

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.

JESUS—JUSTICE—SINNER.

"Enter not into judgment," &c.—Psalm cxlii. 2.

Jesus.—Bring forth the prisoner. Justice.—Thy commands
Are done, just Judge: see there thy prisoner stands.
Jesus.—What has the prisoner done? say, what's
the cause
Of his commitment? Just.—He hath broke the laws
Of his gracious God! conspired the death,
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.
Jesus.—How know'st thou this? Just.—Even by
his own confession.
His sins are crying—and they cry aloud,
They cry to heaven—they cry to heaven for blood!
Jesus.—What say'st thou, Sinner? hast thou aught
to plead.
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sinner.—Ah, me! I dare not; I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth; much less to lift
Mine eyes to heaven; I need no other shrift
Than my own conscience; Lord, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws,
My merit pleads thy vengeance; not my cause.
Justice.—Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jesus.—
Hold, Justice, stay:
Sinner, speak on: what hast thou more to say?
Sinner.—Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,
I am thy handy work, thy creature, Lord;
Stamp'd with thy glorious image, and at first
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst
Convicted catiff and degenerate creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. Justice.—Thy fault's
the greater:
Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jesus.—Hold, Justice,
stay:
Speak, sinner, hast thou nothing else to say?
Sinner.—Nothing, but mercy, mercy, I ord: my
state
Is miserable, poor, and desperate:
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From sin to Jesus, from myself to thee.
Justice.—Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has
now'd
Abused mercy must have blood for blood.
Shall I yet strike the blow? Jesus.—Stay, Justice,
hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold
To view the trembling wretch, methinks I spy
My father's image in the prisoner's eye.
Justice.—I cannot hold. Jesus.—Then turn thy
thirsty blade
Into my side; there let the wound be made:
Cheer up, dear soul; thy life's redeem'd by mine;
My soul shall smart, this heart shall bleed for thine.
Sinner.—O boundless grace! O, love beyond
degree!
The offcaded dies, to set the offender free!

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A PRODIGAL'S CAREER AND END.

PASSING up the East River from the city of New York, just before the traveller enters Long Island Sound, he may be tempted to enquire the name of a fine house and spacious grounds, that attract the eye, and by their elegance and neatness appear to be in the hands of a man of wealth and taste. His name is not known to me, but the spot, now the abode of strangers, is full of deep and painful interest as the early home of one whose story I am about to tell.

Charles L.— was the son of a wealthy man of business in the city of New York. His parents were neither of them Christians, but their associations were among religious friends, and their social and domestic relations were governed by a rigid regard to sound morals.

Charles was an only son. Nursed on the lap of luxury, and in infancy and childhood freely indulged by the fondness of a tender mother and a father who doted on his boy, it is not to be wondered at that he soon displayed a will of his own and a disposition to have it gratified without much regard to the feelings or wishes of those around him. But Charles was not what is called a bad boy. In very early life he discovered some traits of character that endeared him to those who loved his parents and who mourned at that parental and mistaken tenderness, which was leaving his will unshdud and preparing the son and the parents for future pain.

It was the kind suggestion of these more judicious friends that led Mr. L.— to resolve and Mrs. L.— to consent to place their son, now a fine boy of ten years of age, under the roof of an uncle in a quiet New England village. A few months after this plan was agreed upon, Charles found himself in the family of a country pastor, whom he was to look upon in the light of a father, and whose word was to be his law.

Here the sweet influences of the religion of Jesus Christ were felt in the hearts and shown in the lives of a well-regulated Christian family. The morning sun saw them always with the word of God before them, and after a portion of its sacred truths was read, they were led to the throne of grace in fervent prayer by the head of the pious household. The evening was closed with the same hallowed exercises, and then too there was singing that went up from hearts full of gratitude and love. The Sabbath was remembered to be kept holy. Modern conformity to the world may think it too severe, but the Sabbath was regarded there as the Lord's day, not man's. There was no light or vain conversation, no reading of worldly books, no walking the streets or fields except to go to the house of God, or to do an act of kindness to an afflicted neighbour. Religion—the religion of the Bible—not a weak and cold system of morality that philosophy may teach without a revelation from heaven, and which makes no more of Christ than a martyr or a hero;

but *that* religion which owns and teaches the sinfulness of the heart and the sinner's need of forgiveness through the merits of another, that brings out the necessity of Christ's death as the only ground on which God can be just when he pardons; *that* religion was the power that reigned by love in the family of the New England pastor.

I am thus particular, that it may be seen how changed must be the circumstances with which Charles was now surrounded. Placed in such a family, and required to conform to the same rules that all obeyed, he was not slow in showing out the natural aversion of his heart to every thing that was good. If he gave a decent attention to the religious exercises of the house, if he treated the Sabbath and the institutions of religion with respect, it was too plain that he yielded a reluctant tribute to that which he could not avoid. But the good pastor loved the boy, and tenderly and faithfully sought to impress the principles of divine truth upon his soul. Charles spent some four or five years under this instruction, visiting his parents two or three times in the course of the year, at which seasons he enjoyed again the sweets of indulgence, and learned to hate the restraints of a religious family and the dulness of a peaceful village. He had, however, at the village school, pursued his studies preparatory to college, and at the age of fifteen he was glad to take leave of his best friends in the country, and enter the university.

I have said there were some traits of his character that endeared him to his parents and friends. Grown up to youth, full of spirits, and fond of pleasure, Charles was the life of the young companions that gathered around him. Generous to a fault and supplied too freely by his father with spending-money, he had both the disposition and the means to indulge himself and others in those amusements that lay the foundation for future vice, and spread flowers in the pathway to eternal ruin.

Long before he left college, he had distinguished himself in the ball-room far more than in his class; and he was far more ambitious to obtain conquests in the halls of fashionable folly than in fields of learning, or the world of fame. Passionately fond of dancing, he pursued it with enthusiasm, at the risk of health and reputation; and regardless of the kind advice which reflecting friends wasted upon him.

While Charles was in college, his father purchased the beautiful place on the East River, to which I have already referred, for a summer residence. His winters were passed in the city, and when Charles came home, with no taste for the drudgery of professional life, and no fitness for business, he was installed in his father's counting-room as a clerk, spending his days in the forms of business, and his evenings in the pursuit of pleasure.

The theatre was his favourite resort. Its glare and glitter, its thrilling excitements and wild amusements caught his heart, and night after night he revelled in ideal scenes of passionate interest, till he learned to look with

cold indifference upon the every-day realities about him.

He found his way to the gaming-table, and with reckless impetuosity plunged into the vortex which there opens for the souls of the young. Not far from the theatre and the billiard-room, was the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. With madness that defied all restraint, and shut out hope of his recovery, he abandoned himself to sensual indulgences, without shame, and resisted, as the counsels of an enemy, the efforts of friends who at each step of his downward course, had interferred to save him from ruin.

How often, in these days of dissipation, had a mother wept over him, with tears that none but heart-broken mothers shed over ruined sons! How often had a fond father sought him out in the dark and hidden haunts of vice to which he nightly resorted, and mingling a parent's love with the strong authority of an injured father, led him home, and watched by his bed-side till the morning light, that with the first return of consciousness he might extort a promise of reform. Such influences, stronger than any restraining power but the grace of God, might have saved him but for the grasp of an enemy that was dragging him downward to death and hell. It was scarcely possible that he should have run his course thus far without having drunk often and deeply of the intoxicating cup. Intemperance had marked him for his prey. This was some years ago, in the morning of the great temperance reformation which has since so signally and gloriously blessed our country and the world. And when he was persuaded by the united entreaties of his parents to pledge himself to abstain from "ardent spirits," the smile of hope was seen on a mother's faded cheek, and a mountain weight was removed from his father's heart.

There was a change in Charles that all regarded with intense delight. It lasted for months.—Again he was the pride of his parents and the centre of a thousand hopes.

The cup of happiness seemed to his parents to be full when Charles led to the altar, and brought home to the house, a lovely bride, whom of all others they had chosen as one who would make him happy, and throw around him the restraints of love, should he ever be allured again into the paths of vice.

