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NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

AFAR IN THE DESERT

The following Ode was pronounced by Coleridge to be one of the best he ever read. The author of it is Mr. Pringle, who formerly travelled in Africa.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
When the sorrows of Life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the Present I cling to the Past.
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
And the joys and the hopes of other years,
From the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon,
Day dreams—that departed e'er manhood's noon ;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood rest ;
Companions of early days—lost or left ;
And my native land, whose magical name,
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
Like the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone !
And I—a lone exile—remembered by none ;
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
And weary of all that is under the sun,
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With the scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife ;
The proud man's frown and the base man's fears—
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tears :
And malice and meanness—and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed ;
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of a Desert Land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath scarcely crossed with his roving clan :
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,
Which the sucker and lizard inhabit alone—
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root :
Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot :
And the bitter melon for food and drink.
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink.

A region of drought where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears, to refresh the aching eye ;
But the barren earth and the burning sky ;

And the black horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living light or sound.

And here, while the night-winds around me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit afar by the desert stone,
Like Elijah by Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying—"MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."

THE CASKET.

PARENTAL UNFAITHFULNESS.

How strange it is that the same parent who is so intent on the preferment of his children in the world, should be so utterly listless of their prospects, nor put forth one endeavour to obtain for them preferment in heaven—that he who would mourn over it as the sorest of his family trials, should one of them be bereft of the corporeal senses ; and yet should take it so easily, although none of them have a right sense of God, or a right principle of godliness—that he, who would be so sorely astounded did any of his little ones perish in a conflagration or a storm, should be so unmoved by all the fearful things that are reported of the region on the other side of death, where the fury of an incensed Lawgiver is poured upon all who have not fled to Christ as their refuge from the tempest, and they are made to lie down in devouring fire, and to dwell with everlasting burnings—that to avert from the objects of our tenderness the calamities, or to obtain for them the good things of this present life, there shall be so much of care and of busy expedient, while not one practical measure is taken either to avert from them that calamity which is the most dreadful, or to secure for them that felicity which is the most glorious. Why there is, indeed, such obvious demonstration in all this of time being regarded as our all, and eternity being counted by us as nothing—so light an esteem in it of that God, an inheritance in whom we treat as of far less value for those who are dear to us than that they should be made richly to inherit the gifts of His providence—such a preference for ourselves, and for the fleeting generations that come after us, of the short lived creature to the Creator who endureth for ever ; as most strikingly to mark, even by the very loves and amiable sensibilities of our hearts, how profoundly immersed we are in the grossest carnality—that, after all, it is but an earthly platform we grovel on—that nature, even in her best and most graceful exhibitions, gives manifest tokens of her fall, proving herself an exile from Paradise even in the kindest and honestest of the sympathies which belong to her ; that retaining, though she does, many soft and tender affinities for those of her own kind, she has been cast down and degraded beneath the high aims and desires of immortality ; accused even in her modes of greatest generosity, and evil in the very act of giving good gifts unto her children.

The man whose heart is set on the conversion of his children ; the man whose house is their school of discipline for eternity ; he it is, and we fear he only of all other parents, who lives by faith. If you love your children, and at the same time are listless about their eternity, what other explanation can be given than that you believe not what the Bible tells of eternity ? You believe not of the wrath and the anguish

and the tribulation that are there. Those piercing cries that here from any one of your children would go to your very heart, and drive you frantic with the horrors of its sufferings, you do not believe that there is pain there to call them forth. You do not think of the meeting place that you are to have with them before the judgment seat of Christ, and of the locks of anguish and the words of reproach that they will cast upon you for having neglected and so undone their eternity.

The awful sentence of condemnation—the signal of everlasting departure to all who know not God and obey not the Gospel ; the ceaseless moanings that ever and anon shall ascend from the lake of living agony ; the grim and dreary imprisonment whose barriers are closed inseparably and for ever on the hopeless outcasts of vengeance. These, ye men who wear the form of godliness, but show not the power of it in your training of your families ; these are not the only articles of your faith : to you they are as the imaginations of a legendary fable. Else why this apathy ! Why so alert to the rescue of your young from even the most trifling calamities, and this dead indifference about their exposure to the most tremendous of all ! O, the secret will be out ! The cause bewrayeth itself ! You have not faith ; and, compassed about though ye be with Sabbath forms and seemingly observances, and the semblance of a goodly and well looking profession, yet, if you labor not specifically and in practical earnest for the souls of your children, your doings short of this are, we fear, but the diseased and lame offerings of hypocrisy ; your christianity, we fear, is a delusion.—Dr. Chalmers.

WORM AT THE ROOT

"Good morning, neighbour Phillips," said a sagacious farmer as he was riding past an adjoining farm, and saw his neighbour busy with ladder and pruning knife at a fine fruit tree : "What are you doing that you seem so intently engaged."

"Ah, friend Thomas," was the reply ; "this is a choice and favourite tree, upon which I have bestowed great attention, and yet every morning I find withered leaves, and wilted fruit, which I am under the necessity of clipping away."

"That may all be very well," said Thomas "but I think I can show you a better way of improving your tree," and dismounting from his horse, he took the knife, and baring the root, he made an incision and extracted a worm ; at the same time remarking, "Rely upon it, rely upon it, it is all owing to the worm at the root."

Moral.—The outward defects of human character are but the evidences of the worm at the root. One swears, another cheats, a third gets drunk ; and the true method of reform is to apply the cure to the native depravity of the heart—the worm at the root.

CHRISTIANITY. In her progress, she has accumulated such an overwhelming amount of evidence that her origin is from Heaven ; that she, and she only, can administer salvation to lost and perishing man, that her claim cannot well be resisted. Other systems have arisen and flourished, and subsequently faded away, because they were not effectual ; they have not been able to satisfy the wants of the human soul.

UPON the one side or the other of that line which separates those whom the Lord knows to be his from the rest of mankind, is ranged every human soul living, sea and every soul of all the countless multitudes who have departed.

POWER OF BAD THOUGHTS.

Great is the power of thought over one's self, great when from his mind it escapes in the form of words. It goes with the image of its author to stamp the same image on the minds perhaps of millions—of millions yet to live and yet to die. Somebody has spoken of thought moving around the earth incessantly from mind to mind, wielding its circle daily, moving thousands and thousands whom its first projector never embraced within the sphere of his imaginings, until the whole race of civilized man are brought under its influence and impressed with its power. I would not ask that this shall be the actual result of a spoken word, in order to convince me that spoken words have power that no infinite mind can estimate. Follow in the foul train of one of the obscene thoughts of the latest imported novel of the French school. See its effect in the snow-white breast of her whose hands tremble as her heart never tainted with the thought before—no leaves with emotion as the thrilling passage comes beneath her languid eye! The poison is at work; sweet it was to the taste, and to be desired like the fruit that was first forbidden, but there is agony yet to come when the poison works, as it will, and the fast victim writhes under its power. Follow the same thought on and on from one heart to another, one family to another, for oceans are no barriers, till millions of just such bosoms have been pierced, and the same virus has been planted, and the same winding-sheet has been woven around the deathless spirit.

Thought, the image of its author! There is something in its worth looking at a moment. A bad man, like Balver or Sue, perpetuates himself by sending out his thoughts, the world over; they are like him, and those who adopt them become like him; the image is in the soul, and the likeness speaks not to the outward eye, but vivid to him who sees within. And when the guilty author of these thoughts meets in the world of spirits those whom he has ruined by his licentious pen, may it not be one of the keenest tortures of that just doom, that he meets his own image haunting him, like ghosts of murdered friends, whichever way he turns his eye in that dungeon of despair? And if a lost spirit thus destroyed were armed with scorpions, and long eternity employed in scourging him who brought it there, justice would never suffer, though every stroke were laid in blood and fire. Nor would justice be reproached if those who aid in this work of ruin were doomed to bear a part of this fearful penalty.

THE SAILOR A MISSIONARY.

