We have perused this document with much satisfaction. It is replete with deep piety, affection and liberality, and contains many subjects of general interest. By the following extract may be discovered the sentiments of this highly respectable and influential branch of the Church of Christ towards their fellow Christians of other denominations, to which in a former number we briefly alluded:—

"It is matter, likewise, of devout thankfulness, that, although other churches around us are excited and agitated with controversy, our own is blessed with general union and peace. Let us improve this to the attainment of greater prosperity. Having no serious questions of doctrine and discipline to settle, let us give ourselves to our great work of acquiring vital holiness, and then spreading it through the land.

"Our ecclesiastical situation, peculiar as it may seem to be, especially to the advocates of extreme opinions on either hand, we have always regarded as providential; and the more closely we consider it, the more strongly are we persuaded that we are very favourably situated for promoting that catholic union of all believers, for which, on the eve of his passion, our Redeemer pleaded, and which, according to his own words, is a prerequisite to the conversion of the world. Of this vantageground let us make the utmost use, disregarding the rebukes and scorns of men who assume the absolute and unquestionable truth of their own principles, and who unhesitatingly condemn the least departure from them: let us endeavour, at the same time, by loyalty and good order, to serve the temporal interests of society, and in both respects to make good our claim to the designation which we derive from our Founder's name. We greatly rejoice in the fact that, on several late important occasions, evangelical clergymen of the Church of Scotland have supplied our pulpits. Amid abounding instances of intolerance and bigotry, it is truly delightful to witness this kindly spirit of mutual recognition and catholic expansiveness of heart. We hail these instances as precursors of that evangelical union of the members of Christ's mystic body, which shall one day deprive both Popery and infidelity of their vaunted arguments."

We copy the following extracts from an interesting "Report of a Western Tour," recently made by Mr. R. S. Cook, the Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society. Having alluded, in glowing and affecting terms, to the condition of society in the Western States of America, he proceeds, under the head of "Errors of the West," to describe their character, and trace its causes, as follows:—

"These are as rapid and luxuriant in their growth as the vegetation, and as poisonous as the malaria of the swamps. It cannot be otherwise so long as such abundant material exists in a population increased from year to year by immense foreign immigration.

"Romanism is entrenching itself with consummate skill, as if behind ramparts of granite, at every prominent point. She is not yet openly aggressive, and will not be, till the fears excited by her career of conquest and desolation in other lands shall here be lulled to rest. Meanwhile,

as though all her vast resources were under the control of one master-spirit, she plants her cathedrals, and colleges, and schools, and nunneries, as if they were to last for ages, at just such a place as will tell with terrible effect in the preparation for the conflict, and in the great battle itself, when it comes.

"Universalism and kindred errors, some of which have "gone to seed," and decayed at the East, the enemy of the truth has scattered broad-cast on the luxuriant soil of the West. They are now germinating, and their fruit will be destruction to thousands.

"Infidelity, of a gross, popular kind, is rife among the less informed classes. Other errors, more or less dangerous, have attained a sudden and extensive influence, and demand an antidote."

The remarks that follow, and with which Mr. Cook concludes his interesting Report, contain some useful suggestions respecting the treatment of errorists of every description, to which all would do well to take heed. We have always deprecated that violent declamation so generally practised towards those of our fellow-men who are found under the influence of error, whether it assume the form of Romanism, Socialism, Puseyism, Mormonism, or any other species of error or infidelity. We deprecate bigotry of every kind, and are fully persuaded that the most effectual method of removing error and superstition from the world, is by the exhibition of kindness and sincerity, and by producing the conviction in the mind that we are actuated purely and disinterestedly by a motive of love for the souls of those we seek to reclaim. We fully agree with Mr. Cook, when he says:—

