

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

From the Year Book.

### THE SOUL OF LUTHER.

BY A DISTINGUISHED MINISTER OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

O that the soul of Luther  
Were on the earth again!  
The mighty soul whose mightier faith  
Burst ancient error's chain;

And flash'd the rays of God's own word  
Through superstition's night,  
Till the church of God, that sleeping lay,  
Awoke in Christ's own light.

For there are banded traitors strong,  
Who fain would round us cast  
The fetters that our fathers wore.  
In those dark ages past.

The church! the church! they loudly boast;  
The cross! the cross! they cry;  
But it is not God's pure church they love,  
Nor the cross of Calvary.

They would knot again the painful scourge,  
And fire the martyr's pile,  
And the simple poor, of God's free grace,  
With mystic words beguile.

They would tear the Bible from our hearts,  
And bid us blindly turn  
From the holy page and the Spirit's power,  
At the feet of men to learn.

They darken e'en the house of prayer  
With gothic shadows dim,  
Lest the Sun of truth and righteousness  
Should shine on us from Him.

They open lying legends old,  
And claim their right to rule,  
Through lines of tyrant prelates long,  
From the mock apostles' school.

They stand between us and our God,  
In their robes of bigot-pride,  
And swear that none who servenot them,  
Shall serve the Crucified.

O! that the soul of Luther  
Were on the earth once more,  
And his mighty faith in the word of truth  
Those floods of light to pour.

For the church his holy zeal once led  
From worse than Egypt free,  
Is wandering from the GLORY back  
To foul captivity!

### THE CASKET.

#### CHARITY.

Christianity is a fraternity, a brotherhood, that should overpower all relations, bring down him of high degree, and exalt him of low degree; it should level all ranks, in this one respect, into the rule of charity and love. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile; there all differences of tongues and nations are drowned in this one interest of Christ. Are we not all called to one high calling? Our common duty is to war under Christ's banner against sin and Satan. Why, then, do we leave our station, forget our calling, and neglect that employment which concerns us all; and fall at odds with our fellow-soldiers, and bite and devour one another? Doth not this give advantage to our common enemies? While we consume the edge of our zeal and strength of our spirits one upon another, they must needs be blunted and weakened towards our deadly enemies. If our brother be represented unto us under the covering of many faults, failings, and obstinacy in his errors, or such like; if

we can behold nothing but spots on his outside, while we judge after some outward appearances.—then, I say, we ought to consider him again under another notion and relation, as he stands in Christ's account: as he is radically and virtually of that seed which hath more real worth in it than all worldly privileges and dignities. Consider him as he once shall be, when mortality shall be put off; learn to strip him naked of all infirmities in the consideration, and imagine him to be clothed with immortality and glory; and think how thou wouldest then love him. If either thou unclotest him of his infirmities, and consider him as vested now with the robe of Christ's righteousness, and "all glorious within," or adorned with immortality and incorruption a little hence; or else, if thou clothe thyself with such infirmities as thou seest in him, and consider that thou art not less subject to falling, and "compassed with infirmity," then shalt thou put on, and keep on, that "bond of perfection—charity."—*Binning's Essay on Christian Love.*

#### THE SABBATH.

It is alike obvious that the Sabbath exerts its salutary power by making the population acquainted with the being, perfections and laws of God; with our relations to Him as his creatures; with our obligation to Him as rational, accountable subjects, and with our character as sinners, for whom His mercy has provided a Saviour; under whose government we live to be restrained from sin and reconciled to God, and fitted by His word and Spirit for the inheritance above.

It is by the reiterated instructions and impressions which the Sabbath imparts to the population of a nation—by the moral principle which it forms—by the conscience which it maintains by the habits of method cleanliness and industry it creates—by the rest and renovated vigour it bestows on exhausted animal nature—by the lengthened life and higher health it affords—by the holiness it inspires, and the cheering hopes of heaven, and the protection and favour of God which its observance insures—that the Sabbath is rendered the moral conservator of nations.

This omnipresent influence the Sabbath exerts, however, by no secret charm or compendious action upon masses of unthinking minds; but by arresting the stream of worldly thoughts, interests and affections—stopping the din of business—unloading the mind of its cares and responsibilities, and the body of its burdens, while God speaks to men, and they attend and hear and fear, and learn to do His will.

"You might as well put out the sun, and think to enlighten the world with tapers—destroy the attraction of gravity, and think to wield the universe by human powers, as to extinguish the moral illumination of the Sabbath, and break this glorious mainspring of the moral government of God."

#### THE "SEX" IN CHINA.

LET every Christian lady read this extract from Harris:—"Of the Chinese women Gutzlaff writes, they are the slaves and concubines of their master, live and die in ignorance, and every attempt to raise themselves above the rank assigned them is regarded as impious arrogance. As might be expected, suicide is a refuge to which thousands of these ignorant idolaters fly. And a large proportion of their new-born female children are destroyed. Even in Pekin, the residence of the emperor, about four thousand are annually murdered; and to ask a man of any distinction whether he has daughters is a mark of great rudeness. The condition of the Hindoo women is, if possible, worse—'Any thing,' says Bishop Heber, 'is thought good enough for them; and the roughest words, the poorest garments, the scantiest alms, the most degrading labour, and the hardest blows, are generally their portion.' And yet China and India alone are at this moment holding two hundred millions of immortal beings in this abject condition." What American lady, who enjoys the privileges and immunities of her elevated station in society can read the foregoing without using all her influence to send the "shield of women," as the Caffres denominate the missionary, to every part of that vast empire, to protect the defenceless and the distressed! O let us, "Burdened, with the afflicted sigh!"

#### SLANDER.

"He that uttereth a slander is a fool." Proverbs 10th part of 13th verse.

I know of nothing so pernicious to the happiness of human society, as slander. The highwayman may sometimes be disappointed in his booty by superior flight or power; but in most cases he makes it evident he is not wanting in courage. The pick-pocket, though more sly may yet be baffled in his design by a proper care.—The robber, by a due vigilance on our part, and careful attention to our fastenings, may in most cases be kept without. But the slanderer, like the vile assassin, cannot well be guarded against. It has its origin in envy; its determination is to destroy the victim it has selected. No tongue can tell what mischief it has done in the world; neither will it ever be known until that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest before an assembled universe. It is not confined to cities or towns, but finds its way into what ought to be the peaceful hamlet. It takes its range among the highest and most polished circles of society, as among the lowest order. It intrudes into the palace of the monarch and the hut of the peasant; and alas, but too often, it has found its way into the Churches of the living God—Prophets and martyrs have felt its sting. The Son of God, while one earth, suffered much from detraction and slander. The apostles were vilified and slandered every where they went.—"These men who have turned the world upside down, have come hither also." And, ever since it has found its way into the church, how many of Christ's ministers have writhed under its lash! Some umbrage unconsciously given to some of the members, or some trifling thing said or done in an unguarded moment, enlarged and magnified by the tongue of slander, has been made the unpardonable sin; when perhaps not one of those who are thus instrumental in condemning him, can lay their hands on their hearts and say "I am perfectly innocent." But it more frequently happens, they are far more guilty than those they have thus calumniated; strictly observing the mote in their brother's eye, without at all regarding the beam that is in their own. Church members have been often arrayed against each other by some foul calumny thrown out. Families have been broken up by it, and thousands to the present day, are suffering from its venomous tongue.

