

# Christian Mirror,

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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## POETRY.

### FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. THE TOLLING BELL.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

O SOLEMN sound! that ever and anon,  
Is mingled with the city's busy hum,  
Thou hast a meaning in thy dull deep tone  
That thrills the inmost heart. Dost thou not speak,  
And tell the world that one of us is gone  
To that far country whence none e'er returns?  
And though unknown his nation, name, or state,  
He claimed a child of fortune, or of want,  
His maker God, and ours his Saviour too.  
But yesterday, perchance, he walked the earth,  
In youth, and health, anticipating life,  
With joyful hopes of happy days to come.  
Now, weeping friends stand round the bed of death,  
And mourn the contrast! Contrast O how sad!  
The heart that late with warm affection glowed,  
Now beats no more—the hand is cold and stiff,  
And the pale lips have closed. The sight is gone  
From the once beaming eye now fixed in death.

O 'tis an hour,  
Fraught with such woe that poor humanity  
Dish oft-times envy him who feels no more.  
A heavy tax our best affections pay,  
When dearest friends are called upon to part!  
Despair would cloud the soul, did not the hope,  
The blessed hope of life immortal rise,  
To soothe the mourner with the blessed thought  
That severed streams again shall reunite.  
And in one tide shall blend to part no more.

What though the daily funeral knell be felt  
So common an occurrence, that the world  
 scarce heeds the solemn warning voice that speaks,  
And tells the living that they too must die—  
That youth, and innocence, and health, and joy,  
No barriers prove against the hand that may  
E'en now be raised to strike our dearest friends,  
And crush our fondest hopes to rise no more.  
How feeble is the tenure of man's life!  
Uncertain all the happiness of earth—  
Where all is changing, nothing sure but death.  
O could we learn to fix our thoughts on high,  
Where pain, and sorrow, death, are all unknown,  
And wear our hearts on earth to rest on heaven,  
Then might the tolling bell not preach in vain.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF DANIEL, A HINDOO CONVERT.

*His Parentage, and early attachment to Heathenism.*

THE glorious God, who rules all things in heaven and in earth, and who guides the affairs of individuals as well as of whole nations, ordained in his mysterious providence that I should be born in a heathen land. Like the great majority of my countrymen, I attended to the rules and ceremonies of the Hindoo religion, without ever once inquiring whether my religious performances were either acceptable to God, or consonant with the common sense of mankind. I was always taught to cherish the memory of my forefathers with the greatest veneration, and the simple fact that

their religion was also mine, sufficiently proved to my mind that I was doing right; and, alas! it still does to my poor mother and the rest of my relatives.

I never thought any thing about the evil nature of heathenism and idolatry before I heard of the religion of Jesus Christ. But when I was informed that a teacher of religion had come from England, teaching the people that the idols which I and my countrymen worshipped were nothing more than things made of stone, copper, brass, and the like materials; that the worshipping of them was a sin which would prevent our entrance into heaven; I exclaimed, "Oh, what is that! does he speak so of our gods? is it true what he says?" Whilst I thought thus, I became desirous of being made acquainted with Christianity.

### *First comparison of Heathenism and Christianity.*

As soon as I acquired a little insight into the nature of the Christian religion, I thought within myself, "Well, if this be true, mine is a false religion—a mixture of truth and error; a religion which has been fabricated by the perverse understanding of men; the things contained in it do not comport with the character of a holy God; the histories of our gods, as recorded in it, are disgusting even to be heard. Such a religion, therefore, must certainly lead to destruction." Moreover, I was afraid that if I continued in it, and walked after the example of these false gods, I should, in the first place, be punished in the present world, even as Braham was, who, for his lustful desires, was cursed with the loss of one of his heads; as Vishnu, who, for his great sin, was doomed to be deprived of his reason, and as Siva, who, for his sin of murder, was subjected to the curse of becoming a fool and a vagabond on earth; and worse than all this, that I should hereafter be exposed to the wrath of a holy and just God, and cast into hell there to remain forever.

### *Convictions resisted and overcome.*

I thought with pity on myself and others, that it was doubtless through ignorance that our forefathers continued in heathenism, and brought up their children in it with the impression that it was the true religion. I thought, moreover, that Christianity must be the true religion, and that the salvation of the soul must be through Jesus Christ, who knew no sin. But then the thought struck me, that if I desired to follow such a religion, and really did so, my mother, brothers, relatives, companions, and countrymen, would view me with a burning jealousy and utter detestation; yet I was partly convinced, that if I did not yield myself to God, through Christ the Saviour, I should be cast into the lake burning with fire, there to endure endless torments. Still I continued in abominable heathenism, and was confirmed in it in the following manner. Some of my townsmen put to me very perplexing questions, the sophistry of which I was, at that time, unable to detect and refute. Thus, after my former convictions of the evil of idolatry, and my partial relinquishment of it, I again returned to its foul delusions.

### *Conviction and hostility to Heathenism.*

My friends, still fearing that I might become a Christian if I continued at Coimbatore, sent me to Madras, where I was placed under the tuition of the college moonshere, [Hindoo instructor,] who instructed me in various Hindoo books relating to idolatry, by means of which I furnished my mind with many arguments against the Christian religion, and returned to Coimbatore with a high testimonial to my character from the celebrated moonshere.

After my return to Coimbatore, I firmly believed that Christianity was altogether false, that I could not enter heaven if I embraced it; and I pride myself on possessing sufficient skill to prove that my religion was true, and to confute the arguments of any one who adhered to any religion opposed to the one I held.

### *Conviction revived, but indecision continued.*

In Divine Providence, the Rev. F. Lewis came to this place, and employed me as a Tamil moonshere. Whilst engaged in instructing him, I was in the habit of bringing forward many objections to the religion of Christ; but I was quickly put to shame and silence by the answers which he returned to each of my objections; and I became convinced that all my disputes were vain. After this I gave myself up to thought and meditation, and during the few months I was considering the superiority of Christianity, and the inferiority of heathenism, my mind was in a state of extreme perplexity, sadness, and disquietude.

At this period a gentleman put into my hand a book called the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which I read. Partly by reading this book, and partly by the remembrance of all the faller which had been expended on me at Coimbatore, I began to feel that the Christian religion was the only true religion, and Christ was the only sinless Saviour. My mind was in a most distressing and miserable state. My confidence in Vishnu was shaken, whilst my faith in Jesus Christ was very weak. Vishnu pulled me by the one hand, and Christ by the other; and not knowing who to worship, Vishnu or Christ, I went out to the river side, sat down, and wept. To rid myself of so much misery, I was nearly on the point of putting an end to my life; but then I thought that to do so would be a sin.

### *Conversion to Christ.*

I then went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, and wishing him to think me still a heathen, I put Vishnu's mark upon my forehead. Mr. Lewis received me kindly, spoke to me for a long time on the subject of religion, and exhorted me to trust in God through Jesus Christ, and then my expectations would never be disappointed. A few days after this I felt it impossible to continue a heathen any longer, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, to make a profession of Christianity.

In March 1841, I was enabled to renounce idolatry, and felt a strong desire to deliver up

my heart to Jesus Christ. I then began to see and feel my really awful state before God. All the sins I had committed, and which I before regarded as light and trivial, I felt to be a heavy load too great to be supported by myself. In my distress I went to Mr. Lewis, confessed to him my sins, told him the state of my mind, and inquired what I should read, or what I should do to obtain comfort. He took me immediately into a private room, introduced me with God through Jesus Christ, and advised me to read the gospel frequently. He also told me that all men were sinners like myself, and that no man could at any time be justified by his own righteousness; by following his good counsels I obtained peace of mind. Now I firmly believe that if ever I am justified it must be entirely through the righteousness of Jesus Christ. My mind is daily enlightened in the knowledge of divine things, and receives more and more in prayer to God through Jesus Christ. I read the Scriptures with great thirst, which, to my exceeding joy, I find is only increased in proportion as it is supplied with the good things of the gospel.