On the very evening of his marriage, it was painfully evident, that he was not beyond the reach of the destroyer. I have said that this period was at the opening of the present temperance reformation, and few had then thought of danger from the use of wine. But in the festivities of the marriage day, in the midst of company of which young L—— was the life and soul, and called on again and again to drink to his "health and happiness?" (Oh! the mockery of such words over the wine-cup!) he lost command of his appetite, and before he suspected his danger he was overcome. Deeply mortified at this occurrence, he determined to regain his self-respect by a rigid adherence to entire abstinence from all means of intoxication. But the appetite was excited, and it would be gratified. The rest of the story is soon told.

Months passed away, and the once elegant, accomplished, and fascinating Charles L—— was sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of shameful disgusting intemperance. The appetite became a passion, the passion became a mania. The last hope of his recovery was now blasted. The prospects of wealth and honour, and domestic bliss, had lost all charms in his eye. The gross sensuality of his darling sins, the vile companions of his nightly debauch, the delirious excitements of the theatre and gaming table, again absorbed the desires of his depraved heart. In vain did

parental affection plead, in vain did a young wife, with her first born on her breast, weep tears of bitter grief over his fall; in vain did he hear the strong appeals of religious truth; in vain was he admonished of the danger to his immortal soul, and the certainty of his swift destruction, if he persisted in his downward course; he was in the grasp of the destroyer. Deaf to the cries of affection, blind to his own guilt and shame, and dead to all the sweet sensibilities of the soul, he was lost, and lost forever.

Such incessant and reckless devotion to the intoxicating bowl, was making serious inroads upon his once vigorous constitution. When he came home from his nightly revels, his wild demoniac ravings gave sad warnings that he might speedily fall a victim to the drunkard's scourge, *delirium tremens*. Even in this last struggle, when reason had deserted the throne, and conscience had long been drowned in the wine-cup, and to the hearts that loved him most, death seemed the only relief that would be ever theirs, even in this last struggle, there was once more lighted up a faint gleam of hope.

One morning, after a night of more than his accustomed revelry, he awoke apparently to the strong and vivid consciousness that he was in the road to hell. From the time that he left the fire-side of the good pastor in New England, he had seldom given a thought, never an hour, to the memory of the lessons which were then with so much faithfulness and love imprinted on his young heart. But *impressions thus made are never entirely obliterated*. They may be forgotten in the midst of the follies and sins of a gay career; they may be buried under other and deeper impressions that exert a controlling and destroying power; but they are still there, and in some hour, perhaps of delirium, perhaps of calm reflection, perhaps on a dying bed, or it may be in the world of despair, they will be remembered and reviewed, with all the distinctness of the time when they were graven in the mind. So was it now with Charles.

His wife was struck with mingled astonishment and joy, as she heard him engaged in earnest prayer for the pardon of his many sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ. She wept with him; and, though quite unused to the language of prayer, she poured out the desires of her bursting heart, that God would have mercy upon the poor prodigal, and lead him back to the paths of virtue and of peace.

At this juncture I was sent for, and in a few moments was at his side.

"Oh!" said he, as I entered the room, "I am glad you have come. I have been praying for the pardon of my many sins, and God has heard my poor prayers for the sake of his Son. I feel better now. I am happy now. I am going to heaven now! There, there comes an angel, there another; don't you see them coming? There, I am going now; come and go with me to glory."

I saw in an instant that he was wandering, though he was so peaceful and apparently so happy that his friends were weeping for joy at the prospect of his sudden conversion from the error of his ways.

I assured him that there was no immediate prospect of his departure; and sitting quietly on the bed which he thought was a car on which he was about to be conveyed to heaven, I spoke to him freely of his past life, the necessity of sincere repentance for his many transgressions of God's holy laws, and of the infinite provision made by Jesus Christ, for the provision even of the chief of sinners. Then it was that I saw the strength of those impressions which had been on his heart under the instruction of the excellent clergyman of whom I have spoken. The whole

plan of salvation was distinctly before his mind, and the views of divine truth which he expressed, were far more clear and complete, than are usually shown by intelligent men, who have not enjoyed religious instruction in their childhood. I dealt faithfully with him, as one who has an account to give before God. But what could be done for a man whose reason was gone, and whose fancy spread before him visions of celestial glory on which he was soon to enter? I prayed with him and left him.

A few days more and I was sent for again. In the mean time he had plunged deeper than ever into his destroying indulgences, and the terrible *delirium* that haunts the drunkard's brain, had obtained the mastery. One wild scene of unbridled excess had followed another in swift succession till he was laid upon his dying bed. No, he did not have a dying bed! No visions of angels awaiting to convey him to heaven, now floated before his eyes. No dreams of pardon and peace by the blood of the dear Redeemer, shed their soothing influence on his soul.

"Take them off! Oh take them off!" he screamed as I came into his chamber. "They have come for me; I see them, I feel them! This is hell!"

The scene was awful to me, heart-rending to those who loved him as none others could. Every object in the room was a demon ready to dart upon him. They leaped on the bed, they planted themselves on his breast, they laughed at his horrors, and revelled in his cries and groans. It was with great difficulty that strong men could keep him on his couch of anguish. He was determined to fly from the monsters that had gathered in troops about him. Seizing his opportunity when their attention was for a moment diverted, he leaped from the bed by the side of which sat his parents, wrinkled and gray, but not with age, and his young wife with their only child in her arms; he broke away from the attendants who vainly strove to hold him back; he rushed from his chamber into the streets of the city, and there, in his nakedness and madness, raved like a devil escaped from hell. They caught him and forced him into the house, but could not compel him to lie down. He stood in the middle of his chamber, struggling fearfully with friends who gathered around him to pacify his maniac frenzy. His wife fell on his neck, and implored him by his love for her and his darling boy, to lie down and be still till the storm that raged in his brain should pass by. But no tears, no prayers, no force could quiet him in that wild hour. He stood and quieted fiercely with phantoms, and raved of devils and the damned. An unearthly brightness lighted up his face, as he exclaimed, "I am ready now; I'll go, I'll go;" and he stood—a corpse! They laid him on the bed and closed his eyes for ever.

Such was the career and fate of one whom I knew and loved. He was a prodigal son. How many fall like him—perish like him, in the very morning of their days!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Who is Charlotte Elizabeth? some one may inquire. She is a deaf and dumb English lady, now a Mrs. Taney, the wife of a literary gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of London. She was first married to a military officer in the British service, who spent all her property and his own in dissipation. At his hands she received very unkind treatment, and sometimes personal abuse. To support herself and her little ones she betook herself to her pen, and wrote for the public journals, for which she received a scanty allowance. From this she proceeded to a higher kind of writing, books, and received a stipulated sum from the booksellers for her manuscripts. Her

unfeeling husband would often go to the publishers of her little works, and receive the little stipend which was coming to her, and spend it in his sinful courses, so that at last she was obliged to stipulate that her money should be paid in advance for a forthcoming work. She was trained to write in the bitter school of adversity; she was compelled to write for her daily bread. After the death of her husband she continued her labors, and gave a wider scope to her power, by attempting works of a more elevated character.

We consider her one of the finest and most accomplished writers of the day. There is a pensive, melancholy interest about her history, and there is a tinge of the same running through all her compositions. She knows how to lay her hand on the chords that send their vibrations to the inmost recesses of the heart. She has the power to stir any of the tender emotions at pleasure. Her writings abound in thrilling, touching, and tender scenes. No lady of England or America surpasses Charlotte Elizabeth Tancy in the richness and fervour of her pen.—*Watchman of the Valley.*

THE TRAVELLER.

EXTRACT FROM AN INTERESTING DIARY.