The sin of slander, is a triple sin: it is a sin against God, against the peace and happiness of society, and against the slanderer himself; for he that uttereth a slander is a fool, and it will recoil on him eventually, if not in this world, it may in the world to come.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God; and blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—*Zion's Advocate.*

#### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"We rejoice in hope of the glory of God." (Rom. v. 2.) Hope, by a mystery and spiritual kind of magic, fetcheth heaven from heaven, and makes it exist in the heart of a believer. It doth not only, like the spies, bring us tidings and a glorious report of that heaven, but makes heaven to stoor and earth to ascend, and brings the believer into the company of the blessed, and brings down the joys of the Spirit into the heart of the believer. We cannot hope for anything, but we must in part possess the thing hoped for; much more in spiritual things. Faith doth not only unite you to Christ, but puts Christ and heaven into the soul by hope. There is the Lamb, the white throne, the glorified spirits, the upper paradise, and the tree of life in the soul, made really present to us by faith and watchful hope.—*Manton on Hebrews xi.*

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—A lady in genteel but moderate circumstances, when presenting the clergyman of— with a small sum for a charitable object, said, "You may put it down as a widow's mite, Sir." "Not so my friend" replied the worthy pastor. "I beg you may," the lady earnestly added; "it is but a trifle." "I am aware of that, madam, but it is not all your living." How very few have in truth presented the widow's mite, although many apply the passage to themselves.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

## A METHODIST BISHOP TRAVELLING IN TEXAS.

BISHOP ANDREW'S LETTERS.—No. 12.

ON Saturday morning by 11 o'clock our arrangements were all complete, and we were under way for the Conference. Our company consisted of brother Summers, brother Shearn, an English gentleman, a resident of Houston, and myself. Brother S. left his bed to mount his horse. I opposed it, but with a genuine John Bull obstinacy, or, as he called it, resolute perseverance, he went ahead. We were all mounted on borrowed nags, and one of them came very near being drowned in crossing the Bayou just at the city. However, we saved her, and she did good service afterwards. For the first three or four miles our road lay through a slip of pine woods, after which we entered upon an open prairie, which continued for nearly forty miles. Nine miles from town we came to the first creek which we had been warned would be impassable; we crossed it, however, safely, the water reaching about to the saddle-skirts. It was now about three o'clock, and four hours' assiduous travel had brought us nine miles. This was our only chance for a night's lodging, unless we took it in the open prairie; and if we had attempted this, with all the appliances of food and fire, we could not have found, in all that distance, dry ground enough to encamp on—so we had but one of three alternatives, to stop at Johnson's, sleep in the prairie on horseback, or go on the Big Cypress. We chose the last, and pushed ahead. As we anticipated, night overtook us long before we reached our destination. The whole prairie was afloat; the water, most of the time, was from knee-deep to the saddle-skirts, and occasionally we charged a *sloo*, which gave our feet a taste of cold water. To add to our trouble, we were strangers to the road. Brother S. had indeed travelled it once, but it had been some time since, and as it was a pretty dark night, we felt ourselves in some danger of getting lost, which would not have been by any means the most desirable thing which could have happened to us. It had been cloudy all day, and still the clouds predominated; but here and there a small patch of twinkling stars was visible in the blue vault above us, affording the only light which shone on our watery way; and, save the sound of our horses' feet splashing in the water, the shrill whoop of the crane, or the noise of numerous flocks of wild-geese and ducks which were startled at our approach, there was no sound to break in upon the gloomy silence of the scene around us, unless we chose to keep our own voices employed, which we did pretty freely by way of cheering each other's spirits. Long and anxiously did we look out for some light ahead of us which might indicate the locality of our inn; but repeated disappointments had brought us all to the conclusion that the folks behind us were miserable hands at calculating distances. Finally, when we were just in the neighbourhood of getting a little ill-natured, the light appeared in the distance. We pushed ahead with new life, and at length rode up to a house on the bank of a large stream of water. I gave the usual salutation, and was informed we could lodge there all night, but when I proposed in order to avoid the mud, to ride up to the steps and dismount, a voice of warning from within admonished me not to attempt it unless I wanted to *bog down*. And as I had no particular desire for so deep an acquaintance with the mysteries of Texan mud, we dismounted at the gate and trudged our way into the house as best we could. We found a good blazing fire on the hearth, and we were wet, muddy, weary, and hungry, so that we enjoyed the comforts of the fire, and were ready for the supper,—and I was glad to see that even our invalid was prepared to join us in doing ample justice to the good woman's fried pork, corn bread and sweet potatoes; and when, after offering up in the family our evening devotions at the throne of grace, we retired to our beds, we were prepared for a comfortable night's sleep, although my bed was not the softest, nor was the bedstead long enough for me to stretch myself; however, I have long since learned to accommodate myself to circumstances; accordingly I made shift to deposit myself in such wise as to be able to procure needful repose, and arose the next morn-

ing refreshed, in good health, and with a heart deeply conscious of my obligations to my almighty Preserver, and grateful for his constant care over me since I was born.

Our landlady had followed the fortunes of her husband and settled in Texas long before the war of Independence. During that struggle they had been obliged to fly before the invading Mexicans. After the war was over they returned to their home, where, in the course of the last two or three years, she had buried her husband, and was now a widow. She had several children, and was possessed of a good deal of that sort of property—which constituted so large a portion of patriarchal wealth,—she was rich in cattle. Of course, there was not much of refinement or polish about her, yet she possessed sterling goodness of heart. Her house was a preaching-place, where the itinerant preachers stately held forth the word of life, and she herself was a member of this little church in the wilderness. After prayer and breakfast we resumed our journey. We had to cross the Cypress, which was now become quite a formidable stream: we could not, of course, attempt to ford it, so we had to cross in a sort of temporary flat, which had been hastily put together to enable travellers to cross this otherwise (in its present circumstances) impassable stream. Our boat lay at anchor some twenty yards from the shore. We had, consequently, to ride in till we reached it, when we made our horses spring into it; and after navigating some fifty yards, they had to jump out again to enable our clumsy little craft to pass over the shallows for some thirty yards, when our ponies had to submit to a second compulsory embarkation, after which we accomplished the remainder of our voyage across the Cypress without further interruption. Six miles further on we came to another creek called Little Cypress. Here we found a dozen wagons encamped, some of which had been lying here a fortnight, unable to cross the stream. There was a small raft made of poles tied together, on which we crossed and carried over our baggage; our horses we drove across. Our raft was barely large enough to carry two, so that my feet were wet before I was again mounted. From this creek we had a ride of nine miles to the widow M.'s, at whose house we intended to remain till next morning. Our road lay through an undulating prairie, through which the recent rains had washed large gullies,—along which the water was roaring and foaming quite after the manner of the wet weather branches among our hills in Georgia. The morning was cloudy and calm, and our road was an unfrequented path, a herd of seven or eight deer started up, and went bounding away. These were the first deer that I had seen in the republic, though after this I met with them in larger or smaller herds every mile or two during the morning's ride. The wild-geese, too, were more abundant than I ever saw them. We were scarcely out of sight of them, and were constantly startling them from their feeding grounds; so that, with their cackling and the whizzing of their wings, they kept us in music during our morning's ride. Should I say that we saw several thousands during our nine miles ride, I think I should not at all exaggerate. Between twelve and one o'clock we reached our point, and took up our quarters till next morning. Does any body ask why we travelled even fifteen miles on the Sabbath? I answer, we were compelled to do it or fail in reaching the Conference in time. We were hospitably entertained by the good lady who kept the house. She too, had come from "the States," and settled here in early time, and had for some years buried her husband. She had several children, most of them boys, and nearly all grown up. Her house was also a preaching-place, and the good woman was a Methodist of some sort, but whether she belonged to the Episcopal or the Protestant Methodists was not quite clear, nor did the old lady seem to think it a matter of much consequence. There was something about this good woman which impressed me very strongly,—a woman of stout frame and quite masculine in her disposition and manners,—long accustomed to the scenes of a wild and frontier life, she had contracted a fearlessness of expression and manner which told you at once that she was afraid of nothing: she was, withal, quite patriotic. She told me that, in the war of Independence, she had only one son who could "go to the wars,"—and that, during the last

round of Mexican invasion, a year or two since, she was only sorry that the Mexicans had not waited two or three years more before they began it; "because," said she, "in the other war I had only one soldier, but by that time I should have had five or six soldiers of my own little making to fight for my country." I understand there are many such mothers in Texas: it seems to me the sons of such mothers would be hard to conquer.