*Exhortation of obliquity for the people's sake.*

Since I have embraced this true religion, it is sad to hear the remarks that are made on me by my townsmen. Some of them say that I am a downright fool; others, that I have been bewitched by medicine; and others predict that in a few months I shall be seized and destroyed by the leprosy; some, however, speak a little more rationally. They give me credit for sincerity at least, for they say that I could not act thus without sufficient reason, and if the Christian religion were not true, I should not have embraced it. They reproach themselves for the loss sustained by the crime of idolatry in my departure from its ranks, by saying that the time is coming when all the inhabitants of the earth shall be like me; but they advise me, if I am determined to continue a Christian, to be so inwardly, but outwardly to be a heathen. I am determined, however, by the grace of God, to continue faithful to the Lord.

As soon as I could by myself see the power of divine grace within me, I became very desirous of bringing many to the Lord Jesus Christ; and from that time to the present, I cease not, through the grace of God assisting me, to warn my relatives, companions, and husbands more, of the evil of idolatry, admonishing them to forsake it, and inviting them to believe in Jesus Christ. In this I have met with but an encouraging success; on the contrary, I am called to endure much persecution. My mother and brother have turned me out of their house, and the people generally have refused to give me out of the town. Whenever my mother sees me she weeps, beats her breast, pulls her hair, and upbraids me for the disgrace which she considers I have brought upon her; and upon the people of her caste; and I discern as of old pray for her.

*Public profession of Christ.*

On the 21st of November, 1811, I was baptized by Mr. Lewis, who had labored much to effect my conversion to God. And I humbly trust that the hope I now entertain of persevering to the end as a genuine believer, will, by the grace of God, be realized.

With much affection I beseech you, who are Christians in England, to pray earnestly for Christians in India, and to increase the number of your missionaries in this country. You are rich and can well afford it; and it is better that your money should be employed in sending missionaries to India, than that idolatry should send the souls of the Hindoos to hell.—*London Miss. Mag.*

“He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly.”—*Sor.*

LIFE IN THE MINES.

“There’s danger in the mines, old man,” I exclaimed to a miner, who, with his arms bent, was leaning against the sides of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation—“it must be a frightful life.”

The old man looked with a steadfast, but somewhat vacant, stare, and then, in half-broken sentences, he muttered, “Danger—where is there not danger—on the earth or beneath it, on the mountain or in the valley, on the ocean or in the quiet of nature’s most hidden spot, where hath not death left some token of his presence?”

“Truly,” I replied, “but the vicissitudes of life are various: the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they might engulf him; the hunter seeks death in the wild woods, the soldier on the field of battle, and the miner knows not but that the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb.”

“It is so indeed,” replied the old man; “we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life: ‘tis a strange riddle, who shall solve it?”

“Have you long followed this occupation?” I asked, somewhat struck with the old man’s manner.

“From a boy: I drew my first breath in the mines; I shall yield it up in their gloom.” “You have seen some of these vicissitudes,” I said, “to which you just now alluded?”

“Yes,” he replied, with a faltering voice, “I have. There was a time when three small boys looked up to me, and called me father; they were sturdy striplings. Now, it seems but yesterday they stood before me in the pride of their strength, and I filled, too, with a father’s vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart: where are they now? I saw the youngest (he was the dearest of the flock—his mother’s spirit seemed to have settled on him) crushed at my feet as bleeding mass. We were together; so near that his hot blood sprang up into my face. Molten lead had not been more hastening than those fearful drops. One moment, and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came. There was no cry of terror. But transition to eternity was as the lightning’s flash, and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful lead. It was an awful moment! But time, that changeth all things, brought relief, and I still had two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full; they, too, were taken from me. Side by side they died, not as their brother, but the ‘sine-die’ could not their birth, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man, his jewels, the victim of earth’s richest treasures, in his sight had no higher price, and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the sapling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?”

“You have, indeed?” I replied, “drank of affliction: whence do you derive consolation?” The old man looked up. “From Heaven; God gave, and he taketh away; blessed be His name.” I bowed my head in the miner’s pious prayer, and the old man passed on.—*Mining Journal.*

*From the New York Observer.*

NEW DOCUMENTS RESPECTING FELIX NEFF.

[Excerpts.]

Four young men, converted by the ministry of Neff, resolved to study theology, and went to the seminary at Montauban. He addressed to them a letter in which he seeks to fortify them against the pride of learning, and to show them how they must keep up communion with God. “Remember,” says he, “these happy times when you received the gospel in simplicity of heart; what could you desire more? Transport yourselves in imagination to your dear country, to the cottages of the upper Alps, in the midst of our brethren and sisters who know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and who read only the Bible and some books dictated by Christian experience. What do they lack? and what would they gain in the company of sages and controversialists? I am not an advocate of ignorance, you know; and as to the sciences, though too much value must not be attached to them, my opinion is that they cannot be too well understood. Be then learned in the languages; study mathematics, history, natural sciences, as much as you can, and make all

this knowledge subservient to the kingdom of God. But as to metaphysics, and especially theology properly so called, you have little to gain from your companions; these are things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, but which the Lord hath revealed to them that love him. . . . Never consent to leave the field of the Scriptures, and reject constantly all other testimony; contend with charity and modesty, but at the same time with freedom against erroneous principles which may be proposed to you.—Form no intimacy with students except for your own edification or for theirs; be conscientious and sincere in all your conversation! Remember that you are not at Montauban merely to prepare for the ministry, but to some extent to exercise it there. If you desire to be truly disciples of Christ, have oil in your lamps; have salt in yourselves. Keep near to Jesus, the source of all light. Hold the head; for away from him, whatever the world thinks, you can do nothing. Love one another; edify one another; avoid idle questions; pray together. I repeat it: do not spend your time in vain pursuits.”

Felix Neff was rejoiced when he learned that the Waldenses of Piedmont, among whom he had found so much infidelity and worldliness, began to return to the gospel of God. He addressed to them immediately a letter full of excellent advice: “So long as the Waldenses,” he writes to them, “really knew Jesus Christ, had religion in the heart, and each of them tasted the happy fruits of communion with God, nothing in the world could make them abandon their hopes. They endured all things, suffered all things; their faith was known over the whole earth. And though they were but a small, feeble, despised people, trampled and devoured by ravening wolves, they flourished in the midst of these cruel thorns. But when their religion was no longer to be found except in books, in the head, and in church one hour in a week; when their heart became cold, and when they no longer sought to possess the hidden life with Christ in God, they were easily led away by philosophy, falsely so called; and without any violence, without any persecution, merely by scoffs and sneers and false reasonings, they were turned aside from piety. Devouring wolves have no more, it is true, rent their churches with fire and sword; but the Spirit of life has withdrawn gradually, as liquor which evaporates; and the body, while preserving its old form, is but a corpse, ready to crumble into dust at the first breath. Seek then, my friends, seek to know more and more Jesus, the efficacy of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings; ask him to come himself and dwell in you by his Spirit, so that you may all know him from the least to the greatest. Thus will your faith be strengthened, and you will weather the storms of persecution, the opposition of infidels and the seductions of the world; thus you will be faithful witnesses of the efficacy of the Gospel. . . .”

In spite of the great precautions which he took to recover his health, Felix Neff continued to decline. He decided, by the advice of his physicians, in 1828, to go to the waters of Plombières. The journey was fatiguing to his body, but refreshing to his soul. He met every where on his route friends who flocked around him to hear some good word from his lips. Arrived at Plombières, he was invited to preach, and in spite of his bodily infirmities he consented. The audience was quite different from the congregations to which he had been accustomed to preach the word of Christ. It was composed of persons of distinction in the eyes of the world; there were magistrates, lawyers, wealthy merchants, Roman Catholics of note, a host of fine ladies. Our preacher, who knew so well how to speak to the mountaineers of the Alps, found also appropriate and instructive language for this new class of hearers. Without seeking for empty ornaments of rhetoric, he spoke plainly to the conscience of his hearers, who said on leaving the meeting: “This is simple, but it is good. Some popish curates came to converse with him, and were surprised to hear him speak of the conversion of the heart and of spiritual life. These poor priests are so badly instructed in the nature of protestantism! They are told in their seminaries that protestants are infidels, profane, and they blindly believe these lies.