All things being in readiness, we at length set out for "Sam's Point." It was a clear and beautiful morning in September. The sun, in his chariot of fire, had wheeled his triumphant course for a few hours in the heavens, ere we were under way. Presently we reached the pleasant, though secluded village of Burlingham, thence a westerly direction led us to the Point. Slowly but cheerfully we wound our way up the steep and circuitous mountains of Shawangunk. The company were so agreeable that we were not aware of the many difficulties of a "mountain road" until arrived at some passes where we judged that compassion called upon us to relieve our horses by walking. And as we walked we paused to contemplate the beauties of nature. Ever and anon we beheld a log cabin situated in a small tract of cultivated land, which added to the scene, as it rendered the contrast more visible. As we passed, the children ceased their play, the shuttle remained silent upon the loom, and the "plough-share in the furrow stood," while they might turn and gaze upon the passing traveller. When we thus saw these children of the woods, happy in their solitude, we could not but remark the goodness of God in so forming man, that in whatever situation of life he may be placed, there contentment will erect its altar. What though no stately mansion raised its proud front to show that wealth reigned within?—what though no wide extended fields of grain waved before the gentle zephyr?—what though no titles and insignia of royalty surrounded their names, though no soft music there arose with its voluptuous swell?—still they were happy while by the sweat of their brow they could merely gain an honest subsistence. Happy in their wives, their children, and their honest labour—happy in the adoration of that God whose omnipotence they everywhere beheld.

With such thoughts we were nearing our journey's end. We rode nearly to the base of the mountain, within half a mile of the summit. Then shouldering our baskets containing provisions, (for the party was a picknick,) we made our bearing to the point, whose jutting cliffs stood out in bold relief. But before we reached it, and a little to the left of the path, we entered a cave about twenty feet in length and twelve in width, somewhat resembling an inclined cone. Seating ourselves upon a few loose stones, we lingered, and suffered our minds to wander far back into the labyrinth of the past. Here the imagination pictured the red son of the forest with his family surrounding the evening board. There upon the wall was suspended the garnished spear, and the hatchet wet with the blood of the deer. In yon corner was the couch of heath, where the sinewy limbs of the chief would seek repose after the toils and dangers of the chase. There sat the mother, smiling on her infant child, gazing upon the same moon which from the beginning of creation rolled his ceaseless course, and will continue to roll until the

wand of time shall be dipped into the ocean of eternity. The scene was changed. Their happy home was soon to be made desolate by the rude hand of invading war. Soon did the war-whoop echo and re-echo through the jutting cliffs. The warrior, with an arm of strength, seized the hatchet and bow which had only been stained by the gore of the stag and the roe. In the consciousness of superior prowess, he rushed with his brother chieftain in arms to stem the tide of civilization. But the white man's instruments of death were more fleet than the barbed lance and poisoned arrow. The red man, though he never quailed, could not withstand the shock. The places which had once been a refuge from the foe, now refused their aid. He was banished from the land formerly his own, and driven beyond the waters of the West,—

"Where the moaning wind of civilization,
Howls the death dirge of the Indian nation."

Time, ever on the wing, warned us to desist from such reflections, and we again addressed ourselves to our journey. Through narrow defiles and rocky passes did we move. Truly,

"'Twas oft so steep, that foot was vain
Assistance from the hand to gain."

Still, in the witty repartee and merry laugh of our fair companions was absorbed the fear of rattlesnakes and the tediousness of the movements. Now winding under the rocks, with scarce sufficient room for a foot-hold, and now standing upon the point which a little before seemed to pierce the clouds—for we had reached the summit. All, as if by impulse, paused, and in wonder gazed. I know not which afforded me the most pleasure—to behold the sublime spectacle spread before us, or mark the workings of the human mind, indicated by the countenances of the beholders. Here was no affectation of thought or action. All was natural when the boldest strokes of nature were presented to our view. All, enchanted, were transfixed to the spot. The impression then riveted upon the mind, can never be forgotten, but it was such an one as neither pencil can paint, nor pen portray. Elevated so far above the habitations of men, we appeared almost able to penetrate with the vision of an enthusiast, the confines of space. All the west seemed one uncultivated waste. Ponds in the vicinity of Monticello were distinctly visible, which, interspersed throughout the apparent wilderness, added to the grandeur of the view. To the north the blue ridges of the Catskill raised their peak majestically. To the south and east the church spires of Bloomingburgh, Montgomery and Walden could be clearly seen; and even, by the aid of a spy-glass, the snow-white sails proudly gliding upon the tranquil bosom of the Hudson. The Fishkill mountains might well represent the "Ne Plus Ultra," and the pillars upon which might rest the arches of heaven.

After the enchantment which bound us was broken, we sought a suitable place to partake of our repast. Presently one was found, consisting of two huge rocks, so placed as to form a right angle. In the angle, where the sun's rays could not penetrate, we spread our cloth. That day we appeased our hunger seated upon the eternal rocks, and nought above but the canopy of heaven. The rocks in some places and for some distance form a fine promenade, it being a perfect level. Slowly we rambled along, endeavouring to discover the bottom of the fissures, and amusing ourselves by casting down pebbles and listening to the echo until it grew fainter, and finally was lost upon the ear. While thus in a contemplative mood, we could not but reflect upon the cause of the various phenomena presented to our view. The crevices and fissures would favour the theory that at the time of the flood, when creation was agitated to its centre, then were these huge piles thrown up in broken masses. But on the other hand, the formation of some rocks disjoined from the others would warrant us in saying that they were effected by volcanic eruptions. Concerning this let philosophers wrangle. Well may we exclaim, "the ways of the Lord are past finding out."

The decline of old Sol reminded us that we had tarried full long on the mount.

As we were descending we thought could the sceptic and infidel have stood with us, and viewed the heavens above and the earth beneath, he must have admitted that chance could not have

created these things, that chance by some awful convulsion had rent the rocks asunder. G. sceptic, converse with nature, where with her pencil dipped in the fountain of sublimity, guided by the hand of the Ruler of the Universe, she has made her boldest strokes, and she will teach thee that there is a God.

W. V. H. C.

Philadelphia, June 22, 1813.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE RESURRECTION.

Twice had the sun gone down on the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre. Death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their posts; the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and sorrow; while the spirits of glory waited with anxious suspense to behold the event—wondering at the depths of the ways of God. At length, the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light. The third day began to dawn on the world, when on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken. An angel of God descended; the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat on it.

But who is this that cometh from the tomb with died garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine press alone: he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He rises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe! The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens with complacency; he beheld his world restored—he saw his work, that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dews of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

THE RESTING PLACE.

HOWEVER dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves.—Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the pale nations of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trumpet, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth. The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—neither winds nor waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.—There is, however, but one class of persons who may derive comfort from these reflections; those only who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the life.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Is D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, we have a graphic account of the discovery which Luther made of the Bible, at the time when Providence was preparing him to be the grand instrument of a resurrection of the religion of the Bible. He had been two years at the university of Erfurth, and was twenty years of age. One day he was opening the books in the library, one after another, in order to read the names of the authors. One, which he opened in its turn, drew his attention. He had not seen anything like it till that hour. He reads the title; it is a Bible, a rare book, unknown at that time. His interest is strongly excited. He is filled with astonishment at finding more in that volume than those fragments of the Gospels and Epistles which the Church had selected to be read to the people, in their places of worship. Till then he thought that they were the whole Word of God; and here were so many pages and so many books, of which he had no idea. His heart beats, as he holds in his hands all the Scripture, divinely inspired.—With eagerness and indescribable feelings he turns over the leaves of God's Word. He returns home with a full heart. Oh, thought he, if God would give me such a book for my own! He soon returned to the library to find his treasure again; he read and re-read, and then, in his surprise and joy, he went back to read again. The first gleams of a new truth then arose upon his mind.

This event had a sublimity in it, because that the impulse which the discovery gave to Luther's mind was to be communicated to the millions of other minds; because the whole Reformation lay hid in that Bible. This book on the unknown shelves of a dark room was, through his mind, to become the book of life to nations. It had now fallen into the hands of its translator, who was about to give it tongues to speak to all Europe.

"I GIVE MYSELF UNTO PRAYER."—Happy is the man or woman who can adopt this language with truth; and as useful as he is happy. What absolute devotion does the language express! How different from that intermittent and inconsistent worship, which characterizes, it is to be feared, the mass of professed Christians. This whole-hearted devotion has a wonderful influence in God's moral government. He regardeth the prayer of such. Such prayer has a more intimate connection with the progress of religion, than people are wont to believe. Men who do believe it, may account for it in different ways; but the fact itself must surely be admitted. God will not deny himself, and his promises pledge to such prayer the richest returns.