"Shall I be thought presumptuous if I say, that there is reason to fear that there is prevalent practical error in the mode of treating errorists? Like the popular impression concerning drunkards, till within two years, they have been thought to be irreclaimable! To dread and denounce them, or, at most, to refute their errors at arm's length, has been the usual mode. But where have been the efforts, like those of the reformed inebriates in behalf of the intemperate, to convince and save them? Efforts that bespoke the sympathy and compassion of a bleeding heart? Where the self-denying individual exertion, privately to lead the lost sheep to the fold of Christ? Where the yearnings of a regenerate soul over the ravages that sin and error have made on an immortal being? Errorists must be approached in the Bible way. The harsh, and by us unwarranted sentence, "depart, ye cursed!" must give place to the authorized invitation, "Come!" "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, (Romanist, Universalist, Infidel,) let him take the water of life freely."

"The system of itineracy for all classes, is like the day-spring from on high. One reformation has been effected by it, in connection with the press; and another may be. What God accomplished by Luther and Melancthon, in writing; and by "colporteur" who knocked at every man's door throughout Germany, Switzerland, and the Low Countries;" in diffusing the writings of the Reformers, may be done again, and must be done quickly. The unassuming colporteur of your Society—with such aid as he may obtain from devoted men—is expected to approach every family of the unevangelized, including errorists of every shade, in his district; as a man and a Christian, to commend the love of Christ and his gracious salvation to all. Error can stand and thrive under the mace and the battle-axe; but it cannot resist the sword of the Spirit, wielded by a skillful but gentle hand, and aimed at the conscience by one whose own heart has been pierced and healed again by the "blood of sprinkling."

The total amount contributed for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at Hamburg, is £268,690.

THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND TRACTARIANISM.—The *Episcopal Recorder*, in announcing the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Eastman, of New York, to the assistant bishopric of Massachusetts, makes the following remarks, which contrast strangely with the opinions of certain contemporary episcopal journals:—

"Never, since our American Church was established, has there been a season in which there appeared upon our ecclesiastical horizon such dark and portentous signs of evil as within the last three or four years. It seemed as though "the enemy" was literally "coming in" upon us "like a flood." And, blessed be the Great Head of the Church, never has there been a season in which "the Spirit of the Lord," by the marked dispensations of His Providence, has seemed more manifestly to "lift up a standard against the enemy" than during this period. Who could have anticipated, a very few years since, that such men as Elliott, and Lee, and Johns, and Eastburn, would have been in rapid succession elevated to the Episcopal chair—men of the most fixed and decided evangelical principle—that of the most open and avowed opposition to Tractarianism! Truly God careth for his Church—and He hath the hearts of all men in his hands."

The Rev. Doctor, it is expected, will accept the call which has been made, to the Rectorship of Trinity Church, Boston, as well as to the assistant Bishopric of the diocese.

THE SABBATH—NOBLE EXAMPLE.—Thos. Shore, Esq. of Petersburg, Va. lately resigned the office of Post-master, "which he had held for more than thirty years," in consequence of "the necessity imposed upon him by the laws of Congress, to devote the Sabbath day to purposes wholly secular." The Postmaster General, in his reply to Mr. Shore's letter, says, "If I had a Thomas Shore at every Post Office, I should hope to succeed in making this department, with all the difficulties it has to encounter, useful, acceptable and popular. * * * You will believe me when I say to you that I regret your resignation. May that Providence who has guided you thus far, smooth your future life, and bless you with a continuance of his grace."

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

At the recent meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the following deeply affecting and truly eloquent appeal was made in behalf of the perishing heathen:—