Does not their calling mark them out for extensive usefulness, as well as their character? In a liberal sense, their "field is the world." They are citizens of the world. They are the missionaries of commerce to the ends of the earth; and, whether the Church of God avail itself of their agency or not, to the ends of the earth they will continue to go. What an instrumentality is here!—What a magnificent agency for good! And shall it remain comparatively unemployed? Is there not ground to believe that one of the reasons why Britain has been allowed to possess the commerce of the world, is that she might possess the necessary facilities for the evangelisation of the world? Is it not remarkable that the three nations in which reformed Christianity chiefly prevails—Britain, America, and Holland—should be the three most commercial nations?—and must not the obvious design of Providence in this marked arrangement force itself on every reflecting Christian mind? Had Britain acted in accordance with this design; had we duly regarded the welfare of our sailors, and trained them up in the fear of the Lord, how different an aspect might the world, at this moment, have presented!—How much, for instance, might we have done for China by this time, by the mere distribution of tracts; whereas those very sailors themselves are there perishing for lack of knowledge. The ancient Jews were designated *God's witnesses*—to give evidence to the world in his behalf: Christians are called the *epistles of Christ*, and are said to be known and read of all men. Pious sailors would eminently realise this purpose. If unable to be *witnesses*—to proclaim the gospel with their lips, they would yet be *epistles*—speaking to the eye by the silent eloquence of a holy, useful life.

And this is a language which needs no translation, no interpreter; men of every tongue can understand it; it is the only true universal language. In some instances, indeed, our sailors already answer this purpose; "the Christian natives in the South Sea Islands are delighted with the arrival of a *praying-ship*, or a *believing sailor*." Seamen might often precede our missionaries, and prepare the way for them.—*Harris*.

LIFE, NOT A PARENTHESIS.

This life is not a parenthesis, a parenthesis that belongs not to the sense, a parenthesis that might be left out as well as put in. Upon every minute of this life depend millions of years in the next, and I shall be glorified eternally, or eternally lost, for my good or ill use of God's grace offered to me this hour. Therefore, when the Apostle says of this life, *We are absent from the Lord*, yet the Apostle says of this life, *We are at home in the body*; this world is so much our home, as that he that is not at home now, he that has not his conversation in heaven here, shall never get home. And therefore, even in this text, our former translation calls it *dwelling*; that which we read now, *pass the time of your sojourning*, we did read then *pass the time of your dwelling*; for this, where we are now, is the suburb of the great city, the porch of the triumphant Church, and the *grange*, or *country house* of the same landlord, belonging to his heavenly palace, in the heavenly Jerusalem. Be it but a sojourning, yet thou must pay God something for thy sojourning, pay God his rent of praise and prayer; and be it but a sojourning, yet thou art bound to it for a time; though thou sigh with David, *Woe is me that I sojourn so long here*; though the miseries of thy life make thy life seem long, yet thou must stay out that time, which he, who took thee in, appointed, and by no practice, no, not so much as by a deliberate wish, or unconditioned prayer, seek to be delivered of it; because thy time here is such a sojourning as is quickly at an end, and yet such a sojourning as is never at an end, (for our endless state depends upon this,) fear him, who shall so certainly, and so soon be just judge of it, fear him, in abstaining from those sins which are directed upon his power.—*Dr. Donne*.

PAY YOUR MINISTER.

Paul, in speaking of the relation between minister and people, says, that they that preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel, and that, in sowing spiritual things for others, they are entitled to reap of their carnal things; or, in plain words, the ministers of the Gospel are entitled to support from their people. The doctrine is generally admitted in theory, but too often denied in practice. Perhaps a large portion of ministers in our country have no adequate support. In some cases, it may be admitted that this results from necessity, but in many more instances it is the result of sheer neglect, if not of cruel indifference. In the Presbyterian Church the pastoral relation implies a previous contract in which there is a solemn pledge of adequate remuneration for ministerial services, that he that stands up as a teacher sent from God, may be free from worldly cares and avocations, and give himself wholly to his work. A failure in the fulfilment of this promise is pregnant with mischief, for it not only implies a want of integrity upon the part of the people, but becomes a serious hindrance to ministerial usefulness. It is deeply humiliating to a minister of Christ to be constrained to say to his creditors that he is unable to meet obligations, because his congregation withhold his due, upon the presumed payment of which his obligations to others were assumed. His credit is destroyed, his character suffers, his peace of mind is disturbed, and his usefulness is impeded. In our extensive correspondence we often hear this complaint, and we never hear it without being grieved. One will say, "my people have promised four hundred dollars a-year, but I have never received more than half the sum;" another will complain "that in lieu of salary he receives, in articles of produce, a bare subsistence for his family;" and still another will plead "my people are two years in arrears in the payment of my salary." But how so? are the people too poor to pay? No, but they are negligent and indifferent. All debts are paid before that due to the minister. A contract for farming utensils is met to the day, because the law would be appealed to, to compel payment; but a minister never sues at law, and therefore his claim may be postponed! Is this morality? We do not ask, is it religious? That holy word is out of the question in such a connection.

THE NOBLE BROTHERS.

The Duke of Wellington was born in Grafton Street, Dublin: the Marquis of Wellesley was born at Dagen. These illustrious brothers—the

Fabius and Marcellus of the British empire—have ever evinced a heartfelt interest in the welfare of a country which their ancestors have inhabited, as distinctly traced, for more than five centuries. The Duke of Wellington conceded Roman Catholic emancipation contrary to his feelings and judgment, rather than deluge his native land with the blood of his countrymen; and for this act of self devotion he has been ignominiously taunted and reviled by those whom he has benefited. The Marquis of Wellesley twice rejected the premiership, and for four years voluntarily excluded himself from office to obtain Catholic emancipation; and when the records of his Irish viceroyalty are published, the just and comprehensive policy he endeavoured to carry into effect in Ireland, will be found equal to his glorious government of British India.—*Montgomery Martin*.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE CRATER OF LUALA PELE, IN THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

We soon arrived on the ledge, which appeared like a field of ice breaking up in the spring. It varied from five hundred to two thousand feet in width, and then abruptly terminated in craggy and overhanging precipices, which had split and burst in every direction from the action of the fire beneath. The main body of the crater had settled down from the black ledge, in some places gradually, until its own weight burst it violently from the edge, leaving gaping chasms, the sides of which were intensely heated, at others it appeared to have sunk instantaneously, tearing away and undermining the ledge, and leaving precipices of two hundred feet in height. The greatest depth was about two hundred and fifty feet. The lakes, cones, and forges remained, but were emptied of lava, and quiet, emitting nothing but smoke, excepting a lade at the southwestern extremity, of which a bend in the ledge hid from our view all but the rising flames. Evidently, a short time before, the ledge had been overflowed, as the lava was piled in masses twenty feet high, or more, on its outer edge, gradually decreasing in height as it rolled in immense waves from it; and, without doubt, the whole mass had been raised, as we could now stand upon it and pluck ferns from the bank. We walked round the crater on the black ledge, endeavouring to find a place where it would be practicable to descend, but the banks were everywhere too much broken up to admit of it. Independently of that, they were so heated that the brink could only be approached in a few places, and these only at great risk. It was cracked into great chasms, from a few feet to a rod in width, to which no bottom could be seen, and, in places, large masses had swollen up and then tumbled in, like the bursting of an air bubble, or the falling in of a vast dome. The hollow echoing sound beneath our feet showed the insecurity of where we trod, and the liability to give way and precipitate us, at any moment, to instantaneous death, and I must confess that it was with fear that I walked along this path of destruction. On the surface of the ledge the rock was black and very vesicular, but, as it descended, it grew more compact, and became of a white or leadish colour. From all these pits and chasms a white flickering flame ascended, so hot, in one place, that we attempted to cross, as to singe the hair from our hands and scorch our clothing. Nothing but a precipitate retreat saved us from being enveloped in flames. The hot air would frequently flash up from the fissure without warning, and it required much caution and agility to escape from it. The thermometer over one fissure rose to one hundred and sixty-two degrees: on the ledge, five hundred feet from the brink, three feet above the ground, ninety-seven degrees; on the lava at the same place, one hundred and twenty-three degrees; two feet above a fissure, one hundred and forty-eight degrees; eighteen inches below the surface it rose instantly to one hundred and sixty-two degrees. Continual heavy explosions were occurring on the sides, sounding like muffled artillery, throwing up stones, ashes, and hot steam two hundred feet or more into the air, and, landing away the banks, tumbled large masses of rock into the crater beneath. Indeed, the whole black ledge appeared like a mere crust, the igneous action beneath having eaten away its support, and which the slightest shock would precipitate into the gulf beneath, and thus restore the crater to

its ancient limits. Having reached the southern extremity, we obtained our first view of the lake, the light of which had attracted our attention the previous night. It was several hundred yards in circumference, and in the most sunken part of the cauldron. The lava was twenty feet below its banks, a liquid body, boiling, bubbling, and thrashing in great fury. Occasionally, it would become incrustated over, and then red streaks would shoot rapidly across its surface, leaving a momentary glimmer like that of meteors. In the centre, the lava was tossed high into the air, with a puffing spluttering roar of surf. Its colour was livid, much resembling clotted blood, of which the whole might be taken for an immense hell-brewed cauldron, and the unearthly noise for the moans of agonized spirits and the fiendish cries of their tormentors. The effect upon the imagination was powerful, and the reality horrible and hellish beyond description.—*Jrves' Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands.*

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE PEASANT'S BRIDAL.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

STORMANNADAUEN, (the Black Death) had raged through Norway, and cut off more than two thirds of its population, and desolated whole extents of country, and large populous districts. In Uldevig's Valley, in Hardanger, a young peasant of the name of Halgrim, alone, of all the people who had died there, remained alive. He raised himself from the sick bed on which he lay, surrounded by the dead, and went out in order to seek for living people.