Felix Neff returned to Geneva at the close of the year 1828. His health was not restored; on the contrary his strength continued to fail, and it

was easy to see that his end was approaching. Death had no terrors for him; for he had put all his confidence in the merits of the Saviour, and the Saviour is faithful to fulfil his promises. But Neff seemed sometimes to desire life, not for himself, but because he wished to devote more years to the service of his Divine Master. He was but 31 years old. What a vast and benevolent career was still before him in the ordinary course of human events! What appeals he could address to sinners! how many souls he could lead to Christ! But the ways of God are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. Neff approached rapidly the gates of the grave. I will not describe his last moments; the narrative is contained in all the biographies of this illustrious disciple of the Lord. I will add only some brief reflections upon his character and labors.

He united in a high degree two qualities which are rarely found together; he was very active, and at the same time very humble. Ordinarily men who labor much are ambitious, and aspire to govern others. Calvin himself, with all his eminent moral qualities, could not always resist this temptation. Felix Neff did not yield to it. He could say, with Paul: "I have labored more than them all," and yet he never assumed to lord it over his brethren. He loved to sit in the lowest place. I had occasion myself to remark this, when I saw him at Lausanne in 1827. He spoke little, and avoided attracting attention. His countenance, his looks, his conversation, his motions, all indicated in him the utmost humility.

Felix Neff was not a great orator nor a great writer. Several of our contemporary theologians surpassed him in both these respects. How then did he accomplish so much more good, and do a work which is blazoned to the ends of the earth? It is because he had more than others the life of Christ; that he prayed more, and that, instead of trusting in his own strength, he trusted wholly in the strength of the Lord. Doubtless he had also his weaknesses, his languid moments, his falls: who is completely free from them? But he soon recovered, leaning upon the arm of Jehovah, and resumed his course with new ardor.

The spirit of dogmatism was never the fault of Felix Neff. He did stray into obscure theological subtleties; the gospel was with him a life rather than a science. He esteemed communion with God above all the acquisitions of human wisdom; and hence he was so powerful an instrument for the conversion of souls.

Years have shown that he built upon the true foundation, upon Christ crucified; for the fruits of his labor still remain. The traveller who traverses the Upper Alps, the department of Isere, the cantons of French Switzerland, meets at every step Christians who tell him: "I was led to the cross of the Saviour by the preaching of Felix Neff." Oh! may the Lord give us yet, in his great mercy, missionaries, pastors like him! We have need of them to conquer in the great struggle of the faith against infidelity, and of life against death.

I am, &amp;c.

G. DE F.

## THE TRAVELLER.

### JOURNEY THROUGH AN AFRICAN DESERT.

#### MISSIONARY TRIALS.

VANDERBYLE and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but, supposing they staid to strike a light and kindle their pipes, we rode forward. Having proceeded some distance, we halted and halloed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We then pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted, and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering; to retrace our steps was impossible; probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us. At the same time we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by a lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. My companion took his steel and flint, to try by striking them if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting

every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings among the bushes, stones, and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the colouring of the night picture.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished for 'water-fall,' so named, because when it rains, water sometimes falls, though in small quantities, but it was too late to ascend the hill. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel anything like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. These elysian pleasures continued till morning's dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. I then ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there was any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent had been very laborious, but I would have given anything to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing some projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done or what they intended doing.

We now directed our course towards Witte-water, where we could scarcely expect to arrive before the afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain. Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant eater, into which we thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs shapeless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes. My difficulties and anxieties were now becoming painful in the extreme, not knowing anything of the road, which was in some places hardly discernible, and in my faithful guide hope had died away. The horses moved at the slowest pace, and that only when driven, which effort was laborious in the extreme. Speech was gone, and everything expressed by signs, except when we had recourse to a pipe, and for which we now began to lose our relish. After sitting a long while under a bush, oh! what a relief I felt when my guide pointed to a distant hill near to which water lay. Courage revived, but it was with pain and labour that we reached it late in the afternoon. Having still sufficient judgment not to go at once to drink, it was with great difficulty I prevented my companion doing that which would almost instantly have proved fatal to him. Our horses went to the pool and consumed nearly all the water, for it appeared that some wild horses had shortly before slacked their thirst at this spot, leaving for us but little, and that little polluted.

Becoming cooler after a little rest, we drank, and though moving with animalcule, muddy, and nauseous with filth, it was to us a reviving draught. We rested and drank, till the sun sinking in the west, compelled us to go forward, in order to reach Griqua Town that night. Though

we had filled our stomachs with water, if such it might be called, for it was grossly impure, thirst soon returned with increased agony; and painful was the ride and walk, for they were alternate, until we reached, at a late hour, the house of Mr. Anderson.

We remained here a few days, in the course of which our lost companions arrived, having, as we rightly supposed, wandered towards the river, and escaped the thirst which had nearly terminated our career in the desert."—*Moffat's Missionary Labors in Africa*, pp. 159-166.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

THE enclosed Address was issued a short time ago, by a Society in Glasgow, composed of the members of various evangelical denominations, and formed for the purpose of bringing about a concert of prayer in a new form, among all evangelical Christians. Though the time proposed to be set apart for united prayer, from the 18th to the 27th of October, has passed, I cannot doubt that the perusal of the address will be edifying to many of your readers.

### ADDRESS.

*To the Children of God, scattered abroad throughout the world, this Second Memorial is humbly submitted, with renewed desires that grace and peace may be abundantly multiplied to them all, through the knowledge of God our Saviour.*

The Lord having been graciously pleased to bless the concert of prayer last year, as a means of refreshment to the souls of many of his people, and various applications having been made for its renewal this present year, the Society with whom the former proposal originated, feel themselves called upon, in the providence of God, to meet these requests.

There is something truly delightful in the thought of that community of principle, of feeling, and of interest, which subsists among real Christians. Amidst all external diversities, and considerable diversities, of opinion, the people of God are, after all, truly one. There is one body, and one spirit; one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all. It surely then must be our bounden duty, and ought to be a congenial exercise, to keep the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace. And nothing, perhaps, contributes more to this end, than habitual and stated union in prayer.

I. In the form of address, a number of topics were suggested as forming suitable subjects for united prayer. The whole of these may be summed up in three particulars—the glory of God—the salvation of his people—and the overthrow of his enemies; the two latter again resolving themselves into the former. Christ, again, and his people being one—the Church being his body—the fulness of Him who filleth all in all, it is manifest that till every child of God has been called to the fellowship of his Son, something must be wanting, both to the full manifestation of the glory of the Divine Head, and to the complete blessedness of the mystical body. To this consummation all things tend. For this end the whole framework of Providence has been arranged, and the means of grace appointed. When all the living stones composing the holy temple destined to be an habitation of God, through the Spirit, have been built upon the precious corner-stone laid in Zion, the temporary scaffolding shall be taken down, and the head-stone brought forth, with shoutings of Grace, grace unto us. Surely, then, it becomes us to have continually in our eye this day of the Lord, when Christ shall come in his own glory, and in the glory of his Father, attended by the holy angels—the day of the manifestation of the sons of God, when the Lord Jesus shall come, to be glorified in his saints—when, seeing him as he is, they shall be like him—the entire Church, thoroughly sanctified and cleansed, and every individual member made perfect, both in soul and body, completely blessed, in serving and enjoying God forever. Is it not to be feared that many Christians in the present day are too little in the habit of looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God? And does not this ar-

gave a deficiency in the grace of faith? which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; giving them, however distant they may be in respect of time, a present reality in the mind; and a deficiency in the grace of love, which should make us desire the manifestation of the Redeemer's glory, and our perfect enjoyment of his love to us. Certain it is that in the New Testament we find this great event—the coming of our Lord—continually referred to as a grand motive to holiness and comfort; and therefore we should seek to stir up ourselves and one another, that we may be put into that attitude of mind which answers the calls of the word in this respect; so that with an eye to the full meaning of the promise, we may be able to pray, Thy Kingdom come; and to respond to the solemn announcement, Behold he cometh in clouds, and every eye shall see him, even so, Amen.