Rev. Dr. SCUNDER, of the Madras Mission, followed. He gave a rapid sketch of the horrors of Heathenism, that was truly appalling, and made appeals to various classes of persons in their behalf, that affected the audience, at various times, to tears. He said, Coming, as I lately have, from a heathen land, I might tell you much of its darkness—much of the miseries of the 13,000,000 of poor perishing men among whom I have long resided—much of 130,000,000 of immortals posting to the judgment, who are destitute of all the spiritual privileges you enjoy; who know nothing of the true God or of Jesus Christ; and who, among the thousands of their temples, have never yet dedicated one to the true God. I could tell you much of their 33 millions of gods—gods of all colors—some white, some blue, some black, some red—gods of all sorts, and shapes, and sizes—gods human and gods bestial—gods holding spears and cups in their hands, and riding some on elephants, some on rats, some on serpents—gods of folly, and gods of wisdom—gods of war, and gods of peace—gods addicted to adultery, and fornication, and lasciviousness, and theft, and every vice named by the Apostle in the Epistle to the Romans—gods addicted to vices

which the Holy Ghost would not even name. I could tell you much of their goddesses—of one, whose wrath can only be assuaged by blood; and who, on one occasion, is said to have cut her own throat to gratify her savage thirst—much, too, of a people, whose business it is to buy or steal their fellow beings to kill them on her bloody altars; and who cut the flesh from their bones, while yet alive, to satisfy her vengeance. And O! I could tell you much—much of the manner in which the poor heathen endeavour to get the favor of their cruel gods—of their wearing iron collars, rubbing their bodies with ashes, counting their beads; of their long and tedious repetitions of vain and foolish prayers, of which they know not the meaning; of their burying themselves in graves dug by their own relations; their swinging on hooks, and the dreadful funeral pile—the fires of which yet burn in more than 20 Indian provinces. I could tell you of one king, at whose death, recently, seven queens, two concubines, one servant, and four female attendants—fourteen human beings, were all burned alive—and of 120,000 infants yearly murdered in Bengal alone. I could show you that every celebrated temple in India is a brothel; and I could speak to you, if I dare, of the unutterable abominations of every heathen religious procession, but I must not. They are too horrid—so horrid, that Abbe Duhois said he never beheld an Indian procession but it seemed to him a perfect image of hell!

But I can point to another picture. There are in that land some bright spots. There is the district of Tennevelly, with its 15,000 native Christians; and the station at Travancore, with 6,000; and a large number more at Tanjore, Tranquebar, and Madras; and in Bengal, hundreds have been lately baptized.

But it is time that I left the Eastern World, and come to you to remind you of a command, of which you have been reminded often before, but of which you never can be reminded too often, until the last heathen has heard of a Saviour's love; it is our Saviour's last command to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. This, I maintain, makes every believer a preacher or a missionary in person, or bids him to provide a substitute. And this duty devolves on the American churches in a peculiar manner; for, I believe, there is no other nation on earth that has, at this moment, so many well qualified young men for the work—young men full of wisdom and of the Holy Ghost, who might speedily enter the missionary field. It is not going too far to say there are 100,000 pious young men in the American churches; and that at least 10,000 of these have all the necessary qualifications for this work. What did I say? 10,000 young men in these churches qualified for the missionary work? Is this true? Yes. But what did I hear yesterday? That only five were ready to go? What! while there are 10,000, only five, in all, to be found ready to go? O! thou bleeding, suffering, dying Lamb of God—thou that didst come down from heaven to groan in sorrow, and sacrifice thy life, is this the treatment thou dost receive from the young men of these American churches? No more than five to go forth to proclaim thy Name to the ten hundred millions of the lost! Brethren, I repeat what I said; that last command binds every Christian to be a preacher or a missionary, or to provide a substitute. And shall I hold my peace? I, who have just come from the heathen world, depopulated by them, to bear to you their Macedonian cry, Come over and help us—shall I be silent? I must not—dare not. O! ye poor, perishing heathens, if I forget you—if I fail to plead for you, let my right hand forget her cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