It was spring, and the larks sang loud in the blue clear air; the birch-wood clothed itself in tender green; the stream, with its melting snow drifts, wound down the mountains, singing on its way, but no plough furrowed the loosened earth, and from the heights was heard no wood lorn calling the cattle at feeding time. It was still and dead in the habitation of man. Halgrim went from valley to valley, from cottage to cottage; everywhere death stared him in the face, and he recognized the corpses of early friends and acquaintances. Upon this, he began to believe that he was alone in the world, and despair seized on his soul, and he determined also to die. But as he was just about to throw himself down from a rock, his faithful dog sprang up to him, and lamented in the expressive language of anguish. Halgrim bent thought himself and stepping back from the brink of the abyss, he embraced his dog, his tears flowed, and despair withdrew from his softened heart. He began his wandering anew.—Thoughts of love led him towards the parish of Graven, where he had first seen and won the love of Hildegunda.

It was evening, and the sun was setting as Halgrim descended into the valley, which was as still and dead as those through which he had wandered. Dark stood the fir trees in the black shadow of the rocky wall, and silently rolled on the river between the desolate banks. On the opposite side of the river a little wooded promontory shot out into the blue water, and upon the light green tops of the birch trees played the last rays of the sun.

Suddenly it seemed to Halgrim, as if a light smoke rose up from among the trees. But he trusted not his eyes; he started upon it breathlessly. He waited, however, hardly a second, when he saw a blue column curling slowly upwards in the peaceful evening air. With a cry of joy Halgrim darted forward, and waded through the stream, and soon stood on its opposite shore. Barking, whining, his dog ran onwards to the cottage whence the smoke ascended. Upon its hearth clearly burned the fire, and a young maiden stepped forward to the door—one cry of inexpressible joy, and Halgrim and Hildegunda lay in each other's arms!—Hildegunda was also the only living person in her valley after the terrible visit of the Black Death.

On the following day, after mutual agreement, they went to Church, and as there was no priest to marry them, and nobody to witness the plighting of their faith, they stepped along together to God's altar, and extended to each other a hand, whilst Halgrim said with a solemn voice, "In the name of God the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

And God blessed the faith plighting in his name. From this happy pair descended generations who

peopled anew this region, and the names of Halgrim and Hildegunda are to this day in use among its inhabitants.

FAMILY PRAYER.

There is not on earth a scene more interesting than a family thus bending before the God of heaven;—a collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, joys, blending their bliss and their woes together, and presenting them all to the King of kings, and the Great Father of all the families of mankind. There is not on earth a man more to be venerated, or that will be more venerated, than the father who thus ministers at the family altar. No other man, like that father, so reaches all the sources of human action or so gently controls the powers, yielding, in their first years, and following the direction of his moulding hand, that are soon to control all that is tenacious and sacred in the interests of the church and state. No Solon or Lycurgus is laying the foundation of codes of laws so deep, or taking so fast a hold on all that is to affect the present or future destiny of man. We love, therefore, to look at such venerable locks, and to contemplate these ministers of God who stand between the rising generation—feeble, helpless, and exposed to a thousand perils—and the Eternal Parent of all. They stand between the past and the coming age, remnants of the one and lights to the other, bringing the past with that which is to come; living lights of experience to guide the footsteps of the ignorant and erring; to illuminate the coming generation—to obtain for it blessings by counsel and prayer, and then to die. And if the earth contains, amid its desolation, one spot of green on which the eye of God reposes with pleasure, it is the collected group, with the eye of the father raised to heaven, and the voice of faith and prayer commending the little worshippers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

The imitable language of Burns, on this subject, is not fiction. In hundreds of families you might witness all that is pure and sublime in the scene contemplated by the Scottish bard:

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Edgin* bears the heavenward flame.
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays.
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt rapture raise:
Nae outison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abraam* was the friend of God on high;
Or *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Ismael's* wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head,
How his first followers and servant sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounced by
heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays.
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MOTHER'S ROCK.

HUMBOLDT, in his celebrated travels, tells us that after he had left the abodes of civilization far behind, the winds of South America, he found, near the confluence of the Atabapo and the Rio Tene rivers, a high rock—called the "Mother's Rock."

The circumstances which gave this remarkable name to the rock were these:—

In 1793, a Roman Catholic missionary led his half-civilized Indians out on one of those hostile excursions, which they often made, to kidnap slaves for the Christians. They found a Guahaba woman in a solitary hut, with three children—two of whom were infants. The father, with the older children, had gone out to fish, and the mother in vain tried to fly with her babes. She was seized by these man-hunters, hurried into a boat, and carried away to a missionary station at San Fernando.

She was now far from her home; but she had left children there, who had gone with their father. She repeatedly took her three babes and tried to escape, but was as often seized, brought back, and most unmercifully beaten with whips.

At length the missionary determined to separate this mother from her three children; and for this purpose sent her in a boat up the Atabapo river, to the mission of the Rio Negro, at a station called Javita.

Seated in the bow of the boat, the mother knew not where she was going, or what fate awaited her. She was bound, solitary, and alone, in the bow of a long boat; but she judged, from the direction of the sun, that she was going away from her children. By a sudden effort, she broke her bonds, plunged into the river, swam to the left bank of the Atabapo, landed upon a rock. She was pursued, and at evening retaken, and brought back to the rock, where she was scourged till her blood reddened the rock—calling for her children! and the rock has ever since been called "The Mother's Rock." Her hands were then tied upon her back, still bleeding from the lashes of the manatee thongs of leather. She was then dragged to the mission at Javita, and thrown into a kind of stable. The night was profoundly dark, and it was in the midst of the rainy season. She was now full seventy-five miles from her three children, in a straight line. Between her and her children, lay forests never penetrated by human footsteps; swamps and morasses, and rivers, never crossed by man. But her children are at San Fernando—and what can quench a mother's love. Though her arms were wounded, she succeeded in binding her hands with her teeth, and in the morning she was not to be found! At the fourth rising sun—she had passed through the forest—swam the rivers, and, all bleeding and worn out, was seen hovering round the little cottage in which her babes were sleeping.

She was seized once more;—and before her wounds were healed, she was again torn from her children, and sent away to the mission on the Upper Oroonoko river—where she drooped and shortly died, refusing all kinds of nourishment—died of a broken heart at being torn from her children! Such is the history of "The Mother's Rock."

ENTERPRISE OF THE JEWS.

THE JEWS, in Queen Anne's time, made an offer to the Lord Godolphin, then Lord Treasurer, of £300,000, if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Bedford, with leave of settling there entirely, and with full privileges of trade. They would have it a millio, but Lord Godolphin, would not favour such a proposition. He had no wish, he said, to offend two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants. The first Jewish settlement in London was formed in duke's-place, Abgate, in the year 1650, or thereabout. The Jews would have failed in obtaining this, to them important favor, but for the hypocritical adroitness of Cromwell. They had offered £60,000 for leave to acquire a settlement in London. This was a sum after Cromwell's own heart, and he was anxious to close at once with the Jewish agents. This, however, he did not do until he had called together a deputation from the London Merchants, and the London clergy; he heard all their reason, applauded all, and abused the Jews. "But can you really be afraid?" he came in with, "that this mean, despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?" This had the desired effect: the clergy despised the scattered remnant, and the city merchants began to think the Jewish traders beneath their notice. The deputation closed, and Cromwell was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ARABIA AND THE ARABIANS.

