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MISSING

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CHRISTIAN MIRROR,

AND

GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER;

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND MORALITY.

VOLUME II.

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

VOL. II.

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No. 1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF ISAAC EMERSON. THE PRINCE OF M——.

It was early in the forenoon of a summer's day, that I left the ancient city of E——. My road lay first by the side of a magnificent river, by degrees expanding into an estuary, and mingling its waters ere long with the ocean. It was dotted with picturesque islands, some green and smooth, and some rugged and rocky, with the mouldering remnants upon them of castle or convent. After journeying a few miles, I crossed the river by a ferry, and proceeded through a champaign country, diversified occasionally with dark heathy hills of no great height, beneath which lay here and there a village or a small country town. In the distance, glimpses were caught from time to time of a long range of lofty blue mountains, in exploring the scenery of which I purposed spending the next two or three weeks.

But, though it was July, the day was singularly unpropitious to a tourist. The preceding night had been stormy, and black clouds were lowering on the heights we passed, threatening the return of rain. In fact, just as, after traveling about forty miles, I had reached an eminence from which I expected to see the whole mountain chain stretching at no great interval before me, the tempest recommenced with so much fury that I was glad, instead of pausing to enjoy the splendid prospect, to push on as quickly as possible to some place of refuge. This I found at a tolerable inn in a small decayed town, seated at the foot of the first lower range of the mountains; and here I was absolutely forced by the unabating storm to continue till the next day. I was afterwards very glad of the delay; for I found in the town and in its neighbourhood much to interest me, which otherwise, as it had not been my original intention to stop there, I should have missed.

Receiving from mine host the account of a ruined cathedral, and a princely seat close at hand, I devoted the following morning, which was happily fair, to the examination of these objects. I first proceeded up the ill-built, ill-paved street of the town, till in the centre of it I stood before the outer gate of the domain of the prince of M——. It was a lofty gothic archway, surmounted by the shield of arms and other heraldic insignia of the family. On giving my name at the lodge, I received permission to view the grounds, and a forester of the prince's was appointed to attend me. We first visited the church, which stands as it were in a garden, a little behind the street, and near the banks of a clear brawling stream. A side door admitted us into the choir, which was fitted up in a modern style for present use; but passing from this into the nave, I found myself in the midst of a venerable ruin. There were the massy columns and the pointed arches that divided off the aisles, but the roof was entirely destroyed; the central tower was overgrown with ivy, and a western tower was half fallen.—There were fragments of tombs about; for here reposed those whose deeds had been emblazoned in the rolls of

fame, though now the battered shields and the half defaced inscription were their only memorial. The whole building was of imposing magnitude, for it had once been a cathedral; and prelates known in ecclesiastical and civil history had here had their seat. But in the wars of religion it had been torn to pieces; and now, with the exception of the small part kept in use, it served but as an ornamental ruin to the domain of the great feudal chief on whose property it stood.

Issuing from the grove in which the cathedral was embosomed, I traversed, conducted by my guide, much beautiful scenery. Sometimes we ascended craggy rocks; sometimes we were deep in the recesses of a pine forest which stretched away many miles in different directions. Now we were beside a river, broad, calm, and smooth, and glassy; next we came upon the same stream confined in a narrow channel, and boiling with impetuosity as it forced its headlong way. Here on an elevated platform we gazed on mountains whose heads were veiled in clouds, or tipped with snow; there we looked out upon a rich expanse of champaign country. My attendant, who was an old retainer of the house, assured me that nearly all I saw belonged to his lord. And, as he was well acquainted with local history and traditions of the neighbourhood, in all of which the ancestors of the prince of M—— bore a leading part, he had perpetually some anecdote of interest to tell. Different spots that we visited had each its appropriate legend. In one place, just beneath where a spire rock, crowned with firs, shot upwards to the sky, an ancient sovereign of the country was fond of placing himself to destroy the deer which his hunters drove by him through the hollows. In another not far off, another monarch had nearly perished from the assault of an infuriated stag.

It struck me as remarkable that the forester made no mention, in all his tales and anecdotes, of the present prince. I once or twice asked some questions relating to him, for I was quite ignorant of his condition, but the retainer returned an evasive answer, and immediately spoke of some other topic. This, I must fairly own, a little whetted my curiosity; and I could not help, when surveying the prospects of highest grandeur, hazarding repeatedly a remark upon the good fortune of the noble owner of such a territory. My companion replied not, but his features assumed always a peculiar expression. At last, having for some time traversed a winding path among deep plantations, through which I occasionally caught a glimpse of a torrent dashing tumultuously over masses of rock that impeded its progress, a sudden turn brought me in front of a kind of grotto. It stood in a small open space, surrounded by the trees, and was built in a rustic style. I advanced to the door, which was opened by the forester, and I found myself in an apartment of tolerable size, the walls of which were ornamented with pictures. While I was contemplating one of these, it suddenly slipped aside, and I saw in its stead a splendid cataract foaming before me, and multiplied

on all sides by the mirrors placed round and above a larger hall, into which I passed through the opening thus unexpectedly made for me. The end of this hangs quite over the gulf into which the river precipitates itself, and from it I could see, a little below, a bridge of a single arch, thrown picturesquely across the stream, while all around rose hills of graceful outline covered with pine woods, and far away, through an opening between two, soared the snowy peaks of the more distant mountains. I stayed long viewing the noble scenery, and enjoying the thoughts which it suggested. It was a place to muse in, a place to forget the world in. The forester observed my gratification, and said—"This is where my honoured lord in happier days used to love to come. He often breakfasted here, and spent the morning with his books in this hermitage. Those were pleasant times; but you, sir, have more enjoyment of these woods and this place than he has." "What then," I asked, "is the reason, my friend? For I have observed that hitherto you have carefully avoided any allusion to the prince. Has any misfortune happened to him?"

"Follow me, sir," said the man, "and you shall see."

I followed round a low hill, and soon perceived that he was bringing me near to the point where I had entered the domain. We shortly came to a flat space, where a new building beautifully situated seemed to be erecting. It was of large extent. Large quantities of the finest hewn stone were lying about ready for use. The palace, for such it promised to be, was not far advanced: in some parts the walls were but a few feet above the ground, but other portions had risen higher; and it was easy to believe that when completed it would be a most magnificent structure. But I saw no workmen engaged upon it: no noise of business was heard. There were all the materials; there were the builders' huts and offices; but there was no builder near, and an air of desolation seemed to reign over the whole, as I perceived a kind of covering, of slate, upon the unfinished walls, as if to show that the building was not soon to be resumed.

"You are surprised, sir," said the forester, "I see, and cannot understand the meaning of this.—This palace was begun by my late lord, the last prince, who pulled down the ancient castle; and it was advanced as you see when he died. His death, sir, stopped the works at once; for my present lord—may God restore him!—and here the tears trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks—"my present lord is far away, and I fear he never will return. He has been many years in confinement, for he, sir, is insane."

It was even so. The heir of a long line of nobles, the feudal chief, beloved of his vassals, possessed of vast estates, whose family had once been a sovereign house—he was an incredible fanatic. Never with such effect did the striking language of the scripture flash upon my mind as at that moment: "The voice said, Cry. And he said, what shall I cry?"

They are arrayed around an immense quadrangular court, three rows on the sides, and six rows across one end. Two columns near the gate of entrance are placed contiguous—just far enough apart to allow an ordinary sized man to pass between them. There is some superstitious notion connected with them which I could not exactly ascertain, I believe it is that a bad man will stick fast, but that a good man will squeeze through them. The opening was so narrow, that I dare not trust my character to the ordeal. Returning, we followed for a considerable distance a funeral procession of chanting Arabs, with the corpse laid across a donkey, going to the Mahomedan burying-ground near the citadel. We also saw some women with palm-leaves among the tombs; and as this was their Sunday, a company of women came out of the city to visit the graves of their friends. I have observed numbers of women with palm-leaves in their hands bound to the tombs. These they strew upon the graves. The surrounding villagers bring large bunches of palm leaves into Cairo, which are sold for that purpose.