On Monday morning, after breakfast, we were again on the road. We crossed Spring Creek, and left the great prairie through which we had been travelling, and entered upon a poor country of sandhills and rapid creeks, some of which we barely escaped swimming. We travelled more than twenty miles without seeing any body, or passing a single human habitation, insomuch that we began to fear we had missed our way, which would have been an uncomfortable affair in these solitary uninhabited barrens. At length we came to a plantation, and, some distance up the creek, saw houses, toward which we urged our way, hoping to obtain information as to our route; but at these there was no human being to be started, although the smoke was still ascending from the chimney, and two lazy dogs were on duty as sentinels. This was a sore disappointment to us. After consulting a while, we resolved on our course, which, in a mile or two, brought us to a house at which we obtained directions from a servant, who told us the way to an Indian village, a few miles distant, where he said we would receive instruction in the way to our place of destination. After riding a couple of miles we came to a miserable muddy-looking swamp, and saw on the hill before us the wigwams of an Indian village. It consisted of some half-a-dozen huts, made, I suppose, pretty much in the primitive aboriginal style. The village was inhabited by about thirty souls, the sole remnant of the Bedeye nation. We saw nobody except two or three little children, who could not understand, or, at any rate, gave no reply to any of our questions. Brothers Shearn and Summers dismounted, and went into several of the huts, in one they found a very aged Indian man lying on a bed raised from the earth a little by boards; on these were spread some cane tops, and over them a few deer skins. The old man was very sick, and told them that he should die. He added that his son had been killed during the previous year by some of his own tribe, and he showed them a certificate of his own character from some officer of the republic. Poor old Pilot, he had none to care for him: his child had been murdered by his own people; and now that he was dying, none of his countrymen were near him to minister to his wants. Such is paganism. We left the village with such directions as the poor old man could give us, and, after missing our way two or three times, found ourselves at the house of sister M'Cræe, formerly of Alabama, who gave us a most cordial welcome. She was an old acquaintance of brother Summers, and withal a most excellent warm-hearted Methodist. Her children were, I think, nearly all of them converted, and in the church, and one of her sons class-leader of the society in the neighbourhood. We passed a pleasant night with this good family, and the next morning, after breakfast we resumed our march for the seat of the Conference, distant now about thirty miles. One of the young men went with us to pilot us through Lake Creek Swamp, one of the worst in our route, and which we had been dreading all the way. We found it an ugly affair; but, under the direction of our excellent guide, we passed in safety to the hills on the other side, when our pilot left us. We passed some fine land in the neighbourhood of Lake Creek; in about five miles, we passed Montgomery C. H., quite a picayunetown. We rode about fifteen miles, through a country the most of which was hilly and poor, with now and then a miserable muddy creek, whose banks were so steep as to be almost impassable, and their swamps affording some of the finest specimens of very bad roads. When we reached the San-Jacinto, a small but very rapid river, which was swimming, and might not be attempted on horseback. So we carried our luggage over on a log, and drove our horses across the stream; after a little delay as possible we were again in the saddle, and a ride of five miles more brought us to Robinson's settlement, in which the Conference was to meet. Brother S. and myself were conducted to th

house of young brother Robinson, with whom we were to lodge, and where we found ourselves associated with the brethren Fowler, Clarke, Alexander, and Wilson—all old friends whom I had known in other days, and whom I was greatly rejoiced to take by the hand here in this far-off country. And now, as Conference begins tomorrow, I must give my patient readers adieu till after the session is over.

JAMES O. ANDREW.

Montgomery, Texas, December, 1843.

From the Richmond Christian Advocate.

### ANIMAL EXCITEMENT, AND MENTAL DELUSION.

Mr. Editor,—On reading the book entitled "The Young Christian," by Rev. Jacob Abbot, a pious man, but not a Methodist, I was struck with the candour and correctness of his remarks on the above subjects, and have thought it would be well for them to find a place in the Advocate. If your judgment accords with mine in this matter, you may give insertion in your columns to the following somewhat abbreviated extract.

G.

"The human mind is so constituted, as all who have studied its nature are fully aware, that when any strong emotion takes possession of it, it operates immediately upon the body, producing sometimes animal excitement, and sometimes delusion of the senses. So that these delusions and this very bodily excitement prove the greatness and the reality of the emotions of heart which have occasioned them. If a man becomes very much interested in any scheme, how likely he is to become enthusiastic in it! And this enthusiasm the public usually consider as *proving*, not disproving, his sincerity. It indicates the strength of the interest which he feels. It is astonishing what extravagances people will put up with from men engaged in the prosecution of favourite plans considering them as indications of the interest felt. Brindley, a famous canal engineer, was so much interested in his favourite mode of transportation, that he used to declare that a canal was far more valuable than a navigable river. He was once asked what he supposed Providence intended by creating rivers? He said they were good for nothing but to feed canals. And this instance of extravagance, though told again and again, has, on all hands, been considered as proving nothing but the greatness of the interest he felt in his favourite pursuit. Nobody ever thought the worse of Brindley for it, or distrusted his judgment on any point in the science of engineering. So Christians of uncultivated minds will be sometimes extravagant in their opinions, or in their conduct, and only show by it the strength of the interest they feel.

A man who is inventing a machine, will become so excited that he cannot sleep. He will, perhaps, in his efforts to obtain repose, fall into an uncertain state, between sleeping and waking, in which, half in reverie and half in dream, fancy will present him with splendid images of success. He will hear a voice, or see a figure, or will be assured by some extraordinary mode that he shall overcome all difficulties. In the morning, light and the full possession of his faculties return, and if he is a man of intelligence, he can analyze the operations of the mind and separate the false from the true. If he is an unenlightened man, however, and should tell his story, how narrow should be the philosophy which should say to him, "Sir, it is all delusion. Your mind is evidently turned. You had better give up your invention and return to other pursuits." It would be a great deal more wise to neglect altogether the story of supernatural voices and appearances, and judge of the value of his proposed invention after an impartial examination of the plan itself and the evidences of success or failure. So when you hear of any extravagance or delusion among Christians, remember how immense the change the beginning of the Christian's course is. The man has been all his life engaged in sinful pursuits and pleasures—perhaps addicted to open vice. All at once his eyes are opened—he sees his guilt and his imminent danger. He is and he must be strongly excited. If he feels any sense of his condition he cannot sleep. Can any arrested malefactor sleep quietly the first night in his cell? He must be strongly excited, and this excitement may produce something like temporary delusion. He

may do and say many things in which the calm spectators cannot sympathize. But it is, most certainly, very unphilosophical to fasten on these, and say it is all delusion and wildness. The real question to be considered is this: Is a bad character really changed for a good one? If so, it is a great change, invaluable in its nature and results; and productive of inconceivable good to the individual himself and to all connected with him. The excess of feeling is momentary and harmless. . . . An abandoned profligate becomes a useful and virtuous man. Can you expect such a change without excitement? How unphilosophical then is it to fasten upon the slight and momentary indications of excitement as evidence that there is nothing real in the case! And yet, unphilosophical as it is, many would cry out, "It is all fanaticism and delusion." This is narrow-mindedness. The intellect which reasons thus, is in such a state that it does not take a survey of the whole subject presented, so as to form an independent and unbiassed opinion. The man fastens upon one little blemish which happens to be turned towards him, and, seeing no farther, condemns the whole. There is, however, a narrow-mindedness which may operate in another way. Many will be satisfied, from a few expressions, that the penitent's heart is really changed. They think him a Christian just because he talks like one. Now it is as narrow-minded to judge from a partial knowledge of facts in one way as another. The great and decisive after all is—*Perseverance in a Holy Life.*

### A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, pastor of the Harvard-street Church, Boston, wrote a letter, during his recent tour in Europe, to the members of the Sabbath School connected with his congregation, in which he gave a very interesting account of a wonderful work of art. After introducing the letter, he proceeds as follows:—

There is no subject that I can think of which will be so likely to interest you as the great astronomical clock, which I saw the other day in the cathedral at Strasburg. This cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest in Europe. It is very large, and its tower of steeples is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the Old South Church in Boston. The astronomical clock stands in the inside in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at 12 o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which the present one is formed: but it is almost a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal fete or festival was given by his fellow-citizens on the occasion of its completion.