Give myself unto prayer—not to the occasional repetition of a form; but the labor of my soul is the seeking from God the blessings of his grace for myself and my fellow men. It is a devotion like that which distinguishes the avaricious man in the pursuit of wealth—keeps me vigilant, and in wakeful expectation for returns. What an aspect of life, of circumspection and energy would be put upon the church, if all its members gave themselves unto prayer.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

LOOK TO THE END.

Use of good courage in your Sabbath labours of love! Were a traveller to count his steps instead of looking forward to the end of his journey, it would sadly discourage him, and were you to dwell upon your impediments, instead of hopefully realising your expectation, it would sadly discourage you. Whatever may be the difficulties in the way of Sunday school teachers, they should learn to think less of their labour than of the object they wish to attain.

Three young men, who had visited South Wales, to enjoy the scenery of the place, came to the foot of the Black Mountains, which one of them proposed to ascend; to this, the other two agreed. The ascent was very steep, and weary work it was to toil up the summit; but when they arrived there, the view was so extensive and beautiful, that it delighted them all. "I tell you what," said one of them, "let us never again complain of fatigue in such an enterprise as this. It has been hard work, sure enough, to get to the top of this mountain, but now we are here, the prospect richly repays us for all our labour."

A country squire, having occasion to sink a well, found it much further to the water than he expected. It was indeed a very long, and a very expensive affair; but no sooner was he in possession of a pump of excellent spring water, than he gave way to the gladness of his heart.

"It has cost me a pretty penny," said he, "but that does not signify, for the pump gives me more pleasure than double the expense would give me pain."

A husbandman, who had a stoney and sterile piece of land, went on lamenting, day after day, the labour it cost him. When, however, he saw upon it a capital crop, "Fool that I am," said he to himself; "had I thought more of the harvest, and less of the labour, how much vexation I might have spared myself."

The prospect of the travellers, the well of the country squire, and the harvest of the husbandman, were good things, but all put together, are not equal to the goodly harvest that shall be gathered in by the successful Sunday school teacher.

A Sunday school has been likened to a valuable piece of machinery, "the working of which, as a whole, depends upon the working of each particular part. A single wheel, or pivot, yea a screw or pin, that does not work well, impedes all. Will you be that bad pivot, screw, or pin?" I trust that every one of you would be ashamed of replying in the affirmative. Be helpers with all your faculties of body and soul, but never be hindrances in the important working of your Sunday school.

A beautiful but somewhat complicated machine was once exhibited to a group of mechanics, when suddenly its movements were altogether stopped, by a small screw becoming loose. The exhibitor requested the company to be patient, while he remedied the evil, telling them that the machine was as useless without the screw, as the screw would be without the machine.

Think of this, not proudly, but humbly; let not the question be, am I a wheel, a spring, a lever, a pivot, a screw, or a pin? but am I a helper or a hindrance in the machinery of the Sunday school?

There are three bad things in the world which all should strive hard to avoid. Rough as the pathway of life may be, if we could only avoid bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds, we should make it as level as a bowling-green.

A bad thought is the worst thing that can get under a boy's waistcoat, and the longer it remains there, the more mischievous it becomes; it is more poisonous than arsenic, more deceitful than a snake, and far more dangerous than the bite of a mad dog. A bad thought got into the heart of the first boy that ever was born, and it never left him till it made him kill his brother. Shun bad thoughts, fear them, hate them, fight against them, and pray against them.—Presbyterian.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the New York Evangelist.

LETTER FROM THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.
EXPULSION FROM SWEDEN—REVIVAL.

GRAVESEND, May 2, 1843.

Gentlemen,—Now that I have obtained the royal decision on our Swedish affairs, I feel the time has come when I must write to you without delay.

The things which have happened to me in Sweden have not in anywise affected the progress of vital godliness in the capital, or throughout the kingdom. In Stockholm, my friend Rosenius writes me, there never were more converted persons than at this moment; and although the chapel being closed, no general meetings can be held—although having to meet in smaller rooms, the company of believers is divided, and the same persons not allowed to meet at more than one place—although threatenings from the police authorities, that these meetings will be broken in upon, and half decided—yet the crowds attending Rosenius's daily or nightly Scripture expositions increase continually, and many are brought to experience the life of God in their souls. From other sources (for hosts of letters from the pious reach me) I learn that the devoted labours of Rosenius are greatly blessed of the Lord. In the country, south and north, a great work is going forward. South of Stock-

holm, in Smaland, "the preaching sickness," (a name given by the authorities to the marvellous event of scores of uneducated persons, principally young females, appearing in public, preaching repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and for which as many as seventy have been carried into the hospitals to be cured of this malady!) has produced great excitement, led to many awakenings, and occasioned a very general outcry for copies of the Holy Scriptures.

In the north, more healthy and more blessed revivals are progressing. At —, where my old friend R— labours, a marvellous work is going forward. For twenty-eight years he has faithfully laboured among a very wicked people, without any apparent fruit: the last ten he has endeavoured to promote the Temperance cause; but, of his 1,600 hearers, not 50 could be prevailed upon to sign the pledge up to March last, when a revival commenced, principally, through God's blessing, on the visit of a young peasant, whom I had engaged some time before, as a Bible colporteur; and, in October last, he writes:—"The people, especially the young, have been truly awakened; the fear of man has vanished, and men and women fall down in numbers at our meetings, weeping, deploring their guilt in the sight of God, and soliciting the intercessions of their brethren on their behalf. Of my 1,600 parishioners, 1,200 have joined the Temperance Society; so that brandy is nearly banished from our borders. In nearly every house some one or more are concerned for their souls, and wherever you go the conversation is about godliness and temperance. Such an awakening, so general and sincere, I have never either read or heard of."

This is by no means the only parish where the work of God is revived: but, strange to say, the parishes of —, and some others known to us, have not so general a visitation: can it be because these have, in a cowardly spirit, turned their backs upon, and disowned the instrumentality God has been pleased to bless to this end; while R— and others, humble and staunch like him, have never ceased to acknowledge their obligations to English and American Christians? R— writes me:—"Just when you were by all the right minded esteemed and beloved, all was changed, and suddenly you were insulted, hated, persecuted, forsaken, and driven away.—All must be taken, however, from God's hand.—We may say—He sent you here to us; he hath taken you again from us. Well, what was your errand here? You came to put life in the dead Christianity of Sweden, and this you have done. Thus was the purpose of God in sending you accomplished, and we could not longer retain you."

And now to my own circumstances. You know of the riot on March 21, 1842, and the prohibition of the Governor; and I think you also know of an unsuccessful application to the English government. Had the causes been connected with the High Church party, the answer of Lord Aberdeen would have been very different. The Governor prohibited my having any religious exercises in Sweden (even family prayer,) on three grounds:—1. That I had no royal permission, expressing my right to preach in Swedish. 2. That no Methodist Church, composed of Swedes, was known in Stockholm. 3. That certain charges of my having transgressed the Church law had been made against me. Against this, we lodged, on the 1st of July, an appeal to the King, showing that—1st. No permission was needed where no proscription was found in the law; and that the Consistory having objected, in 1833, to my Swedish preaching, and the King having overruled the objection, the right I had so long exercised remained. 2nd. That it was never my endeavour to make Swedish Methodists; and 3rd. That no charges ever had been communicated to me; and it was therefore absurd to found so important a prohibition on loose, uninvestigated charges—charges which, even if established, constituted no serious breach of law. The King, on the 31st January last, passed a resolution, waiving all reply to the 1st and 2nd, and confirming, on the 3rd ground, the prohibition of the Governor. So the chapel erected by the efforts of Catholic Christians in England and America is closed against us, in all probability, for ever. I met our committee yesterday, on the subject, and greatly admired the noble spirit manifested. All seemed to say—Let us not hurry with the sale; the pious in Stockholm must have a place to meet in. Let them have this at a

very trifling rent; and as religious liberty must soon be recognized there, perhaps these very persons, for whose edification the chapel was erected, may become the possessors of it. I have sometimes wondered if your Foreign Evangelical Society could not become owners, on easy terms, of the property, and try America's influence for Sweden's good.