Woman is every where a creature of affection. The grave extinguishes not her love. She goes to it, to shed the tear of memory. "She goeth to the grave to weep there." A record of the visitors to the graves of the departed, in any land, would show a large majority of females. And even here, degraded as she is, and excluded from all participation in the worship of Jehovah, and uneducated, she is still true to her nature.

DOOR-WAYS AND GATES.

"I don't understand Proverbs xviii 19. I wish you would explain it; Solomon says, 'He that exalteth his gate, seeketh destruction.'"

"It is supposed, and I think with much probability, that here is an allusion to a mode of violent attack which is still prevalent among the Arabs. These banditti are accustomed, if the door-ways are large enough, to ride into the houses of those whom they mean to plunder. To hinder them from doing so, a traveller tells us, that the door of the house in which the French merchants lived at Pama was not three feet high, and that all the door-ways in that town are equally low. A gentleman, referring to his entrance into a monastery near Jerusalem, says, 'The passage is so low that it will scarcely admit a horse; and it is shut by a gate of iron, strongly secured in the inside. As soon as we entered, it was again made fast with various bolts and bars of iron: a precaution extremely necessary in a desert place, exposed to the incursions and insolent attacks of the Arabs.' Other travellers give a similar testimony. 'The poor miserable Arabs are under the necessity of heaving their houses out of the rock, and cutting very small doors or openings to them, that they may not be made stables for the Turkish horses, as they pass and repass. We lodged under an arch in a little court, together with our asses; the door was exceedingly low, to withstand the sudden entrance of the insolent Turks.'—So you see, that to 'exalt the gate,' or to make a large entrance into the house, would most likely be followed with painful consequences, if not with destruction."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

BAXTER'S PREACHING.

THE effects produced by the preaching of this eminent servant of God are well known. The following is a specimen of his manner of addressing his hearers on the momentous concern of their souls, in a sermon preached in London, entitled, "Making light of Christ and Salvation too oft the issue of Gospel Inventions."

"You make light of matters of greatest excellency and moment in the world; You know not what it is that you slight; had you well known, you could not have done it. As Christ said to the woman of Samaria, John 4. 10. Hadst thou known who it is that speaketh to thee thou wouldst have asked of him the waters of life: Had they known they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory, 1 Cor. 2. 8. So, had you known, what CHRIST is, you would not have made light of him: Had you been one day in Heaven, and but seen what they possess, and seen also what miserable souls must endure that are shut out, you would never sure have made so light of CHRIST again."

"Oh Sirs, they are no trifles or jesting matters that the Gospel speaks of. I must needs profess to you that when I have the most serious thoughts of these things myself, I am ready to marvel that such amazing matters do not overwhelm the souls of men: that the greatness of the subjects doth not so overwhelm our understandings and affections, as even to drive men beside themselves, but that God hath always somewhat allayed it by the distance; much more that men should be blockish as to make light of them. Oh Lord, that men did but know what everlasting glory, and everlasting torments are; would they then hear us as they do? Would they read and think of these things as they do? I profess I have been ready to wonder, when I have heard such weighty things delivered, how people can forbear crying out in the congregation: much more, how they can rest till they have gone to their ministers, and learned what they should do to be saved, that this great business might be put out of doubt."

"Oh that heaven and hell should work no more on men! Oh that everlastingness should work no more! Oh how can you forbear when you are alone to think with yourselves what it is to be everlastingly in joy or in torment! I wonder that such thoughts do not break your sleep: and that they come not in your mind when you are about your labor! I wonder how you can almost do any thing else; How you can have any quietness in your minds: How you can eat or drink, or rest till you have got some ground of everlasting consolations! Is that a man, or a corpse, that is not affected with matters of this moment? That can be readier to sleep than to tremble, when he heareth how he must stand at the bar of God? Is that a man, or a clod of clay, that can rise and lie down without being deeply affected with his everlasting estate? That can follow his worldly business, and make nothing of the great business of salvation or damnation; and that when they know it is hard at hand? Truly, sirs, when I think of the weight of the matter, I wonder at the very best of God's saints upon earth, that they are no better, and do no more in so weighty a case. I wonder at these whom the world accounteth more holy than needs, and scorn for making too much ado; that they can put off Christ and their souls with so little: That they pour not out their souls in every supplication: That they are not more taken up with God; that their thoughts be not more serious in preparation on their account. I wonder that they be not an hundred times more strict in their lives; and more laborious and unwearied in striving for the crown than they are. And for myself, as I am ashamed of my dull and careless heart, and of my slow and unprofitable course of life; so, the Lord knows, I am ashamed of every sermon I preach when I think what I have been speaking of, and who sent me; and that men's salvation or damnation is so much concerned in it. I am ready to tremble, lest God should judge me as a sinner of his truths and the souls of men, and lest in the best sermon I should be guilty of their blood. Methinks we should not speak a word to men in matters of such consequence, without tears, or the greatest earnestness that possibly we can! Were not we too much guilty of the sin which we reprove, it would be so. Whether we are alone, or in company, methinks our end, and such an end, should still be in our mind, and as before our eyes, and we should sooner forget any thing, and set light by any thing, or by all things, than by this!"

THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN THE WORKS OF NATURE.

INTERESTING and lovely as the green fields in their luxuriant richness must ever be, to the eye of faith devotion they are even more so: did we accustom ourselves to associate with their beauty, the superintending providence of God, as well as the subordinate art and labour of man, they would possess an interest and loveliness which the mere lover of nature never knew. The sweetest landscape is improved by the presence of animated objects, which impart a loveliness, an interest, as it were, an existence to the whole. What increased force and interest are added to it by the presence, so to speak, of the living God! Shall we be so selfish as to ascribe the beauty of our cultivated

and richly laden fields to the more assistant labours of our own fallen race, unto whom all beyond the original curse of barrenness is mercy? Not unto me, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the praise. Yea! we will praise thee for thy goodness, and declare the wonders which thou dost for the children of men. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory: glory be to thee, O Lord most high!—If we accustom ourselves to such meditations as these,—if we view the earth as the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,—if we view every good gift and every perfect gift as coming down from above,—we shall find "good in every thing;" we shall find more to occupy our minds amid the green fields, despite their solitude and stillness, than in the crowded city: each path will be full of him; the wide theatre of the world will be to our minds but one universal house of prayer, one varied and beautiful temple of Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands; and all the countless creation of his bounty, all those kindly fruits of the earth given and preserved to our use, and in due time to be enjoyed by us, will constantly admonish us, as they rise into strength and beauty, to give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever.—Rev. W. Hall.

WITNESS TO THE SAVIOUR.

THE heavens gave witness. A new star passed through the sky at his incarnation; and at his crucifixion, for three hours the sun was darkened.

The winds and seas gave witness, when at his word, the tempest was hushed, and rough billows smoothed into a calm. At the same word the inhabitants of the waters crowded around the ship, and filled the net of the astonished and worshipping disciples.

The earth gave witness. At his death and at his resurrection, it trembled to its centre.

Disease gave witness. Fevers were rebuked; the blind saw their deliverer; the deaf heard his voice; the dumb published his glory; the sick of the palsy were made whole, and the lepers were cleansed at his bidding.

The grave gave witness, when Lazarus came forth, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose.