To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying that it is so many feet high, and so many feet wide, &c. Well then, you remember the size of the Post Office in Washington-street. It is as high as that, about as wide, or at least nearly so. Its tower would reach to the very summit of our meeting-house, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting-house. On the top of it is a figure of the Prophet Isaiah, about as large as life; on its two sides are a couple of stairs to go up into it. Its front is beautifully painted, and has places upon which the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolutions of the stars, the motions of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many other things, are indicated. Here, also, in niches prepared for them are moveable images of the Saviour and his twelve Apostles; Death, and Time with his scythe; the four ages of human life, and several other forms which I cannot mention.

To give you a little further idea of its magnitude, let me say that there are means of going into the inside of it, and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart and examine the machinery. Mr. Neale, two other gentlemen and myself, with the conductor, went into it and spent about an hour there. We went first into a lower, then into a

higher, and then again into a still higher apartment of it, and saw the various parts of the machinery, consisting I should think of more than a thousand pieces splendidly polished, and all dependent for their harmonious action upon the short thick, brass pendulum which swings in the centre.

But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, times and the seasons, the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equations, the conjunctions and eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and the various changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out apparent time, mean, or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On its face you see the motion of the stars, of the sun and planets, of the moon and her satellites. Two little cherubs, who sit, the one on the one side, the other on the other, strike the quarters of the hour; Death strikes the hour with a mace, while four figures pass and re-pass before him, representing the various stages of human life. At 12 o'clock every day, when Death strikes twelve, the Apostles, who are represented each with the badges of his martyrdom, come out from the clock and pass before an image of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with a movement of the hand. When the Apostle Peter makes his appearance, a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings, raises his head, and crows so long and so loud as make the whole cathedral ring again. This he repeats three times, in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter, during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of course the cock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at 12 o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling crow, flapping his wings, and raising his head.

Now, I dare say, you will all exclaim, What a wonderful clock!—and what a wonderful man he must have been who made it! Yes, my young friends, but how much more wonderful the mechanism of the universe, and the God who made it! How wonderful that Being who made you and me, and all mankind, and keeps the whole universe going, and every heart beating from day to day, and from year to year! "Lo! these are but a part of his ways; but the thunder of his power, who can understand?"

But, suppose some boy should say, That's all nonsense. Nobody made the clock—it made itself—it came by chance, and has kept going ever since without any help from without. Why, you would say that boy was crazy, would you not? What, then, shall we think of those who tell us that there is no God?—that the earth, sun, moon and stars, men and women, trees and flowers, birds and beasts, came by chance, and that they keep living, and moving, and growing, without help from without? It seems to me that we must think of these just what the Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

My dear young friend, endeavour to secure the favour of that great and wonderful Being who is above all, through all, and in all.

### RUSSIAN WORSHIP.

The Russian worship somewhat resembles that of Popery; for it is filled with a multitude of superstitious practices. The natives make, during the performance of mass, numberless genuflexions and signs of the cross. No people seek more the blessing of the priest than the Russians. They call upon the priests to bless the house they build, the ground they till, their flocks, their harvests, all they do, all they attempt. On the 6th of August of every year, the churches are filled with apples and pears which the priests bless. Till then no true believer would dare to eat these fruits. But as soon as the ceremony is ended, all pounce upon the baskets consecrated by the priests. On the 6th of January, the rivers and streams are blessed. The priest approaches with much pomp to the bank, cuts out a hole in the ice, and plunges the cross three times into it, reciting some prayers. Immediately the women run with their pails to draw this consecrated water; the men drink large draughts. The struggle for tumblers, bottles, &c., lasts for several hours. A fountain of wine, flowing in one of our public squares, on a national festival, would not excite more eagerness. Poor people, how much they need to have the Bible in their hands, to be freed from such gross superstitions!

The churches are very richly ornamented; in those of the chief cities, especially, are found the accumulated treasures of many generations. They contain,—not sculptures, for the Greek Church forbids them,—but innumerable paintings. The large churches are filled with old dirty pictures, where only the hands and face are visible; all the rest covered with silver, gold, sapphires, rubies, emeralds. Before each of these pictures are hung silver lamps, which are lighted on feast-days. The people offer candles to be burned in honour of the saints; there are candles at all prices, and for every rank of life; the church sells them, and makes a large profit.

The most splendid part of the church is called the *iconostace*. It is a gallery of paintings, at the bottom of the nave, in an enclosure with three doors. The priest alone is allowed to enter through the middle door. There is collected all that is most magnificent and most dazzling. On high days, the treasures of the church are opened, and exposed to the eager eyes of the Russians, who expect from them great blessings.

I would not forget to say that the Muscovite Church recognizes no other saints than those which were canonized before the Eastern schism. New saints cannot be created; but the Emperor may himself, by a decree, create what are called the Blessed: a sort of intermediate class between the ancient saints and ordinary men. Ah! how is the heart of the Christian saddened and rent, when he sees such degradation in beings who still invoke the name of Christ!—*Foreign Correspondent of Observer.*

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1844.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, our readers are doubtless aware, arose out of the labours of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY and his coadjutors, and was regularly formed in 1784—when Dr. COKE, a presbyter of the Church of England, having been ordained, was appointed and sent out as superintendent of the Methodist Societies in America. It recognizes three orders of ministers: bishops, elders, and deacons, whose duties are partly stationary, and partly of a travelling character; besides whom, like the British Methodists, they employ local preachers, who preach generally on the Lord's day, and occasionally during the week.

The government of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States is not unlike the government of the country. In the Connection there are a number of Annual Conferences; and every fourth year there is held what is called a General Conference, which is composed of Bishops and other delegates from the Annual Conferences. All the Methodist Episcopal Bishops are appointed by this General Conference, and to this body alone they are amenable. Acting on the power vested in it, the General Conference lately held in New York, suspended Bishop ANDREW, on the ground that he is an owner of slaves.

The slave question is likely to produce serious consequences to the Methodist Church of the United States, by causing a separation between the northern and southern portions of that Church.

We trust, should such an event take place, that it may be overruled by the Divine Head of the Church for the mutual benefit of both parties; and be employed as a successful in-

strument in abolishing the disgraceful traffic in human flesh forever from the land.

## FORTFOLIO PICTURES FROM THE PULPIT.

NO. II.

If care in the arrangement of his discourses—if precision in pronunciation, and in his every movement—if studied forms of expression and manners—be proofs of greatness, then is the Rev. Mr. ——— superlatively great.

Exact in every motion, even to the opening of a book, and particular in the arrangement of his apparel—there is, as a natural consequence, an appearance of stiffness and formality about him, which has a tendency to render him unpopular with those who are taken by mere external action.

Notwithstanding these trifling peculiarities, we have placed this Minister of the Gospel second in our portfolio, as a sound divine, a close reasoner, and an exemplary character.

In his preaching there is no speculation—nothing visionary or unscriptural—no attempt to amuse his auditory. Whilst he pursues the beaten track of plain biblical theology, he casts a light on that track, without even an effort at originality. His appeals to the impenitent are sometimes very powerful; yet his peculiar calling appears to be rather that of building up believers in their most holy faith. His discourses are not the result of an hour's study, many of them being highly laboured productions; their length occasionally extends beyond the ordinary bounds, and they would, in many instances, be decidedly improved by curtailment.

On the platform, he is deservedly popular—his talents being of a very respectable order, his phraseology chaste, and his periods well rounded.

Whether the musical and poetical genius of Mr. ——— be of an humble order, we are not prepared to say; but if they be, his unharmonious voice is easily accounted for: in it there is an absence of that softness and sweetness occasionally possessed by less gifted speakers.

Had this preacher studied nature in his attitudes and action, as he has studied Revelation in the subject matter of his theological productions, he would have few superiors. The appearance of self-approval and self-complacency he sometimes assumes, we refrain from noticing—being fully persuaded that it is more a failing than a fault: for in social life, he is extremely affable and courteous in his manner.