II. Habitually desiring the coming of the Lord, we shall be naturally led to abound in prayer for the accomplishment of those objects which we have every reason from the Word to believe must be fulfilled, before that great final event takes place. Glorious things are spoken of the state of the Church in the latter days. It will be a time of the universal enjoyment of the blessings of Messiah's reign. The figures by which it is described are often manifestly taken from the heavenly state itself; as the figures which describe these awful judgments whereby the millennial rest shall be introduced, are frequently taken from the terrible accompaniments of the judgment day, according to the usual way of prophetic description. For the glory of God, the exaltation of Christ and the salvation of men, we ought greatly to long, and pray for the coming of this time. Earth will then resemble heaven. All nations shall be blessed in Jesus. The whole earth shall be filled with his glory. The number of believers shall be so great, as to be like the grass which covers the face of nature with its verdure, or like the dew-drops of the morning which reflect the rays of the sun, so shall Messiah's people be in that day of his power. Who would not with his whole heart desire this blessed time? In that day the Lord shall have bound up the breach of his ancient Israel, and have healed the stroke of their wound. Their conversion is to be a principal link in the chain of providence, whereby the world is to be converted to God; and therefore the children of God should never cease to say, For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. They should desire this, for the sake of the Gentiles; they should, like Paul, desire it for Israel's sake; they should desire it for the Church's sake, as being at once an evidence and effect of the Lord's love to the Gentiles; they should desire it for Immanuel's sake, who is the glory of his people Israel; as Israel will in a very special manner be his glory, who has given his very name to their land, and will hereafter make Jerusalem his throne, from whence his word, the sceptre of his kingdom, shall go forth with all-conquering power.

To be continued.

#### AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTION is God's school; David was trained up in it; Paul was trained up in it; and many, if not most of God's dearest children, have had the principal part of their education here. The lessons taught are some of the most useful in themselves, and the best remembered of any. "Tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope." Flesh and blood object to go there, and at the first proposal hesitate and shrink back, with an "I pray thee have me excused." Lord, why mayn't I learn as well anywhere else? Why woult the school of prosperity do as well? Smiling mercies would win upon me sooner than this smarting rod; and I should learn much faster, as well as pleasantly, if I had "all things richly to enjoy," without any outward trouble to prey upon my spirits." So we may fancy; but the Father of our spirits "knoweth what is in man," better than we do ourselves. He knows how easily our carnal minds are captivated by carnal things, and that if we were to have everything our own way, we should

forget God and ourselves too; nothing would be minded but the world, and the things of the world; we should be fond of staying here always; the thoughts of death would be unwelcome, and the great concerns of another world would be little, if at all attended to. We see this is the case with multitudes; because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God. And it would be our case, too, if the Lord were to say concerning us, "Let them alone, why should they be stricken any more? Let them take their fill of wealth and pleasure; I will not restrain them." A more dreadful judgment could not befall a person. But God will not deal thus with his children; he loves them too well for that; and therefore when he observes anything in their temper or conduct amiss, he reproves them, and if necessary, corrects them sharply for it.—*Livington.*

### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

#### CENTENARY COMMEMORATION OF THE REVIVAL AT CAMBUSLANG.

SABBATH last was the centenary of the memorable sacramental occasion at Cambuslang, consequent on the great religious revival which took place in that parish in 1742, under the ministry of the Rev. William McCulloch. A very interesting account of the solemnities of that occasion will be found in "Rob's Narrative of the Revival of Religion at Cambuslang and other places in 1742," which we beg to recommend to the reader. It may not be out of place to mention the names of the ministers were the celebrated Whitfield, Mr. Weister from Edinburgh, Messrs. McLaurin and Gillies from Glasgow, Mr. Robe from Kilsyth, Mr. Currie from Kinglassie, Mr. McKnight from Irvine, Mr. Bonner from Terphichen, Mr. Hamilton from Douglas, Mr. Henderson from Blantyre, Mr. Maxwell from Rutherglen, and Mr. Adam from Cathcart. The elders from a distance were the Honourable Mr. Charles Erskine, advocate, Mr. Bruce of Kennet, Mr. Gillon of Wallhouse, Mr. Wamer of Ardeer, and Mr. Wardrop, surgeon, Edinburgh. The number of communicants was three thousand, many of them from distant parts of the country. "The tables," says Mr. McCulloch's account, "were all served in the open air, beside the tent, below the brae. Not a few were awakened to a sense of sin, and their lost and perishing condition without a Saviour. Others had their hands loosed, and were brought into the marvellous liberty of the sons of God. Many of God's dear children have declared that it was a happy time to their souls, and that they would not for a world have been absent from this solemnity. Others cried, Now let thy servants depart in peace, from this place, since our eyes have seen thy salvation here. Others wished, if it were the will of God, to die where they were attending God in his ordinances, without ever returning again to the world or their friends, that they might be with Christ in heaven, as that which is incomparably best of all."

The deeply-cherished recollections of this solemnity, which have been handed down from parent to child in the parish of Cambuslang, as well as in many other parts of the country, led to a very general desire that the centenary of the communion should be celebrated in a manner consonant with the hallowed associations with which it is remembered. Several clergymen of the Establishment were accordingly requested to officiate on Sabbath last, and they cheerfully consented. Public notice having been given of the arrangement in our own paper, an immense concourse of people assembled at Cambuslang from all parts of the surrounding country. A great number went from this city, and several from a distance of many miles. The services were performed in the open air in the "kirk glen," an exceedingly sweet and romantic retreat, the tent being placed, as near as could be ascertained, on the very spot where it rested while occupied successively by Whitfield and the other worthies who assisted the pious minister of the parish. It was pitched on the margin of a small brook, from which the ground rises gradually to a considerable height and spreads out in the form of a beautiful amphitheatre. On this acclivity the congregation was seated, and the aspect it presented was indescribably grand and imposing. There could not be fewer than six thousand persons present at one time, while crowds of people were constantly going and coming during the whole of the day, so

that the number who actually visited the glen during the services may be safely stated at not fewer than from 10,000 to 15,000. Worship was commenced by Dr. Brown of St. John's Glasgow, who, on the great congregation rising at the first prayer, was evidently so much overpowered by the magnificence and solemnity of the spectacle, as to be for a brief space unable to proceed with the devotions. The Rev. doctor, with short intervals of praise and prayer, preached for upwards of two hours and a half, from the text chosen by Whitfield, a hundred years before, namely, "To you who believe, He is precious." The discourse was delivered with the usual unction and earnestness of the preacher, and was listened to with profound attention. He was succeeded by Mr. Bain, assistant to Dr. Robertson, the aged incumbent of the parish, who preached for about an hour from the words, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Mr. Fowler of St. Luke's, Glasgow, succeeded, his text being, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." The services were concluded by Mr. Robertson, son to the parish minister, who discoursed from the words, "I will put my Spirit within them, and they shall live."

