

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.

PRAYER FOR JERUSALEM.

OH THOU, whose promise like yon ris'g sun,
Still watches where thy grandest work is done;
How long shall thine avenging anger last
The land thy wisdom chose in ages past?
What though of old her reckless sons forgot
Their fathers' God, for gods that ward them not;
What though with blinded zeal they dared to slay
The Prince of Peace, and mocked to hear him pray;
Hath not thy wrath its burning lightnings poured
On all their hearts revered, or pride adored?
Hath not thy winnowing ear pursued them still,
And clung to every shrine and every hill?
The ancient Hermon mockingly owns the rod,
And on his dewy harp-string pleads with God!
Hark! 'tis sad Jordan rolls his dirge along,
And gentle Kedron moans a pensive song!
There Zion bows her penitential head,
And Salem's tears are and her feet are shed!
Oh God! have mercy on thy chosen land,
Where age on age adored thy holy hand!
Along whose vales thy tender mercies flowed,
And on whose hills celestial chariots glowed!
O Thou, who canst forgive her follies yet—
O Thou, who never canst her faith forget—
God of unchanging plans, and words that live,
Fraught with a glory only Thou canst give,
Here once again let all thy nature shine,
Here stand again triumphant and divine!

THE INDEPENDENTS.—The Independents are much to be respected, indeed, for their numbers, but far more to be held in lasting veneration for the unshaken fortitude in which, at all times, they have maintained their attachment to civil and religious liberty; and, holding fast by their principles, have carried to its utmost pitch the great doctrine of absolute toleration; men to whose ancestors this country will ever acknowledge a boundless debt of gratitude as long as freedom is prized among us; for they, I fearlessly confess it—with whatever ridicule some may visit their excesses, or with whatever blame others; they, with the zeal of martyrs, the purity of early Christians, the skill and courage of the most renowned warriors, obtained for England the free constitution which she now enjoys.—*Lord Brougham.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE BLOODLESS VICTORY.

IN ONE of the South Sea Islands the Christians had become so numerous that they burned several of the idols, and the heathen determined to exterminate the "god-burners." Rev. John Williams, the martyr missionary, gives the following account of the attack and the defence.

"This roused the spirit of the people to such a pitch, that the heathens shouted simultaneously, 'There is no peace to be made with god-burners, until they have felt the effects of the fire with which they destroyed Oro,' and determined to make the attack on the following day. The night was a sleepless one to both parties; for the heathens were employed in listening to the vociferations of their priests, in feasting, rioting, and exulting in the anticipated triumphs of the coming day; while the Christians spent the hours in prayer, and in raising an embankment of stones behind which to defend themselves as long as possible.

Early the next morning the heathen party, with flying banners, the shout of the warriors, and the sound of the trumpet-shell, bore down in an imposing attitude upon the affrighted Christians: while they, on their bended knees, were supplicating the protection of God against the fury of their enemies, whose numbers, whose frightful preparations and superstitious madness, rendered them peculiarly formidable. A long shoal of sand stretched from the shore of the Christian encampment; in consequence of which the heathen party were compelled to land at a distance of half a mile from the spot. Before they arrived at the place of disembarkation, one of the Christians, formerly a noted warrior, said to the chief, "Allow me to select all our effective men, and make an attack upon the heathens, while in the confusion of landing. A panic may seize them, and God may work a deliverance for us." The proposition was agreed to; but the chief himself said, "Before you go, let us unite in prayer." Men, women, and children, then knelt down outside their stone embankment, and the king implored the God of Jacob to cover their heads in the day of battle, and on concluding, thus addressed his little band of faithful followers: "Now go, and may the presence of Jesus go with you."

Taking a circuitous route behind the brush-wood, until he arrived opposite to the place where the heathens were landing, the commander extended his little army as far as it would reach, and gave strict orders that no noise should be made until they were emerging from the bush. The heathens were seized with consternation, and after a short resistance, threw away their arms, and fled for their lives; for they expected to have met with barbarous treatment, similar to that which they would have inflicted had they been the conquerors. But perceiving that no injury was sustained by those of their brethren who fell into the hands of the Christians,

they peeped from behind the bushes, or shouted from the trees in which they had taken refuge, "Here am I; spare my life, by Jesus, your new God."

The remainder of the day was spent by the Christians in conducting their prisoners into the presence of the chief, who remained for several hours upon the very spot where in the morning he commended his little band to the protection of God. A herald stood by his side, and shouted, as the fugitives approached, "Welcome! welcome! you are saved by Jesus, and the influence of the religion of mercy, which we have embraced!" When the chief of Tahaa, who led the heathen, was taken, and conducted, pale and trembling, into the presence of Tamatoa, he exclaimed, "Am I dead?" His fears, however, were immediately dissipated by his brother chief-tain, who replied, "No, brother; cease to tremble; you are saved by Jesus." A feast was immediately prepared for the prisoners, when nearly a hundred large pigs were baked whole, with a proportionate quantity of bread-fruit and other vegetables. The heathen eat down to eat, but few could swallow their food, being overwhelmed by the astonishing events of the day.

While they were thus seated, one of the party arose and said, "This is my little speech: Let every one be allowed to follow his own inclination; for my part, I will never again, to the day of my death, worship the gods who could not protect us in the hour of danger! We were four times the number of the praying people, yet they have conquered us with the greatest ease. Jehovah is the true God. Had we conquered them, they would, at this moment, have been burning in the house we made strong for the purpose! but instead of injuring us, or our wives or our children, they have prepared for us this sumptuous feast. There is a religion of mercy. I will go and unite myself to this people." This declaration was listened to with so much delight, and similar sentiments were so universal, that every one of the heathen party bowed their knees that very night, for the first time, in prayer to Jehovah, and united with the Christians in returning thanks to Him for the victory he had on that anxious day so graciously afforded them. On the following morning, after prayer, both Christians and heathens issued forth and demolished every marae in Tahaa and Raitea; so that, in three days after this memorable battle, not a vestige of idol worship remained in either of these islands! All this will acquire additional interest in the reader's estimation when he is informed that it took place solely under the superintendence of the natives themselves, for at that time there was no Missionary at either of the islands.

MURKIN IN EGYPT.—One of the plagues of Pharaoh's time is again visiting Egypt, and 150,000 head of cattle are estimated to have recently perished by it. Next year's crops are likely to be seriously affected by the loss. The Pasha's artillery and cavalry are demoralized, and the horses sent to assist in agriculture.

From the Halifax Guardian.

THE PROFLIGATE'S DREAM.

"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed: then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose."

It is not our purpose at present to shew the wisdom or folly of putting implicit confidence in all the dreams and visions with which our minds may be occupied during the slumbers of the midnight hour, but only to give the substance of a dream of most thrilling interest, which we have lately read in the pages of a popular Gaelic Journal, published at Glasgow. The feelings which we experienced and which were excited within us while perusing the following simple and unvarnished narrative, we find ourselves utterly at a loss to describe, and we deem that man to have made most fearful advances in the path which leads down to the chambers of death, who can rise from its perusal without feeling similar emotions excited within his own heart.

Some years ago, there was formed in Glasgow a Society of wealthy young men, of the most dissolute and depraved habits, who assembled regularly once a week in the dead hour of the night at a certain house, where gambling, drinking, and similar vicious practices formed their principal pastime, and the horrible name with which they designated themselves was "The Infernal Society."

They exulted and boasted in this awful designation. None could be admitted as a member of this Society unless he rendered himself celebrated for the commission of every sort of crime and profligacy, and excelled in giving utterance to the most horrible blasphemies.

In this profligate assembly there was one young man who outstripped all his compeers in everything that was vicious and criminal. In his younger days he distinguished himself for talent and learning.—His personal appearance was commanding and prepossessing, and he stood connected with one of the wealthiest and most respectable families in Glasgow. This abandoned youth was nursed and educated by a fond and doating mother. She seldom could feel inclined to oppose the will of her wayward boy, far less could she think of rebuking or punishing him when she saw him err from the path of duty. Ere he attained his five and twentieth year, there existed not his equal throughout the whole extent of his native country, in every species of iniquity and crime. What was heaven, or hell, or eternity to him?—words, in his estimation, without meaning—matters of sport and derision.