I have an important sphere of operations in Gravesend, and still do much for poor dear Sweden; still it deeply grieves my heart that, after twelve years' hard self-denying labour, I am thus unrighteously and unceremoniously rejected. But last night I was standing side by side, on a missionary platform, with a fellow sufferer, Mr. Stalybrass, who, after 23 years' hard labour in Siberia, was just as unceremoniously sent away by the Russian government. But it will another day appear all right.

A very large edition of "One Hundred Arguments for the Divinity of Christ," to meet Strauss's dreadful and widely spread errors, has been put in circulation. I cannot give all particulars.

The noble grant of the Bible Society has not been so rapidly extended as if I had been still in Sweden; but much good has been done, and that Society has no reason to regret this grant. The Seamen's Friend Society will, I hope, continue Petterson and Wilson at Stockholm and Gottenburg. They are doing a blessed work among sailors of all nations.

I have never regretted my journey to America. It has not occasioned the disruption in Sweden, but only hastened the crisis which must have come. And we shall see that this is all right, however distressing the process of working out the problem may be. So write me, and soon.—If you prefer it, you may correspond with Keyser on the Society business; but the language will be a difficulty, and I am quite willing in this, or any Christian way, to labour for Sweden.

Yours, &c.,

GEORGE SCOTT.

POWER OF THE WRITTEN WORD.

It is a very interesting inquiry, what are the most effective means employed for the conversion of the heathen? Mr. Sutton writing to Mr. Sommers, says,—“So far as I am acquainted with instances of conversion, there are few, of which any one can say exclusively, ‘I did it,’ or of any particular means, ‘it did it;’ and on the other hand, it would be generally improper to say of any one class of means, that ‘it had nothing to do in the conversion and salvation of such a soul.’”

It seems, however, that the agent which has been most signally blessed, is the word of God.—On this point, Mr. Sutton bears the following testimony:—

“It was the reading of our scriptures and tracts that brought us our first converts, and which led to a subsequent series of conversions, which has continued up till the present time, from that neighbourhood and party. It was a gospel of Mark that first stirred the untrilled stupor of the Hindoo mind, about Khundiita, [one of our auxiliary stations,] whence some twelve or fifteen persons have been added by baptism, and several others detached from idolatry. In our schools the Scriptures are constantly read, and have more or less to do with the spiritual improvement of all our converts; and every now and then one and another, in relating their experience, refer to certain texts as first awakening their attention.”

Mr. S. adds,—“For myself, I feel no satisfaction with any part of my work equal to that of preparing and teaching the word of God. Heaven and earth may pass away, human systems and human wisdom may pass away, but the word of God abideth for ever.”

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

On Wednesday a public meeting of the Free Presbyterians of Scotland was held at Exeter Hall, for the purpose of receiving a deputation of ministers and elders, and in order to adopt measures for aiding that Church in its efforts to diffuse the Gospel in Scotland. The Marquis of Breadalbane was called to the chair. The Rev. Mr. Grey and the Rev. Dr. Cunningham gave a history of the causes which had led to the secession of 500 ministers from the National Church of Scotland, and, at considerable length, justified the course which had been adopted by the seced-

ders. Resolutions were passed, pledging the meeting to render assistance towards promoting the objects of the deputation.—*Bell's Messenger*, July 3.

PUSEYISM.—The Rev. T. Russell has introduced Puseyite practices into his church at Enfield Highway, and the inhabitants, on auditing the churchwardens' accounts, found an account of £23 9s. 6d. for candlesticks, which they resolutely refused to pay.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1843.

If there be one Christian duty of more importance than another—one that is most free from selfishness—one that embraces the widest range—and in the exercise of which the child of God finds the largest amount of enjoyment,—that duty is the sending forth of the blessed and glorious Gospel to “the dark places of the earth.” No argument is more fallacious than that by which some men calling themselves Christians attempt to excuse their neglect of this important duty. “All things and circumstances,” say they, “are either appointed or permitted by Providence. Providence either appoints or permits the present condition of the heathen—and, consequently, we are not to be held responsible for their spiritual destitution.” This we conceive to be a very erroneous view of Divine Providence. All good is certainly by the appointment of the Conservator of the Universe—for “whatsoever good is done upon the earth, it is the Lord that doeth it;” but all evil is the effect of transgression. If by “Divine Providence permitting,” be meant that God approves of evil, nothing can be farther from the truth; but if it means that he does not force men against their will out of a course of wickedness into a life of holiness, the sentiment, thus understood, is strictly correct.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland, a Baptist minister, in a speech lately delivered by him, used the following language:—

“We boast of having 600,000 Baptists in the United States. Our missionary stations are languishing. The most urgent appeals have been made by our Board at home and our missionary brethren abroad. These 600,000 persons, all, to a man, declare that they and their property are not their own; and yet when Christ demands what they declare to be his, what do they offer him? I could weep while I utter it; less than ten cents a year, less than a cent a month on an average. This is their tribute of thanksgiving to Him, who they say has redeemed them ‘with his own most precious blood.’”

To men, and to men alone, God has committed the word of reconciliation, and he has commissioned and commanded them to “go and preach the gospel to every creature.” To us Christians, has he consigned this light, this treasure—and we be unto us if we perform not the whole of our duty. The Church, and the Church alone, has the men and the means, and to her the world is looking for a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The isles now literally wait for his law—the aborigines of this continent are crying out from beyond the Rocky Mountains, “Come over and help us.”

Christians, Christians, take a lesson from the world—its children are not only wiser in their generation, but also more liberal, than the children of light. You cannot, it is true, all go, with a Williams, to the islands of the Pacific—or, with a Moffat, among the barbarous hordes of Africa—but can you not contribute pounds where you give only dollars; and by your faith and your prayers, hasten the time when the everlasting Gospel shall be proclaimed in every tongue and to every nation. This is generally believed to be an important

crisis in the world's history, and it behooveth all to do what they can towards snatching souls from hell, and augmenting the number of that happy company who “shall come to Zion with songs, with everlasting joy upon their heads.”

HORSE RACING.

We have much pleasure in copying the following contemporary opinions respecting the disgraceful practice of horse-racing, from the *Halifax Guardian*. Were this practice uniformly discountenanced by every professor of religion, we have no doubt it would soon disappear, as the open exhibitions of drunkenness have done, before a mighty moral influence.

Our contemporaries in this Province, if we may judge from their editorial remarks, appear to be no great friends to this barbarous and demoralizing amusement, annually inflicted upon the inhabitants of this city.

“This fruitful source of iniquity,” says the (Victor) *Presbyterian Banner*, “commenced on Tuesday last, and brought the usual vice and crime attendant on such exhibitions. A row took place at the end of the first day's sport, in which civilians, soldiers and sailors joined. Several persons were severely injured; and the *Morning Post* says that it is reported that one has succeeded of the injuries received.”

“The annual races,” says the *Vermouth Herald*, “were to ‘come off’ at Halifax this week. Of course all the blackguards for miles around would attend to enjoy a species of amusement which no other description of persons could relish or countenance.”

The objections stated by the Editor of the *Gazette* apply rather to the vending of intoxicating drinks on the occasion than to horse-racing itself, with regard to which the most that can be said is, that he

“finds a fault and hesitates dislike;” and the same remark applies to the *Norwegianian*, which has merely transcribed Mr. Thompson's remarks; but the *Olive Branch* comes out against it in its last number at considerable length, denouncing it, and we consider justly, as productive of cruelty to animals, waste of time and money, gambling, intemperance, riots and breaches of the peace, and profanation of the Lord's Day.

“Races,” it states, “were made on the two last Sabbaths, which required the presence of the police to prevent. Liquors were also on the ground last Sunday, and which would have been sold but for the same interference. We might enumerate various other evils, but these will suffice. These riots and breaches of the peace, tending to keep the city in a state of alarm, this gambling and Sabbath breaking, which are disgraceful to any professedly Christian country, are the direct and usual results of horse-racing. And we appeal to every parent, every true patriot, every friend of temperance, every Christian, to all who wish to see their sons, countrymen and brethren, moral, virtuous, and good members of society, and entreat them to discountenance, by every proper means, the fruitful source of so many and such alarming evils.”