At the close of the services Mr. Robertson gave out the last three verses of the 72d psalm, which at his request were sung by the congregation standing. The services were not over till nearly half-past six in the evening. The discourses were plain, practical, and suitable to the occasion. The most remarkable sobriety of deportment was maintained by the vast assembly; and we may hope that, under the Divine blessing, the effects of the memorable and solemnising services of the occasion will be seen many days hence.—*Scottish Guardian.*

#### FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

CENTRAL ASIA.—The British, in consequence of their reverses in Afghanistan, will probably retire from the country, as soon as they can do it without compromising their character for consistency and valor. This movement will be inauspicious to the cause of missions, for wherever the British arms are successful, the country, in point of fact, is at once thrown open to the operation of Christian missionaries. The expected retirement of the British from Afghanistan, and the extreme difficulty of navigating the Indus by means of steam, will probably leave those vast regions under the sway of Mohammedanism for a great while to come. Indeed, it would seem, that Central Asia is to be the last hold of that system of error, and that, as it has always propagated itself by the sword, it is destined to perish only by the sword.

It is also probable, that the navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris by steam will also be abandoned, in consequence of the rapidity of the stream, and the numerous shoals which are found in their channels. There is, therefore, but little prospect that commerce will ever resume her ancient route in Mesopotamia, to interfere with the fulfilment of the prophetic malediction against Babylon. These facts are, in our view, inauspicious to the spread of the Gospel in those regions of the earth; for in the work of disseminating the Gospel, commercial industry and enterprise are an important auxiliary.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—This is one of the brightest spots in our missionary field in the East. Mr. Wood, in a letter dated at Constantinople, July 27th, remarks, that he was not disappointed as to the strength of the hold which the Gospel has obtained upon the Armenian people. Truth is gaining ground, slowly perhaps, but surely. Light is spreading, and the Holy Spirit is sealing souls for heaven. Our books are widely circulated. Our audiences are small, and yet being composed as they are of young enterprising men, (females being by the customs of society excluded from our public assemblies,) multitudes are reached by the Gospel.

CAPE PALMAS.—This mission will probably be removed to the river Gaboon. The coast has been explored as far south as that river, which is 14 miles wide at its mouth, and empties into the Atlantic, twenty miles north of the equator. The distance from the river Gaboon to Fernando Po which is near the mouth of the Niger, is about two hundred miles. The distance from the new station to the nearest missionary station in south Africa, is from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred miles, and the whole intervening country is a wide moral desert. The inhabitants

in the vicinity of Gaboon are more civilized than many of the African tribes, and the place selected as the site of the mission is supposed to be healthy.—*N. E. Puritan.*

**AFRICAN MISSION.**—Capt. Naghel, 1st officer and supercargo of the *Adario*, speaks in the highest terms of the American missionary establishments on the western coast of Africa. He says the missionaries are in high favor with all the kings along the coast, and that their efforts in establishing schools and churches have been crowned with success. Capt. N. witnessed, with his own eyes, the death of a converted native; and never in his whole life, he says, has he seen a more calm resignation to the will of the Almighty, or a more positive assurance of happiness hereafter, than was manifested by the untutored African on his death-bed.

**WESLEYAN MISSIONS.**—A meeting of the Wesleyan Foreign and Home Missionary Association was held in Liverpool on the 10th Oct. It appeared from the report that there were under the society's care, in Kingston, Jamaica, 12 preachers, 4328 members, and 183 Sunday school scholars. In Prince Edward Island, Australia, and other places, 4 preachers, and 140 members; and the home missions of England consisted of 42 preachers, 486 members, and 1085 Sunday school scholars. An emancipated slave from the United States addressed the meeting.

**SUMMARY OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—This, as given in the last report, is as follows: stations and outstations, South Seas, 159; East Indies, 122; beyond the Ganges, 5; Mediterranean, 1; South Africa and African Islands, 60; West Indies, 40; total stations, 398. At these various stations there are 161 missionaries and 543 assistants; making a total of missionaries and assistants of 704. The number of churches is 115; communicants, 13,156; scholars, 42,960.

**THE JEWS.**—The annual meeting of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews was held at Liverpool on the 17th Oct. The audience was very large. The chairman, Rev. Chancellor Raikes, congratulated the meeting upon the circumstance that a bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland had been sent to Jerusalem, and alluded to the donation of \$75,000 which the king of Prussia had made towards the object. The contributions of the last year were the largest ever received—about 100,000 dollars. There had been distributed 1116 Bibles, 1642 Testaments, 2023 copies of the Pentateuch, 5,917 Hebrew and English Psalms, &c. Eleven converted Jews had been baptized.

In Sweden, there are already upwards of fifty thousand pledged temperance members. Whenever, in that country, the work has been carried on by a clergyman, it has swept all before it. In one place not a drop of liquor has been drunk at any of the weddings for sixteen months. In another, two hundred stills have been stopped.

The population of Scotland is about 2,600,000; the national establishment of the Presbyterian Church contains 1200 churches, 1190 ministers, 16 synods, and 80 presbyteries. The Congregationalists have 100 churches and above 80 ministers.

**BIBLES.**—There has been recently found, says a Belgian Journal, amongst a heap of old books, purchased at St. Trond, the sixth known copy of the first Bible printed at Mentz. One copy was purchased in 1816, by Louis XVIII., for 20,000*l.*

The temperance cause is very rapidly progressing in Germany and Prussia. The society at Hamburg numbers about 650 members. Female societies have been formed in many places. The queen of Prussia is said to befriend the cause very much.

The Gazette du Simplon asserts that instrumental music has been interdicted at Rome, in all its churches; and that if in the future, permission for any such performance should be granted, it will be with the exception of certain instruments. It further states that an ordinance has been issued for closing all the theatres on Sunday.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1842.

We were much gratified, and we have no doubt our readers will be equally so, by the perusal of a most interesting address, which we have commenced to publish in today's number, lately issued by a "Society in Glasgow, composed of the members of various evangelical denominations," in reference to a Concert of Prayer among all evangelical Christians, for the extension of Messiah's kingdom in the earth. We hail this as an important "sign of the times."

When we look around us, and behold how awfully prevalent is sin and error, not only in those benighted lands where the light of the glorious Gospel has never, or but very partially shone, but also in Christendom itself, we must be convinced of the importance of harmony and union throughout the various sections of the Church of the Redeemer.

Those evangelical churches from whom this excellent address has emanated, have acted nobly—and glorious effects may very naturally be looked for as the result of their united prayers and exertions. We sincerely hope the example thus furnished will be extensively imitated, and that all those differences upon subjects of minor importance, which have hitherto limited and cramped the energies of the Church, may be forever merged in the one great object of spreading the blessings of experimental piety to earth's remotest bounds. Then, indeed, may we look for the speedy arrival of the long-expected period, when "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established upon the tops of the mountains—it shall be exalted above the summit of the loftiest hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

We took occasion, some time since, to notice the disgraceful manner in which the holy Sabbath is desecrated in our city, and, we regret to say, the evil still prevails to an awful extent. Those sacred hours, which were designed by the great Creator to be employed solely in his service, and for the promotion of the spiritual interests of the human family, are unblushingly prostituted to every species of wickedness, and this too in the very face of the Divine command, "REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY."

Our attention has again been directed to this subject by the following excellent remarks, which are taken from the *St. John (N.B.) Observer*, and to which we beg to direct the attention of the reader:—

## SABBATH DESECRATION.

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." THAT man has fallen from that high position, which he occupied in the day on which he came from the hand of his Creator, when his character reflected the Divine image, and when his highest end was the Divine glory;—that his own honour and not the honour of God, is that which he now seeks with avidity;—and that he has lost the knowledge of the only sure road to the acquisition of that honour, which he in vain seeks for himself out of the path of duty, is abundantly evident from the fact, that only those things which more immediately concern his own interest, receive at his hand careful and attentive consideration; re-

gardless of the Divine declaration, "them that honour me I will honour, while those that dishonour me shall be lightly esteemed."