One night after the young man returned from the Society, where he had passed the night in the manner above described, he retired to his bed with his mind full of the scenes he had left: and having fallen asleep, he dreamed that he was riding as usual on his favourite black steed—that he was returning to his home, now called Blythwood, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, a place surrounded with most delightful scenery. He thought that some one whom he could not recognise in the surrounding darkness, approached, and seizing the horse by the bridle, with a commanding voice ordered him "instantly to follow." "And who art thou?" said the youth, uttering the most horrid and fearful oaths, as was his usual practice. "Let go the bridle, or I will find means to compel you," fiercely insisted the youth. "You will too soon learn who I am," replied this strange unknown. "Follow me instantly," said he with a voice which filled the mind of this infatuated youth with an overwhelming thrill of horror.—The youth applied the whip and spur to his horse with all his might to drive him onwards. The high mettled charger rearing, and suddenly starting, galloped as on the wings of the wind. It was with difficulty he could keep the saddle; yet though the horse fled with the speed of lightning, the "terrible unknown" kept close by his side, and he found it impossible to leave him behind! The rider was horror struck. He plunged the spurs into his charger's side, with the view of outspeeding this mysterious person, and leaving him behind, but his high, spirited horse suddenly sprang to the other side of the road and again reared. The rider now lost his seat, and in his fall anticipated that he would be crushed in a thousand pieces to the earth; but no earth underneath him could he feel, but he found himself descend-

ing with fearful rapidity to an inconceivable depth. At length he stopped his downward career, and to his unutterable amazement he found standing before him the same "unknown individual" who had before seized his horse by the bridle, and said to him, "Follow me instantly." A sudden thrill of horror and dread came over him. "Whither dost thou lead me?" said the youth. "Who art thou? Wilt thou not speak? Whither art thou leading me?" "To Hell," said the other, with an unearthly yell! O! how often was this word and place the butt of his scorn and ridicule, but now a rush of the most horrible emotions overwhelmed his soul. "Onward!" replied his mysterious guide, "Onward to the lowest Hell." A flood of the brightest light suddenly burst upon his astonished vision, and afterwards appeared a stream of liquid fire which illuminated the place whither he was conducted by his strange and mysterious guide; but instead of hearing the groans and cries of the damned, he could only perceive dancing, and merriment, and every demonstration of joy on every side.

At length he arrived at the door of the most magnificent palace he ever beheld upon earth, and within this stately fabric he witnessed sights which filled him with astonishment. Every species of gambling, of mirth, and of revelry, which take place on earth, were conducted here with tenfold ardour and intensity. Here might be seen the imprudent and unwary youth, the votaries of pleasure and vice, some riding their fiery steeds along wide extended plains—some qualling the maddening cup with horrid imprecations bursting from their blasphemous tongues—while others were amassing riches and wealth with the same unquenchable ardour as characterised them upon earth. He saw others staking with maddened infatuation their all of earthly fortune at the fatal gambling board. He soon found himself surrounded with a circle of persons who were at one time his boon companions, but whom he remembered to have been consigned years before to the silent tomb; but all were now apparently in the eager pursuit of that which occupied their time while upon earth.

The mysterious guide who conducted him to this place, now left him. He saw a lady of great pride and wealth, with whom he was but too intimately acquainted at one period, but whom he at once remembered to have left the world some years before. He advanced to where she stood and saluted her. "Do you know," said he "that the person who conducted me to this place this night has informed me that this is Hell? If this be hell, I would not desire to be in a happier place. Accompany me, and let us travel over these beautiful plains which extend before us as far as the eye can see. Rest from your sport and gambling, for a little while, I beseech you, and accompany me." "Rest," she replied, with a yell which penetrated his inmost soul—"Rest! there is no rest in hell! Behold," said she, drawing aside the fold of a rich robe, and disclosing to his horrified gaze a number of fiery serpents encircling her heart; "Behold the worm that never dies, and the fire that shall never be quenched." Within and around her heart these were incessantly employing their poisonous fangs on her very vitals. He shrunk back with horror, and turning from the loathsome sight, found himself among a dense assemblage of people, whose exposed bosoms presented the same revolting spectacle.—There were unnumbered thousands, and each was enduring his allotted punishment. The hearts of some were bared before his eye; and he could see showers of liquid fire descending upon them "burning and yet not consumed" through an unending eternity. From the excruciating pains which they endured they writhed and struggled on the earth with fearful agony, which evinced its intensity by "weeping and gnashing of teeth." In every bosom he witnessed spectacles of misery and torture, and anguish which it is not in the power of human language to describe, or finite mind to conceive; and all these unceasing torments the sad and baneful effects of a mispent life, the fruits arising from the gratification of their evil passions, while upon earth.

"This," said an unearthly voice which addressed him as with the noise of ten thousand thunders, "this is the joy and happiness of Hell." While he withdrew from these gloomy mansions of eternal woe, he met with unnumbered multitudes who were crowding thither. Some of them,

as already stated, he recollected to have left the world years before, and eager in the commission of every iniquity. As this was their delight upon earth, so now it has become their doom and punishment in Hell.

He saw among the rest one who was his intimate associate in this world, riding on a fiery steed, which flew by him swift as the wind of heaven, pursuing the fleet stag in the never ending chase. "Stay, stay!" said he "O! canst thou not stay for one moment and speak?" Scarcely had he spoken, when he again heard the awful words, and the same unearthly yell responded to, as with ten thousand voices as the sound of thunder. "Rest! there is no rest in Hell!"

He endeavoured to shut his eyes; but this was impossible. He threw himself upon hell's burning pavement, but even that seemed to reject him, and he was again thrown with violence upon his feet; and could not for one moment turn away his eyes from the unceasing fiery flood of everlasting vengeance which was poured upon the wretched inmates of the place of torment. And this place was hell—the sport of the unwise—the derision of the ungodly and profane.

He now perceived that his unearthly and mysterious guide who conducted him to this place was again at his side. "O take me from this place!" cried the miserable youth. "Let me out of this place!—for the sake of that Great God whom I had so often blasphemed, and whom I had so often contemned and despised—for his sake let me quit this awful place."

"Can you, dare you still take that name in your unhallowed lips?" said the wicked spirit who stood before him, with a fiendish grin of mockery and contempt. "Mark me," said he, "You may depart for the present, but twelve months from this day, you and I shall meet never to part."

The young man awakened, and these last words which the spirit of darkness had spoken he felt as if impressed by living fire on his heart and brain.

To be continued.

PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE weight of the atmosphere is near fifteen pounds on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our hands, they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands; and if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, it would be pressed on it with the weight of above two hundred pounds, near fifteen pounds on every square inch of the hand! Now by a late most curious discovery of Everard Home, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which flies and other insects of a similar description are enabled to walk upon perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows, and to walk as easily along the ceiling of rooms with their bodies downwards and their feet overhead. Their feet, when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins or flaps, like the feet of web footed animals as ducks and geese; and they have, by means of strong folds, the power of drawing the flap close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and thus squeezing out the air completely, so as to make a vacuum between the foot and the glass or wall. The consequence of this is, that the air presses the foot on the wall with a very considerable force compared to the weight of the fly; for if its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies, since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room (provided it made a vacuum) more than our whole weight of two hundred pounds, the fly can easily move on four feet, in the same manner, by help of the vacuum made under its feet.