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a very interesting work, entitled, “Parker's Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky mountains,” published last year. In our next number may be expected some choice extracts.

It is very desirable that those persons wishing to subscribe for the third volume of our paper, should send us their names before the next number is published, or as soon after as practicable; in order that we may know how many copies it will be necessary to “strike off.”

We have a few sets of the first and second volumes on hand. Should any of our readers wish to have the work from the commencement, they will do well to make an early application.

BIRTH.—At the Wesleyan Mission-house, Frost Village, Shuff'rd, on the 23d July, Mrs. (Rev. F. S.) Ingalls, of a daughter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE JEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—A few words respecting my first communication, under the above heading, appears to me to be necessary. I had heard it stated in a certain place, by a high authority, that "the Jewish nation is the only one of all the nations of antiquity, that remains to the present time." This proposition I considered incorrect, and to prove it so, adduced the Arabs and Chinese.

The Arabs of the desert, or Bedouin Arabs, are confessedly the descendants of Ishmael the son of Abraham, and, therefore, are of *equally remote antiquity* with the Jews.

The Chinese are allowed on all hands to be one of the oldest nations in the world; if their own statements be correct, they are *older* than the world itself. There is no doubt of their antiquity *being equally remote* as the Jews.

I also heard it stated by the same authority, and have frequently met with the remark in the course of my reading, that "the fact of the Jews having mixed with other nations, and yet remaining distinct and separate, is a *standing miracle*, and is to be attributed solely to a Divine Providence." To show that they are not the only people who have mingled with other nations without amalgamating, I referred to the Gypsies; to whom, by the way, if Johnson and Walker be correct, we may apply the term *nation* without any "concession of courtesy." This people have mixed with nearly all the nations of the earth for centuries, and are still as distinct and separate as are the Jews. My argument is this: If a Divine Providence be absolutely required in one case, it is in the other also; but if the phenomenon with respect to the Gypsies can be accounted for on simple and natural principles, without referring it to Providential interference, then it is possible, nay probable, that similar causes may have operated in preserving the Jews, as they are, a separate and a wicked people. In order to show the extent to which the Gypsies are scattered, and also to make it appear that in all cases they are not a mere "predatory tribe," I cite the following:—

"There is scarcely a part of the habitable globe where they are not to be found; their tents are alike pitched on the heights of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalayan hills, and their language is heard at Moscow and Madrid, in the streets of London and Stamboul."—*Borrow's Gypsies of Spain*.

"For near four centuries they have wandered thro' the world, and in every region, and among every people, whether barbarous or civilised, THEY HAVE CONTINUED UNCHANGED."—*Encyclop., art. Gypsies*.

"Those who have been accustomed to consider the Gypsy as a wandering outcast, incapable of appreciating the blessings of a settled and civilised life, or of abandoning his vagabond propensities and becoming stationary; as one who never ascends higher than the condition of a low trafficker; will be surprised to learn, that amongst the Gypsies of Moscow there are not a few who inhabit stately houses, go abroad in elegant equipages, and are behind the higher orders of the Russians neither in appearance nor mental acquirements."—*Borrow's Gypsies of Spain*.

And yet, whether moving in the highest circles, or mixing among the lowest of his race, he is still *separate*.

Your respected correspondent, "A Believer in a Millennium," &c. has employed the whole of his second letter, embracing nearly three columns, in an attempt to nullify the conclusions which may plainly and obviously be gathered from these facts. Whether he has succeeded is not for me to say,—let your readers judge. The whole of his argument reduces itself to a small compass, and may be summed up as follows:—

"There are six striking points of difference between the Jews and those nations to whom J. H. has compared them. Therefore, the Arabs and Chinese must not be compared to them, as being of equally remote antiquity; nor the Gypsies be compared with them, as retaining their identity and distinctness, though scattered through all the nations of the earth."

The "inconclusiveness" of such reasoning must be manifest to every reader, and will, I fear, fail to sa-

tisfy even those whose views respecting the Jews agree with those of your correspondent.

Your correspondent introduces the learned Dr. Taylor, supported by Dr. A. Clarke. Now I question whether, with all his "deep acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew scriptures," "A Believer" would be willing to endorse ALL his opinions; and if he be wrong in an important doctrine, surely he may be fallible on a question of comparatively small moment. I may here mention once for all, that human authorities alone weigh not a feather in the balance of my own judgment. To the "law and the testimony," and to that only, let your correspondent appeal, or acknowledge that he has lost his argument. His own unsupported opinion, I value as much as any of the most learned authorities he can quote.

When men, and good men too, assert that Divine Providence is engaged in preserving the Jew in all his sins and ceremonies, his prejudices against the Gentiles, and implacable hatred to Christ and his people,—is it any wonder that the sneers of infidelity are excited?

"Ye are," says the Saviour, "of your father the devil, and the works of your father ye will do." John viii. 44. And again, by his servant John to the church of Smyrna, "I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan." Rev. ii. 9. The wicked character of this people is the same now that it was then—they have actually become proverbial for wickedness; and yet, forsooth, some will say, Divine Providence sustains them thus, and great and glorious blessings are in reversion for them! I must here suppress expressions which had nearly escaped my pen, lest I should again excite regret in your esteemed correspondent, by "sympathising even in appearance with a scornful and slipshod infidelity."

But it is not unfrequently said that "the preservation of the Jews is a proof of the Divine authenticity and inspiration of the Bible." Thank God, there is plenty of evidence of the Divine authority and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, independently of the fact of the Jews' preservation. Had every soul of that people been converted centuries ago, and thus become lost by amalgamation among the mass of mankind, there would not be wanting still abundant proofs to explode all the objections of infidelity; and our holy religion would stand where it now stands, on the rock of eternal truth, the "WORD OF GOD ALONE," unshaken neither by the assaults of men nor devils.

I shall now bestow a passing remark on the 11th of Romans. In the 1st and 2d verses, the Apostle plainly declares that "God hath not cast away his people," the Jews, so as to place them beyond the possibility of being saved; but in the 15th, 19th and 20th verses, he speaks of them as being "cast away," "broken off," and "diminished." Does not the Apostle, then, contradict what he had stated in the 1st and 2d verses of the chapter? By no means. The "casting away," in the 15th, and "broken off," in the 19th and 20th verses, as I understand it, simply means, that God no longer regarded them as *EXCLUSIVELY* his church and people, as they had been previously. This sense alone, I conceive, explains how the fall of them was "the riches of the world," as well as their own fulness. By the death of Christ they fell from having the exclusive right of being God's people,—by that death the "middle wall of partition," represented by that which separated the Jewish and Gentile worshippers in the temple, was taken away,—by that death the believing Jew was introduced into a "fulness" to which he was before a stranger,—and now, in order to be a partaker of the blessings of the New Covenant, every Jew must come by the "new and living way," even by Him whom they crucified. Many have already been "grafted in" in this way, and doubtless there will be many more—for "God is able to graft them in" "if they abide not in unbelief." The introduction of the Christian dispensation broke up the Jewish economy and system. It is now "cast away"—but it is "cast away" only to give place to a system of Divine mercy more transcendantly glorious. Hence, the "diminishing" of the Jews was not only the "enriching" of the Gen-

tiles, but was "much more" the "fulness" of the believing Jews. This is paradoxical, but not more so than the language of the chapter. But, "All Israel shall be saved"—yes, all the spiritual Israel—for "the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord." Isa. lix. 20.

These remarks are not intended as an exposition of the chapter; but they may serve as a key to its being better understood. THE CHAPTER IS NOT A PROPHECY; and the only ground for supposing the Apostle meant that the Jews as a nation will be converted, is a few incidental hints, which, regarded in the abstract, might and indeed have led some well-meaning persons to imagine that the conversion of the Jews is the *burden* of the chapter.