The invisible world gave witness. Devils acknowledged his divinity, and fled from his presence. Angels ministered unto him in the desert, the garden, and the tomb. A multitude sang an anthem in the air, in the hearing of the shepherds; and as our risen Lord ascended up into glory, they accompanied him.

O yes, he is, as the apostle affirms, "The great God, even our Saviour."

NATURAL RELIGION INSUFFICIENT.

THE beauties of creation can never fully make known our God to us; you might as well suppose that the splendour and magnificence of a kingly court, could teach us the royal ordinances, and the laws of government; the latter must be promulgated to be known, neither can we imagine the infinite greatness of Jehovah, or at all comprehend what the Lord is, without revelation.—Rev. W. Howells.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.

SELECT Sentences from "Spare Hours for Meditation," by Rev. Mr. Henshaw, an English writer of the 17th century.

Dissimulation is State policy, and wise men set themselves out as Aristotle did his books—not to be understood at first sight. He that always speaks what he knows, is not wise; but he that doth not always speak out what he means, is not honest. As I will not have my heart at my tongue's end, yet I will have my tongue speak from my heart. It is not necessary I must be dishonest or a fool.

Commonly your open ears are open mouthed: and they that are craving to hear, are apt to tell. I will neither desire to know much of another man's estate, nor impart much of my own. Never any man repented him of saying nothing.

A parasite of all trades is the basest, and in two things like an echo; first, that he speaks only what he hears others, and that he is nothing but voice, words; next to an ungrateful man, I would not be a flatterer.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SABBATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

The following spirited account of a Sabbath in the solitudes is taken from the remarks of the Rev. John Todd, at one of the late benevolent celebrations at Boston :

In the northern part of the State of New York, he said, between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, between the Mohawk and the Hudson, there is a wilderness 150 miles long and 100 miles wide. I had no conception that there was such a wilderness this side of the Mississippi.

This wilderness is filled with lofty mountains, little inferior to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. On the tops of these mountains clouds gather and pour down their rains, and scatter their snows, so that large reservoirs are needed to hold the superabundant waters. The hand of God has hollowed out a number of beautiful lakes, in the bosom of these mountains, for this purpose ; and here arise the rivers which flow in various directions to the sea. In the course of the last summer, in company with a learned friend, I entered that wilderness, and penetrated to the centre, where is a beautiful lake of 20 or 30 miles in length, and several miles wide, interspersed with little islands. Here we found seven families, that lived alone. They had a little foot-path through the wilderness, so that, when they wanted to step into any store, to buy any necessaries, they could do so by following this foot-path only forty-three miles ! or if a man wants bread for his family, he has only to take his grain on his back and go the distance and get it ground, and bring it back in the same way. These people were keen at hunting and fishing, but children at every thing else. But death had entered even there, and taken a beautiful girl of 17, who had just died with no one to administer the consolations of religion, or to perform religious services at her funeral. It was Saturday night. The sun was an hour high. When it was known that we were ministers of the Gospel, two young ladies jumped into a little boat and rowed four or five miles to tell the neighbours. The next morning was still. There was no hunting or fishing. The coons screamed unmolested after their prey. It was the first Sabbath that was ever kept there, and I was to preach. We met in a little hut covered with bark. All were there. We could not sing, for no one could raise a tune. In the afternoon, to accommodate a mother that had a young child, the meeting was appointed seven miles up the lake. We found them all there. One old hunter came down from forty miles further up ; and he was able to raise a tune—a half hunter's and half psalm tune. What a meeting was that ! There were only 33 souls,—but they came round to me and said if I would come and live among them, they would give me fish enough to eat, and stop hunting on the Sabbath. When we separated, as we got out a little way from them, there was a pause—they raised the tune and began to sing the hymn,

" People of the living God," &c.

Was I weak because I wept ? These are the sheep which have strayed from our fold—the poor ones of the family, whom we are to send after.

INTERESTING MISSIONARY NARRATIVES.

The ensuing facts are extracted from the speeches delivered at the recent meeting of the London Missionary Society :

CHURCH MEETING IN THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.—One afternoon they were holding a church meeting, and a person was about to be received into communion who had been a member formerly, but had disgraced his Christian profession. He had given satisfactory evidence of genuine repentance, and I was just about to put the question, whether he should be received, when a man stood up in a distant part of the chapel, and said, " I think, brethren and sisters, I also have a little word to say, respecting our returning brother ; while you have been asking questions, I have been thinking of Noah's ark. A bird went out and found no rest for the sole of its foot. What did Noah do ? Did he shut the door and the window ? No ; he held out his hand and took it in, that it might there find rest. I think that ark resembles the Church. Our brother was in the Church formerly, but he went out ; he has been

seeking peace in the objects of the world, but he has not found it, and now he has come back to the Church. What shall be our conduct to our returning brother ? Shall we shut the door against him ? No ; like Noah, let us put out our hand, take hold of our returning brother, and put him in the Church again, that he may there find peace. I therefore propose that our brother may be received."—Pritchard.

WAY TO SLEEP COMFORTABLY.—Mr. Pritchard stated, that at the missionary meetings held by the natives in the Island of the Pacific there were sometimes 18 or 20 speeches made. He gave the following as a specimen :

" Friends, I sleep comfortably tonight ; in fact I sleep comfortably every night. And there are three reasons why I can sleep so comfortably now. First, I have my Bible and my other books." And holding up his little basket, he said, " Look here ; here they are, I always have them with me ; and can read them when I like ; therefore I can sleep comfortably. Secondly, because we have for a long time been praying to God for a missionary from Britain, and now we have him. Here he is in the midst of us ; our prayers have been answered ; therefore now I can sleep comfortably. Thirdly, because we are all friends and live in harmony, and this day meet together in peace ; therefore I can now sleep comfortably. It was quite different formerly. I was then one of the watchmen, who looked out for the approach of the enemy ; but I never could sleep comfortably then. In fact I have slept in many places during my life time, but until the coming of the Gospel I could never sleep comfortably."

AN ANECDOTE WORTH REMEMBERING.—Rev. Mr. Galusha, as the congregation was going out, related an anecdote which served to show that we must give to this cause whether we will or not. There were two men in New York State in good circumstances, one liberal and the other covetous. The latter, however, in a fit of benevolence gave one year 25 cents to missions. At the close of the year his neighbor paid him a visit, and told him he had come to labor with him for giving too much to the missionary cause. " Why," says the other, " I only gave two shillings." " Well," asked his friend, " how many horses have you lost ?" " Two," said he, " worth seventy-five dollars apiece." " And how many cows ?" continued his friend. " Three," he replied. " And how many sheep ?" " Twenty," was the reply. And so his friend went on, and reckoned up what he had lost during the year, and it amounted to \$400 : and " now," says he, " I tell you, you have given too much to the missionary cause." Ah, let us remember, continued Mr. G., that the silver and the gold are the Lord's and the cattle on a thousand hills ; and He will take his due. But if our God takes what is His at the " end of the law," we shall not have the blessing, but the smart of the lash.

THE ISLES WAIT FOR HIS LAW.

The Rev. Mr. Cargill, a Missionary at the Feejee Islands, lately made the following interesting statement at a Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall. The incident occurred upon one of the islands of the Tonga group :—

A canoe was one morning seen approaching the shore : the inhabitants of the island were in the utmost trepidation and alarm, the report being raised that the canoe was manned by the warlike and cannibal Feejeans, whose intention was to wage war upon and kill them. Their fears were, however, groundless, for when the canoe arrived and the voyagers disembarked, it was found that they were professing Christians in quest of the Word of God. They had sailed in the open Pacific, in a frail native-built canoe, from an island nearly three hundred miles distant, in order to possess themselves of a portion of the Scriptures. This circumstance was the more interesting, as, several months previously, another canoe had sailed from their shores for a similar purpose, but had never been heard of : yet notwithstanding that, and the risk to which they were exposed by such a voyage, so great was their desire to obtain a portion of the Word of God, that their minds might be made wise to salvation, that they cheerfully faced all the dangers, and joyfully did the missionaries give them the pearl which they had sought.