"Oh would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It would frae mony a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

OUR readers will peruse with much pleasure the following brief notices of the regular "London May Anniversaries," for which we are indebted to the *Halifax Guardian*. We beg also to direct attention to the account, in another column, of a great Protestant Missionary Meeting, which was held at Rome, Italy, in the month of March last. May Gideon's God encourage and prosper this handful of chosen men.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The fortieth anniversary meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday, in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Lord Bexley. The meeting was not probably so well attended as on former occasions, for the room was not more than three-fourths filled. Amongst the gentlemen on the platform we observed the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Chichester, Viscount Sandon, M. P., the Bishops of Worcester and Cash-

el, Lord Teignmouth, Mr. Evans, M. P., Mr. Plumtre, M. P., General Sir J. Bathurst, the Dean of Salisbury, the Archdeacon of Winchester, Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, &c. Lord Bexley, on taking the chair, apologized for his inability to address the meeting in consequence of recent severe illness, and at his Lordship's desire, the Secretary, the Rev. G. Brandram, read a brief address, penned by the noble Lord, in which he expressed his unabated zeal for the welfare of the association. The Secretary then read the report for the year, in which it was stated that the Society had now translated the Bible into 138 languages and dialects, and had, during the past year, issued nearly 1,000,000 copies.—The total receipts of the year were £93,000.—The meeting was addressed by the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Bishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Worcester, Rev. Mr. Trefield, Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bombay, &c.

## WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society took place on Monday, in the great room at Exeter Hall, the body, galleries, and a part of the platform of which were principally occupied by ladies. The chair was occupied by Sir George Rose, who was supported by Mr. P. M. Stewart, M. P., Capt. Elliot, R. N., Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bombay, Rev. Messrs. Hamilton and Stewart, ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, and the Rev. Messrs. Reece, Waugh and Collinson.

The business of the day having been commenced with prayer,

Sir G. Rose rose to address the meeting, and dwelt upon the useful co-operation of the Wesleyan body with the Church of England in propagating the knowledge of salvation throughout the world. Some persons had set their faces against missions as unnecessary, and had pointed to the times of Luther and other Reformers of that period, saying there were no missionary societies then. But it must be recollected that in Spain, in Portugal, in Germany, and more especially in France, the friends of religion had to attend to such things. But the Waldenses, who did not accept the name of Protestant, for they had never been within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, doubtlessly had their holy emissaries, whom they sent into various parts of Europe. The hon. gentleman then bore his testimony to the great good which had been effected in the West Indies, where, whatever advances had been made in morality, industry, and public virtue, were unquestionably to be attributed to the efforts of the Wesleyan missionaries, who encouraged whatever was good, and discouraged all that was bad, vicious, and degrading in the human character.

Dr. Bunting then read the report, which was subsequently adopted unanimously.

The receipts for the past year have been £99,280 11s. 7d., to which was added the surplus of income for the previous year, making £99,804 odd; and the expenditure £112,908 5s. 2d.; being an increase of that of the previous year of £12,924 11s. 5d.; and showing an excess of expenditure over income of £13,104 0s. 1d.—*Scottish Guardian.*

## LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE 49th annual meeting of this society took place on Friday at Exeter-hall, London. With the exception of the Sunday School Union, this was by far the most numerously attended meeting of the season. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Evans, M. P., who in opening the business, adverted to the large amount of good effected by that society during the last half-century, and congratulated its friends upon the increased prosperity of the finances. The secretary then read the report of the managing directors. During the past year the juvenile association in London and the provinces had raised a subscription for the purchase of a missionary ship, the *John Williams*, of 280 tons, which was to sail in the course of next month with a cargo of missionaries for the islands in the Pacific Ocean. The total receipts of the year amounted to £81,812—the expenditure to £83,523, showing an excess of disbursements over income of £1,711. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Hindley, M. P., the Rev. W. Bennett, the Rev. Mr. Morrison, the Rev. J. Sherman, and several other clergymen and gentlemen. The report and various resolutions in furtherance of the society's objects were adopted and the proceedings terminated.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE thirty-ninth annual meeting took place on Thursday, at Exeter Hall, London. Lord John Russell, vice-president of the society, took the chair. The large hall was crowded in every quarter. The noble Chairman, who was enthusiastically greeted, referred to the principles on which the British and Foreign School Society was founded. The State, as the State took no charge of the general education of the people. The Church of England had neither the means nor the disposition to provide for general education. If it had so there were numbers out of the pale of that church, whose educational wants could not be adequately provided for by any system of education which it could establish. It therefore became necessary to attempt, by voluntary means, the subscriptions, by relying for support upon the people themselves to promote the great cause of education. Prince Albert had transmitted to him a donation of £100, and his brother, the Duke of Bedford, had, as usual, desired that a similar sum should be placed at the disposal of the society. The Secretary read the report. It represented the operations as being in the most encouraging state. Samuel Gurney, Esq., presented the balance sheet, showing the total receipts of the year to have been £10,081 1s.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THE annual meeting of this society was held in the Great Room, at Exeter Hall, at six o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hindley, M.P. took the chair, and the business was commenced by a hymn and prayer.

The Secretary read the report, which was of considerable length, and embraced correspondence from Africa, the East Indies, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Bermuda, Nova Scotia, Canada, the Sandwich Islands, &c. There had been received towards erecting or enlarging schools, during the last year, 430*l.*, making the sum received for similar purposes since the formation of the society, 5503*l.* The general grants of cash and books, 230*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* and donations 200*l.* There were at present 481 schools, 9,369 teachers, and 93,796 scholars, and there was accommodation for 10,000 more scholars than there were on the books, not to speak of those who attended. The accounts were next read. By them it appears that 7,898*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.* had been received for publications sold, the cash paid for publications 47,352*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*, and the value of the stock 3,276*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; the receipts from other sources 1,747*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*, and the balance in hand 69*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*

## LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.

YESTERDAY, the thirty-sixth anniversary sermon of this society was preached by the Bishop of Winchester before the Society, at the episcopal Jews' Chapel, Bethnal green, in aid of the funds. This society has foreign missions at Jerusalem, Safet, Berout, Hebron, Constantinople, Smyrna, Warsaw, Lublin, Kalisch, Cracow, Posen, Frawtsadt, Konigsberg, Dantzic, Berlin, Stettin, Creuznach, Breslau, Frankfort on the Maine, Brussels, Strassburgh, besides home missions in London and Liverpool. The last report of the society, showed the year's income to be 25,066*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and after deducting the expenditure, there remained a balance in the hands of the treasurer, of 20,075*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* In addition to which the society is in possession of 9,500*l.* in Exchequer-bills; the King of Prussia has contributed the munificent donation of 100*l.*, and has expressed his intention of subscribing annually 25*l.* The society has also Hebrew schools at Bethnal-green, in which are forty-seven boys and forty girls, as also a Hebrew college for studying as missionaries. His Lordship delivered an excellent discourse, at the conclusion of which a collection was made.

## BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE fifty-first Anniversary of this Institution was held at Exeter Hall on Thursday the 25th ult. The spacious hall was well filled. W. B. Gurney, Esq. took the Chair.

The service having been commenced by singing,

The Rev. J. Watson, of Edinburgh, implored the Divine blessing.

The Chairman then rose and said. Have we brethren sufficiently realized the privilege and the duty expressed in those words of the apostle,

"We are allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel?" It is a trust—a sacred trust that might have been committed to angels, but it has been graciously committed to men. It is not thrust upon us, but we are allowed of God to be put in trust. Shall we not feel it our privilege, faithfully and diligently to fulfil our trust? I hope that we shall receive a fresh impulse from this day's meeting; that we shall be enabled greatly to extend the operations of the society, and that, if we are permitted to meet in a future year, that extension will afford matter for thanksgiving."