And it has likewise been found that some of the larger sea animals are, by the same construction, enabled to climb the perpendicular and smooth surfaces of the ice hills along which they live. Some kinds of lizards have the same power of climbing and of creeping with their bodies downwards along the ceiling of the room, and the means by which they are enabled to do so are the same. And in the large feet of those animals the contrivance is easily observed, of the toes and muscle, by which the skin of the foot

is pinned down and the air excluded in the act of walking or climbing, but it is the very same, only upon a larger scale, with the mechanism of a fly's or a butterfly's foot; and both operations, the climbing of the sea-horse upon the ice, and the creeping of the fly upon the window or the ceiling, are performed exactly by the same power, the weight of the atmosphere, which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather glass, the wind to whistle through a key hole, and the piston to descend in an old steam engine. *Brougham.*

THE TRAVELLER.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

FROM Rev. Robert Moffat's most interesting work on Southern Africa, just published by Mr. Carter, the following thrilling incidents are copied.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

On our route homeward we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain which was shewn to me, stood a camel thorn-tree, (*Acacia Giraffe*.) It was a stiff tree, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relater, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank, and fell asleep. Being awake by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion, creeping like a cat, only a dozen yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments, his body gave a shake, and he bounded into the air, to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed the example, expecting as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards, the people of the village, who seldom visited that spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place, and sought in vain till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convince me of what I scarcely could have credited.

The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of a giraffe, and fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebrae of the neck, when both fall; and oftentimes the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong, he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot in our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and marks of his teeth on the back of the neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet came off triumphant.

TERROR OF OXEN AT A LION.

We were often exposed to danger from lions, which, from the scarcity of water, frequent the pools or fountains, and some of our number had some hair-breadth escapes. One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard; our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, our Bible and our guns, were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be

in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the slaggish monster is perceived, they start like race horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found. The number of lions may be easily accounted for, when it is remembered how thinly scattered the inhabitants are, and, indeed, the whole appearance of the country impresses the mind with the idea that it is only fit for beasts of prey. The people seem to drag out a miserable existence, wandering from place to place in quest of grass, game, or wild roots. Those I had met with had, from infancy, been living a no-made life, with one great object in view, to keep soul and body together.

"A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round
Spread—void of living sight or sound."

RUINS OF LAODICEA.

THE RUINS of Laodicea and Hierapolis are very extensive. The stadium of the former city, and the gymnasia and theatres of both, are the most complete which I have anywhere seen. Hierapolis is remarkable also for the so-called frozen cascades—a natural curiosity, in its kind probably not surpassed for beauty and extent in the world. It consists of a deposit of carbonate of lime, white as the driven snow, assuming, when closely examined, various forms, and covering nearly the whole southern and western declivities of the elevation on which the city was built. It is visible for many miles, and has procured for the place the name, by which alone Hierapolis is known among the Turks, of the Cotton Castle. Hierapolis was famous in ancient times for its medicinal waters, and its baths were much frequented. The warm water still flows abundantly, and still tumbles sparkling down the sides of the hill, increasing the deposit which has been forming for so many ages. The old deposit, covering many acres of the site of the ancient city, is now a dark-coloured hard limestone. The recent deposits are perfectly white, and not harder than lime plastering two or three weeks old. We bathed in the water near its source, and found it exceedingly refreshing after the fatigues of our journey. Mr. Adger suggests that the vicinity of these distinguished waters to Laodicea might have occasioned the use of the figure employed in our Saviour's address to that church, Revelation iii. 16.—"Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—*Missionary Herald.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

A FRAGMENT

FROM THE ANNALS OF APOSTACY.

SOME four years ago the field of my labors was at one of the country seats of a neighboring State. Turning over recently a book of Pastoral Records of that date, an incident was revived in my memory, the affecting details of which may perhaps reach, with a salutary influence, the heart of some wanderer. One of the individuals referred to—a brother in the ministry—if his eye lights upon this page, will excuse the liberty I have taken, as my only motive is the hope of good to a class of persons mournfully numerous, especially in these new sections of our land. The other, I know not where or what he now may be; but if still living, and clothed at length in his right mind, he has found the feet of Jesus, he will not object that his sad history be recorded as a warning to the unwary, careless professor.

Entering my pulpit one Sabbath afternoon, I found, within the leaves of my Hym Book, the following note:

"Dear Sir,—Affliction and sorrow press heavily upon me, and I have resolved to seek relief at the feet of my Saviour, whom I have so grievously insulted. Death at farthest cannot be far, and I feel so unhappy that I know unless I find favor at the mercy-seat, I must soon lay my spirit down in hell. I would be glad to hear you preach a sermon, this afternoon, suited to my case. Death has recently snatched from me a dear relation, by complying with this request, you may perhaps save a soul from hell; at any rate you will oblige
A Repenting Prodigal.

P. S. I withhold my name for the present, but you shall know me ere long. I am a stranger in a strange land, far from friends and home."

Anxiously marking my congregation as it assembled, I observed a young man enter, somewhat late, with an air of great dejection. He was the Editor of one of our village newspapers. I had scarcely any acquaintance with him, for his character was exceedingly profligate, and his associates of the same stamp. My subject could hardly have been better suited to his case had I selected it purposely for him; and before the services were over, I had no doubt but he was the writer of the anonymous note.

That evening I addressed him a line stating my conviction, and desiring him, if I was correct in it, to come to my house the following day. At the appointed hour he came. Our interview was deeply affecting. He told me his history, while bitter tears revealed how painfully remorse was rending his spirit. At the age of fourteen he professed religion; soon after commenced preparatory studies for the ministry, and thought he knew the joys of a Christian. After some years of study and of apparent religious activity, his health failed, and he journeyed westward. Reaching our village, the conducting of a weekly political press was offered him. Party enthusiasm was running high; he neglected religious duty, was entangled with vicious companionship, became dissipated, got into several drunken broils, and sunk with unusual speed into open and scandalous impiety. In this state some business difficulties, but especially the news of the death of a beloved and pious sister, aroused him to reflection. And thus awakened, he perceived the note which procured our interview.

I thought when he left me that evening, that I had never seen a case of more genuine penitence, of stronger determination to amend. But alas for blighted hopes! In a few weeks the miserable man had again fallen, was again with a hardened countenance and a hardened heart sitting in the seat of scorn, standing in the ways of the ungodly, abandoned apparently of God, to swift perdition.

At our interview this young man had told me that he had a brother at ———, a Presbyterian clergyman. When again he had fallen, I determined to write that brother the sad account of his prodigal course. I did so. By return of post, I received a reply, a few passages of which that brother will pardon me for inserting here; and if a similar prodigal, far from an earthly and a heavenly home, shall read them, he may read in them the emotions of anguish which his wanderings are awakening in hearts that yearn after him with untold tenderness. Would to God, he might hear, in such accents of indescribable sorrow, a voice that should arrest his straying footsteps!

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Yours of the ——— inat. was received a few hours since, and I now hasten to respond to it. Permit me in the first place to offer my sincerest thanks to you for communicating to me the mournful tidings of my brother's apostacy. ——— is my brother. Hitherto his life has been above suspicion, his moral and Christian character has been irreproachable. Judge, then, of my surprise on the receipt of your letter. He had been a member of my church, and I entertained no fears respecting his stability.

"I know not what to write, or how to write at all. Were it possible, I would start forthwith in quest of this poor prodigal brother; but I cannot, as I am just making arrangements to go to W——— city, to see a relative who is dying. My dear sir, will you not try to rescue my poor brother from destruction? I know you will. Tell him of his dear mother, his sister, his father. Alas! this calamity will cause the deepest woe to them all. O sir, he was kind, affectionate, and promised to be the pride as well as the comfort and prop of his poor mother. Prevail on him, if possible, at once and forever to desist. If any earthly motive will influence him, it will be his mother's need of him!

"I know not what more to write. You, sir, can easily anticipate all my anxious, troubled heart would dictate. Fallen, O how greatly fallen! Christ wounded,—his cause reproached,—a dear brother ruined,—a soul lost! Hope blighted—prospects blasted—expectation disappointed—Great God, have mercy!