A REDUKE TO CHRISTIANS.—At the celebration of one heathen festival a native has been known to offer 80,000 pounds of sweetmeats, 80,000 pounds of sugar, 1000 cloth garments, 1000 suits of silk, 1000 offerings of rice, plantains, and other fruits. Another has been known to expend \$147,000 upon a single festival, and \$48,000 a year ever afterwards to the close of his life! In the city of Calcutta alone it is estimated that \$2,400,000 are annually expended on the celebration of Durga Puja festivals. The rajah of Nudiyah, in the north of Bengal, offered on the first day of a festival, a large number of sheep, and goats, and buffaloes, and vowed to double the

offering on each succeeding day; the number in all amounted to 65,000! The heathen of a single city contributed almost as much to support one religious festival, as all Protestant denominations of Christians in the world gave last year to send their religion to the heathen! What a rebuke to the followers of Christ!—*Dayspring.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of an excellent communication from the pen of Mrs. J. R. Spooner: which, having arrived too late for this number, will appear in our next.

“A Hymn,” from the same pen, is also unavoidably postponed till our next.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

“The harvest is past, the summer is ended.”

DEAR SIR,—The following extract, taken from a communication which appeared in the *New York Observer* some time ago, is so very applicable to the state of some of our brethren and sisters at the present time, that I cannot help begging the favour of its insertion in your Miscellany. That it may arouse some to a sense of their duty, who are now loitering in the Plain of Ono, and aid in furthering the glorious period, when the last stone shall be placed on the walls of Jerusalem, with shoutings of grace, grace unto it, is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c. L. Z.

THE PLAIN OF ONO.

NOT a few Christians are in the Plain of Ono just now. Weary of the work which was once their delight, they have come down from the walls, and are mingled with the eunuch.

The Bible reader will remember, that when Nehemiah and his friends were rebuilding the wall of the holy city, Sanballat and Geshem sent him to come down and meet them in some one of the villages of the plain of Ono. Nehemiah was a very steady as well as a very zealous Christian, and had no idea of working by fits and starts. So he sent word to his tempters, that he was doing a great work, and could not come down. “Why should the work cease,” said he, “while I leave it and come down to you?” The plot failed, and the wall was built.

The devil often sends the same flattering invitation to hard-working Christians. As he usually succeeds better by stratagem than by storm, he beguiles good men with the notion, that the work in which they are engaged will suffer no great harm from standing still awhile, and that they may as well suspend operations for a season, and resume them with more strength and renewed zeal at another time. When they first entered God’s service, they thought the time for rest would never come till they reached their resting-place in heaven; and they toiled on as if the work must be done, and they might not be longer spared to do it. Where are those hard-working Christians now?

Do you see that worldly-minded professor of religion? In that revival a year or two ago, or in that revival which numbered him among the converts from sin, he was one of the most active, devoted men in the church. No labour seemed too great; duties were privileges, and the service of Christ his highest delight. He was always at the prayer-meeting; he sought to bring others with him; his voice was often heard in prayer, and his resolutions were frequent, that he would spend his life in promoting the glory of Him who died that he might live. Where is he now? In the plain of Ono! The world has stolen his heart. He does not contemplate a final and total abandonment of religion; he has, however, become so much engrossed with business, for the present, that he thinks the world must be attended to in its place, and as soon as the pressure is over, he will work the harder to make up for the time he has lost from the service of God. The world appears very friendly. He is quite unconscious of meditating any thing against the church; he is only spending a little time in the plain of Ono, and will soon be back again at his post on the wall. But so many have followed his example, and resolved on a little resting, that the work in many sections has almost entirely ceased. No new stones are quarried and fitted to their place in the building, even the half-erected wall seems crumbling, and sad signs of dissolution appear—whilst those who ought to be at work are in the plain of Ono.