## MISSIONARY MEETING AT ROME.

A missionary meeting was held at Rome, Italy, March 20th, 1844, in the lodgings of Sir Cullen Eardley Smith. A collection was made at the close of the services, and \$125 were forwarded to the London Missionary Society. It will be seen that the meeting awakened the jealousies of the Vatican, and stringent measures were taken to anticipate its recurrence. May God overrule the persecution to good ends, and may his Spirit fan the evangelical fervor of the faithful "at Rome also" into an undying flame! The following report of the meeting we extract from the London Patriot of May 18:

A numerous and highly respectable meeting of the friends of Protestant Missions was held in Rome on March 20 at the residence of Sir Cullen Eardley Smith, Bart. The Earl Gainsborough presided. A hymn was given out, and some of the prayers of the liturgy were read by the Dean of Ardagh. The object of the meeting having been explained by the Chairman, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, recently returned from the west coast of Africa, described the labors and success of the Church Missionary Society in that quarter of the world, more particularly in Sierra Leone. An account was then given by the Rev. W. Ellis, of the operations of the London Missionary Society in various parts of the world, more especially in the South Seas, and in relation to the afflictive events which have recently occurred at Tahiti.

The following resolution was then moved by the Dean of Ardagh, seconded by Dr. Harris, author of the Great Teacher, and supported by Capt. Pope, of the British Navy:

Resolved, That in the facts which we have heard relative to Africa and the South Seas, we gratefully recognize the hand of the Lord in bestowing on the Redeemer the promised lands of the heathen—that we pray for the speedy arrival of the day when Ethiopia shall universally stretch out her hands unto God, and that we commend in faith Queen Pomare and her subjects, as well as the missionaries laboring among them, to Him who has promised that the isles shall wait for His law, and who is all-sufficient to sustain any emergency.

After singing, prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, and a collection was made at the close of the meeting, in furtherance of the objects of the Church and the London Missionary Societies.

The meeting above described disturbed the Pope and his Cardinals; and the Court of Rome resolved to stop all Christian meetings in the city. The London Globe contains the following article, written nearly four weeks after the missionary meeting was held; from which it is evident, that all the boasted love of freedom among Papists is a mere hypocritical sham.

PROTESTANTS IN ROME—Rome, April 13.—A weekly meeting of Englishmen has for some time past, been held in this city, in the apartments of an Englishman of rank, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and prayer, at which the Dean of Ardagh has presided: and Dr. Keith, the writer on prophecy, Dr. Harris, of Cheshunt, Mr. Ellis, of the South Seas, several English clergymen, and persons from Germany and America, have been present. On one of these occasions the Assembly was turned into a missionary meeting in behalf of the London Societies, and Lord Gainsborough took the chair. The Papacy, however, which is making such an appeal to the principles of liberty in Ireland, and complains so loudly of the exclusion of the Jesuits by the Queen of Tahiti, have put a stop to the meetings. The landlord of the house in which the meetings had been held was sent for, and a *proces verbal* was drawn up, which he was compelled to sign, enjoining him not again to let his house to "Methodists," and not any more to hold a pub-

lic kitchen in his house. The poor man did not care about the first part of the order: but applied to the Government to relax the order about his kitchen. This they at once did; saying, their object had only been to stop the meetings, and if that object were effected, he need not be afraid to continue to furnish dinners. Of course, this cunning policy succeeded, and the meetings ceased. But the order about "Methodists" stands. They told him it meant "those who want to reform their own religion:" and clearly it would not mean any particular body of Protestants, for the meeting included "Protestants of several denominations." The term is "persons of any denomination whatever who are Methodists." I trust you will make some use of this, to draw forth an opinion from the Popish Liberals. It is high time they repudiated, in express terms such bigotry, or gave up their own professions of liberal principles, which in practice they violate, where they have power.

As a significant commentary upon this act of Papal intolerance, we quote the language of the Catholic Prelate, Bishop Hughes:

"I have never in my life done any action, or uttered a sentiment, tending to abridge any human being of all or any of the rights of conscience, which I claim to enjoy myself under the American Constitution."

In the face of this boast, we put the notorious fact of his oath of fealty to the Pope, by which he has abridged himself of many of those rights, and bound himself to abridge those of his flock to the like extent. In the face of his protestation we put the action of his Sovereign See, the religious tyranny of Sardinia, Naples, Tuscany, and Austria; and lastly we put his own declaration, that the mixture of ecclesiastical and civil power in the Middle Ages was an *accident*; and if such a barfaced contempt of history and truth be allowable, we have no reason to demand, we have no ground to hope, that when political power preponderates in his favor, he will not in like manner declare our present religious toleration an *accident* of Constitution, and worthy to be expunged. There is no place for confidence, where secret oaths and public professions are a standing contradiction; and there is no safety in the American members, while the transatlantic head, to which they are firmly and fitly joined, is full of malevolence and intolerant jealousy.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, June 12, 1844.

MR. EDITOR.—By giving insertion to the following, you will gratify a number of your readers.

Yours truly,

T. OSOOD.

## IMPORTANT QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

Is man justified by faith only?

Is Christ the only Mediator between God and man?

Is it fit, right or proper, to pray to the Virgin Mary?

Is it possible for the Virgin, or any being but God,

to hear prayers from millions in every part of the world at the same time?

In the Fete de Dieu, kept in June annually, soldiers with fire-arms and martial music are introduced into the church. By what authority, or for what use is this practice?

If the ringing of bells and stopping up the streets, at the time when all Protestants wish to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God quietly, be a great annoyance, would it not be very desirable that our Catholic brethren might dispense with those ceremonies, or choose a time when it did not interfere with the rights and privileges of others?

Can any Christian justify the practice of burning or destroying Bibles and other good books, merely because they were given or lent by one of a different creed from himself?

Is it kind or decent for one person to call another a heretic and impostor, because he is of a different creed?

Christ taught all to treat others as they would be treated. That all may obey this golden rule, is the sincere desire and fervent prayer of all Protestant CHRISTIANS.

Should some Roman Catholic brother answer these questions in a kind and straight-forward manner, many would be gratified, and greatly profited.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE CONDOR.

THE condor, which chiefly inhabits the valley of Ylo, in Peru, is unquestionably the largest of those birds which have the power of flight. It is sometimes, though but rarely, upwards of fifteen feet across the wings when extended. The beak, four inches long, is so strong as to be able to pierce the body of a bullock; and talons so strong as to enable it to carry off a deer or young calf. They seldom frequent the forest, as their flight would be thereby impeded. They descend from an almost incredible height, sometimes 20,000 feet from the top of the mountains. "The peculiarities of structure in the respiratory system of birds have, probably, a relation," says Dr. Roger, "to the capability we see them possess, of bearing with impunity very quick and violent changes of atmospheric pressure. Thus the condor of the Andes is often seen to descend rapidly, from a height of above 20,000 feet, to the edge of the sea, where the air is more than twice the density of that which the bird had been breathing." "We are as yet," he adds, "unable to trace the connexion which probably exists between the structure of the lungs, and this extraordinary power of accommodation to such great and sudden variations of atmospheric pressure."

The general colour of the condor is brownish, the feathers on the back, however, are sometimes perfectly black. The neck is encircled with a white ruff, and the head is a species of comb.

The condor is very destructive, and consequently, various methods are employed with success to capture it. Sometimes a person, clothed in the skin of a newly-killed animal, goes out, and entices the condor to attack him; while his companions, who have secreted themselves, from their hiding-places rush out and seize him. The female make her nest among the highest and most inaccessible rocks; where she lays two white eggs, somewhat bigger than those of a turkey.