Seldom has my own soul been so deeply agitated as while perusing this sheet, bathed literally in a Christian brother's tears. I sought immediately the unhappy subject of its solicitude, and placed it in his hands. What more could be attempted? But it produced no essential change. At length we separated, he remaining still the victim of apostacy. Often have I recalled these incidents, fraught with so fearful warning, and as often have the startling words of the Son of God sounded solemnly on my heart: "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven!"

A WESTERN PASTOR.

H———, Missouri, March, 1843.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker: but his drafts are seldom honored, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE DEW OF HERMON AN EMBLEM OF THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE.

"By all accounts there are few mountains described in more copious dew than Hermon. That the Hermon's "life." It waters every plant, from the soft bunches of hyssop and the little casnoias of scent-ed thyme, up to the oak, with his rugged arms and his soft leaves of evergreen,—from the lily in the valley to the lichen on the rocky height. It waters and refreshes them all. It has no effect on the dust, the pebbles, and the lifeless herbs; but where ever there is life it gives that life more abundantly,—so abundantly that no one grudges the other's share. The lowly hyssop does not envy the lofty oak, and what fills the moss-cap is not robbed from the any mess. When that dew distils, all rejoice together, and the more cause one has for rejoicing, the more cause have all. Where the magazine of supply is heaven, there is no room for envy: for however much is given there is always more to give.

"The dew coming down on Hermon is an emblem of the Holy Spirit descending on each man. Wherever it comes down there are freshness, life, and beauty. Every living thing receives, and the more one gets the better it is for all.

"But there were more hills than Hermon: Zion lay farther south, and so stood in more need of the distilling dew. And Zion also got it. The dew of Hermon descended on the mountains of Zion, and there it produced the self-same effects. Zion was revived and refreshed as Hermon had been. Zion and Hermon were far asunder; but they were brethren, and the Lord commanded the same blessing on them both; nor did Hermon lose by what Zion got.

"And when the psalmist says this, he said, 'Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! As the dew of Hermon that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.' They were both sacred mountains, both within the confines of the holy land; but they were not the same. Their forms were different, and different productions grew on each. But Hermon did not quarrel with Zion; nor did the vines and olives of Zion grudge that the oaks and pasture of Hermon were enriched with God's full flood as well as themselves. It were even thus if believing brethren would dwell in unity. There is enough in the residue of the Spirit to enrich and revive them all.

"But more than this. Would brethren dwell in unity, the same dew which revives and gladdens Hermon would be poured out on the dry ground till it was as green and lovely as that hill of God. When believers are so filled with the life-giving and love-diffusing Spirit of God, as to realize the unity of the Spirit,—in other words, when they are one,—the world will join the church—the world will in its turn believe."

"Paalun cxxxiii. In the authorized version a few words are inserted in Italics, which makes the sense somewhat different. The author of *Heaven's Pilgrimage* applies the passage very beautifully. When the pilgrims from Gethse (where Hermon lay) are entering the gate of Jerusalem at the passover, he addresses the words to them, as if they were the dew of Hermon coming down on Zion."

"Unity in diversity, and diversity in unity, is a law of nature and also of the church."—*D'Aubigne*.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PUSEYISM.

THE evangelical laity in the Irish Church have set an example in resisting Puseyism worthy of all imitation, and that bids fair to be attended with important consequences to the cause of religion.—Bishop Mant, of whose doings our readers have heard, has set himself with all his might to reform the Church backwards to Rome, and for that purpose has introduced by his diocese a Church Architecture Society, on the model of the Cambridge Camden, the hardly disguised object of which is to convert Protestant churches into Popish chapels and cathedrals.

Alarmed at the spread of Romish practices amongst them under Episcopal Patronage, some of the leading laymen in the diocese of Down and Connor got up a most respectful address to their Bishop, earnestly requesting that he would withdraw his countenance from the society in question, which they regarded as paralyzing all the efforts of religion throughout the whole of Ireland in the way of Church extension. This remonstrance was signed by upwards of 1300 individuals, including fifty in the Commission of the Peace and twelve Deputy-Lieutenants.

To this address he returned a most discourteous answer, in which he spoke with "disguis" and "disdain" of the idea of poor men, who were

incapable of judging of such high matters, petitioning on any such subject, and did the more respectable parties the compliment of holding it impossible that they could have anything to do with a step so disrespectful to their diocesan.

These respectable and intelligent gentlemen, however, in a rejoinder, refuse to accept the compliment, assure his Lordship that they regard the poorest Christian in his diocese as perfectly capable of forming a judgment on the question at issue, and in the most firm and manly way, express their determinate purpose to stand for evangelical truth, and on no account to let it be borne down by any dignitary whatever.

The organs of the Irish Evangelicals, the *Dublin Statesman* and the *Belfast Chronicle*, have arrayed themselves on the same side; the war against Puseyism has now fairly begun in good earnest, and, whether they will or no, the Evangelicals, we have no doubt, will be driven into the arms of Presbyterianism.—*Scottish Guardian*.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Lord Buxley has received the liberal contribution of £1000, from a deputation of the Committee of the Wesleyan Centenary fund, in aid of the Funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A LADY'S WAY OF USING JEWELS.—Say the committee of the Bath (England) Auxiliary—A Christian lady, now resident in India, one day turned her eye on her casket of jewels, and regarding the outward adornment that their lustre could confer, as being immeasurably inferior to the pleasure she would receive, if their value were employed in the service of God, she unhesitatingly directed them to be sold, and devoted all she received for them to the London Missionary Society. The amount realized by this gift and received by the society is 663*l.*, or more than \$3,000. Not a word do the committee say in praise of this act—it needs no commendation. Let God be honored in this deed of his servant, as she desires him to be.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1843.

ON POPERY.

NO. II.

I pity men whose minds are bound
By superstition's iron bands—
Darkness and death increase around,
While Truth herself with weeping stands.

WE really pity the degraded state of the Roman Catholic priesthood—a state more galling than even that of the lowest peasantry in the despotic regions of the Russian government. Oh, that they would break these trammels, and, desirous of beholding truth in its native element, search the Scriptures, and believe the doctrines of the Gospel of Christ! Such men would then, instead of being, as they now are, "blind leaders of the blind," be extremely useful in their day and generation, a blessing to themselves and a blessing to others. We continue our observations on Popery, by giving an account of a most interesting scene in the life of the great Reformer, which we have collected from the History of the Great Reformation, published by Robert Carter, Canal Street, New York.

LUTHER, THE GREAT REFORMER.

LUTHER, (it is recorded by the historian,) meditated a journey: and, though surrounded by extreme danger, with many attempts to stop his course, under the assured protection of the Almighty, the God of the Reformation, he pursues his way undaunted by the craft of the papal emissaries, and the supineness of professing friends. Two thousand persons accompanied this far-famed monk through the streets of the city. The crowd was increasing every moment, and was even greater than at the public entry of the Emperor himself. Of a sudden, a man clothed in grotesque habiliments, and bearing before him a leffy cross, as is customary at funerals, penetrated through the crowd,

and advanced towards the Reformer. Then, with the shrill and plaintive cadence with which priests perform masses for the repose of the dead, he chaunted these words, uttering them, as it were, from the abodes of departed spirits:

"Thou art come whom we desired,
Whom we waited for in the region of darkness."

On the memorable 17th of April, this great man, the Apostle of the Reformation, was summoned to make his appearance before the Diet. Encouragement was not wanting. The Christian, indeed, has nothing to fear. Whether he be persecuted by public men, or by domestic petty tyranny, the real Christian has nothing to fear. One eminent man said to him, "Oh, beloved Luther, my venerated father! fear not, but stand firm. The councils of the wicked have laid wait for you—they have opened their mouth against you like roaring lions: but the Lord will arise against them, and put them to flight. Fight, therefore, valiantly the battle of Christ." Christian men, whatever may be your persecution or opposition, fear not—fight boldly the battles of the Lord—resist evil—resist evil slanders—overcome contempt and reproach, by a consistent, holy, and devout example.