" LOVE YOUR ENEMY."

A SLAVE in one of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct. After some time his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate ; and on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection ; giving him instructions to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave market and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale before he fixed his eye upon an old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged ; when the dealer remarked, that if they bought twenty, he would give them that man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their master ; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care that he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed : he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup : when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine ; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the coconut tree. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, " You could not take so much interest in the old man, but for some special reason ; he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father ?" " No, massa," answered the poor fellow, " he no my fader." " He is then an older brother." " No massa, he no my broder !" " Then," asked the master, " on what account does he excite your interest ?" " He my enemy, massa : " replied the slave ; " he sold me to the slave dealer ; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."—London Christian Observer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

" GOD SPEED THEE, FRIEND."

The following romantic incident is taken from a very interesting and appropriate address delivered in the first church in Dorchester, at the funeral of the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D.D., formerly pastor of that church, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, its present pastor.

" It was during his junior year in college, that an incident occurred in his history, which both for the interest it has in itself, and the influence it exerted upon his character, long, if not ever afterwards, I know I shall be pardoned in relating. His mother having learned, by a visit to his room, of his great need of comfortable clothing, and unable herself to help him, save by her hands, had proposed to him to raise in some way the sum of money, a very small one, which would enable her to purchase for him what he needed. After many fruitless attempts to do this, he set off to meet his mother, as by previous arrangement, in Boston : having nothing in possession or prospect but a few coppers which he had transferred from his trunk to his pocket as he left his room ; and these—so strong were his benevolent sympathies—he gave to a poor crippled soldier that he met on his way, and who, faint and famishing, solicited his aid. As he went on, deeply depressed at his condition, and in despair at his seeming fate, he perceived something adhering to the end of his rude staff he had cut on his way, and found it to be a gold ring, into which his staff had struck itself as he walked, and having engraved upon it the words ' God speed thee, friend ; ' its pecuniary worth proving sufficient for his present exigency ; and its moral value incalculable ; helping to clothe him in what he felt he needed—a cheerful faith and confidence in God. The whole incident, acting upon his sensitive nature, and predisposed as he was to see in every thing which befel him a peculiar and sacred significance, subdued and overwhelmed him ; and appears to have given to his character a stronger religious determination. ' That motto,' are his own words, ' has ever been the support of my faith when it was feeble, and the strength of my heart when it was faint.'"

FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

A RASH and presumptuous youth being greatly displeased at the Spartan laws which Lycurgus made, struck the legislator, and beat out one of his eyes with the blow. The enraged Spartans immediately cried out, "Take this wicked youth and severely punish him." "I thank you," said Lycurgus, and directly took him to his house; but instead of giving him the least punishment, he treated him like his own son. The young man was so moved by this generous behaviour of Lycurgus forgiving him, that he became a truly virtuous person, and would often say to the Spartans, "Lycurgus has punished me more severely than you imagine: for as I now so much esteem him, I am continually suffering uneasiness for having insulted the person and destroyed the eye of so illustrious a man." Here was a threefold victory gained by the lawgiver of the Spartans at once—Satan, his adversary, and himself; and even in this example of morality, and handed down to us at the present day in Greek, do we perceive a strict adherence to the Apostle Paul, contained in the 12th chapter of Romans, v. 20: "Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT'S REMINISCENCES OF WHITEFIELD.—Of Whitefield he was once heard to say, "Oh, yes; I heard that young gentleman this morning allude to 'roaring Whitefield,' and was amused at his mistake. It is a common one. Whitefield did not roar. I have been his auditor more than once, and was delighted with him. Whitefield's voice could be heard at an immense distance; but that was owing to its fullness, roundness, and clearness. It was a perfectly sound voice. It is an odd description, but I can hit upon no better—there was neither crack nor flaw in it. To describe him as a bellowing, roaring, field-preacher, is to describe a mountebank, not Whitefield. He had powers of pathos of the highest order. The tender, soft, persuasive tones of his voice, were melodious in the extreme. And when he desired to win, or persuade, or plead, or soothe, the gush of feeling which his voice conveyed at once surprised and overpowered you."—*The Bishop's Daughter.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.—"Every thing in the condition of mankind pronounces the approach of some great crisis for which nothing can prepare us but the diffusion of knowledge, probity, and the fear of the Lord. While the world is impelled with such violence in opposite directions—while a spirit of giddiness and revolt is shed upon the nations, and the seeds of imitation are thickly sown, the improvement of the mass of the people will be our grand security; in the neglect of which, the politeness, the refinement, and the knowledge accumulated in the highest orders, weak and unprotected, will be exposed to most imminent danger, and perish like a garland in the grasp of popular fury."—*Robert Hall.*

BITING AT THE NAKED HOOK.—As a minister was walking upon one of our eastern wharves, he heard a man in a fishing boat just pulled up, swearing very profanely, and resolved on reproving him. For this purpose he stepped up to the boat, and began to inquire concerning the manner of taking fish. The fisherman answered this inquiry by saying, that for taking such a kind of fish he baited his hook with such a material, and for such a kind of fish he baited his hook with such an article. Said the clergyman, "Do you not take any without bait?" "No," said the fisherman, "I never did but one; one d—d fool bit the naked hook." "Well," said the clergyman, "the devil is a great fisherman, and to take the ambitious he baits with the honour of the world, and to take the avaricious he baits with silver and gold, and the pleasure-seekers he baits with sensual gratifications, but the profane swearer is like your foolish fish, he bites at the naked hook."—*Sword of Truth.*

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A physician of extensive practice tells us that a prompt and effectual remedy for violent bleeding at the nose is to soak the feet in warm water.

BEWARE!—He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1842.

IN commencing a new volume, we are greatly encouraged by the fact, that in some instances, our publication has been productive of the most cheering results, and that, so far as we have been able to learn, it has given general satisfaction. Humbly looking to Him without whose blessing nothing is wise, or good, or strong, for his assistance in the future conducting of our journal, we purpose availing ourselves of every opportunity with which we may be favoured, of increasing its usefulness and interest.

Those friends who have so kindly acted as Agents for the first volume, are respectfully requested to continue their services; and as a considerable number of subscribers throughout the country are still in arrears, they will much oblige us by collecting and forwarding to us the amount due in their respective vicinities.

Our subscribers generally will please bear in mind, that as the MIRROR is published at a very low price, punctuality of payment is of very great importance to us—the terms are, yearly or half-yearly *in advance*. We hope that this hint will be found sufficient to induce all who are friendly to the prosperity of the work, to be prompt in their payments, and thus save us the disagreeable necessity of again referring to the subject.

THE SABBATH.—One of the most interesting and important events that distinguish the present day, is the very general, and nearly simultaneous, exertions that are being put forth by Christians, in numerous cities both in Europe and America, towards promoting the proper observance of the Sabbath.

An important convention, composed of the friends of the Sabbath of various denominations, was held at Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th ult. "Some 306 delegates (says the correspondent of the *N. Y. Observer*) were present, including a very large proportion of the highest respectability, intelligence and piety of Western New York. Rarely if ever have I seen a more dignified and highly respectable body of men in any convention than in this; and never have I been present in any similar assembly where every thing moved on as happily, harmoniously and strongly as here."

We hail with pleasure whatever tends to promote unity amongst Christians generally; and would strongly recommend the adoption of similar means by the inhabitants of our own city. We had hoped that ere this something would have been done to check the growing evil of Sabbath desecration; but, we regret to say, the subject appears to have been dropped—the claims of worldly interest, there is too much reason to fear, having been suffered to outweigh those of religion and morality.