## HORRORS OF WAR.

"I never shall forget," said Captain B., "my first sight of blood shed in the field of battle, and my first sensation upon taking part in it. I was a raw recruit, and had never thought seriously of the dangers or duties of a fight until I was entirely in one. Our regiment was in Spain, and I joined it just in time to join the ranks, shoulder my musket, and see how fields were won. My friend W., who accompanied me, was by my side, and we eyed one another askance, and in silence. He looked a shade paler than usual, from extreme consciousness of his situation and inexperience. I thought I felt a slight vibration of his shoulder as it touched mine. I like to repeat this, for a braver man than W. never lived, and I knew that I was ashy pale. The older soldiers all calm, settled in aspect, 'fixed,' and cold as their bayonets. I was struck by the absence of hustle around me. There was less noise and confusion of cannon and musketry than I expected to hear. As we advanced, I could discern the enemy in the distance; and we were about to charge. I could distinguish faint noises of encouragement from the French ranks, whilst our officers were constantly saying, 'Steady, men—steady—shoulder to shoulder.' As we heard our foes, my heart smote my ribs. I looked at W., muttered, 'Mind, we stand by each other.' He answered, 'Yes!' and we continued to advance. The features of the Frenchmen were now to be distinguished. Suddenly they ceased to advance, and a bright flame ran along the line, succeeded by a volley. I halted a second, as did every man, as from an instinctive sense of danger. In that second my left hand fell flat on his back, but I did not then see any blood. There was a slight disturbance in our line, but the reiterated command 'Steady, my lads, steady,' kept our senses about us. A rattling fire now came from our foes, and when we arrived to within about twenty yards of them the word was given to 'fire.' I had hardly raised my musket to my shoulder, when such a cheer broke forth as I have heard since, but never before. 'Charge!' shouted voices in our rear, and we dashed. The collision was but momentary; before our steel touched theirs they were beaten. Their line seemed to dissolve with a sudden crash, and behind them stood another prepared to receive us. Upon them we fell pell-mell; a bayonet pricker my shoulder, and my own pierced a man's heart:

another was aimed at me by a Frenchman, who was felled in the act by the butt end of a musket—it was W.'s, who now, blood-red and shouting, with the rest exclaimed, 'There they go—there they go—hurrah!' We were not allowed to follow. To avoid cavalry we formed a square, and there I had leisure to contemplate the shedding of first blood."

## APATHY OF THE ARABS.

Our religion teaches toleration, equality, and pardon of injuries—their exalts that of Mahomet, and considers every one who dissents from it as a mere dog; it prescribes vengeance, and sanctions the abuse of superior power. The few virtues the Arabs can boast of have their origin in ostentation: for as soon as the necessity for any display of false generosity or dignified conduct is passed, they return to their incorrigible ferocious habits of murder, robbery, and fanaticism. Judge of them by appearance, at times, they may be believed to be kind and compassionate, but on deeper examination it will soon be found that all these signs of goodness & benevolence are merely hypocritical stimulations, adopted from their religion and habits. When a death happens, and you see them strike their heads in despair, and utter agonizing cries of grief—when the women shriek, bruise their bosom with their fists, and tear their flesh with their nails—do not imagine that all this arises from their regret at the loss of the deceased, or their respect for his character: no, it is merely an observance of custom. Signs of mourning must be shown, they say, because a man must not die like a dog, and leave no regret behind. But when once under the earth they think no more of him whatever than if he had never existed. During these latter years there have occurred at Algiers, and in its environs, numerous accidents from pulling down old buildings and in other works, and in many cases five and six Arabs and other natives have been buried together under the fallen ruins; and yet I have never in a single instance seen the Arabs make the slightest efforts to save the victims, even though they were their own parents and children. To complete this picture I add the following incident. In 1839, about twenty Arabs from the environs came into the town to a festival.—On their way back, when opposite to the magazine for forage, one of them fell under a cart heavily laden, the wheels going over both his legs, crushing the bones from the knees to the ankles. The pain the poor creature suffered was excruciating. He implored the compassion of his companions in the most piteous terms, allying them by their holy religion, and all that they held most dear and sacred, that they would place him on some conveyance, and conduct him home.—Instead, however, of doing this, they merely uttered the few words of the Koran, "God is great," and walked away without showing the slightest commiseration.—*The Globe.*

## FANATICISM IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

Persecution on the one side, and fanaticism on the other, were perpetuated through the three centuries, up to the period of the extinction of Christianity in Africa. The wandering preachers of the Donatist faction had no other means of living than the alms as their flock; their influence and consideration, therefore, depended solely on their power of heating the imaginations and working on the fears of the feeble-minded, and thus gradually diffusing over the whole congregation that moral contagion which they began by exciting in women and children. As might be expected, they outdid each other in extravagancy, and soon gave way to the most frantic ravings; thousands of peasants, drunk with the effect of these exhortations, forsook their ploughs and fled to the deserts of Getulia. Their bishops assuming the title of captains of the saints, put themselves at their head, and they rushed onwards, carrying death and desolation into the adjacent provinces; they were distinguished by the name of Circumcelliones: Africa was devastated by their ravages. They, in their turn, were delivered over to the most cruel torments whenever they fell into the hands of the imperial officers or the orthodox party, in the hope that the severity of these examples would intimidate their followers. Such measures, however, were perfectly unsuccessful, since the palm of martyrdom was the object of their most ardent desires. Persuaded that the most acceptable offering they could make to the Deity was their

own lives, they frequently stopped the affrighted traveller, and, holding a dagger to his breast, demanded of him to put them to death. Often with arms in their hands they forced their way into the courts of justice, and compelled the judges to send them to torture and to death. Often they put an end to their own existence. Those who thought themselves sufficiently prepared for martyrdom, assembled their numerous congregations at the foot of some rocks or lofty tower; and there, in the midst of prayers and the chanting of litanies, they threw themselves, one after another, from the height, and expired on the ground below.—*Sismondi.*

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

## LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM ENGLAND.

## CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

Nothing of the least interest to the transatlantic world has occurred in the British Parliament since the last packet sailed, with the exception of the debate on Canada. Mr. Roebuck, on Thursday night, brought the state of that important Colony before the House of Commons. In doing this, he took a discursive view of the Government of the late Lord Sydenham, on whose policy he made a bitter attack; proceeded to eulogise that of Sir Charles Bagot, who got out of his difficulties by wisely conceding "Responsible Government," and then treated, in detail, the position of parties in the Colony at the present moment, attributing the heart-burnings and dissensions to the fatal policy which Sir Charles Metcalfe had pursued in dismissing the executive council, and in opening all the wounds which the enlarged and conciliatory policy of his predecessor had healed. Mr. Roebuck does nothing by halves. Earnestness of purpose he brings to every question, copiously impregnated with a waspish malignity that not merely cuts, but leaves gangrene behind. The debate, in short, was a recapitulation of the history of Canada since the mission of Lord Durham, and the new condition of society, arising out of the changes produced thereby—dressed up after the manner of the most approved political warfare. Mr. Roebuck was, of course, the advocate of the extreme French party; but he was left alone in his glory. Mr. Hume, the lukewarm friend of the French Canadians, declined to follow him, and recommended "conciliation to both parties." Indeed, all the speakers who followed Mr. Roebuck, contended for "responsible government," not in the sense understood by the learned member for Bath, by tying the tongue of the Governor General, and rendering him a mere cypher as the representative of the Crown, but by vesting the responsibility in the heads of departments, enjoying the confidence of the Executive, and of a majority of the Legislative Assembly. Incidentally, the marked difference between a colony and the mother country, in their social and political relations, was discussed, as bearing upon the question of responsible government. The ministers who spoke—Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel—enunciated very liberal sentiments; the former repudiating all alliance with, all sympathy for, the Orange party in the Colony; and the latter declaring, that if Canada could not be held by the affection of the colonists to the Crown, it was worse than useless to attempt to hold it by force. The speeches of Mr. C. Buller and Lord Russell were also conceived in a similar spirit—both strenuously supporting the government policy; indeed, the strong condemnation passed by Mr. Buller upon the proceedings of the ultra-liberals, may be taken as the expression of the liberal party in England on the subject. The debate cannot fail to do good. All the speakers, with the exception of the mover, expressed themselves warmly in favour of Sir Charles Metcalfe; and it is clear, that if the dissatisfaction of the colony drives him home, no adequate substitute—no one so likely to be generally acceptable—will be found. The declaration of Lord Stanley, that the Crown had not exercised, is determined not to exercise, any patronage in Canada, is creditable to its impartiality. As throwing oil on the troubled waters, Mr. Roebuck's motion, which had no definite aim beyond provoking discussion, will not be without its effects, irrespective of that gentleman's feelings and wishes on the subject.

## IRELAND.

## SENTENCE TO THE TRAVERSERS.

**DANIEL O'CONNELL.**—To be imprisoned for twelve calendar months; to pay a fine of £2,000, and to enter into securities to keep the peace for seven years—himself in £5,000, and two sureties of £2,500 each.