BY THE REV. DR. WOLFF.

BETWEEN the 12th and 34th degrees of latitude, the great peninsula of Arabia is extended, surrounded by three seas, from the northern point of Beles, on the Euphrates, to the straits of Babalmandel, in the form of an irregular triangle.

Towards the north it borders on Syria and the Euphrates; towards the west, on Egypt and the Red Sea; towards the east, on what was formerly the Persian, but now the Turco-Asiatic province of the Persian gulf; and on the south extends a line of coast of 1,202 miles in length along the Indian ocean. Its greatest extent is found by drawing a long line of 540 miles, from the point of Beles to the straits; and the greatest breadth, from Bussorah to Suez. The extent is computed to contain an area of three times the size of the whole of France and Germany taken together.

The division of Arab into the stony and the happy Arabs, was known from the time of the earliest antiquity. However, by far the greatest part of the country is nothing but immeasurable plains, or rather seas of sand; on which the eye looks, but in vain, for a trace of vegetation. I found the deserts of Kliiva, Toorkestan, and Bokhara, to be a paradise, in comparison with the deserts of Arabia; for, in Toorkestan, the weary traveller is frequently surprised by meeting with herbs, fountains, and shady trees; but in the interminable sandy plains of Arabia, he meets with nothing but naked rugged mountains of sandstones. The wild tamarind springing forth from the clefts of the rocks, and nourished by the nightly dew, is rarely met with. The deadly south-west wind, called *sammum*, fills the desert with the most noxious vapours, and spreads death and desolation over every living being which breathes the poisoned and burning air.—As long as this wind prevails, spouts of sand, high as the waves of a stormy sea, rise and disappear again; and overtaken by the whirlwind, whole caravans, yea, sometimes whole armies, have found their graves in this boundless ocean of sand. During the burning heats occasioned by the perpendicular rays of a tropical sun, even rain-water collected in a cistern is a great luxury: but to discover a well or spring is considered an incalculable treasure; and, not unfrequently, such riches are the object of serious and bloody wars among the wandering tribes, exactly as we read in scripture. In the midst of burning and barren plains, wherever there is water, green shady thickets, plants, and trees, rise like islands upon the ocean. These oases, as they are called, naturally form an attraction to some families of the wandering desert. As the soil yields them and their cattle food and fresh water, they begin to settle; plant palm-trees and other fruits; and form, by degrees, a colony for a considerable time, if not permanently.

The mode of taking possession of one of these oases is remarkable. As soon as the chief of a family or tribe has pitched his tent upon the fertile pasturage, he makes his dogs bark. The distance to which the barking is heard, fixes the boundary of the territory taken possession of; and no other nomades are allowed to approach with their cattle.

The riches of the Arab consist, generally, in the numbers of his flock; but nature has provided two chief, faithful, and useful auxiliaries for the sons of the desert—viz., the horse and the camel.

Arabia is the real father-land of the horse.—They are not very large; but the climate bestows on them, in stead, beauty, swiftness, strength, and spirit. The Arab preserves, with religious scrupulosity, the genealogy of his noble horses. There are horses whose descent is traced to the stud of king Solomon. The birth of a foal, in an Arab family, is celebrated by a feast; and draws the congratulations of their neighbours. The little animal is nursed, in the tents of the Arab, with his children, and caressed, fondled, and cherished by them all; and becomes attached to his masters, and is treated like one of the family.

I never saw an Arab strike his horse; the whistle of his rider makes the horse fly, as it were, on the wings of the wind. Should the rider fall, the horse immediately stops, and calls for assistance by frequent neighing—at least, so I was assured by numberless Arabs in Yemen. With the same

fidelity, while it sleeps close to his master at night in the open camp, as soon as robbers show themselves at a distance, it awakens, and warns him of his danger by neighing. It is strong enough to undergo great fatigue; and, in cases of necessity, can go a whole day without food. If it is wounded in battle, and incapable of carrying its master much farther, its first thought is for safety, and it employs its last remaining strength in carrying him to a place of security; and it frequently happens that the rider has scarcely quitted his seat before the faithful and noble animal sinks down and expires at the feet of his master.

A not less precious gift of nature, bestowed on the Arab, is the camel. Alive or dead, it affords great and various advantages to its owner. This hardy, meek, and patient animal is able to carry a weight of 1,500 pounds; and can perform several days' journey without food or drink, having an additional stomach, which serves as a reservoir of water. The milk of the camel affords rich nourishment. Its hair, which it loses every year, serves the Arab to weave into clothes for himself and tents. Its flesh is said to be as good as veal.

The kingdom of Yemen constitutes the greater part of Arabia Felix; but to it also is added the sea-coasts of Oman and Bahrein, situated partly on the Arabian sea.

This part of Arabia received the epithet of happy, only as a striking contrast to the rest of the country; where one meets only with naked rocks, inhospitable deserts of sand, and dead and gloomy wilderness. It is quite natural that any one, who has traversed a part of those howling wildernesses, should consider himself and the land happy, where the aspect of the palm tree and the vine rejoices his heart, where he finds wood and water in abundance, and where a more grateful soil, under a milder climate, encourages agriculture, and rewards the toil of the cultivator. In short, this part of Arabia is the father-land of coffee and frankincense; aromatic plants fill the air with balsamic fragrant; the earth conceals in her heart treasures of gold and silver; and the riches of its natural productions have allured, from time immemorial, all the merchants of the world to the Arabia ports in the Indian sea, as well as to the Arabia and Persian gulfs.

The primitive inhabitants of Arabia were the descendants of Joktan, the son of Heber, and brother of Peleg, from whom the Hebrews descended. The Arabs and Hebrews were, consequently, two kindred people, related to each other. After their time, the children of Israel emigrated; but, in most ancient times, the Arabs divided themselves into those nomades who live with their flocks in tents, or those who inhabit villages and cities; and these who sometimes wander about in deserts with their cattle, and sometimes live in cities or villages.

The liberty-loving tribes of shepherds—sober, hospitable, brave, and rapacious—inhabited the interior of the peninsula; divided into many tribes, under the direction of their sheikhs, or emirs; and even spread themselves as far as the Arabia deserts of Egypt and Syria.—Nature herself became the legislator to these tribes, and prescribed to them a rule of life extremely well adapted to them, and even considered by them as a privilege; which, however, would be entirely unsuitable for other nations; and nature has provided for them pleasures and recreations which other people would willingly dispense with. Even the virtues and vices of the Arab are caused by the climate, and are productions of the soil. But, while circumscribed in this narrow circle, the limits of which nature does not allow them to trespass, we find the same in every century; always at the same degree of civilization continually engaged in the same employment, continually excelling in the same virtues, and allowing the same vices and habits; and we recognise distinctly in the Arab emir of the present day the image of the emir Abraham with his servants and herds, or his wandering brother, Lot. However, many of them settled in the blessed regions near the sea coast, and in the more fertile parts of Yemen; erected great and populous cities, cultivated the soil, and enriched themselves by commerce, without neglecting their cattle or renouncing their pastoral pursuits; and, in time of war, as well as peace, maintained a strict intercourse with their brethren in the interior of the peninsula; and this intercourse, kept up between the sons of the desert.

was productive of mutual comfort, benefit, and relief, and enabled them to acquire new notions and elements of knowledge, which preserved them from the danger of sinking into barbarism and savage life. As among other nations, the character of the Arabs partakes of a mixture of virtue and vice, weakness and strength, excellencies and defects.

The Arabian is serious, pensive, addicted to contemplation, sober, faithful in his attachment, firm in friendship, brave, and hospitable. This last-named virtue is not, in the Arab, the effect of artificial politeness, or for the sake of amusement, as is often the case with Europeans; but it is produced by an internal state of the heart; and from this virtue of hospitality all the duties and requirements of humanity are deduced. It produces in him an almost chivalrous valour in the protection of the stranger who has entrusted himself to his fidelity; and it is an evidence of the nobleness of his soul, that he can appreciate the confidence placed in him. A certain sentiment of honour, born with the Arab, inspires him with a feeling that it is a sacred duty to sacrifice even his life for the person to whom he has promised his protection; and to fall in battle for the defence of women, is his highest glory—his greatest pride. I think that you will coincide with me, that the degree of civilization or moral feeling in any nation may be best ascertained and estimated by the lower or higher degree of esteem it exhibits towards the weaker sex. This esteem may be taken as the barometer of the moral progress of every nation. In comparison with the customs of the Coords, and other eastern nations, the lot of the Arabian is highly enviable.