In order more fully to ascertain the views of the inspired Apostle respecting the ultimate conversion of his kinsmen according to the flesh, let us turn to the 3d and 4th chapters of Galatians. And here let me entreat the Christian reader to lay aside his preconceived notions of the "bringing in of the carnal Jews," though these notions may be as old as a thousand other errors that obtain in Christendom, and be supported by great and venerable names—and hear and consider what the Word of God saith:—

"Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, And to seeds as of many; but as of one, and to thy seed, *which is Christ*." Gal. iii. 16.

"And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Ver. 29.

These verses require no comment; they plainly teach that the *fleshy* relation with Abraham is abolished, and that a *spiritual* one alone is established; agreeably to the words of the Baptist,—*"Think not to say within yourselves we have Abraham to our Father, for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."* Matt. iii. 9. "Henceforth," says the Apostle, "know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." 2 Cor. v. 16. "They answered and said unto him, Abraham is our Father. Jesus said unto them, *if ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham.*" John viii. 39. Christ and his people are the seed of Abraham and the heirs according to promise. Where, then, is the ground of hope for the carnal Jew, who can apply the promises to himself only because he is of Abraham according to the flesh, being circumcised?

Turn we now to the 4th chapter of Galatians, from the 22d verse to the end of the chapter: "For it is written that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a free woman. Which things are an allegory: for these are the two covenants; the one from Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar." Here we are told that Abraham, having two sons, the one by a bondmaid, and the other by a free woman, is an allegory—Christ and his people being represented by the free woman and her son, and the Jewish nation by the bondwoman and her child Ishmael: "for this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with *HER CHILDREN*." "Nevertheless, what saith the Scripture, *Cast out the bond woman and her son, for the son of the bond woman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman.*" I, therefore, conclude that if the *whole* of the Jewish nation are brought into the Church of Christ at any time, the allegory will not hold correct,—and that as the Ishmaelites, the descendants of the son of the bond woman, were never as a nation incorporated with the Israelites, so the Jews, who in the allegory are represented by Agar and her son, will never as a nation be incorporated with the people of God (the Church of Christ), who in the allegory are represented by the free woman and her son.

These views will probably have more weight with your correspondent, when I remind him that they are corroborated by him whom he justly styles "that devout scholar, Dr. A. Clarke." In his comment on Gal. iv. 25, he says:

"Hagar the bond woman bringing forth children in a state of slavery, answereth to Jerusalem in now is, points out or bears a similitude to Jerusalem in

her present state of subjection; which with her children, her citizens, are not only in bondage to the Romans, but in a worse bondage to the law, to its oppressive ordinances, and to the heavy curse which it has pronounced against all those who do not keep them."

I cite this last authority merely to please your correspondent. The time is past when great learning, or high ecclesiastical offices were sufficient to make an opinion pass current with the Christian world.

I hope the views which the Apostle has given us of the subject in the passages quoted, will cause "An Humble Believer" to reconsider the matter, and that he will see reason to change his views respecting the imaginary national conversion of the Jews, however fondly these views may have been cherished and interwoven with his theological notions.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.,

J. H.

August 1, 1843.

"THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS." LETTER III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—I hope it has been proved, to the satisfaction of your respected correspondent, that THE NATIONAL DISTINCTIVENESS of the Israelitish people is of a Providential character. First, PRESUMPTIVELY; seeing their case in that respect is without any parallel in the history of nations, "Arabs, Chinese, and Gypsies" not excepted. And secondly, DEMONSTRATIVELY; seeing that peculiarity of their case has long been announced and foretold, even very many centuries ago, by "Holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

This will further appear from the following syllogism:

Any event which is the subject of Divine prophecy, should certainly be regarded as a Divinely Providential event.

But the preservation of the Jews as a distinct people, is an event which is the subject of Divine prophecy.

Therefore, the preservation of the Jews as a distinct people should certainly be regarded as a Divinely Providential event.

J. H. will, on that account, be so good as REVERSE that condemnatory sentence of his letter, which reads:—"Those who say they are kept distinct by Divine Providence, MANIFESTLY CONTRADICT THE WORD OF GOD!" And, if a little friendly pleasantry were admissible, I would say: His "syllogism," also, which appears to have been placed as an invincible guard around that redoubtable assertion, will be directed to wheel round, and accompany its charge on its retrograde movement into the rear. It must be admitted, that the whole argumentative force came to the attack in gallant style, and with most heroic temper. It was a mere failure of strength, and not of spirit, which occasioned their defeat, and which must not be unnoticed in the official account of the affair.

Not wishing, in point of courtesy, to be behind the worthy commander of the expedition, and in just and generous return for his COMPLIMENTARY allusion to the "REASONERS" on our side, I have enlisted three of his sentinels into our service; and, with "knobs" on their shoulders, they are now "doing duty" as non-commissioned officers in our garrison; viz:—

No. 1. "Those who say the Jews are [NOT] kept distinct by Divine Providence, manifestly contradict the Word of God."

No. 2. "The Gypsies of Europe do [NOT] at the present day present so remarkable a phenomenon in civil life as do the Jews."

No. 3. "Unfortunately for SUCH REASONERS, the Chinese and the Arabs are [NOT] exceptions to this statement."

"The pious and intelligent reader" will be interested and edified by the following Scriptural and truly eloquent remarks on this branch of our subject, from the pen of the learned Doctor Newton, late Lord Bishop of Bristol. It is taken from his eighth Dissertation on the Prophecies, section II.:

"The preservation of the Jews through so many ages, and the total destruction of their enemies, are wonderful events; and are made still more wonderful by being signified beforehand by the spirit of prophecy, as we find particularly in the prophet Jeremiah xlvi. 28: 'Fear thee not, O Jacob my servant, saith the Lord, for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee!'"

"The preservation of the Jews is really one of the most signal and illustrious acts of Divine Providence. They are dispersed among all nations, and yet they are not confounded with any. The drops of rain which fall—nay, the great rivers which flow into the ocean—are soon mingled and lost in the immense body of waters; and the same, in all human probability, would have been the fate of the Jews—they would have been mingled and lost in the common mass of mankind; but, on the contrary, they flow into all parts of the world, mix with all nations, and yet keep separate from all. They still live as a distinct people, and yet they nowhere live according to their own laws, nowhere elect their own magistrates, nowhere enjoy the full exercise of their religion. Their solemn feasts and sacrifices are limited to one certain place, and that hath been now, for many ages, in the hands of strangers and aliens, who will not suffer them to come thither.

"No people have continued unmixed so long as they have done. not only of those who have sent forth colonies into foreign countries, but even of those who have abided in their own country. The northern nations have come in swarms into the more southern parts of Europe; but where are they now to be discerned and distinguished? The Gauls went forth in great bodies to seek their fortune in foreign parts; but what traces or footsteps of them are now remaining any where? In France who can separate the race of the ancient Gauls from the various other people who, from time to time, have settled there? In Spain who can distinguish exactly between the first possessors, the Spaniards, and the Goths, and the Moors, who conquered and kept possession of the country for some ages? In England who can pretend to say with certainty which families are derived from the ancient Britons, and which from the Romans, or Saxons, or Danes, or Normans? The most ancient and honorable pedigrees can be traced up only to a certain period, and beyond that there is nothing but conjecture and uncertainty, obscurity and ignorance.

"But the Jews can go up higher than any nation; they can even deduce their pedigree from the beginning of the world. They may not know from what particular tribe or family they are descended, but they know certainly that they all sprung from the stock of Abraham. And yet the contempt with which they have been treated, and the hardships which they have undergone in almost all countries, should, one would think, have made them desirous to forget or renounce their original. But they profess it—they glory in it; and after so many wars, massacres, and persecutions, they still subsist, they still are very numerous. And what but a supernatural power could have preserved them in such a manner as none other nation upon earth hath been preserved!

"Nor is the providence of God less remarkable in the destruction of their enemies, than in the preservation of themselves! For from the beginning, who have been the great enemies and oppressors of the Jewish nation, removed them from their own land, and compelled them into captivity and slavery? The Egyptians afflicted them very much, and detained them in bondage several years. The Assyrians carried away captive the ten tribes of Israel, and the Babylonians the two remaining tribes of Judah and Benjamin. The Syro-Macedonians, especially Antiochus Epiphanes, cruelly persecuted them; and the Romans utterly dissolved the Jewish State, and dispersed the people—so that they have never been able to recover their city and country again.