That the above reflections are just, will I think appear evident from the following remarks. For example, if either ruler, or those who are ruled, be found guilty of an open violation of the precepts of the second table of the Decalogue;—if an attempt be made to take away the life;—if the domestic sanctuary be profaned;—if the property of one man be clandestinely or more openly taken away by another;—in all, or in any of these cases, the parties so transgressing are held up, and justly too, to merited contempt and disgrace: the press teems with communications containing just sentiments of indignation against the perpetrators of such crimes;—and *retrai* does not save them; they have to suffer the infliction of that punishment which both the laws of God and the laws of the land award in such cases; while alas! the precepts of the first table, which more particularly enjoin those duties which we owe to God, as rational, dependent, and accountable beings, are wantonly violated, without any one, even the Ministers of the Gospel of Christ, attempting to exhibit in the above described public manner, the dereliction of duty chargeable upon those who are the ministers of just retribution in such cases as are referred to. Now that all the precepts of the Divine law have alike claims to be guarded and kept inviolate, is a truth, which I think will not be called in question by any; and if not, whence this marked distinction in the manner in which the duties they enjoin are enforced? and whence the strange and too apparent difference in the infliction of the punishment due to the violation thereof?

The foregoing observations are the result of having long and painfully witnessed the reckless and truly alarming manner in which the holy Sabbath has been, and still continues to be profaned in this city under the eye, if not under the sanction of our city authorities! At the corners of the public streets and squares of our city, are to be found women sitting with their baskets of apples and other eatables, for sale on the sabbath day; thus not only profaning the Sabbath themselves, but presenting a strong temptation for children also to become regardless of its sanctification. Crowds of boys collect at the corners of the streets, using indecent and profane language, smoking cigars, &c. But this is not all; turn from these disgraceful scenes, and visit the Market Slip, and equally revolting sights meet the eye! Men (if men they may be called) on the Sabbath morning selling their potatoes, turnips, fish, &c. out of their schooners, to people equally regardless with themselves, of either the honour or judgments of God!! Nor does even this tell the whole of the lamentable tale!—With, if possible, still more unblushing effrontery, flocks of sheep, &c. are driven up King street on the Lord's day, meeting the people in the face while dispersing from public worship; which no doubt are purchased as soon as they arrive in slip, just with as little compunction as would be done on a week day; thus setting at bold defiance both the law of God and man!!!

Now is not this a dreadful state of things? Was an Israelite stoned to death for gathering two sticks on the Sabbath, under a darker dispensation, in the "days of ignorance which God winked at?" And shall he not visit with his awful displeasure the profanation of his holy day, under a dispensation fraught with a more glorious revelation and enlarged privileges? Is God less jealous of his own honor now than in the days referred to? Surely not. And if not, is it any wonder that he should visit our city with the righteous tokens of his indignation? Is it any wonder that he should so frequently lay our city in ashes, and make it a "reinous heap for the sins of them that dwell therein?" No, it is no wonder! And so long as such things are tolerated and practised with impunity, so long will he make good his own divine declaration, "they shall build, but I will throw down." "Yea, they shall not be planted, yea, they shall not take root in the earth: and he shall blow upon them and they shall wither: and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble." Is it not bad enough that there are so many secret haunts of iniquity, such as licensed and unlicensed taverns; hucksters' shops, half open and half shut, in which the holy Sabbath is profaned, in spite of all the vigilance that can be used to prevent the wretched

possessors thereof from so doing; without tolerating the more public acts of impiety at the hand of those who give evidence that they are neither influenced by the love nor fear of God; especially when it is easy to prevent the existence of such evils?

Do we call ourselves *Christians*? Then let us establish just claims to the name by exhibiting the character of *Christians*. Have we wholesome and salutary laws as a nation? Then let us enforce them. If not, as *Christians* we have the law of God: the only infallible rule of all righteous legislation, and let us be governed by it. It is hoped that these few remarks will produce the effects intended by the writer, viz: to stir up those who are vested with authority to a proper sense of the obligations which devolve upon them in virtue of the place which they occupy in society: to enforce those laws of which they are or ought to be the administrators: and which have for their object and end the suppression of every open violation of the law of God, and thereby evidence their veneration and respect for that part thereof which he has been pleased to introduce to our particular attention with "REMEMBER the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." J. A.

If we as a community have hitherto escaped those expressions of Divine wrath to which the writer of the foregoing article alludes, as having been manifested in the awful conflagrations that have marked the history of St. John, N.B., we are, nevertheless, in constant danger. But we would make use of another motive. If the Scripture axiom be true, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and none can doubt it; it is no less true, that "sin is a disgrace to any people." Our obligations to Almighty God—the eternal interests of our own souls, and the souls of those around us—call loudly upon us to bestir ourselves in this matter—at once to wipe off the disgrace that attaches to us as a people—and thus secure the blessing of heaven upon our families and upon the community at large.

We beg respectfully yet earnestly, to draw the attention of our new Corporation to this important matter—this crying evil. As we remarked in a former number, we can see no necessity for the bustle and confusion occasioned by the hordes of vehicles that crowd our squares and corners, disturbing that solemnity which becometh the sacred hours of this holy day. Let this one nuisance be removed, and much evil, now consequent thereon, will be prevented. This may be done by our Corporation, and we call upon them at once to apply the remedy in their power, instead of continuing to countenance those practices that have too long disgraced our city.

#### THE MONTREAL YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

The anniversary of this excellent and highly useful association was held on Tuesday evening last, in the basement story of the Wesleyan Chapel. This large and commodious room was well filled on the occasion; and it was pleasing to meet with ministers and members of different Protestant communions, convened for the special purpose of countenancing and encouraging those young men composing the association—who, we were pleased to observe, on the occasion of this their first anniversary, gave ample proof of the progress of that mental culture and growth in Christian knowledge, for the promotion of which they had associated themselves together. The existence and nature of the Society being but very partially known, this public mode of celebrating its anniversary was resorted to, in order to induce

other young men to unite with them in the important work of acquiring and strengthening Christian principles, and diffusing those principles around them, as they might have opportunity—which end we sincerely hope may be fully attained.

But to the meeting. After ample justice had been done to the tea and refreshments, (which were of the best quality, and in great abundance,) the President of the Society took the chair; and, in a very modest yet forcible manner, explained the nature and objects of the Association. In the course of his remarks, he called upon young ladies also to form similar associations, and pointed out some of the benefits to be derived therefrom. This gentleman's remarks were well received, and, were it not for the sacred character of the building, would have called forth loud applause.

The President then called upon the Secretary to read the Report—a document which would have done credit to the most mature minds. As we hope to be enabled to notice it more at large in our next, we shall at present only remark, that the reading of it gave general satisfaction.

Several excellent addresses were delivered during the evening, by members of the Association; and also by the Rev. Gentlemen present—who declared themselves highly pleased with the character and objects of the Association, and expressed a hope that their number may be increased tenfold, summing up their remarks with some valuable hints and cautions, which we hope will not be thrown away upon the members. An excellent choir was present, which also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

In concluding this very hasty notice, we shall only just remark, that we fully agree with the sentiment of one of the speakers, that "eternity alone will disclose the amount of good which has been effected by the instrumentality of such associations."

We have much pleasure in presenting to the reader the following very beautiful and reasonable "Musings," which cannot fail to be both pleasing and edifying. On our first page will be found a poetical article from the same elegant pen.

#### AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—No sentence more true than this has been inscribed in holy writ; and now, when the earth is covered with the decayed leaves which rustle beneath our feet as we pass along, and the autumn winds are moaning through the naked branches from which they have fallen, it comes home to our hearts with a saddened feeling of its truth. Verily, "We all do fade as a leaf," from the little infant, sleeping in innocence on its mother's bosom, to the youth, buoyant with hope and joy—from the man in the prime of life, to the aged and hoary-headed pilgrim—all present an example of the decay of mortality, which no human power can arrest, when the mandate has gone forth, "Return!"