Even the wandering Arab exhibits, in this respect, an affectionate heart, and is tenderly attached to his wife: he loves and honours her as his friend and faithful companion in the rough path of his toilsome pilgrimage through life. But this tenderness, and even the respect with which the wife is considered by the husband, does not prevent him demanding from her due obedience and subjection to his will.

The authority of a patriarch of a family is unbounded and sacred. Rooted deeply in the minds of the Arabs, by the sacred custom of their ancestors for centuries and centuries, the patriarchal power is the only power which is considered legitimate by the free inhabitants of the desert. The father has power of life and death over his children; but there are but few examples known in which that power has been abused, and those few only in later times.

But, with rational virtues, vices and follies are connected, which are characteristic of the Arab. The passions are more vehement, wild, and indomitable in the burning atmosphere of Arabia, and kindled by the scorching sun, and nourished and cherished in the solitude and dead silence which surround the inhabitants of the desert, they arise in the Arab to an incomparably higher degree, and assume a more decided character than elsewhere; and, when they once break out, they spread terror and destruction. The moment the Arab is overcome by his passion, his violence knows no bounds; and, in his raging breast, every scheme of his mind is ripened too suddenly to an indomitable fury. Irreconcilable in his hostility, he despises every mediation; and the blood of his adversary is alone able to atone for the offence given, and silence his vengeance. Even accidental manslaughter has produced sometimes the extermination of a whole family as its awful consequences.

In spite of his tender attachment to his wife, his love is changed into burning and irreconcilable hatred as soon as jealousy gets the better of him; the death of his frequently innocent wife can alone bring him to his senses.

Whilst the Arab is generous towards those who ask his protection and enter his tent, on the other hand, he is unmerciful to those strangers who become his prisoners; for the term stranger and enemy are synonymous with Arabs.

By nature addicted to robbery, because poverty and the sterility of the soil compel him to it, the spoliation of foreign travellers or peaceful neighbours is a usual means of his support, and even of his riches; and their incursions into neighbouring territories are usually accompanied with death and destruction. However, they do not commit murder from a thirst for blood, but in order that they may be enabled to plunder with the greater facility. The harmless wanderer, either single

or in caravans, cannot expect better treatment if overtaken by the Arabs; for they assert that, as Ishmael was most unjustly expelled from his father's house, and deprived of his patrimony, the descendants of Ishmael are justified in indemnifying themselves, in the best way they can, for the ill-treatment their ancestor has sustained.

The Arab is not by nature quarrelsome, but is easily excited to anger if his honour is touched, and then it is not so easy to pacify him. In spite of his gravity, he is fond of society; but, if there arises a difference in social intercourse, death and destruction are the result, and the most trifling circumstances produce the most bitter hostilities between neighbours who have heretofore lived in intimacy. It is thus not only between individuals, but between whole tribes; and the Arabian historians speak of wars that continued for forty years, the original cause having been two horses. However, such dissensions are not of frequent occurrence, as the natural society of the Arab precludes his giving cause of offence to his neighbours.

Bravery is considered by the Arab neither virtue nor merit; it is born with him, and is as natural to him as the circulation of the blood.—Even in the time of peace, the chiefs of the tribes exercise the youths in the use of their arrows, javelins, darts, and swords; and these weapons, which they well know how to handle, serve not only to protect themselves and to ensure their liberty, but also as a shield to their brethren in the villages and cities of happy Arabia; who are become rather effeminate, by reason of the luxury of the soil and the mildness of the climate.

At the approach of the enemy, every internal dissension ceases. Boldly they face the foe: before them marches the hope of victory and plunder; and behind them they see, in the velocity of their horses, the certainty of a safe and sure retreat. In case of defeat, they escape with the swiftness of lightning from the sight of the victor; and while the conqueror exhausts his resources by a fruitless pursuit after an invisible enemy—fighting against hunger, thirst, heat, sand, and poisonous winds—the flying Arab, whose horses or camels have made 300 miles in six or eight days, recruits himself in his inaccessible deserts, and is soon prepared for another campaign.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE VULTURE.

THE vulture is frequently found in all quarters of the globe; though in Europe, where it is comparatively rare, it may easily be distinguished from those of the eagle kind by the head and neck being covered merely with down, or a few scattered hairs. The colour is dusky, intermixed with purple and green; and the legs are of a dirty flesh-colour; the claws are black. The odour they emit is offensive in the highest degree; and at night they perch on rocks or trees, with their wings partly extended, as if to dry themselves.

The food of the vulture is chiefly carrion and filth, which renders them peculiarly valuable; as in the neighbourhood of Grand Cairo, for instance, where they are highly prized as scavengers who remove much that renders the atmosphere unbearably tainted and pernicious; it is, consequently, esteemed criminal to kill a vulture. In some places they are even more important, from their destroying the eggs of the alligator.—They narrowly watch the females in the act of depositing their eggs in the sand; and, on her going into the water, they dig up the eggs, which they most voraciously devour. They also feed upon serpents. In all this we perceive the wise arrangements of a good and gracious Providence.

In America, especially the Brazils, they are found in great abundance. When they alight upon the carcasses which they are permitted to tear, they do so with the utmost rapacity, and so gorge themselves that they are unable to fly, and keep hopping onwards. "I am intimately acquainted with these useful scavengers," says Mr. Waterson, "and I have never known any of them kill for food upon which they feed; or when they are in a complete state of nature, free from the restraints or allurements of men, ever feed on that which was not putrid." He gives some striking illustrations of this. "The terrible pestilence which visited Malaga, at the beginning of the present century, swept off thousands in the short

space of four months. The victims were buried by the convicts. So great was the daily havoc of death, that no private burials could be allowed; and many a corpse lay exposed in the open air till the dead carts made their rounds at night fall, to take them away to their last resting-place, which was a large pit prepared for them by the convicts in the day-time. During this long continued scene of woe and sorrow, which I saw and felt, I could never learn that the vultures preyed upon the dead bodies which had not had time enough to putrify. But when the wind blew in from the Mediterranean, and washed ashore the corrupted bodies of those who had died of the pestilence, and had been thrown overboard from the shipping, then indeed, *demonibus assunt harpyias*; then it was the vultures came from the neighbouring hills to satisfy their hunger; then, one might have said of these unfortunate victims of the pestilence—

"Their limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore."

In Andalusia, one day in particular, I stood to watch the vultures feeding on the putrid remains of a mule, some ten miles from the pleasant village of Alhaurin. Both kinds and lambs were reposing and browsing up and down in the neighbourhood, still the vultures touched them not; neither did the goat herds consider their flocks as being in bad or dangerous company: otherwise they might have dispatched the vultures with very little trouble, for they were so gorged with carrion that they appeared unwilling to move from the place. Now, seeing some of the kids and lambs lying on the ground quite motionless, and observing that the vultures paid no attention to them, I came to the following conclusion, viz. that the vulture is directed to its food by means of its olfactory nerves coming in contact with tainted effluvia, floating in the atmosphere; and this being the case, we may safely infer that the vulture cannot possibly mistake a sleeping animal for one in which life is extinct, and which has begun to putrify.