Do you see that fashionable Christian? A short time since she catemoted it an honour, and her highest happiness, to be numbered among the lowly followers of Jesus. She was willing to deny herself, and actually to go about doing good; and she was so abundant in her labours, and so zealous in her charities, that

she soon required a name for her deeds of love. She was pleased to be seen of men; and presently she learned that she could be a member of the church and conform to the fashions of the world around her. She had always loved the world, and its pomp and circumstances had charms that delighted her heart. By degrees, she has lost her lowliness of mind; her dress and equipage display a returning love for the splendour that once dazzled her eyes; and the fashionable assemblies that throng her halls, are so many witnesses that she has ceased to enjoy the service of the Redeemer. If she is a Christian, (of which we have some doubt,) she does not intend to abandon the work of the Lord; she is in the plain of Ono, and perhaps may, by and by, be brought back.

If all the Christians now tarrying in the plain of Ono would quit the companionship of Sanballat and his friends, and re-enter upon the work of the Lord, the cause of Christ in every part of his kingdom would advance with unvoted power. Perhaps this hint may be taken by some who have gone down, while the work has been suffered to lie still.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEATH FROM EXCESSIVE JOY.—On Wednesday afternoon, between three and four o’clock, the following awful instance of sudden death, arising from over-excitement, happened in High Holborn:—At about a quarter to three o’clock, an elderly female, neatly attired, entered the Coach and Horses public-house, near Red Lion-street, Holborn, and inquired if the afternoon omnibus from Uxbridge had arrived, a lady that she expected her daughter, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, would come by it. Being answered in the negative, she went to wait its arrival outside the house, when at length the omnibus came up, and the daughter, a fine but delicate female about 22 years of age, proved to be inside. Both appeared in the greatest ecstasy of joy; but the scene suddenly changed to one of the deepest affliction. Scarcely had the daughter alighted from the vehicle, before her countenance became deadly pale; and she would have fallen to the earth had not her mother caught her. She was immediately carried on to the foot pavement, and placed against a shop door, where she became worse, exclaiming, “Oh, mother dear! I wish we were home.” These were her last words; for she instantly sank and expired in her mother’s arms. It is impossible to describe the poignant feelings of the parent. Mr. Hughes, a surgeon residing in Holborn, was called in directly afterwards; and, upon examining the body, gave it as his opinion that her death was produced from disease of the heart, accelerated by over joy at meeting her mother. The deceased’s name is Jane Thomas, and the parents reside in the neighbourhood of Old Kent-road.—*London paper.*

THE GREAT WONDERS IN THE WORLD.—It has, for ages, been a mystery in the minds of men, that such vast quantities of water as are constantly flowing into the Dead Sea, from the river Jordan and many smaller streams, should not fill up this lake and cause it to overflow; and the only manner in which the phenomenon could consistently be accounted for, was by supposing the Dead Sea had some subterranean outlet, through which its water escaped to the ocean. But even this supposition has now become wholly invalidated by the result of observations taken by a committee of English gentlemen, by which this lake is proved to be 1400 feet below the level of the Mediterranean! The plains surrounding this lake are thus proved to be the lowest lands on the face of the earth. We have hopes that as civilization is progressing in that country, this subject will be further investigated, and that even the bottom of this lake will be in some measure explored, by means of the most perfect diving bell, and other sub-marine apparatus.

AN OLD APOLOGUE.—A man going out of his beaten and directed way to gather unlawful fruits, fell into a deep pit. In his fall he caught hold on the arm of a tree growing in it. Thus he hung in the midway, betwixt the upper light from which he fell, and the lower darkness to which he was falling. He looks downward, and sees two worms gnawing at the root of this tree. He looks upward and spies on a branch a hive of honey. He climbs up to it and feedeth on it. But, in the meantime, the worms did bite in sunder the root, and down falls man and tree and all, into the bottom of the dark pit. Man himself is

this wretch, who, straying from the way of God’s commandments, fell to eat of the forbidden fruit—instantly he fell. The pit over which he hangeth is the grave; and the tree whereby he holdeth is this mortal life: the two worms are day and night; and the hive of honey is the pleasures and lusts of this world. Thereupon he greedily feeds, until the two consumers, day and night, in their vicissitudes, have eaten sunder the root of life. Then down drops earth to earth; there it must lodge in the silent grave, neither seeing nor seen, blended in the forgotten dust and undistinguished mould, till it be awakened by the archangel’s trump in the great day of Christ.—*Old Writer.*