"But where are now the great and famous monarchies, which in their turns subdued and oppressed the people of God? Are they not vanished as a dream, and not only their power, but their very names lost in the earth? The Egyptians, Assyrians, and Babylonians were overthrown and entirely subjugated by the Persians:

and the Persians, it is remarkable, were the restorers of the Jews, as well as the destroyers of their enemies! The Syro-Macedonians were swallowed up by the Romans; and the Roman empire, great and powerful as it was, was broken in pieces by the incursions of the northern nations; while the Jews are subsisting as a distinct people at this day. And what a wonder of Providence is it, that THE VANQUISHED should so many ages survive THE VICTORS, and the former be spread all over the world, while the latter are no more!

"Nay, not only nations have been punished for their cruelty to the Jews, but Divine vengeance hath pursued even single persons, who have been their persecutors and oppressors. The first-born of Pharaoh was destroyed, and he himself, with his host, was drowned in the sea. Most of those who oppressed Israel in the days of the Judges, Eglon, Jabin, and Sisera, Oreb and Zeeb, and the rest, came to an untimely end. Nebuchadnezzar was stricken with madness, and the crown was soon transferred from his family to strangers. Antiochus Epiphanes died in great agonies, with ulcers, and vermin issuing from them; so that the filthiness of his smell was intolerable to all his attendants. Herod, who was a cruel tyrant to the Jews, died in the same miserable manner. Flaccus, governor of Egypt, who barbarously plundered and oppressed the Jews of Alexandria, was afterwards banished and slain. Caligula, who persecuted the Jews for refusing to pay divine honour to his statues, was murdered in the flower of his age, after a short and wicked reign. But where are now—since they have absolutely rejected the Gospel, and been no longer the peculiar people of God—where are now such visible manifestations of a Divine interposition in their favour?"

"The Jews would do well to consider this point; for, rightly considered, it may be an effectual means of opening their eyes, and of turning them to Christ our Saviour!"

I have, Mr. Editor, dwelt the more on this point, because, in addition to the strong presumption of their future conversion, which in my last letter was deduced from the fact of the Providential preservation of the Jewish people; that remarkable fact, unless I am greatly mistaken, will be found to enfold in its bosom the most complete demonstration that their conversion as a nation to the faith of "the Lord Jesus," will yet take place. The Providential preservation of the Jewish nation is to continue till the end of time. See Jeremiah xxxi. 35-37 Hence it will surely be in existence when the age of universal righteousness shall arrive; which affords a special ground of confidence as to their entire conversion, not applicable to any other nation at this moment upon the face of the earth. "Nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay." This process is carried on beneath the administration of Him who hath given his Church this security. "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee, shall perish; yea that nation shall be utterly wastel." Isaiah lx. 12. This is the key which will explain the destiny of every nation inscribed in the records of universal history; "the Jew first, and also the Greek." And the blessed result of the Divine administration of this principle will be, that an age of reformation will yet come and gladden our fallen world. "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written," respecting "Messiah the Prince:" "All kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him!" Psalm lxxii. 11.

It may gratify your respected correspondent to have this put in the syllogistic form; viz:—

An age will come in which all nations shall serve the Lord Jesus Christ;

The Jewish nation will be in existence in that age;

Therefore in that age the Jewish nation shall serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours,
AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO
BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

Near Lake Champlain, }

July 28, 1843. }

PIETY, based upon faith and repentance, leads the soul through countless difficulties into the fruition of unending bliss.

THE mind that thinks can never be solitary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGE IV. AND BISHOP PORTEOUS.

"People in his rank, my dear," said one of her friends, "are very rarely strict in observing this day." "But they regret it ultimately," replied Sybil. "I will give you a proof of it within my own knowledge. My proof shall lie in the person of the late King George IV. The anecdote is authentic. I have heard my father repeat it more than once. He had it from an eye-witness. Bishop Porteous was sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, and fully aware of his impending dissolution. His mind was calm and clear; and it seemed that, with an increasing nearness to the tomb, there was granted an increasing anxiety for the interests of religion. The advancement of piety within his own diocese was an all-absorbing object to the very last. In a circumstance, a lady communicated to him a report which she had heard of the institution of a club under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. The bishop was exceedingly feeble and languid on the morning this reached him; but it instantly roused him. He ascertained its correctness; and then, to the infinite surprise of his medical attendants, who had pronounced him sinking, called for writing materials, and requested an audience of the Prince. It was granted. A more striking interview, a more affecting spectacle—one more worthy of the painter's art or poet's pen—can scarcely be imagined. Feeble, and almost voiceless, supported by two of his attendants, and hardly able to move even with their assistance, he reached, with infinite difficulty, the royal apartment. There nature appeared to rally. His clear, soft, persuasive voice seemed for the exigency to return to him. He paused for a few moments, when he stood in the presence of the heir-apparent, and then, with agitated earnestness, but in admirably chosen terms, conjured him to fix some other day for this meeting. The prince received him very graciously, and even kindly; listened, and while he listened seemed much affected; explained at some length; and that it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity; but that if the day could be changed to Saturday it should. The bishop withdrew, and within a very brief interval rested for ever from care and sorrow. But the effect of his counsels survived. George the Fourth, in his last illness, declared that the impression which the language and earnestness of the dying bishop left upon his memory he could never shake off; that it was the first admonition from such a quarter which had ever moved him. Two days before he died he alluded to that touching interview, and said "that nothing connected with the past had given him more uneasiness than the recollection of his secular Sabbaths."—*The Bishop's Daughter.*

PORTRAIT OF A NEGLECTED APPRENTICE.

Is it possible, then, that a mother thus circumstanced, can look with indifference to the future, when the happy boy who plays beside her, the joy of her own heart, and the pride of his father's—the spirited, handsome fellow who carries away the prizes at school, and lords it over his playmates, and only softens into tenderness when he sees his mother's tears.—is it possible that she can think with indifference of the time when he shall be old enough to go out into a stranger's family—nay, actually, be bound there for a term of years, and thus invrought, as it were, with the entire fabric of a new order of domestic arrangements; yet, notwithstanding all this, made to sit apart, as if to feel that he is not only an alien, but an absolute intruder, as regards the mistress of that family and her friends? Could the fond mother follow her boy, when thus circumstanced, up to his own bed-room in the attic, and see how often, for want of a welcome at the household hearth, he sits upon his box, and reads the books he brought from home, at the risk of being chidden for the light he has kept burning;—could she see the far-off way in which he sits at the family board, satisfying his hunger according to necessity, not choice;—could she see the manner in which, from the very overflow of the life of his young spirit, he is driven down, and compelled to make merry with associates unfitted to himself, at least to that self with which he was identified in his father's home, but which he has almost ceased to remember now,—could she hear, when he speaks, how his voice is becoming gradually habituated to the utterance

of low thoughts and words which never formed a part of the language of his home; but, beyond all this, could she see his Sabbaths—his days of rest—those happy days, when the members of his father's family used all to be united in equality of feeling, and solicited only to give precedence to each other;—could she behold him walking the streets of some great town, and for want of home attractions, for want of cordiality and welcome at his master's fireside, familiarizing himself with the sinful practices of others similarly circumstanced;—could the mother, beholding all this, trace out its fearful and degrading consequences upon the future destinies of her boy, she would be ready to exclaim to the mistress of that household—"Save my child!"—*Mrs. Ellis.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER—How many millions and millions of times has that prayer been offered by Christians of all denominations! So wide, indeed, is the sound thereof gone forth, that daily, and almost without intermission, from the ends of the earth, and afar off upon the sea, it is ascending to heaven like incense, and a pure offering. Nor needs it the gift of prophecy to foretell, that though "heaven and earth shall pass away," these words of our blessed Lord "shall not pass away" till every petition has been answered, till the kingdom of God shall come, and his will be done as it is in heaven.—*Montgomery.*

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