No small difference of opinion has existed as to whether vultures possess the faculty of smelling. Dr. Roger is of opinion that they do not. "It has been generally asserted," says he, "that vultures and other birds of prey are gifted with a highly acute sense of smell; and that they can discover, by means of it, the carcass of a dead animal at great distances. But it appears to be now sufficiently established, by the observations and experiments of Mr. Audubon, that these birds in reality possess the sense of smell in a degree inferior to carnivorous quadrupeds; and that, so far from guiding them to their prey from a distance, it affords them no indication of its presence, even when close at hand. The following experiments appear to be perfectly conclusive on this subject.—Having procured the skin of a deer, Mr. Audubon stuffed it full of hay; and, after the whole had become perfectly dry and hard, he placed it in the middle of an open field, laying it down on its back, in the attitude of a dead animal. In the course of a few minutes afterwards, he observed a vulture flying towards it and alighting near it. Quite unsuspecting of the deception, the bird immediately proceeded to attack it, as usual, in the most vulnerable points. Failing in his object, he next, with much exertion, tore open the seams of the skin, where it had been stitched together, and appeared earnestly intent on getting at the flesh which he expected to find within, and of the absence of which not one of his senses was able to inform him. Finding that his efforts, which were long reiterated, led to no other result than the pulling out of large quantities of hay, he at length, though with evident reluctance, gave up the attempt, and took flight in pursuit of other game, to which he was led by the sight alone, and which he was not long in discovering and securing. Another experiment, the converse of the first, was next tried. A large dead hog was concealed in a narrow winding ravine, about twenty feet deeper than the surface of the earth around it, and filled with briars and high cane. This was done in the month of July, in a tropical climate, where putrefaction takes place with great rapidity; yet, although many vultures were seen from time to time sailing in all directions over the spot where the putrid carcass was lying, covered only with twigs of cane, none ever discovered it; but, in the meanwhile, several dogs had found their way to it, and had devoured large quantities of the flesh. In another set of experiments, it was found that young vultures, inclosed in a cage, never ex-

hibited any tokens of their perceiving food when it could not be decryed by them; however near to them it was brought." This notion is entirely decided by Mr. Waterson, in his work. He insists that the vulture is directed to its prey by its sense of smell, and not by its clearness of sight. He denies that vultures ever soar high to look out for prey. After adducing many interesting anecdotes to confirm his position, he says, "After the repeated observations I have made in the country where it abounds, I am quite satisfied that it is directed to its food by means of its olfactory nerves coming in contact with putrid effluvia, which rise from corrupted substances through the heavier air. The American philosophers have signed a solemn certificate that they feel assured that the two species of vultures which inhabit the United States are guided to their food altogether through their sense of sight, and not that of smell." I, on the contrary, assert that all vultures can find their food through the medium of their olfactory nerves, though it be imperceptible to the eye."

The vulture is frequently referred to in the scriptures. In Leviticus xi. 2, it is ranked among the unclean animals. Job speaks of its height of flight—"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." (xxviii. 7). Isaiah alludes to their assembling together—"There shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate" (xxiv. 15); and our blessed Lord most probably refers to their habits when he declares, that "wherever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

The most remarkable species of the vulture are the fulvous, or griffon, which is about three feet six inches in length and eight feet in the wings; the aquiline or Egyptian vulture (the male of this, Linnæus says, is wholly white except the quill-feathers—these are black, with hoary edges; the two outer ones are entirely black); the bare vulture; the ash-coloured or small vulture. Of those which may be accounted foreign, that which is called the king-vulture greatly demands pre-eminence; it is the size of a hen turkey; the head and neck are entirely bare of feathers, but a fillet of blackish down encompasses the head. At the bottom of the neck, just about the shoulders, there is a ruff of ash-coloured feathers; the body is a reddish brown, the belly white with a tinge of yellow, and the quills are black. It is a native of South America and the West Indies.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.

THE following interesting letter, from the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander, has been received in reply to a letter from the Rev. J. P. Garrett, Kilmood Vicarage, accompanying a money order for the amount of a congregational collection in aid of the fund for building the Hebrew Christian Church, Mount Zion:—

"MOUNT ZION, in Jerusalem, Monday in Passion Week, April 1st, 1844.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter, with the enclosed offering from the members of your Congregation, duly reached me on the 29th ultimo, for which I beg to offer you and them my sincere thanks. As you have left me the option to apply the £5 either to the building of the Church or to the Bishopric endowment fund, and as the former is yet in suspense, although we have every hope of shortly obtaining the sum, I will wait to see which of the two will stand in the most need of it—at all events, I feel sure the God of Israel will not withhold his promised blessing from those who have thus manifested their love for the city of the great King—and I earnestly pray that their interest may increase, and in the continuance of their supplication for the peace of Jerusalem, may they abundantly experience the fulfilment of the Divine promise, "They shall prosper that love thee."

As established friends of Israel, you are no doubt in the habit of reading *The Jewish Intelligence*. I need not refer, therefore, to points which will have become familiar to you, from reading that publication. I rejoice to say, in the midst of many trials and difficulties with which we have peculiarly to contend, the work of the Lord is prospering in the holy city. Our services continue to be regularly conducted, and our congregation increases, chiefly from among the

members of the House of Israel, who, from time to time, are added to the Church by baptism; and there are not wanting many tokens of encouragement to prove to us the faithfulness of God's word, and that the time to favour Zion is at hand. It cannot be denied that as yet our chief duty is to mourn for her; to this we are especially called during the present season, which not only brings forcibly to our remembrance the sin of Jerusalem in crucifying the Lord of glory, but also the awful and melancholy scenes of ignorance and darkness, which are practised at this time, and that by those calling themselves Christians.

"Jerusalem is, indeed, trodden down—but we have the blessed promise that, if we mourn for her, we shall also rejoice with her; and resting on the Divine promise, and constrained by the love of Christ, who, as at this time, and in this very place, laid down His life for His people; we humbly desire to adopt the words of the Prophet as our motto—'For Zion's sake we will not hold our peace, and for Jerusalem's sake we will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory, and thou shalt be called by a new name which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken, neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate, but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land, B'nayah; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married.' And it may be our privilege, and that of our children, to see Jerusalem again a praise in the earth. Amen.

"Commending ourselves to the continuance of your interest and your prayers, I remain, your faithful brother and servant,

"M. S. ANGL. HIEROSOL.

"The Rev. J. P. GARRETT, Kilmood Vicarage, County Down,"

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN AUSTRIA.

The following item of intelligence discloses the views of toleration, entertained by the most truly Catholic Cabinet of Austria. It is extracted from the *Gazette des Tribunaux* of Paris. It was communicated from Vienna on April 6; and testifies that the most malignant attributes and mischievous operations of Romanism exist still in all their unrestricted activity on the European continent, and will be sustained by the sovereigns who, in conformity with the predictions in Revelation xvii, have given their kingdoms to the Beast. The Decrees, however, prove that the Jesuits are rapidly gaining their deadly ascendancy throughout the Papal dominions.

VIENNA—An imperial ordinance just published forbids, under the penalties of fine and imprisonment, every Catholic subject of his Majesty to embrace Protestantism, without having previously obtained the express permission of the Government; which permission is not to be granted but on very serious grounds, nor until after the authorities have recognized the necessity of the change of religion. Another ordinance forbids Protestants to make public prayers in their churches or chapels on the occasion of mixed marriages: and revokes a former ordinance, which authorized Catholic priests to assist passively, that is, as simple witnesses, at the celebration of marriages between Catholics and Protestants; so that henceforth these ecclesiastics must abstain entirely from appearing at these unions. It is useless to add that these ordinances have occasioned great emotion among the Protestants of the capital.

PRAYER BOOK AND HOMILY SOCIETY.

YESTERDAY the annual meeting of the friends and subscribers to the Prayer-Book and Homily Society was held in the lower room, Exeter Hall, Strand. The objects of the society are to circulate at home, by members of the society, by agents, or otherwise, amongst landmen, seamen, fishermen, and boatmen, and abroad, by clergymen, missionaries, and others, the Book of Common Prayer, and all other works of the Church set forth at or about the time of the Reformation, in English as well as in foreign languages. Lord Bexley was announced to take the chair, but, from indisposition, that venerable nobleman was unable to attend. Mr. Joseph Wilson was there-

fore voted to the chair, and having briefly related the objects of the society, he called upon the secretary, the Rev. F. Doleman, M. A., to read the report of the committee for the past year.