Luther, as was his custom, before he set out, breathed earnestly in prayer. His prayer was heard—and it discloses to us Luther and the Reformation in a conspicuous manner. History here lifts the veil of the sanctuary, and discovers the secret source whence strength and courage descended to this humble and despised man, who was God's instrument to set at liberty the souls of men, and open a new and glorious era in the history of mankind.

Prayer cheers the spirit, supports the mind, gives direction, vigour, force, to the judgment; yea, it moves the hand which moves the world; it performs wonders, makes crooked ways straight, and rough places plain. No wonder, then, that Luther knew the value of prayer. Candid Roman Catholics, recollect that Luther was a monk, yet, from obscurity he was commanded by God to perform a great, a mighty work. Oh, may it not be that you are designed by Providence to leave your beads and your paternosters, to enlighten the world, and to redeem mankind from a system so grossly absurd that an idiot would disclaim it, and the veriest fool deride it.

Luther, in the spirit of prayer, and upheld by the mighty arm of Jehovah, thus proceeds on his journey. Ten o'clock arrives. The Marshal of the Empire appeared. Luther was prepared. He was calm on quitting the hotel. The herald walked first; next came the Marshal of the Empire, followed by the great Reformer. The crowd that thronged the streets was yet more dense than on the preceding evening. It was not possible to advance—it was in vain that orders were given to make way—the crowd was still increasing. At last, the herald, seeing the impossibility of reaching the town hall, demanded admission into some private houses, and conducted Luther through the garden and backways to the place where the diet was assembled. The people rushed into the houses, staking themselves at the windows which overlooked the garden, and many of them taking their stand upon the tops of the houses. The roofs and the pavement, above and all around him, were covered with deeply interested spectators.

We shall continue our account of this great man in our next number.

THE PROPAGANDA.

On the 7th (says a letter from Rome), the Propaganda Society, in a solemn meeting, determined the annual functions to be discharged by its pupils, each of whom had to deliver an oration in a foreign language in praise of the Madonna. To-day there was a repetition of the solemnity, and on each occasion there was a vast concourse of visitors, especially foreigners. Yesterday the company was no less numerous than brilliant, many persons of high rank having honored the meeting with their presence. Addresses were delivered in no less than 48 different languages, and though it must be confessed, that to listen for a length of time to unintelligible words is not a little trial of patience, yet to the philologist, it was not uninteresting to compare

the expressions of various idioms. The meeting was also well calculated to afford strong evidence of the power and influence which the Jesuits, and the Romish clergy in general, exercise through the medium of their Propaganda in all parts of the world. We here found Chinese acting in concurrence with Germans and Irishmen, Ethiopians and Arabians, contributing their efforts conjointly with Poles or Frenchmen; and all these young men, animated by the one object to which they have devoted their lives, will return to their native homes, thence to maintain a close correspondence with the Propaganda, and, in fulfilment of their oaths, to transmit to Rome, at stated intervals, circumstantial intelligence of every thing remarkable or important that may come under their observations. There is no nation in the world respecting which the Jesuits do not obtain the most accurate information through the medium of these agents.

Surely the time is come when every true disciple of the Lord Jesus, high and low, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, of every sect and party, should, to the utmost of their power, extend the knowledge of the Redeemer—that error and superstition may thereby be destroyed, and the glory of our Redeemer, consequent upon the salvation of men, be greatly promoted. Whilst Popery is exerting every energy to extend its influence, and is spreading itself “like a green bay tree,” shall Protestants slumber, and, by their inaction, countenance the spiritual thralldom of their fellow-men? We hope not—for we have the sure word of prophecy, that the glorious Gospel shall dispel all darkness and superstition, from our earth, and that the saving knowledge of Christ shall universally prevail.

CLASS MEETINGS AMONGST THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—We have been struck with the propriety, the usefulness, the efficiency of these means of grace. That they have been blessed, are blessed, and will be still more abundantly blessed, we have not the shadow of a doubt. The minds of the instructed come under deeper, more vivid, and powerful influences of “the truth as it is in Jesus.” We observe that our esteemed friends, the Congregational body in this city, begin to see the propriety of adopting some such means, by appointing official characters, called “Helpers,” in their churches. Certainly they are by *no means*, nor likely to be, so useful as the classes. There has been much prejudice against these means of grace; but when their practical bearing is considered, their usefulness in the church of Christ, and the burning, exemplary, piety manifested by most of the leaders of these classes, prejudice itself dies away, and suspicion herself *suspects* her own thoughts and feelings on the subject.

BIBLE CLASSES.—The subject of Bible classes is one of deep and paramount importance; and we are pleased to learn that in the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Wesleyan Churches of this city, the subject seems to take a great hold on the mind of the much respected pastors. We do hope that all the churches here will give it still a greater attention, which its deep importance demands. Our lamented friend, the late Mr. W. Ogden, used to find, as he often told us, real delight and profit in this useful work; and we trust his pious associates will feel that their “labours are not in vain in the Lord.” Great care, however, should be taken, that suitable, experienced, and efficient Christians take the charge of these interesting classes.

EMIGRATION.—This subject is assuming a most important topic in this colony; but it is really grievous to observe that professing Christians pay little or no attention to the spiritual wants of those “strangers in a strange land.” There were last year, we believe,

about forty thousand emigrants arrived on our shores, and, at least, fourteen, or fifteen thousand occupied the sheds erected for them. How many bibles were circulated amongst them? Just *thirty-two!* Oh, how criminal it is thus to neglect these poor emigrants who are going forth to the wilderness without any, the least opportunity of hearing the word of life. 2,000 bibles, at least, ought to be circulated, and the truth as it is in Jesus ought to be widely promulgated by tracts, books, &c., so that the emigrant may not starve in this land as it regards the concerns of salvation. Mr. W. M. Ogden, who is now no more, was really indefatigable—but who can or will take his place?

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.—The progress of Temperance principles affords pleasing evidence of the “signs of the times.” We think the day is not very far distant, when this important subject will receive the approval of ministers of the Gospel, as well as of all other classes of the community, in this city. We observe by the *Canada Temperance Advocate* that this noble cause is gaining ground every where; and truly it is our prayer, that this great work of moral reformation may be abundantly prosperous. Let the excellent President of the Society, as well as its advocate, in this city, thank God and “take courage.”

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE SOUTH SEA MISSIONARY:

THE LATE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

THE name of JOHN WILLIAMS will be remembered as long as the London Missionary Society continues to be a blessing to the Church and the world. I knew Mr. Williams, personally, and prepared for the press for him his excellent volume, “Missionary Narratives.” Oh, how often have I seen his eye lighted with intense pleasure whilst reading to me a portion of the narrative, and with what eagerness he would call morning after morning for the portion of manuscript ready for the printer. Mr. Williams certainly was not a man of the first intellect. The *simplicity* of his character was, in fact, the foundation of his noble achievements. His greatness was altogether *moral*; and let Sunday School Teachers mark the fact, that he was a humble and devoted instructor of the young. Yes, he poured the lessons of instruction into the tender mind, and taught “the young idea how to shoot—he told of Jesus, and him crucified—he pointed the child of many prayers to “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.” Let not the pious Sabbath School Teacher be discouraged, and think that he cannot attain to so high an elevation of Christian character. He certainly may and will, if he is determined, by divine grace, so to do. You may not be called upon to travel far and wide—to build a missionary ship, nor to die on the shores of Erromanga; but you may exemplify moral greatness equal to a Williams, a Morrison, a Brainerd, or a Martyn. Never shall I cease to regard the name of Williams; and with him is associated that of Plumbe, the excellent deacon of Dr. Reed’s church in England, who was the kind and judicious adviser of the South Sea Missionary, and the father of Rolls Plumbe, mentioned in the *Mirror* a few weeks since. Yes, Mr. Plumbe stood high in the Church of Christ, and his name, with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with Wycliffe Chapel, and Dr. Reed, will live when most of us are laid beneath the clouds in the valley. The name of Dr. Reed is, indeed, esteemed by all the English and American churches, as the kind friend, the devoted pastor, the man of sterling worth, though often persecuted and pointed at by the finger of scorn, and injured by the tongue of slander.