REV. DR. SIMPSON.—This very worthy minister was for many years tutor in the college at Hoxton, and while he stood very low in his own estimation, he ranked high in that of others. After a long life spent in the service of Christ, he approached his latter end with holy joy. Among other expressions which indicated his love to the Redeemer, and his interest in the favor of God, he spoke with disapprobation of a phrase often used by some good people, “Venturing on Christ.” “When, said he, I consider the infinite dignity and all-sufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of venturing on him. Oh, had I ten thousand souls I would at this moment, cast all into his hands with the utmost confidence.” A few hours before his dissolution, he addressed himself to the last enemy, “O death where is thy sting?” Displaying his characteristic fervor, as though he saw the tyrant approaching, he said, “What art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy, through the blood of the cross.”

WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS.—I love to see her at the couch of sickness, sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lips its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment—treating with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says—

“Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead.”

Disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead; bathing the hair with ointment, and settling upon it from the summer casements that breath of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of ever enduring constancy and faith! How they appear to the soul, like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, were “dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock.”

HAND-WRITING OF EMINENT MEN.—It is generally believed that men of genius write a very obscure, infirm, and eccentric character, such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey, and Bonaparte. Washington wrote a firm, manly, straightforward line, every letter legible and distinct; Jefferson’s hand-writing was bold and masculine; Bonaparte wrote a most unreasonable scrawl; Burke was uneven and hurried; Hamilton wrote a running-hand, sparing ink; Channing’s penmanship has a chaste, classical appearance; Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen full of ink; Peel writes with a stiff pen, but with considerable taste and firmness; Dr. Chalmers writes as if he used a feather dipped in ink,—a complete scrawl; Washington Irving writes a perfect lawyer’s hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself.

REV. JAMES DURHAM.—This excellent man, when on his death-bed, was for some time under considerable darkness respecting his spiritual state, and said to Mr. Carstairs, “After all that I have preached or written, there is but one Scripture I can remember, or dare grip: tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it? ‘Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’” Dr. Carstairs very properly answered, “You may depend upon it if you had a thousand salvations at hazard.”

SINCEBROW LIKE GRASSES. Close but in clusters. We usually say, he that will swear will lie; and he that will lie will steal; and he that will do all these will do any thing. Satan is a serpent; if the head be once in, his whole body will not be long behind.

POETRY.

PRAYER OF THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. HOWLAND HILL.

GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last expiring breath.

Death's dreadful sting hath lost its power;
A ransomed sinner, saved by grace,
Lives but to die, and die no more,
Unveiled to see thy blissful face.

Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless fest;
Then shall I live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, forever blest.

Dear Saviour, let thy will be done;
Like yielding clay I humbly lie;
May every murmuring thought be gone,
Most peacefully resigned to die.

Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

Yes, and a brighter heaven still,
Awaits my soul, thro' his rich grace;
Who shall his word of truth reveal,
Till called to sing his endless praise?

Hasten thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of wo;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing;
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We beg respectfully to announce to our country subscribers, that their accounts for the half year of the present volume of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR, have been prepared and sent to them. As our terms are "in advance," we hope our friends will not regard the application as premature; but, on the contrary, will be induced, from a consideration of the expenses consequent upon the publication of our paper, (which are considerable,) promptly to remit, through the Agents or Postmasters, the amount of their respective subscriptions.

The accounts of those who are still in arrears for the first volume, have also been forwarded—from whom immediate payment is respectfully requested. A list of Agents will be found on our last page.

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N. B.—Funeral Circulars on the shortest notice.
Montreal, November 3, 1842. 7

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.
August, 12, 1844.

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THE Subscriber begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared, on the opening of the navigation, to transact business as a GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and GOODS BROKER.

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Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

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