It stated that during nineteen years, in the port of London alone, upwards of 41,500 vessels had been visited, more than 22,000 Prayer-Books and Homilies had been purchased by seamen at reduced prices and about 16,500 books of select homilies, and a large number of homily tracts, had been distributed gratuitously amongst them and emigrants. During the last five years 1,000 copies of family prayers, taken from the Liturgy, had likewise been purchased by seamen, and it was reckoned that now the commanders of about one-third of the vessels engaged in foreign voyages assembled their crews on Sunday for prayers. It was estimated that there were not fewer than 200,000 seamen and 100,000 boatmen of various descriptions and fishermen employed in the maritime service of this country. In Liverpool and Ireland the society was rapidly progressing in public estimation, and its foreign operations were on an extensive scale; there having, during the five past years of its existence, been circulated amongst the inhabitants of Spain, America, Hindoostan, China, Portugal, Canada, and various other places, large numbers of Prayer-Books and Homilies, translated into the languages of the several countries. The total number of books issued from the society's depository from the 31st of March, 1843, was 424,582 Prayer-Books, and 2,574,113 Homilies. During the past year the number of books circulated was 5,226, being 1,163 Prayer-Books and 4,063 Homilies. A falling off had, however, ensued during that time in the receipts of the society, which were 1,750l. 15s. 6d., but it was hoped the ensuing year would produce more favourable results. The report having been unanimously adopted and resolutions favourable to the objects of the society passed, the customary vote of thanks was awarded to the Chairman, and the meeting broke up.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Earl of Chichester presided at this meeting, which was held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday week. The receipts of the year were reported as follows:—

General fund, out of which the establishments of the Society at home and abroad are provided for,	£97,791 2 3
Special funds—	
China Fund,	£1,556 16 1
Capital Fund,	2,648 1 6
Fourah Bay Buildings Fund,	1,181 17 0
Disabled Missionaries' Fund,	1,145 19 0
	£6,532 13 7

Making a total from all sources of, £104,323 15 10

The expenditure of the year, including contributions to local funds in the missions, amounted to £93,472 7s. 3d. The Committee were thus enabled to report an excess of income over expenditure in the past year of £4,318 15s. after the payment of a debt of £1,000 outstanding at the last anniversary.

The meeting was addressed by the Bishop of Chester, Professor Scholfield, the Bishop of Ripon, Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Hatrow, Sir R. Inglis, Bart., M. P., Rev. Dr. Marsh, Mr. Plumpton, M. P., Rev. Hugh Stowell.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1844.

THE PEOPLE OF GOD ARE STRANGERS.

THE greatest stranger the world ever saw was the adorable Being that created it, and that afterwards dwelt among its inhabitants, that he might instruct them in righteousness and save them forever. The worlds were made by him: and he was appointed heir of all things. He is the express image of the invisible God—Yea, God over all and blessed forever. But "when he came to his own, his own received him not." His condescension was required by the most un-

gracious repulses; and the only return that he experienced at the hands of his countrymen, for all the good that he rendered them, was reproach, false accusation, and the death of a malefactor.

The psalm that suggested the title of this article was composed by David while he was suffering under some terrible malady. It came upon him shortly after his great transgression; and made him feel that it was a grievous and a bitter thing to sin against God. Intimidated by the nature of the disease under which he was suffering, his friends and acquaintances stood afar off. The persons who were depending upon his royal favour,—his Courtiers,—Cabinet ministers,—and even the members of his family, were afraid to come near him. The people who counted it a privilege to stand in his presence keep away,—the flatterers and sycophants who made his virtues the theme of their adulation, declare that he is suffering under a divine judgment—and the multitudes that were wont to bow the knee before him, and say: "O King, live for ever!"—these now wag their heads and say "We thought the son of Jesse would soon be brought low; we were sure his pride would have a fall; and now he is like a broken vessel; and he will soon be as a dead man out of mind."

The desertion of his friends—the ingratitude of his dependants—the dastardly and cruel conduct of his kinsfolk—the solitude that reigned around him—the want of that sympathy and consolation which he needed, and had a right to expect;—all these circumstances made him feel his loneliness—made him feel that he was a stranger in the dominions he governed—a sojourner in the palace he occupied; and that, after all, the God whose blow was consuming him, was his only friend, his only help in time of trouble. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were."

We are not surprised to hear the patriarchs—the plain men that dwelt in tents and kept their flocks and herds; we are not surprised to hear them confess that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth;—but to hear the conqueror of Goliath, the deliverer of Israel, the hero of his age, the ajax of the Jewish army, the Apollo of Judah's royal line,—to hear him say so, does surprise us; and more than that, it subdues and chastens us; and deep in the conviction which has often prompted us to say, "This is not our rest; we have here no abiding place; we are poor wayfaring men; yea, strangers and pilgrims as all our fathers were."

"Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face;
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above."

SCRIPTURE SYMBOLS.

ANCHOR.—It is said that an anchor was found on digging the first foundation of the city of Antioch; and among the symbols inscribed on the tombs of the early christians, the anchor was the most conspicuous. This, and a branch of palm, an olive wreath, and a lamp, with the words "Alpha, and Omega," completed the decorations of their narrow house. Saint Paul, describing the hope by which a christian believer is sustained, makes this ancient symbol a mode of illustration. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which en-tereth into that within the veil."

PORTFOLIO PICTURES FROM THE PULPIT.

NO. II.

HAVE you seen an artist endeavouring to take the likeness of a face that changes its expression every moment? Our present position is very similar to that of an individual so situated. The Rev. Mr. — is a compound—a happy union of many characters, all so well blended and nicely balanced, and purified, moreover, by Divine Grace, that they compose a most admirable whole.

As a preacher, Mr. — labours under one disadvantage; we mean the absence of the faculty of assuming a serious countenance.—In expatiating on the terrible, the sublime, the pathetic, his face wears the same open, honest, goodnatured, we had almost said jocose aspect, as it would were he descending on the most pleasant and favourite theme,—so that one not intimately acquainted with him would be ready to charge him with insincerity.

Few public speakers possess more native talent than the one now before us. His command of language is extraordinary—His imagery is beautiful—his illustrations very happy—his figures natural, seldom forced. His best pulpit efforts are those which include detailed descriptions of persons, places, things, or events.—Abstract subjects seldom form the topic of his discourses, and he seems to avoid polemical divinity, metaphysical disquisitions, and abstract reasoning.

It is probable he would derive more pleasure from the perusal of any historical author than from the perusal of such works as those of Locke, Newton, or Bacon.

Few public speakers excel him on the platform. His sallies of wit are irresistible; here he gives full scope to the exercise of a glowing imagination and lays earth, air, seas, and skies under contribution, to supply him with imagery and illustration; thus rivetting the attention of his hearers by the sublimity and beauty of his ideas. Now he is towering away in the heavens, by his lofty conceptions; and then, by some remark bordering on the ridiculous, he descends to earth again, surrounded by a laughing and delighted auditory.

His pulpit ministrations, plain simple and beautiful, are calculated to affect the heart, and do good; while his boundless good nature, and good humour, united with unaffected piety, will always render him a favourite.

“Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.”

In the account of the Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Society, published in our last, the following paragraph was accidentally omitted:—

The Rev. J. Angus then read the report, from which it appeared that the income of the past year had been 21,840l. 12s., and the expenditure 22,831l. 1s., making a total of 230,837l. since 1831. In India a greater number of converts had been added to the churches than in any previous year of the Society's existence; and the educational establishments were reported to be highly flourishing. In Jamaica the number of members was 83,644. The report closed with a powerful appeal to the sympathy and aid of the supporters of the Society.

NEWSPAPER WRITING.

It is not so easy to write for a newspaper as people suppose. A man may be a good scholar, a profound thinker, and a vigilant observer of passing events, without being able to write for a newspaper. The power of writing a leading article for a newspaper is a *tact* which few possess, and which I have known many, with all their earning and diligence, unable to acquire. It

requires a large amount of information on a variety of subjects, and a readiness of application that must never be at fault or the writer will fail. Few remember the editor is always writing against time, and the inexorable printer must have his copy, so that there is no time to revise and amend; but as slip after slip is written, the devil snatches it away, and one half is usually set up in print before the other half is written.—This exacts a decision of thought and a facility of writing which, like poetry, seems rather a gift of nature than an acquired faculty. And as to brevity, that is the most difficult task of all. Diffuseness in a leading article is like water added to brandy—what it gains in quantity it loses in quality. It is comparatively easy to write a long article; but to be able on the instant—without previous consideration—without having time to consult books or dates, or authorities—to concentrate the pith and marrow of an argument in a few sentences; to grasp, as it were intuitively, the real question at issue, and to present, in a striking point of view, that particular truth or illustration which the public mind is prepared to receive, and would be disappointed to miss, is, in my opinion, one of the most difficult operations of the human mind.—*Rawcroft's "Man without a Profession."*

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

LATER FROM CHINA.

The brig *Argyle*, Captain Cooksey, arrived last evening from Canton and Macao, having sailed the 15th of March.