But the work of God is moving forward. What though Williams and Plumbe are no more, and Reed is following them to the grave: the work of God must go forward. “Idols have already been pluck-

ed down from their high places; temples, in which the disgusting rites of idolatry were performed, have been demolished; lying oracles, that mimicked the wisdom of inspiration, have been struck dumb; feet, that were swift to shed blood, have been turned into the paths of peace—and tens of thousands of precious souls have been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God’s dear Son—in a word,

“The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the coming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows
But from the mighty flood;
O shake the nations, swathe the earth,
‘Till all proclaim thee, God!”

Let, then, the missionary, the minister, and teacher of the young; rejoice that the work of God must ultimately be victorious; and let us lay down our heads in the grave, with the assured hope, that the whole world shall ultimately be brought to the feet of the Saviour.

CHARLES JOHN.

St. Peter Street, Montreal, April 6, 1843.

A PLEA FOR BRITISH SAILORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—It is truly distressing to observe how little sympathy is felt by professing Christians; generally, for the spiritual condition of British sailors. Some years since I had occasion to go to Russia; and, to my utter astonishment, there were 2,000 British sailors in that port, and not a single missionary amongst them. At the earnest request and the repeated entreaty of several pious Captains, I commenced a Bethel service; and for six weeks, from 500 to 700 sailors attended three times on the Sabbath. The British Consul (Mr. Baker) remarked, on my leaving the place, that but little or no vice had been observed amongst the sailors; and a handsome present was made me on leaving the port of Riga, as a compliment for my services.

Now, surely, Christians in Montreal, Quebec, and other ports in Canada, ought to awake to a sense of their duty. It is really awful to observe how this interesting class of men is neglected. There is one excellent minister here, (Mr. Osgood) who does as much as he can for them; but his means are very limited, and I understand that he is not assisted or noticed by one minister in this city.

Ministers of the Gospel, Christian merchants, and professors of religion, I implore you to make the cause of this interesting class of your countrymen *your own*, and come forward to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

A FRIEND TO SEANEN.

Montreal, April 8, 1843.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE SAVIOUR’S BRIGHT EXAMPLE A MODEL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

CHP. VI.—SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

(Concluded.)

“If I believed that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that he was indeed the character represented in the Holy Scriptures, I would go round the world to proclaim the unutterably important truth, and the delightful news to dying miserable, wretched men. But when I see men calling themselves his disciples, and pretending to believe that he died for sinners, cold, languid, differing from each other, and, in some cases, even persecuting each other, who can but doubt and question the authenticity, yea, the divinity of the system itself—however grand it may appear, and adapted, as it may be, to the present condition of mankind at large.”—*Saying of an infidel to a minister.*

We have, to some length, pursued the contemplation of this interesting topic of our Redeemer’s character. And now, my dear fellow labourers, do you desire to attain (as you ought to desire, as instructors of the young) such a simplicity of character? Let me, then, urge you,

First. Commune much with God in private devotion. It is the closet which gives life to religion, and joy to the conscience. Here the ac-

cret springs of a man's heart are touched, moulded and matured.

Again, connect with the promise, at all times, the precept. This is really important, in order to attain simplicity of character, and success in your effort; indeed the truly enlightened Christian mind will never attempt for a moment to separate the precept recorded in holy writ from the promise given by a faithful God. They are indissoluble, and ever will be indissoluble in their bearing upon Christian character and Christian experience; and to you, my dear fellow-labourers, this is a subject the most inviting, engaging, and instructive. Allow me, with great affection and fidelity, to commend it to your serious and prayerful attention. You are, Sabbath after Sabbath, sowing the precious seed of divine truth—you are giving to your youthful charge "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little;" you are earnestly and continuously exhorting to thoughtfulness, consideration, and immediate attention to divine truth: you are, perhaps, doing all this with earnest, wrestling, heartfelt prayer; and, it may be, you are watering those prayers even with your tears: you are indeed "sowing in tears." And how long have you thus sowed? Methinks I hear you say—one, two, three, five, and even seven years. But your labour appears to be in vain; the heart remains unmoved,—the spirit is unconcerned,—the souls of your children are unconverted. You have often retired from the duties of the Sabbath discouraged, disappointed, unhappy—"you are sowing in tears." Yet, be not hasty in your conclusions. The seed has been sown: it will assuredly spring up. Does the farmer irrationally conclude, because the seed which he has sown does not immediately spring up, thereby giving evidence of its fertility, that its efficacy and virtue is totally lost? Would it not be the highest absurdity on his part so to act and thus to think? And is it not a disparagement of the Divine power and faithfulness, for you to think that your labours are in vain, because the fruit of them does not immediately appear. Underneath much frivolity, indifference, carelessness, the seed may still be found, and by and bye it will vegetate, grow and fructify. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Oh! my dear fellow-labourers, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Rest on this promise your implicit faith, and be assured that it shall, to the largest extent of your desires, ultimately be fulfilled. There is not a word you utter—not an appeal you make—not a single instruction you impart, with a sincere desire for the Divine glory, and the welfare of the immortal soul, that shall be in vain. It cannot be in vain. If it does not immediately yield the fruit you expected, it is still in progress of operation, silently but surely; and, by the influences of the Divine Spirit, it shall grow and flourish, to chide your unbelief, encourage your faith, and answer your prayers. Doubt the efficiency of your labours—doubt the fervency of your prayers—doubt the sincerity of your motives—but never for an instant doubt the faithfulness of God. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The seed may lie dormant, but it cannot be lost. The truth may appear to be effaced by worldliness, temptations, indifference, and neglect; but He who has said, "My word shall not return to me void, but accomplish that for which I have sent it," will assuredly, in his own time, cause it to spring up and bear fruit. "Oh! if my teacher (said a minister to me) could come out of his grave and see the incorrigible youth who was turned out of the Sunday School, as an example and warning to others, now engaged in preaching the everlasting gospel, he would say, 'What hath God wrought!'"

"Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race,
From the deceitful path of sin;
To seek redeeming grace."

And lastly—Let deep humility characterise you as teachers of the young. You are not so wise, good, indefatigable, as you ought to be—you are not so prayerful, watchful, and zealous, as the great importance of your trust demands. You are quite fallible; indeed, every day's experience gives fresh proof of this. Be, ye therefore, clothed with humility. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Oh, talk not of your zeal, your ardour, your energy, your activity, your perseverance. Think of what your Divine Master did and suffered—and when you imitate

him to the full letter, then talk, and praise, and adulate yourselves. Be clothed with humility—sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart.

I would affectionately conclude this lengthened chapter by remarking, that it is recorded in the history of Greece, that an old woman of Macedonia, having a cause in the king's court, urged Philip's personal attention to it; which he did not refuse, but excused delay, by alleging want of leisure. The woman, who, it is probable, was of high rank in Macedonia, and of large fortune, provoked and indignant, replied, "If you cannot find leisure to do justice, cease to be king." On another occasion, in the same history is recorded, an elderly woman, pleading her own cause before the king, he, with a mind always annoyed by lengthened narratives, engaged in conversation with some one near him; upon which, the woman indignantly exclaimed, "I appeal, Philip!" Surprised and annoyed, the king said, "Appeal! to whom?" "From the king inattentive," she said, "to the king giving just attention."

Christians! we appeal to you, and ask you to show us the simplicity of your character as Christians. Ah, is there not in your dispositions far too much worldly-mindedness, love of self, love of ease, love of riches, love of affluence, love of every thing but the love of God? And you try to excuse yourselves, to pamper to your vain desires, to rid yourselves of a conscience that is annoying you, and thus go back to the world, and walk no more with Jesus. I pity you from my very soul—a wonder to yourselves—a laughing-stock to devils—a derision to the world—a cause of weeping to the Church. And think you, O Christians, that you will escape punishment? Oh no—your fondest idols shall perish beneath your grasp, and your gold become cumbered amid all your enjoyments.