Postmasters and others having odd copies of Nos. 7, 12, 13 and 23 of the first volume of the *Mirror*, will oblige us by forwarding them to this office.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

WHATEVER relates to this "ancient people," cannot fail to be of general interest. We, therefore, offer no apology for the space we have devoted to the following extracts from "Wilde's Travels in Palestine," which we copy from *The Church*. The animated style of the author is peculiarly attractive.

The Jews inhabit a particular portion of the southern part of the city, the Harat-el-Youd, between the foot of Zion and the enclosure of the mosque of Omar, and are not the least interesting of the objects presented to the traveller in the Holy City.

This extraordinary people, the favoured of the Lord, the descendants of the patriarchs and prophets, and the aristocracy of the earth, are to be seen in Jerusalem to greater advantage, and under an aspect, and in a character totally different from that which they present in any other place on the face of the globe. In the other countries the very name of Jew has associated with it cunning, deceit, usury, traffic, and often wealth. But here, in addition to the usual degradation and purchased suffering of a despised, stricken, outcast race, they bend under extreme poverty, and wear the aspect of a weeping and a mourning people; lamenting over their fallen greatness as a nation, and over the prostrate grandeur of their once proud city. Here the usurer is turned into the pilgrim, the merchant into the priest, and the inexorable creditor into the weeping suppliant.

Without traffic, they are supported solely by the voluntary contributions of their brethren throughout the world.

I think I am warranted in stating, that the number of Jews now in Jerusalem is greater than at any other period in modern times.

The population of any eastern city is with great difficulty accurately ascertained, owing to the total absence of statistical or municipal tables, as well as to the immense floating population, hundreds arriving at night and passing out in the morning; besides, here the number of pilgrims varies daily.

The entire *resident* population of the city is about 35,000: of which 10,000 are Jews, 10,000 Christians, 10,000 Mahommedans, and about 5,000 foreigners, or partial residents, including the garrison.

As a rough guess would but little approximate to the truth, and as many contradictory accounts have been published of the number of Jews resident in Jerusalem, I have used every means of procuring correct information on this subject. The Latins, and the Jewish rabbies themselves, whom I severally consulted, both agreed in stating, that the number is greater now than at any other period in latter times of which they have any record, and that at the lowest calculation it amounted to the number I have stated.

The period is not very distant when the Turkish law permitted no more than 300 Jews to reside within the walls. The celebrated Jewish historian, Benjamin of Tudela, gives a lamentable account of the state of the Jews in Palestine about the middle of the twelfth century; and "we may safely select," says Milman, in his "History of the Jews," "his humiliating account of the few brethren who still clung, in poverty, and meanness, to their native land."

There is an air of sad truth about the statement, which seems to indicate some better information on this subject than on others. In Tyre, Benjamin is said to have found 400 Jews, glass-blowers. The Samaritans still occupied Sichem, but in Jerusalem there were only 200 descendants of Abraham, almost all dyers of wool, who had bought a monopoly of that trade. Ascalon contained 153 Jews; Tiberias, the seat of learning and of the kingly patriarchate, but fifty.

This account of Benjamin is confirmed by the unfrequent mention of the Jews in the histories of the later crusades in the Holy Land, and may perhaps be ascribed, in great measure, to the devastations committed on the first of these depopulating expeditions.

A vast concourse of this people flocked to Jerusalem at the time that Syria was occupied by the Egyptians; and afterwards on the conquest of Algiers. Within these two or three years, however, the extreme scarcity of provisions has deterred others from going there, and the number has

not been so great as heretofore. (Vol. ii., p. 358-361.)

With all this accumulated misery, with all this insult and scorn heaped upon the Israelite here, more even than in any other country, why, it will be asked, does he not fly to other and happier lands? Why does he seek to rest under the shadow of Jerusalem's wall?

Independently of that natural love of country which exists among this people, two objects bring the Jew to Jerusalem,—to study the Scriptures and the Talmud,—and then to die, and have his bones laid with his forefathers in the valley of Jehoshaphat, even as the bones of the Patriarchs were carried up out of Egypt. No matter what the station or the rank,—no matter what, or how far distant the country where the Jew resides, he still lives upon the hope that he will one day journey Zionward. No clime can change, no season quench, that patriotic ardour with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts upon his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage, and with dust sprinkled on his head he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home after a long absence with more yearnings of affection; no proud baron ever beheld his ancestral towers and lordly halls, when they had become another's, with greater sorrow than the poor Jew when he first beholds Jerusalem. This, at least, is patriotism.

"It is curious," says the learned author from whom I have already quoted, "after surveying this almost total desertion of Palestine, to read the indications of fond attachment to its very air and soil, scattered about in the Jewish writings; still it is said, that man is esteemed most blessed, who even after his death, shall reach the land of Palestine, and be buried there, or even shall have his ashes sprinkled by a handful of its sacred dust. 'The air of the land of Israel,' says one, 'makes a man wise;' another writes, 'he who walks four cubits in the land of Israel is sure of being a son of the life to come.' 'The great wise men are wont to kiss the borders of the Holy Land, to embrace its ruins, and roll themselves in dust.' 'The sins of all those are forgiven who inhabit the land of Israel.' He who is buried there, is reconciled with God, as though he were buried under the altar. The dead buried in the land of Canaan first come to life in the days of the Messiah."

It is worthy of remark, as stated by Sandys, that so strong is the desire this singular people have always manifested for being buried within these sacred limits, that in the seventeenth century large quantities of their bones were yearly sent thither from all parts of the world, for the purpose of being interred in the valley of Jehoshaphat; for the Turkish rulers at that time permitted but a very small number of Jews to enter Palestine.—Sandys saw shiploads of this melancholy freight at Joppa, and the valley of Jehoshaphat is literally paved with Jewish tombstones. (Pages 262-264.)

In Jerusalem alone, of any place upon the earth, is the Hebrew spoken as a conversational language; for although the Scriptures are read, and the religious rites performed in Hebrew, in the various countries in which the Jews are scattered; yet they speak the language of the nations among whom they are located. And, as the last link of that chain which binds them to home and happiness, they, like other oppressed nations, cling to it with rapturous delight. And it is the only door by which the Missionary there has access to the Jew; for they have themselves said to me, we cannot resist the holy language."

Most of the Jews are learned, and many spend the principal part of their time in studying the Scriptures or the Talmud, while others are engaged in discussing the law, and disputing in the synagogues, or in weeping over Jerusalem. They are particularly courteous to strangers, and seem anxious to cultivate intercourse with Franks.

One morning, while inquiring about some medicine at the shop of a poor Jew, I was accosted by a venerable rabbi in English, who invited me to see their new synagogue, of which they are now very proud, inasmuch as it is built on a piece of ground lately restored to them by Mehemet Ali, after a judicial investigation of their right; and after having been withheld from them for upwards of two centuries. It was covered with heaps of rubbish and old ruined houses; and it is curious

that in excavating among them, they found the remains of some very old arches and pillars, which they strongly affirm were portions of a synagogue in days gone by. They were clearing these away at the time of our visit; and some tolerable houses and baths were also being built upon the spot. The altar or holy place, in which are kept some ancient manuscripts of the Pentateuch on parchment rolls, was adorned by representations of the different musical instruments mentioned in Scripture, as the harp, sackbut, psaltery, &c., belonging to Hebrew melody. A compartment was railed off on the left hand for females.—This very remarkable increase of the Jews in Palestine, and particularly in the city of Jerusalem, must strike even those who do not look upon it as a literal fulfilment of prophecy.