The United States frigate *Brandywine*, 44, anchored in Macao Roads, on the 24th February.

The following paragraph is from the Chinese Repository, published at the end of February:

At Canton, trade flourishes, and the manner in which the first season's trade under the new system has been carried on, has, we think, shown that it works well. The authorities are friendly and reasonable in all their conduct, and have made progress in embracing the new order of things, though some of them are great losers by the change. The people of Canton and its vicinity have laid aside their expressions of hostility to foreigners, and we may hope a good deal of its spirit; and are loud in their praise of the officers in ridding the city of a band of villains and incendiaries. The residence there of foreign ladies, and their passing to and from the city, is gradually accustoming the people to them, and it may be hoped, will by degrees induce an intercourse with the families of the Chinese, which will at once gratify and instruct both parties.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN HONG KONG.—On the 28th of February, the Legislative Council of Hong Kong passed an ordinance declaring the laws of England relative to slavery, to be in full force in that Colony, except in the case of slaves introduced by persons not subjects of Her Majesty, who, on examination by a magistrate in the absence of their master, and on being assured that they can be free if they choose, evow their preference to remain in slavery; yet even then they cannot be removed from the Island without again going before a magistrate and declaring that they do voluntarily, and in preference to remaining in the colony as freemen.—*Journal of Commerce.*

From the *Detroit Daily Advertiser* of June 26.

AWFUL EXPLOSION.—Our city was yesterday shocked by the most terrible and mournful accident that has ever occurred in its vicinity.

Yesterday morning, the steamboat *Gen. Vance*, Captain S. D. Woodworth, left the wharf of J. N. Elbert, at 8 o'clock, with a full load of passengers and freight, for Toledo. She proceeded across the river to Windsor, and just as she stopped at the wharf, and was letting off steam, the boiler exploded. The sound was like the report of a cannon and was heard with fearful distinctness on this side. The fore part of the boat immediately sunk, and the aft soon followed. But this was of little consequence, compared with the melancholy loss of life.

Four persons at least are supposed to have lost their lives. Mr. Samuel D. Woodworth, the captain of the boat, the elder son of Mr. Benj. Woodworth, the late well known proprietor of the Steamboat Hotel, was thrown into the air and killed. His body was found some hours after-

ward, in the river. The body of George Sweeney, of Chatham, C. W., formerly employed on the Kent, has also been found. Robert Motherwill, engineer of the ferry boat *United*, who had just stepped on board the *Vance*, is also supposed to be killed, though his body has not been found.

Major A. C. Truax, of Truax, one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, was frightfully and mortally wounded; and though living at the moment of writing, cannot survive. Mr. Gaylord, the engineer of the *Vance*, was severely but not dangerously injured, and also two of the firemen, whose names we have not learned. Some 30 or 40 passengers were on board, and their preservation is almost miraculous.

The boat is of course an utter wreck, and her cargo all, or nearly all lost. It is of course too early to judge calmly of the cause of the explosion, but it is due to Mr. Gaylord to say that he is an engineer of skill, experience, and of the highest integrity and fidelity, in whom our citizens repose entire confidence. The following statement by him has been furnished to us for publication:—

Mr. Gaylord, the engineer, says her steam was low, and not so as to blow off when she left the wharf on this side, but as usual on leaving port, he caused the fires to be replenished, not knowing that the boat was to land on the other side. But on coming to the dock he had her fire door opened, and himself raised the safety valve and tied it up, so as to blow off freely.—At the moment of the explosion he was standing upon the rail, with his hand having hold of the shroud saying to Captain Woodworth, “that he should have given him notice of his intention to land there, that the steam was making fast and he must not stop long;” that instant the explosion took place; Mr. Gaylord was blown from the rail where he was standing, on to the forward deck of the ferry boat *United*, and was badly bruised, and somewhat scalded; but not dangerously.

P.S.—Major Truax has since died.

The amount collected for the Society for Improving the condition of the Labouring Classes, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, (Chairman, the Lord Ashley, M. P.) was £409.

The British Association for the Promotion of Science will meet in York on the 26th of September, and continue sitting until the 2d of October.

A chronometer, which had travelled twice round the world with Captain Cook, was exhibited at the evening meeting of the Royal Institution on Friday. It was in most excellent preservation, and excited much attention.

THE JEWS.—FRANKFORT, May 10.—For some time past a violent schism has existed in the Jewish commune of this city. Nearly two thirds of the commune have separated themselves in a very marked manner from the ordinary ritual of the synagogue, and are about to form a sect apart. They call themselves the Reformers. They recognise neither the religious ceremonies nor the fundamental laws of the Talmud. In their profession of faith they declare that they will not any longer have their children circumcised, and they deny formally the belief in the Messiah.—M. Anselme de Rothschild, the head of the banking house, has declared an unrelenting war on this sect, and refuses bills signed by any member. The matter has been carried before the German Diet and the new sect is accused of fermenting and concealing under their religious tenets, political tendencies pernicious to the state. Notwithstanding these accusations, our senate has declared in favour of the new sect, and several eminent Jews throughout Germany have joined it. At present it is proposed to form a committee for the purpose of founding Jewish colonies in the north of America. Several petitions have been signed for this purpose by a great number of Jews and Christians. In these petitions the parties demand permission from the Emperor Nicholas to have the Jewish population of Russia directed towards the north of America, to make colonists of them. There is, however, but little hope that the Emperor will consent to the request.—*Galvani.*

DIED.—In this city, yesterday morning, James Albert, infant son of Mr. J. E. L. Miller, aged 11 months and 18 days. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend his funeral this afternoon, at four o'clock, from his father's residence, No. 158, Notre Dame street, to the place of interment, old burying ground.

WHAT ARE MEETINGS HERE, BUT PARTINGS?

What are meetings here, but partings?
 What are ecstasies, but smartings?
 Unions what, but separations?
 What attachments, but vexations?
 Every smile but brings its tear,
 Love its ache, and hops its fear;
 All that's sweet must bitter prove,
 All we hold most dear, remove!

Foes may harm us; but the dearest,
 Ever, here, are the severest:
 Sorrows wound us; but we borrow
 From delight the keenest sorrow;
 'Tis to love our farewells owe
 All their emphasis of woe;
 Most it charms that most annoys;
 Joys are griefs, and griefs are joys!

Heavenward rise! 'Tis Heaven, in kindness
 Wears our bliss, to heal our blindness:
 Hope from vanity to sever,
 Offering joys that bloom for ever,
 In that amaranthine clime,
 For above the tears of time,
 Where nor fear nor hope intrude,
 Lost in pure beatitude!

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, July 3, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	0	0	4
Wheat, " "	5	6	6	0
Barley " "	2	0	2	3
Pease " "	2	6	3	9
Lint Seed " "	5	0	5	6
Buckwheat " "	1	8	2	0
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	6	0
Eggs, " "	1	3	1	8
Geese " "	4	0	5	6
Ducks " "	2	0	3	0
Chickens " "	1	0	1	6
Patridges " "	2	6	3	4
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	4	0	5
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	6	0	7
" Salt " "	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	25	0	29	0
Beef " "	25	9	30	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	14	0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	7	0	5
Pork " "	0	7	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	12	6
Mutton " "	1	6	10	0
Lamb, per qr.	2	0	4	0
Lard, per lb.	0	6	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	0	10	1	3
Corn, " "	2	0	2	9
Rye, " "	2	6	3	0
Beans, " "	4	6	6	8
Honey, " "	per lb.	4	0	8
Hay, " "	per 100 lbs.	25	0	30

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ROBERT MILLER, BOOK-BINDER, grateful for that liberal patronage which he has received from his friends and the public since his commencement in business, begs to inform them that he has REMOVED his BINDING ESTABLISHMENT from the Nuns' Buildings, Notre Dame Street, to the PLACE D'ARMES HILL, next door to Mr. ROLLO CAMPBELL, Printer; and that he has entered into PARTNERSHIP with his Brother, ADAM MILLER.

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 August 11, 1843.

THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN, published in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is devoted to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and contains, in addition to the intelligence concerning the Church, a great variety of interesting religious articles, selected from the religious periodicals of the day.

The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 15s. per annum, when paid in advance, and 17s. 6d. on credit, exclusive of postage.

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September 7.

PROSPECTUS.

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