But with such a oneness of Christian character as was exemplified by our Divine Redeemer, how glorious would be your state. You would not be then, as you often are now, ashamed of Christ; but, with the spirit of a pilgrim and a stranger on earth, you would cheerfully say—

"The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want!

"Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies."

JUNIO.

M'Gill Street, Montreal, 14th April, 1843.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Flowers of Paradise—The Eternal God the Guide of Youth.—Every youth in Montreal should carefully read and well digest this little book.—Price 3d.

Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands—with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, &c. By John Williams. New York: 1843.

JOHN WILLIAMS was the renowned missionary whom the Cannibals murdered and devoured, with Mr. Harris, his companion, at Eromanga.

Mr. Williams was one of the most enterprising and extraordinary men of modern times. Probably no work was ever written which has produced so powerful an effect in aid of missionary operations as this narrative of his labors—of which it has been said by the English critics—"the Narrative of Missionary Enterprises is invested with all the romantic interest which belongs to the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with the additional power derived from its truth. That portion of his work which describes the building of his ship, possesses a fascination altogether peculiar. It stands alone, not only amid the sober records of fact, but even among the creations of fancy."

When the work was first published in London, so powerful was the influence which it produced, that the then King William IV. and the present Queen Victoria publicly acknowledged their gratification, and sent him their thanks and contributions for his missionary labors. Lord Brougham

expressed his enthusiastic approbation. Many of the nobility gave him large donations for the missionary service. Bishops and naval officers encouraged him to pursue his arduous course. To crown the whole, the Corporation of the city of London presented him five hundred pounds sterling, as a token of their estimation of his exertions and his narrative.

That book can now be had for seventy-five cents; and all Christians who wish to feel as the disciples did going to Emmaus, their hearts burning within them, should hear John Williams, for although "dead, yet he speaketh."—N. Y. *Chris. Intelligencer*.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Facts are coming to light connected with the progress of Peseysism in England, which are fitted to inspire every true Protestant not merely with alarm, but even horror. A Clergyman writing to the *Record*, remarks, I can corroborate the statements made by an Oxford Divine, that the Catholics have declared to a Clergyman in Leicestershire, that if he would enter the Romish Church, he might do so without resigning his preferment in the Church of England. To accelerate this consummation, it is declared that the Pope has signified his intention of allowing all married clergymen of the Church of England who become converts to Popery to retain their wives.—*Hullfax Guardian*.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—A declaration has been signed by ninety-three Theological Students belonging to the Divinity Hall of the University of Edinburgh, maintaining that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only Head and King of the Church, that the office-bearers and members of the Church have been interfered with in the exercise of their spiritual functions and privileges, by recent decisions of the Civil Courts, and declarations that should the principles on which these decisions proceed, be sanctioned by the Legislature, they will be under the necessity of declining the temporal advantages of the Church of Scotland as an Established Church.

On the 1st February a scheme was submitted and agreed to at a Meeting of Elders from all parts of the country, held at Edinburgh, which was afterwards revised and adopted by the Provisional Committee of Ministers and Elders, for the support of the Church when dis-established, and for making preparations against the apprehended disruption of the Establishment. This scheme is designed to accomplish the three following objects:—1st, To provide for the immediate erection of places of worship, and for the expenses thus incurred. 2d, To put into instant and active operation an efficient scheme for the permanent sustentation of the Ministry and a Theological College. 3d, To obtain the necessary statistical information for planting places of worship and establishing preaching stations and Missions.

Public Meetings, numerous attended, still continued to be held in all parts of Scotland, for the purpose of explaining the principles for which the Church is now contending, and adopting resolutions suited in the present emergency, and expressive of their determination to adhere to the majority in the Establishment at all hazards. In many parishes nearly all the male population have signed resolutions in favour of the Non-Intrusion cause, and the proceedings of the late Convocation at Edinburgh.

Sir James Graham's letter to the Moderator of the General Assembly, and the Convocation's address to the people of Scotland have been translated into the Gaelic language and widely circulated through the Highlands and Islands.—*Ib.*

IDOLATRY IN INDIA.—The British and India newspapers generally and loudly condemn the encouragement which Lord Ellenborough has lately given to Idolatry in India, and more especially his proclamations respecting the restoration of the Idolatrous temple of Somnauth, and his address to all the Princes and Chiefs and people of India, regarding the transmission of the sandal wood gates from Ghuznee through their territories to that restored temple.—*Ib.*

COLLEGE FOR LADIES.—The formal opening of Queen's College in Glasgow, for the education of ladies, took place a few weeks since. The large hall of the Assembly rooms was filled to overflowing by a highly respectable company, almost entirely composed of ladies, the gentlemen present being chiefly accommodated on the platform.—*Scotsman*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SLAVE PREACHER.

JACK is a Methodist local preacher. In one of his sermons he told this story. When I was a lad, there were no religious people near where I lived. But I had a young master about my age, who was going to school, and he was very fond of me. At night he would come into the kitchen to teach me the lesson he had learned himself during the day at school. In this way I learned to read.

When I was well nigh grown up, said Jack, we took up the New Testament, and agreed to read it verse by verse. When one would make a mistake, the other was to correct him; so that we could learn to read well.

In a short time we both felt that we were sinners before God, and we both agreed to seek the salvation of our souls. The Lord heard our prayer, and gave us both a hope in Christ.—Then I began to hold meetings for prayer and exhortation among the colored people.

My old master soon found out what was going on. He was very angry, especially because his son had become pious. He forbid my holding any more meetings, saying, that if I did, he would whip me severely for it.

From that time I continued to preach or exhort on Sabbaths and Sabbath nights; and on Monday morning my old master would tie me up and cut my back to pieces with a cowhide, so that it had never time to get well. I was obliged to do my work in a great deal of pain from day to day.

Thus I lived near a year and a half. One Monday morning my master, as usual, had made my fellow-slaves tie me to a shade tree in the yard, after stripping my back naked to receive the cowhide. It was a beautiful morning in the summer time, and the sun shone very bright.—Every thing around looked very pleasant. He came up to me with cool deliberation, took his stand, and looked at me closely, but the cowhide hung still at his side. His conscience was at work, and it was a great moment in his life.

Well Jack, said he, your back is covered all over with scars and sores, and I see no place to begin to whip. You obstinate wretch, how long do you intend to go on in this way?

Why, master, just as long as the Lord will let me live, was my reply.

Well, what is your design in it?

Why, master, in the morning of the resurrection, when my poor body shall rise from the grave, I intend to show these scars to my Heavenly father, as so many witnesses of my faithfulness in his cause.

He ordered them to untie me, and sent me to hoe corn in the field. Late in the evening he came along, pulling a weed here, and a weed there, till he got to me, and then told me to sit down.

Jack, said he, I want you to tell me the truth. You know that for a long time your back has been sore from the cowhide; you have had to work very hard, and are a poor slave. Now tell me, are you happy or not, under such troubles as these?

Yes, master, I believe I am as happy a man as there is on earth.

Well, Jack, said he, I am not happy. Religion, you say, teaches you to pray for those that injure you. Now will you pray for your old master, Jack?

Yes, with all my heart, said I.

We knelt down, and I prayed for him.—He came again and again to me. I prayed for him in the field till he found peace in the blood of the Lamb. After this we lived together like brothers, in the same church. On his death-bed he gave me my liberty, and told me to go on preaching as long as I lived, and meet him at the last in heaven.

I have seen, said Jack, many Christians whom I loved, but I have never seen any I loved so well as my old master. I hope I shall meet him in heaven.—*West. Chr. Adv.*

INFLUENCE OF SOLAR ECLIPSES.

M. ARAGO, in his account to the Academy of Sciences of the solar eclipse of the 8th July last, stated that he had often heard accounts of birds dying from the mere influence of an eclipse of the sun; but could scarcely credit the statements as they could only die from fear: and the dis-

charge of a gun ought to frighten them much more, and yet it is certain that it does not kill them, unless they are actually hit. One of M. Arago's friends made the following experiment: He placed five linnetts in a cage, they were lively and active, and fed up to the moment of the eclipse; when the eclipse had terminated three of them were dead.