Great and mighty events must, however, come to pass ere their restoration is accomplished; but though the "times and the seasons knoweth no man;" yet the day shall come when, to use the metaphorical language of the East, those broken pillars, the prostrate columns and ornamental capitals of that noble edifice that once reared its head within that land, shall be raked from out the debris of a world where they are now scattered and trodden under foot, to deck the polished corners of that gem-studded temple that shall once more crown the hills of Salem.

But of all the phases under which the Jews can be seen, the most deeply interesting is that exhibited when they collect to weep over the stones of Jerusalem, that I have already described as belonging to the ancient city, and situated in the western wall of the court of the temple. One day during my stay, the whole congregation met upon the anniversary of the great earthquake at Saphet, where so many of their brethren were destroyed. It was a touching sight, and one that years will not efface, to witness this mourning group, and hear them singing the Songs of David, in the full expressive language in which they were written, beneath Mount Zion, on which they were composed, and before those very walls, that in other times rang with the swelling chorus. But not now are heard the joyous tones of old; for here every note was swollen with a sigh, or broken with a sob, the sighs of Judah's mourning maidens, the sobs and smothered groans of the patriarchs of Israel. And that heart must indeed be sadly out of tune, whose chords would not vibrate to the thrilling strains of Hebrew song, when chanted by the sons and daughters of Abraham, in their native city.

Much as they venerate the very stones that form the walls of this enclosure, they dare not set foot within its precincts; for the crescent of the Moslem is glittering from the minaret, and the blood-red banner of Mahomet is waving over their heads.

Were I asked, what was the object of the greatest interest that I had seen, and the scene that made the deepest impression upon me, during my sojourn in other lands, I would say, that it was a Jew mourning over the stones of Jerusalem. And what principle, what feeling is it, it may be asked, that can thus keep the Hebrew, through so many centuries, still yearning towards his native city, still looking forward to his restoration, and the coming of the Messiah? Hope, hope is the principle that supports the Israelite through all his sufferings, with oppression for his inheritance, sorrow and sadness for his certain lot, the constant fear of trials, bodily pain, and mental anguish, years of disgrace, and a life of misery; without a country and without a home, scorned, robbed, insulted, and reviled; the power of man, and even death itself, cannot obliterate that feeling.

WILBERFORCE.—The following interesting incidents in the history of this great and good man, though not original, will, nevertheless, be new to many of our readers, and cannot fail to profit, if the important truths therein advocated, be faithfully applied:—

"Mr. Wilberforce having expressed respect for a pious clergyman, added, that he 'carried things too far.' His friend pressed him upon this point. What did he mean by carrying things too far, or being too strict? On what ground did he pronounce this to be the case? When we talked of going too far, some standard must necessarily be referred to: was the standard of Scripture exceeded? Or could any other standard be satis-

factorily adopted and maintained? Perhaps it could not be easily shown, that where things were carried, as it was alleged, too far, they were carried beyond the rules of Scripture, but only beyond what was usually practised and approved among men!

"Mr. Wilberforce, when thus pressed by his friend, endeavoured to explain and defend his position as well as he could; but he was dissatisfied himself with what he had to offer: in short, he felt that his own notions on the subject were vague and untenable. A lodgment was thus made in his conscience; matter for serious thinking was suggested; and his thoughts could find no rest till they found it from the Word of God, and the adoption of a Scriptural standard, by which to form all his judgments, and regulate all his conduct. May the relation of the fact rose many others to a similar exercise of mind, which may lead to a corresponding result!

"Another incident in the history of his mind at this period, as related by himself, is not less interesting and instructive than the preceding. 'As I read,' said he, 'the promises of Holy Scripture—ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you—God will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him—Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest—I will take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh—I will put my laws in your hearts, and write them in your inward parts—I will be merciful unto their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more,—as I read these passages it occurred to me, to reflect, if these things be so—if there be any truth in all this, and if I set myself to seek the blessings promised, I shall certainly find a sensible effect and change wrought within me, such as is thus described. I will put the matter to the proof: I will try the experiment: I will seek that I may find the promised blessings.' He did so: and the result was peace, and liberty, and victory: peace of conscience, and purified affections; deliverance from those sins which had ensnared him, or held him in bondage: 'the victory that overcometh the world,' and boldness 'to confess Christ before men.' He had 'the witness in himself;' a sensible evidence, both that the word of God is true, and that he had not in vain sought the fulfilment of its promises to himself."

FELIX NEFF.—We have pleasure in directing attention to the following new and interesting particulars relating to this truly evangelical and indefatigable Missionary—containing, as they do, much valuable information respecting the condition of Protestants in the Upper Alps. Those who have read the history of the Waldenses, (and what Protestant has not?) will appreciate them the more, as furnishing an account of the descendants of that interesting and persecuted people.

On his return from London, Felix Neff was received at Mens with great rejoicing. All who had begun to relish the good news of salvation, hailed him as a friend, a brother, a father; tears of joy were shed in these pious interviews. But, on the other hand, the enemies of the Gospel did not sleep. The more they witnessed the success of Neff's preaching, the more were they irritated against him. He was falsely accused before the magistrates; who took advantage of Neff's being a Swiss citizen to hold him up as a foreigner come to disturb the public peace. These base lies had the designed effect. The officers of government refused to admit Felix Neff as legal pastor of Mens; and this worthy servant of Christ was obliged to seek another field of labour.

It is difficult to describe the grief, the consternation of the pious when they learned that Neff was going to leave them. As they were more advanced in the faith, they feared losing all by losing him, and did not remember that the Lord is always high unto those who call upon him. Felix Neff took no formal leave of his flock, lest it should produce too deep expressions of grief from his friends; but the rumour of his departure being circulated, it caused such despondency in some that he thought proper to reprove them seriously. He reminded them that they must not

look to man but to God, to God only, the Almighty, the All Wise, the Saviour.

After quitting Mens, he directed his steps to the Upper Alps; a wild savage country, covered with ice and snow during the greater part of the year, and where he could preach the Gospel undisturbed, because this region did not excite the envy of any one. The protestants of the Upper Alps are descendants, for the most part, of Waldenses, refugees from Piedmont. They have found behind their walls of ice an asylum from the persecutions of Popery. It would seem that for a long time they were steadfast in their piety. But seldom receiving visits from the pastors, they had declined much from their ancient faith at the time Felix Neff came among them. They had no churches, no regular preaching nor schools. A cold formality had taken the place with the new generation of the life of their fathers. The following is what Neff wrote in 1824 and 1825 upon the physical and moral condition of this country.

"The village of *Dormillouse*, the most elevated in the valley of *Frayssinières*, is famous for the resistance offered by its inhabitants for more than six hundred years, to the efforts of the Romish church. They are without mixture of the race of Waldenses, and never bent the knee before idols, even at the time when all the inhabitants of *Queyras* dissembled their faith. The remains are still visible of the forts and walls which they raised to prevent being surprised by their enemies; they owed their safety in part to the position of their country, which is almost inaccessible. The population of this village, composed of about forty families, is wholly protestant. The terrific and sublime aspect of this country, which served as an asylum for the truth, while almost the whole world lay in darkness; the remembrance of these old and faithful martyrs, whose blood seemed still to stain the rocks; the deep caverns where they retired to read the Holy Scriptures, and to worship in spirit and in truth, the Father of lights—all here tends to elevate the soul, and inspire feelings difficult to describe.

"But these feelings soongive place to sadness, when the eye beholds the present condition of the children of these ancient witnesses of the Crucified Jesus; for a long time there has not been found among them a single soul savingly acquainted with the Saviour. They are degenerated in moral as well as in physical qualities; and their appearance shows to the Christian that sin and death are the only things really hereditary among the children of Adam. Yet most of them respect the Holy Scriptures, and it may be hoped that, if they are nothing of themselves, they are beloved of God, for their fathers' sake, and that the Lord will yet cause the light of his countenance to shine upon these places which he once chose for his sanctuary."