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

We greet this season with pleasure, although its associations are of a melancholy pleasure; it does not seem like spring, to call the earth to rejoice, but rather to mourn. One season gives birth to all things beautiful, the other ushers in their death. Earth has lost her cheerful robe of green, and the sweet flowers that decked it are withered and gone. The frost-king has breathed on the streamlet, and hushed its gentle music into repose; and the singing birds, taught by Him who careth for the sparrow, have sought a sou-

thern home, and we hear their merry notes no more. Yet we feel that "God has made every thing beautiful in its time!" What can surpass the gorgeous tints of every hue and shade, which the leaves assume ere they fall? and which seem to invest the earth with a spiritual beauty, upon which we gaze as upon the face of the dying, knowing they must soon depart. How glorious too is the autumnal sunset, tinging the heavens with rich shades of purple and gold. There is beauty in the scene, and though it be mingled with sadness, it is well; we need a season which is so peculiarly adapted to awaken serious reflections in the heart—we need to be reminded that "we all do fade as a leaf"—that each day, as it wings its flight, sees us hurrying down the stream of time into the boundless ocean of eternity. "Lord, teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

November, 1842.

#### FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. ON PUBLIC WORSHIP. NO. II.

It is by the Gospel that a future existence is fully ascertained. It is in it that God hath made known his gracious purpose towards mankind; and hath given an ample manifestation of what he has done to recover them from their lost and guilty condition, and thus to convert that eternity, which must have otherwise been taken up in hopeless and unmitigated suffering, into a prospect of unmingled joy, glory, and peace.

Is this message of God's mercy listened to, by those who attend his sanctuary, with breathless anxiety, and every word that is calculated to allay their fears, and to confirm the basis of their hopes, seized with avidity? Do we perceive a profound and universal sense of the value of spiritual things pervade our assemblies, when met together in the house of God, Sabbath after Sabbath? Is that eagerness and fixedness of attention observable, which are ever exhibited when men are fully impressed with the belief that their interests are vitally concerned? Do they who, in obedience to the Divine command, assemble themselves together to worship in the immediate presence of God, manifest, by their deportment, that they are aware of their rebellion against heaven, and their expedience to the consequences of its displeasure, and the provision that infinite love and clemency hath made for their reconciliation? Alas! What facts should compel us to answer in the negative.

It must be open to every one of ordinary observation, that instead of that composed and stateliness of demeanour, and that gravity of countenance, which the solemnity of the place and the importance of the truths promulgated require, we witness some sunk in sleep; others gazing around in anxious search or unmeaning vacancy, and others, indicating, by their levity and restlessness, that to them such services are a task, which the authority of superiors, or the influence of fashion, alone compels them to undergo. Whilst there are those who seek the house of God merely that they may find amusement, or something, at least, that may help to drive off the irksomeness of that sacred season; there are others, who, having heard the Gospel preached, commence a criticism on the manner and style of the preacher, that they may show their acuteness in detecting what may have escaped the notice of others, and their dexterity in exposing what wiser men would have concealed. And are there not many who apparently lend their ear attentively to all that is said, and yet, as soon as the voice of the preacher has ceased, and have withdrawn from the place where God's Word dwells, every impression of seriousness is effaced by the worldly thoughts in which they indulge, or the vain conversations in which they are engaged? These who follow such a line of conduct are thus described by the Lord, in his vision to Ezekiel:—"They speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh from the Lord. And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not."

How many are there, who wait upon the ministrations of the word, and instead of applying it to themselves, and endeavouring to bring their spirits into that frame and temper which it recommends, point it to others, as being that which is well adapted to such a one—or bearing directly upon the case of such another: and in their feigned concern for others, they fearfully neglect their own souls!

It is painfully affecting to think, that there should be any who can enter the house of God, with hearts light, and easy, and careless—who can spend the hours devoted to sacred purposes, in the presence of the all-seeing Jehovah, with all the indifference of

beings who, one would think from their conduct, had no concern in what is done—who were under no obligation to think of God, to revere his holy name, or to stand in awe of his majesty. Such only offer the sacrifice of fools. God will not accept this at their hands. Let them consider the danger to which they are exposed, and remember, that "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all them who are round about him."—  
 "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity; and the scornors delight in their scorning; and fools hate knowledge?" "Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

The Gospel can never be preached in vain; for although there are many who believe not, yet their unbelief will never make the word of God of none effect. It will either be the savour of life unto life, or the savour of death unto death. Every thing connected with the Gospel, has a relation to eternity. In the mind there will be associated, both with the consequence of believing and of not believing the Gospel, not only the recollection of hearing it proclaimed, but also of the time, and the place, and the circumstances in which it was either despised or cordially received.

Let the humble followers of a Divine Master, improve the precious privileges they enjoy, that, by means of them, they may be fitted for the more exalted service above. Let them remember that the church is the school of Christ; he himself being the great teacher; and that they are training for glory, honour, and immortality—eternal life. And with meekness, receive the ingrafted word, which is able to save the soul; and be doers of the word, and not hearers only.  
 December, 1842. I. Z.

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN, at the late anniversary of the American Tract Society, related the following anecdote:—

Some years ago, (and the incident will not suffer, because this will be a repetition,) one of our missionaries from Malta on a visit to this country was presenting the claims of benevolence in a neighbouring town. And he assumed as the basis of his plea, that Christian liberality seldom led to poverty; that God would take care of his people; that He who gives to causes their efficiency, who knows and controls all the secret springs of enterprise and success, would vindicate by his providence the blessedness of doing good even for time. But said he, should it so happen that a special case comes up, where a Christian is impoverished by reason of his charities, I should rejoice in the privilege of an interview with him. I would take him by the hand, and as I grasped it, with a full heart, I would say to him, dear brother, you are the first disciple of your heavenly Master I have ever seen who has faithfully copied his example. He was rich in the treasures of the universe, and became poor, that by his poverty we might become rich.

REV. BAPTIST NOEL'S VIEWS OF TRACTARIANISM.—As God uses suitable means for the accomplishment of his ends, we cannot expect him to add daily to the church, such as shall be saved, till we see the whole body of Christ's disciples manifesting that diligence, fervour, and brotherly kindness, which, under God, led to this result in the primitive church. (Acts ii. 41, &c.) Nothing but an extensive revival of personal religion, among real Christians of every denomination, is likely to effect any great improvement in the mass of society. But is this impossible? Is all spiritual vigour and all faith so extinguished in contests about Church-rates and Establishments, &c. &c., that Christians have ceased to hope for great blessings from God? Only let us ask pardon of our provocation in the name of Christ, and mourn that our divisions and our worldliness, our sloth and want of prayer, have given occasion to the deadly Tractarianism which, destitute as it is of all scriptural support, yet seems likely to destroy so many unstable souls; and then we may remember that he is to do for us exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.

BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

"A reverend clergyman from Ohio, preaching in a neighboring city, observed two young ladies talking together. Stopping suddenly in his discourse, and looking seriously at them, he said: "I observe two young ladies in the congregation earnestly engaged in conversation, and as it is not a mark of true politeness

for more than one to speak at a time in church, I will remain silent for a short time, to give them an opportunity to finish their discourse, when I will resume mine." The worthy minister, after standing in silence a moment or two, resumed his subject."

There is an error in the above from one of the daily papers. They were not young ladies who were thus reproved. They might have been young women, but ladies do not whisper in church, nor gentlemen. We know that many who pass for such are sometimes found at church, especially at evening meetings, and now and then a preacher has so much fear of God, and so little fear of man before his eyes, that he will rebuke them as their sins deserve.