A dog was kept feasting from morning; immediately before the eclipse he was offered food and fell on it greedily: but when the dusk commenced he suddenly ceased eating.

The horned cattle in the fields seemed affected with a kind of vague terror; during the eclipse they lay down in a circle, their heads being arranged toward the circumference, as if to face a common danger.

The darkness influenced even the smallest animals. M. Fraisse observed a number of mice which were running briskly, become suddenly still when the eclipse began.

ENGLISH SAILORS BAPTIZING NATIVES.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, the martyr Missionary, records the following in his interesting books on the South Sea Islands:

The day we reached Upolo, natives from various parts of the island approached us, saying that they were "sons of the word," and that they were waiting for the "religion-ship of Mr. Williams to bring them Missionaries." In one of these we perceived two Englishmen. Upon being admitted on board, and learning who I was, thinking that it would afford me pleasure, they began to describe their exploits in turning people religious, as they termed it. Wishing to obtain all the information I could from these men, I inquired the number of their converts, which they stated to be between two and three hundred; and having asked how they effected their object, one of them said, "Why, Sir, I goes about and talks to the people, and tells 'em that our God is good, and theirs is bad; and when they listens to me, I makes 'em religion, and baptizes 'em." "Sure," I exclaimed, "you baptize them, do you? how do you perform that?" "Why, Sir," he answered, "I takes water, dips my hands in it, and crosses them in their foreheads and in their breasts, and then I reads a bit of a prayer to 'em in English." "Of course," I said, "they understand you." "No," he rejoined, "but they says they knows it does 'em good."

HORRID CANNIBALISM.—The Rev. R. Maunsell, writing from Waikat-Heads, New Zealand, under date of July 12th, 1841, and speaking of his visit to Lake Taupo, says, I was just in time to meet a party returning from the Western coast, to which place they had proceeded to seek satisfaction for the death of sixty of their number, who had been slain in a late invasion by them of that neighborhood. Providentially the people of the villages had timely notice, and fled. Disappointed of a living subject on whom to wreck their fury, they assailed the dead, and incredible as the fact may appear, I can solemnly avouch for its truth, exhumed two bodies, that had been recently buried, washed off the putrified parts, and ate them! Taupo is now, however, the last resort of genuine heathenism in this island; so will its dark places very soon shine with the Gospel light, which is now pouring forth with such mighty power through the length and breadth of the land.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

CANADA.—THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—The Kingston Statesman of the 12th inst. states, that in consequence of the rumours lately afloat respecting the removal of the Seat of Government from Kingston, a deputation from the magistrates, consisting of Messrs. Cartwright, Smith and Counter, waited upon His Excellency, to know if there was any foundation in fact for such rumour, and also to see if His Excellency had received any definite instructions prior to his leaving home, from the Imperial Government, relative to the permanent seat of the United Canadian Provincial Government.

The Statesman adds, that His Excellency gave the deputation to understand that there was not the slightest foundation for said rumour, and that when any arrangements, different from those in existence, would be in contemplation relative to the locality of the Seat of Government, no time would be lost in communicating them to the public.—*Transcript.*

It will be seen that nothing is said respecting "definite instructions" as to permanency.

✶ An address of congratulation to His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe from the inhabitants of Montreal, is now lying for signature at the News-room. We understand that the Address expresses a hope that his Excellency's Government may be as successful here as it was in Jamaica and India, and that it may be in the power of the signers to accord in the measures which His Excellency may adopt in the present difficult aspect of affairs. All should sign it.

DETAILS OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

Extract from a most appalling Letter, from a gentleman in the West Indies, to his friend in Halifax—dated St. John's, Antigua, Feb. 22, 1843.

"I shall now proceed to give you some faint idea of the late most awfully dreadful, and most appalling Earthquake, which visited this and the neighbouring Islands. On Wednesday forenoon, the 8th instant, at about 23 minutes to 11 o'clock, the inhabitants of this town were thrown into a most terrific state of alarm and dismay—the most intense and absorbing that human beings were ever called upon to witness and endure—by the most alarmingly protracted and desolating calamity, that has been experienced in this portion of the globe, unparalleled in its severity, extremely protracted in its duration, and most destructive in its effects,—having in less than three minutes laid prostrate or otherwise materially injured almost every building, both in town and country—particularly those of stone and brick, those of wood being but partially deteriorated by the foundations giving way.

"With very few exceptions, out of one hundred and fifty estates on this Island, all the mills and other works are now a heap of rubbish, the most of the dwelling houses and all the churches in the country laid flat on the ground. I could not hazard an opinion as to the amount of loss, which however is momentous, nor can it be properly ascertained until we see how much of the crop may be saved. This Island appeared to be in a very flourishing state before the occurrence of this frightful convulsion,—the heavy crop on the ground estimated at about 18,000 hogheads.

"I was up in my chamber after breakfast, in the act of putting on clean linen, when the first quaking of the earth commenced. I sprang instantly to the street, with nothing on me but my pantaloons and shirt, and, oh! the heart-appalling scene that there presented itself: crowds of human beings huddled together, high and low, rich and poor, black, coloured, and white, in one common mass—praying, shrieking, and struggling in the last agonizing pangs of despair; then indeed there was no respect of persons, the proud and high-minded European clinging for support in the moment of danger, on the arms of the sable African, the once degraded and bound slave, supporting the trembling and tottering frame of his old and severe task-master. Massive stone and brick buildings were tumbling to pieces on both sides, the solid and rocky ground shaking in the most horrifying and convulsive state of agitation, the very earth herself bursting her writhing bowels, and splitting in every direction, like the opening planks of a frail bark, when tossed to and fro on the heaving bosom of a raging and tempestuous ocean, emitting volumes of sulphurous smoke, roaring out in the most thundering sounds of deafening noise—in trembling expectation of being in one moment swallowed up alive in the gloomy and dark abyss. And, oh! what a heart-quivering intensity of feeling we endured, in that awfully-dread moment, when about to be hurried, unprepared, into the august presence of an offended God!—It was then in very deed that we witnessed and endured the terrible end of time, "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,"—as such we truly felt it, but it were vain and idle, and even presumptuous to attempt to do what no language can, to transfuse into the minds of others, any correct notion of this mysterious visitation of providence; let us bow with entire resignation to the will of God, and humbly submit to the chastisement of the Almighty.

"What cause of thankfulness to a merciful providence, for the preservation of our own lives—when we hear of the most melancholy loss of life and total annihilation of property, in the next Island, Guadeloupe,—over five thousand beings are missing—three thousand dead bodies have already been dug out of the ruins—and over one thousand in the most laceraated and hopeless state of existence—the beautiful little town of Point a Petre, now a mass of rubbish, and completely deserted by the inhabitants—but I must close this long letter, the brig sails forthwith, and you will perceive by my pen that I have not yet got wholly over the nervous excitement caused by the awful scene."

PRICE OF A SLAVE.—In the districts near where the "model farm" was established by the Niger expedition, the price of a slave varies from eight pounds to twenty-four shillings; and in times of great distress, some were sold for about ninepence. Children were sold for ten yams apiece!

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Next to (if not on an equality with) the Christian ministry, does the work of instruction of the young rank in importance; and it is truly grievous to observe how little, comparatively, do the good and the excellent of men, Ministers of the Gospel, reckon these humble efforts of pious disinterestedness. Morrison, Mollatt, Williams, Campbell, and others, however, were once Sabbath School Teachers, and though less have received their first impressions of Divine truths in a Sunday School. Certainly our ministerial friends ought to give Sabbath Schools a far more prominent portion of their time, their efforts and their sympathies. We do fervently hope, a word to the wise, the excellent and the devoted of Christ's servants will be amply sufficient, and really profitable. We do not by any means wish to dictate, but even good men often err as it regards the importance of Sabbath School instruction.

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