"The work of an evangelist in the Alps," writes Felix Neff in another letter, "resembles much that of a missionary among the heathen; for the little civilization that is found there is rather an hindrance than a help. Of the different valleys which I visited, that of *Frayssinières* is, in this respect, the most backward; every thing there is to be done: architecture, agriculture, education, all is in its infancy. Many of the houses are without chimneys, and almost without windows. Each family, during the seven months of winter, house in the stable, which is not cleansed but once a year. Their clothing, their food, are as coarse and unsuitable as their lodging. The bread, which is baked but once a year, is of rye coarsely ground, and not bolted. If this hard bread fails at the end of summer, they bake cakes in the ashes, like the Orientals. If any one falls sick, they do not call a physician; they do not know how to make for him soup or gruel. I have seen them give a patient, in a burning fever, wine and brandy. It is well if the sick person can get a cup of water by his bed side! The women are there treated with harshness, as among savage tribes; they hardly ever sit on chairs; but kneel or squat about upon the ground; they do not sit at the table and eat with the men; but these last give them a piece of bread or some other food over the shoulder, without turning the head; they receive this pittance kissing the hand of the man, and making a low bow. The inhabitants of these miserable hamlets were so savage, on my arrival, that, at the sight of a stranger, even of a simple peasant, they fled into their ca-

bins, like foxes into their holes. The youth, especially the girls, were too shy to be approached. "With all this, the people share in the general corruption, so far as their poverty will allow. Gambling, dancing, the grossest profaneness, law-suits, quarrels, prevail here as every where else, and the papists who inhabit the lower part of the commune are still more corrupt. Still the misery of this people deserves pity, and should excite the more interest, as it results, in a great degree, from the fidelity of their ancestors, driven by the fires of persecution into this frightful ravine, where scarcely a house is sheltered from the sliding snows and rocks. From my arrival I felt an affection for this valley, and an ardent desire to be a new Oberlin for this people."

Felix Neff realized his charitable wish. He brought with him into the Upper Alps, not only the doctrines of Christianity, but some of the arts of civilization. Unweariedly zealous, he several times engaged in bodily labour, directing workmen, using the quadrant and the compass, showing these poor mountaineers how they ought to construct their houses and cultivate their fields. These numerous occupations did not prevent his keeping up an active correspondence with his old parishioners at Mens, and with other friends who asked his advice.

To be continued.

ADDRESS OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES IN EASTERN CANADA.

On the 3d June last, a deputation waited upon His Excellency the Governor General with the following Address, from the Wesleyan Missionaries in Eastern Canada, unanimously adopted at their recent District Meeting in Odelltown:—

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Charles Bagot, G. C. B., Captain General and Governor in Chief of Her Majesty's Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and of the Island of Prince Edward, &c. &c. &c.

May it please Your Excellency,

We, the Wesleyan Ministers in connection with the British Conference, stationed and exercising our ministry in Eastern Canada, and being assembled at our Annual District Meeting, respectfully present to your Excellency our cordial congratulations on the arrival of your Excellency in this important and united Province.

And while we offer to Almighty God our grateful thanks for having, in his gracious Providence, brought you once more to the shores of this Continent, we also trust that in due time your Excellency will have the happiness of receiving your family, alike preserved in health and safety.

We rejoice that our most gracious Sovereign has been pleased to make choice of your Excellency to assume the Government of Her Majesty's dominions in North America, believing, from the high reputation for political wisdom and experience which your Excellency has so long sustained, that the happiest results may be justly anticipated from your Excellency's Administration; characterized, as we are persuaded it will be, by an honourable zeal for the advancement of education, morality, and religion, among the people your Excellency has been appointed to govern.

The known attachment of our founder to the venerable Royal House and National Institutions of our United Empire, has been warmly cherished by the extensive connexion which bears his honored name. On this account it may be unnecessary on our part to declare how cordially we share in these sentiments of Christian loyalty which attach to our body at home, sentiments in which the beloved members of our societies in every part of this our United Province, in common with ourselves, most heartily participate.

We beg to assure your Excellency, our humble prayers shall ever be offered to the Most High, that the Divine blessing may rest upon your Excellency's person and family. And may the most abundant success attend all your endeavours to promote the various interests of this valuable and improving Colony, in its cherished connection with our endeared Parent Country.

Signed, by order and in behalf of the District meeting,

W. M. HARVARD, *Chairman.*

Eastern Canada, Odelltown, May 2, 1842.

His Excellency's Reply.

Gentlemen,—I beg to return you my sincere thanks for your Address, and for the kind wishes which you are pleased to express in regard to myself and my family.

I am quite satisfied that you share in the sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the Constitution of Great Britain, which have ever distinguished the members of the Wesleyan community, and that no effort will be wanting on your part to diffuse similar sentiments

among those over whom you have influence. I therefore rely with confidence on your co-operation in my endeavours to promote union and good feeling among the inhabitants of this Province as the surest means of their prosperity.

The deputation was graciously received, and retired highly gratified with His Excellency's urbanity and condescension.

NEW AGENTS.

DR. STEIGER, P.M. . . . *St. Elizabeth.*
MR. N. RUSTON, . . . *Hanlingdon.*
" H. LYMAN, P.M. . . . *Granby.*
" B. GRISDALE, . . . *Vaudreuil.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE news from England is to the 19th July, inclusive. The following are the most important items:—

THE DISTRESS.—Since the departure of the *Great Western*, which sailed from Bristol on Saturday last, no event of striking importance has occurred.—The accounts from the manufacturing districts continue to be of the most alarming and fearful character. The distress and starvation that exists in every part of the country is appalling in the extreme; and without some improvement in the trade speedily takes place, it is difficult to say what will be the result of the movements which are every where taking place. In Staffordshire and other districts of the potteries, the colliers are going about in bands demanding contributions from tradesmen; and unless they shortly return to their labours, the potters will be thrown out of work by the want of coal. Yeomanry and troops are pouring into Newcastle-under-Lyne and the adjoining places, and serious collisions are hourly expected, though as yet it does not appear that any serious disturbances have occurred.

Public meetings have been held at Leeds, Liverpool, and a variety of other places, at which the speakers have indulged in a strain of language of the most revolutionary character. In Stockport it is stated the amount paid in wages has been reduced £8,000 per week, and from 8,000 to 10,000 persons have been deprived of work. A number of additional mills have been closed in Manchester, including two belonging to Wm. Guest, Esq., by which upwards of 500 hands have been deprived of the means of subsistence.

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.—Extract of a letter from a non-commissioned officer of H. M. 9th regiment of Foot, dated "Camp, Jellalabad, 20th April, 1842."

"I think, when I wrote from Kawtour, I told you our destination was Cabool. We marched from there on the morning of the 5th. We ascended the Heights in five hours, and found the enemy ready to receive us with a sharp fire, but in eight hours gave way. The Infantry had the brunt of the work, particularly our regiment; we lost twenty men and a lieutenant, and forty wounded; we were five days and nights on the tops of the Heights with nothing but what we stood in, a continual firing kept up the whole time, and all we had to eat or drink was four or five moulded biscuits and a quart of water, which we carried with us in our canteens. We did not suffer so much from want of food; it was water we wanted most. A continual biting of cartridges causes thirst. The Khyber Pass is a deep and narrow ravine, overtopped with high mountains. After we ascended the first height and drove the enemy off, we mounted them successively, and as they fled we advanced, until we beat the whole of them amounting to about 5,000. It is calculated that 500 of the enemy were killed. We had not an opportunity of taking any prisoners; for as they gave no quarter, neither did we. The moment a man fell they run up and cut him in pieces with huge knives. After we came through the Pass we came to some villages; but the inhabitants had all fled, and we burnt them to the ground, and destroyed the ripe corn—hundreds of acres of it. On the 16th of this month we arrived at Jellalabad—a place desolate in its appearance, it being a succession of mud forts; in one of which the 13th regiment of foot had been shut up for seven months—and, not expecting any relief, they sallied out on the enemy, determined to die by the sword rather than die with hunger. Luckily they beat them off, leaving the plain on which we are now encamped strewed with slain horses and men to the amount of 5,000. We came to their relief in a few days after—so that there is now an army of 20,000 men, and not much fear of our ever being attacked again.