Parents ought to be more particular with their children on this subject. Laughing or whispering in the midst of divine worship is a sad evidence of a want of good manners, as well as wicked in the sight of God, and parental faithfulness is necessary to train children so that they will behave properly when the parent's eye is not upon them.—N. Y. Observer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GENUINE PERCY.—Lord Prudhoe, when a boy fourteen or fifteen years of age, and holding the rank of midshipman in the navy, was on board the late Admiral Cochrane's ship, on the West India station, when a terrific hurricane destroyed nearly all the houses, plantations, &c., on the Island of St. Kitts. The more wealthy inhabitants of the island set on foot a subscription for the relief of their indigent neighbors, and after a considerable sum had been raised, sent the subscription list on board the fleet. Admiral C. added his name for £100, which sum was also subscribed by the Admiral who was second in command. The list was then passed to the captains of the several ships, who subscribed £50 each; the lieutenants followed, with £20 each; and the midshipmen were then called on for their contributions, some of whom subscribed £5, some £1, and some smaller sums, according to the state of their "lockers." When the list was placed in the hands of Lord Prudhoe, then Lord Algernon Percy, his Lordship wrote with a bold hand, "Percy, £1000." The list having been returned to the Admiral, he was greatly surprised on beholding this entry, and sent for the young Lord, of whom he inquired if he had the means to pay the amount he had placed opposite his name. His answer was that of a genuine warm-hearted British tar: "No, Admiral," said he, "I have not; but the old boy at home will pay it." The answer seemed so characteristic, and the action so noble, that Admiral Cochrane determined to communicate the facts to his Lordship's father, the late Duke of Northumberland, to whom he immediately wrote. When his Grace received the Admiral's letter, he burst into tears, and exclaimed in reference to his son, "He is worthy the name of Percy—the money shall be paid," and immediately transmitted to the managers of the fund for the relief of the sufferers a check on his bankers for £1000.—Durham paper.

EUROPEAN IDOLS.—A letter from Copenhagen states, that a peasant of Boesland, in the island of Zealand, whilst ploughing, discovered two gold urns, filled with ashes, chased with foliage and fruits, and bearing on the top of the cover a figure of Odin, the Jupiter of the Scandinavians. This figure is represented standing, bearing on one shoulder the two crows Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory); and at its feet two wolves, symbols of his power. These urns are exactly alike, in good preservation, and admirably wrought. The gold is exceeding thin, except at the edges. They are about six inches in diameter and nine inches in height, comprising the cover but not the figure, and their weight is little more than 2 lbs. The peasant has delivered them to the Government, which paid him the value of the gold, and ordered them to be deposited in the Museum of Copenhagen. They are supposed to belong to the fifth century.

CHILDREN IN AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Government issued an order relative to the employment of children in manufactories. No child is to work younger than nine years old, nor none then, unless they have been three years frequenting school and receiving religious instruction. From nine to

twelve years, children must not work above 10<sup>h</sup> hours. From twelve to sixteen, children must not work above twelve hours, with one hour's interval. No boy or girl under sixteen to work at night.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

CANADA.—HEALTH OF HIS EXCELLENCY.—We are sorry to learn, on the authority of private advices, that His Excellency the Governor General still continues in a very precarious state, his health not having at all improved since our former advices.—Transcript.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

From the Transcript.

Arrival of the Columbia—15 days later.

THIS noble steamship arrived at Boston on Tuesday morning last, after a rather stormy passage of 16<sup>h</sup> days. The overland mail from China brings cheering news of the success of the British arms in that country, and gives hopes of a speedy end of the war, and a favorable settlement of our difficulties. We confess, however, that we put little confidence in the professions of the Chinese of their desire to terminate hostilities.

[We shall give further particulars in our next.]

We regret to observe that the late storms have been attended with a melancholy loss of life, and caused immense loss to the shipping. The *Reliance*, an East Indiaman, of 1500 tons, went ashore on the coast of Marlemont, on the French territory, and only ten of the crew, composed of 122 souls, were saved. The convict ship *Waterloo*, bound for Sydney, was lost on the 27th August off Cape Town, and 250 out of 330 met with a watery grave.

[We have only room for the concluding part of a letter received by H. M. S. *Hyacinthe*, dated Cape Town, Aug. 12, 1842:]

"The scene which now took place, I shall remember to the day of my death. After two or three heavy rolls, her three masts went on the side with a dreadful crash. The hatches were now opened, and the convicts rushed on deck. The sea was now making a clean breach over her. Immediately on the convicts arriving on deck, about fifty jumped overboard; about fifteen or twenty gained the shore; the remainder were drowned. The cries of the poor wretches on deck were now heart-breaking. Each sea, as it made a breach over the unfortunate vessel, carried a dozen or so into the water, who, of course, were drowned. Thousands of people were on the beach, but could render not the least assistance. Oh! it was a dreadful sight.—There, within a stone-throw, lay 200 or 300 beings drowned before our eyes.

"But now comes the awful part of my tale. About 11 o'clock, within half an hour after she struck, the *Waterloo* parted in two. They who had never thought of their God—who, if they had, it was only to take his name in vain, and break his laws—were now seen with their hands clasped, and heard loudly calling upon Him to save them. Soldiers' wives were seen clasping their little ones to their bosoms in agonies. One woman I shall never forget: she was holding on with one hand to a piece of plank, with the other she held, pressed to her bosom, a little infant; her cries were pitious. At last a sea came, and washed the woman and little one off—they were seen no more. The water was now full of the struggling and the dead. A boat was employed to pick up all it could; it could not approach the wreck on account of the heavy sea. I have neither time nor heart to write further particulars. I saw one man embrace his wife and little one, then jump into the boiling surf; he soon rose again. I could repeat hundreds of similar occurrences; suffice it to say, within one hour and a half of the *Waterloo* striking, not a particle of her was to be seen. She had literally gone to pieces: and, horrible to relate, out of 330 souls, 250 have met a watery grave."

A destructive hurricane visited the Southern coast of Spain on the 29th October, by which great damage was done to the shipping, and several houses in Seville levelled with the ground. The entire crew of a Spanish revenue cutter was drowned near Cadiz, and a small English brig, the boat of a French man-of-war, and a Spanish schooner, was thrown on the coast. The neighbouring shores were covered to a great extent with the remains of vessels.

There has been a great mortality among the cattle throughout Egypt, and melancholy accounts are given of the rising of the population of upper Egypt, in consequence of this. The oxen are described as dropping dead suddenly, as if struck with a musket ball. An unparalleled and unexpected rising of the Nile had carried destruction throughout the country—the flood sweeping away the corn stores at Boulae, lately filled with grain. From the old to the new town of Cairo the inhabitants were obliged to pass in boats, the houses being flooded by the waters of the Canal of Ihtic, a circumstance said to be unparalleled in the annals of Egypt.

## POETRY.

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

When the storm of the mountains on Galilee fell,  
And lifted its waters on high;  
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell  
Of mysterious alarm,—their terrors to quell  
Jesus whisper'd, 'Fear not, it is I.'

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,  
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly:  
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,  
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,  
Saying, 'Be not afraid, it is I.'

When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,  
And comfort is ready to die;  
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow  
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow  
From His life-giving word, 'It is I.'

When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay  
Is left with a tremulous sigh,  
The gracious Forerunner is smoothing the way  
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,  
Saying, 'Be not afraid, it is I.'

When the waters are pass'd, and the glories unknown  
Burst full on the wondering eye,  
The compassionate 'Lamb in the midst of the throne,'  
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,  
And say, 'Be not afraid, it is I.'

## THOUGHT OF DEATH.

When Pleasure, with her golden wings,  
Bends o'er our path and sweetly sings,  
And griefs depart, and sorrows fly,  
How hard to think that we must die!

When friends caress, and sweetly smile  
Beneath a brow unknown to guile,  
And love is spoke with every breath,  
How painful then to think of death!

When not a cloud above is seen,  
And all is calm, bright and serene,  
Beneath a pure cerulean sky,  
How hard to think that we must die!

When peaceful as the sunny vale,  
Where sweets are borne on every gale,  
Are moments passed around our home—  
How hard to think that death may come!

When youth, with all its happy dreams,  
Is bright as golden sunset seems,  
'Tis then we dread—we know not why—  
The thought that we must fade and die.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

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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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