"P. S.—We are going to attempt to release General Sale's lady and daughter; with several other ladies, two soldiers' wives, and two men of the 41th regiment, all that is left of an entire regt."

MARRIED.—In this city, on Tuesday afternoon, 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Mathieson, D.D., Mr. Andrew Watt, to Alice Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. James Gillis, formerly of Montreal.

POETRY.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW DROPS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

"O FATHER, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glittered like stars by the light of the moon—
Oh why are these dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness
away,

As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day;
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies—
Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet!
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray
To mourn not for beauty, though fleeting away?
For, though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in hea-
ven."

Alas! for the father—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic would be:
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day,
Was e'en then, like the dew-drops—dissolving away.
Oh! sad was the father, when lo! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
And then he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in hea-
ven!

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

At every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,—
A taper's flame that upward turns
While downward to the dust it burns.
Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last:
'Twixt that (long fled) which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
This is that moment,—who shall tell
Whither it leads, to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.
Time past and time to come are not;
Time present is our only lot.
Oh God! henceforth our hearts incline,
To seek no other love than thine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN
BOOT AND SHOE MART,

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

EDWIN ATKINSON, in tendering to his Patrons, the Gentry and inhabitants of Montreal generally, his thanks for the distinguished encouragement he has received, begs to assure them that the advantages that have hitherto signified this Establishment, and gained him a preference for a good article at a moderate price, will ever be adhered to; and as it is his intention to sell ONLY FOR CASH, he will be enabled to offer a further Reduction of from FIVE to TEN PER CENT.

This Establishment is constantly receiving from England BOOTS and SHOES, of the first make and quality.
Montreal, August 12, 1841.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

HAS just received from his brother in London, an excellent assortment of—
BRACKET and OFFICE CLOCKS,
PATENT LEVER, LEPINE and OTHER
WATCHES,
MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES,
Gold, Plated and Gilt JEWELLERY, and
GERMAN CLOCKS, Warranted at \$5 each.
JOHN WOOD,
St. Paul Street.

November-18, 1841.

AGENCY & COMMISSION BUSINESS.

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.

He will give his best attention to the sale of consignments, and purchase of every description of GOODS, PRODUCE, &c., Liquors excepted, and will spare no exertions that will render his services advantageous to those who may confide their interests to his care.

He begs to say, that for the last eleven years he has been employed in one of the most extensive HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, during the last seven of which he has had the charge of the business, and that for the seven years preceding he was employed in the GROCERY LINE, and has engaged the services of a person who possesses an intimate knowledge of DRY GOODS.

In offering his services as a Goods Broker, he begs respectfully to remind Importers and Consignees of Groceries, Produce, &c. that this mode of effecting sales substituted for auctions, would save the Provincial and Municipal Auction Duties.

Will purchase Goods merely as an Agent, not in his own name.

Will have correspondents in QUEBEC, NEW YORK and LIVERPOOL.

Charges very moderate.

Premises St. Jean Baptiste Street.

Has the pleasure of referring to

Messrs. FORSYTH, RICHARDSON & Co. Montreal.

Messrs. FORSYTH, WALKER & Co. Quebec.

Messrs. H. & S. JONES, Brockville.

JOHN WATKINS, Esq. Kingston.

T. D. HARRIS, Esq. Toronto.

DANIEL MACNAB, Esq. Hamilton.

Messrs. HOPE & HODGE, St. Thomas, (U.C.)

Messrs. EDWARD FIELD & Co. New York.

Messrs. WILLIAM SMITH & SONS, Liverpool.

ALEX. BRYSON.

Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

CHEAP STANDARD WORKS.

THE Subscriber solicits attention to the following excellent assortment of STANDARD WORKS, which (having been received in a damaged state,) he has rebound, and now offers for sale, at Reduced Prices, for Cash:—

- Blair's Sermons,
- Paley's Works,
- Josephus' do.
- Robinson's do. 2 vols.
- Hervey's do.
- Young Man's Best Companion,
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- Wesley's Hymns, from 1s. to 5s. each,
- Bible, Testaments, and Prayer Books,
- Morrison's Book-keeping,
- Smith's Wealth of Nations,
- And a great variety of other Works.

R. MILLER,
No. 9, St. Dominique Street.
Montreal, June 30, 1842.

THE MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT,

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TERMS.—In Montreal, 13s. per annum; when sent by post, 16s.; and 15s., in advance, when money is transmitted post-paid.

THE WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT

IS published at the same Office, every TUESDAY AFTERNOON, and contains everything of importance brought by the American mail of that day. It is sent to all parts of the Province.

All advertisements inserted in the Montreal Transcript, will have one insertion gratis in the Weekly—thus securing to advertisers advantages unsurpassed in the Province.

The Weekly Transcript contains 40 columns of close reading matter, and is in a very convenient form for binding—forming, at the end of the year, a handsome volume of 416 pages, containing 2,080 columns.

TERMS.—In Town, 10s. per annum—when sent by post, 12s. 6d., including postage—payable in advance.
June 30, 1842.

JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.
St. Paul Street.

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—TERMS LIBERAL.
August 12, 1841.

EDWARD HOWELL,
GROCER;
OPPOSITE MESSRS. H. BENSON & CO.
Notre Dame Street.
August 12, 1841.

J. H. TAAFFE,
GENERAL GROCER,
No. 85, Notre Dame Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,
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ROBERT MILLER,
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No. 9, St. Dominique Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs,

PAPER RULED and BOUND to any pattern; and every description of BINDING executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—Orders for the Country punctually attended to.
May 5, 1842.

W. GETTESS,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER
IN
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.
N. B.—Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.
August 12, 1841.

JOSEPH HORNER,
SILK-DYER,
Notre Dame Street.
MONTREAL.

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

- Mr. ROBERT PATTON, Post Office, Quebec.
- " WM. GINNIS, Three Rivers.
- " WM. KNIGHT, Saint Johns.
- " ABRAHAM MCINTYRE, Coteau-du-Lac.
- " B. J. KENNEDY, Philipsburgh.
- " W. ROSTER, Isle-aux-Noix.
- " T. VAN VLEIT, P.M. Lacolle.
- " W. VAN VLEIT, Odell Town.
- " E. BAKER, P.M. Durham.
- " A BISSETT, Lachine.
- " T. B. MACKIE, P.M. Saint Sylvester.
- " C. A. RICHARDSON, Lennoxville.
- " A. W. KENDRICK, Compton.
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- " A. B. JOHNSON, East Bolton.
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- " C. BESWICK, Hemmingford.
- " D. B. LEE, Carillon.
- " E. H. ADAMS, Woonssocket, (R. I.)
- " THOS. JEFFERSON, St. Andrews, (Ott.)
- " COCHRAN, Bytown.

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CARDS, FUNERAL LETTERS, LABELS,
Posting and Hand Bills, Circulars,
&c. &c. &c.

Executed at this Office in a superior style, and on very low terms—Orders promptly attended to.