**JOHN O'CONNELL, JOHN GRAY, T. STEELE, R. BARRETT, C. G. DUFFY, AND T. M. RAY.**—To be imprisoned for nine calendar months, to pay a fine of £50, and to enter into securities to keep the peace for seven years—themselves respectively in £1,000, and two sureties of £500 each.

Sentence having been passed,

M. O'CONNEL immediately rose, and said that he wished to remind the Court, that he had made a solemn affidavit, declaring that he had never entered into a conspiracy with the other traversers, or committed the crime with which he was charged. He had now only to say it was his painful conviction that justice had not been done.

A sudden and vociferous cheer from nearly all parts of the court followed this result; and although it was accompanied by the clapping of hands amongst the junior bar, and two or three times repeated, the Judges did not interfere, although evidently displeased.

The Traversers immediately surrendered into the custody of the Sheriff.

After a delay of about an hour and a half, which gave time to allay the excited feelings of the people out of court, as well as for the necessary preparations, the Traversers were conveyed to the Richmond Penitentiary, in the Circular-road, their future place of confinement. They proceeded thither in three carriages, attended by a large body of police. A great many people ran along and kept up with the carriages, and there was also a large assemblage outside the Penitentiary on his arrival. When Mr. O'Connell stepped out of the carriage he was greeted with loud cheers, and immediately entered the gateway. Within the court-yard a large number of respectable persons, many of them his most intimate friends, were drawn up in two lines. They received Mr. O'Connell in silence and uncovered, and, as he walked up between the lines, he shook hands with many of them: his bearing was manly and undaunted. He thus entered the Governor's house, which, we understand, he and his other fellow-prisoners will be allowed to occupy. The Penitentiary is a vast pile of building, in an airy and salubrious part of the suburbs of Dublin. The Governor's house is large, and has a garden attached, in which Mr. O'Connell, with his daughters, Mrs. Fitzsimon and Mrs. French, walked alone, soon after his arrival. The prisoners, as they must now be called, dined together about half-past six. They were all cheerful. We are happy to state that there was not the slightest breach of the peace during the proceedings. The following address, which had been prepared in anticipation of the sentence, was issued on Thursday:—

ADDRESS OF O'CONNELL TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.—PEACE AND QUIET.

PEOPLE OF IRELAND—FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—BELOVED FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—The sentence is passed. But there is another appeal from that sentence. The appeal lies to the House of Lords. I solemnly pledge myself to bring an appeal against that sentence, and I assure you there is every prospect that it will be received. Peace, then, and quiet. Let there not be one particle of riot, tumult, or violence. This is the crisis in which it will be seen if the people of Ireland will obey me or not. Any person who violates the law, or is guilty of any violence, insult or injury to person of property, violates my command, and shows himself an enemy to me, and a bitter enemy to Ireland.

The people of Ireland—the sober steady, honest, religious people of Ireland—have hitherto obeyed my commands and kept quiet. Let every man stay at home. Let the women and children stay at home. Do not crowd the streets, and in particular let no man approach the precincts of the Four Courts.

Now, people of Dublin, and people of Ireland generally, I shall know, and the world will know, whether you love and respect me or not. Show your love and regard for me, by your obedience to the law—your peaceable conduct, and the total avoidance of any riot or violence.

## PEACE, ORDER, QUIET, TRANQUILITY.

Preserve the peace, and the Repeal cause will necessarily be triumphant. Peace and quiet I ask for in my name, and as you regard me. Peace and quiet I ask for in the name of Ireland, and as you love your native land. Peace—quiet—order, I call for under the solemn sanction of religion. I conjure you to observe quiet, and I ask it in the adorable name of the ever-living God. Gratify me and your friends by your being quiet and peaceable.

The enemies of Ireland would be delighted at your violating the peace, or being guilty of any disorder.

Disappoint them—gratify and delight by peace, order, and quiet, Your faithful friend,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Corn Exchange-rooms, 29th May, 1844.

## MASSACRE IN ONE OF THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS.

## TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE HARRIET WHALESHIP.

THE details of another attack on an English whaler and murderous slaughter of the whole crew by the natives of one of the South-Sea Islands, have just been received by the *Sussex*, a whaler belonging to Mr. Lyall, M. P. for the city of London, under the command of Capt. Hammer, which arrived in the river recently, after an absence of four years and three months.

The particulars disclose nothing calculated to throw light on the cause of the melancholy catastrophe, as in too many previous instances; on the contrary, however, there appears to have been an absence of all motive for the attack, except that arising from a desire to plunder the ship, which, as will be seen by Capt. Hammer's statement, was subsequently burnt to the water's edge, and then scuttled in eight fathoms water, doubtless with a view to escape detection. The manner in which the affair came to light is most remarkable, and but for the singular circumstance alluded to, the owners of the *Harriet* and the friends of her crew might have remained in a state of uncertainty as to the fate of the vessel. The following details, kindly supplied to the reporter by Capt. Hammer, contain all the facts known in reference to the painful tragedy.

Capt. Hammer states that, on the 31st April, last year, having occasion to take in water, he bore down towards the island marked Quollaw on the chart, but usually termed Strong's Island by British seamen, being in lon. 126 deg. E. by lat. 6 deg. N. On approaching the harbor he observed three American ships and one Canadian vessel, lying at anchor. The vessels subsequently proved to be the *Pacific*, Capt. Rounds, from St. John, New Brunswick, and the *Lydia*, the *Lexington*, and the *Pearl*, three American whalers. As the *Sussex* neared the island, the captains of each of these vessels came off in boats to meet her, and Capt. Rounds of the *Pacific*, immediately communicated to Capt. Hammer the fact of the wreck of the English whaler called the *Harriet*, belonging to the port of London, and commanded by Capt. Bunker, lying in eight fathoms water, within the harbour. Having cast anchor at a convenient distance from shore, Capt. Hammer returned with Captain Rounds on board the *Pacific*, where portions of the *Harriet's* log book, her figure head, anchor, &c., all of which had been recovered at that time, were shown him, by which the identity and fate of the vessel were placed beyond a doubt. It then appeared that about six weeks previously, Captain Rounds having visited the same island, had cast anchor in a bay on the other side, and took in from thence a native man to assist his crew in fishing. They put to sea, and in the course of a day or two came up with a whale, which, after considerable trouble, they captured. The native observed this, and remarked to the captain a few hours afterwards, "Why do you keep looking about here for fish to procure oil, there is a ship lying in the harbour full of it?" It should here be mentioned that the inhabitants of Strong's Island speak the English language remarkably well, even to the little children; and, as the manner of the native in question was such as to lead Capt. Rounds to believe that he might place some reliance upon his information, conceiving it also possible that a ship might have been wrecked near the island, he at once determined to hear down upon it without loss of time. Arriving there, the man pointed out the spot where the ship lay, and on soundings being taken it was discovered that some large object met the lead.

Captain Rounds then, with considerable ingenuity, rigged out one of his large oil casks in the top of a diving bell, and having made the necessary preparations a man was sent down, who immediately reported the fact of the hull of a vessel burnt to the water's edge lying beneath its surface, in about eight fathoms. The American ships above-named were lying in the harbour at the time, and Capt. Rounds at once communicated the circumstance which had come to his knowledge to the several captains, when it was thought advisable to set an inquiry on foot, as to the fate of the crew, the name of the vessel, &c. A formal application was made to the *Toco Sa*, or principal chief of the island, but for some days without success.

It is well known that when whaling ships touch at these islands, the native women frequently come on board in large numbers, and, generally speaking, they are considered well conducted savages. On this occasion advantage was taken of their familiarity, and the fact that a vessel had been attacked, and the crew murdered, was elicited from several among them, and confirmed by a variety of circumstances. Capt. Rounds then decided on requiring an explanation of the whole affair from the king or chief, and took an armed party on shore with him for that purpose. The chief met the party, and appeared considerably alarmed at the manner in which Captain Rounds pursued the investigation, but after several interviews no satisfactory information was obtained on the subject. Captain Rounds insisted that the chief should repair on board the ship, and even went so far as to threaten to hang him, in case some explanation was not afforded. The chief himself appeared willing to go on board, but the natives would not allow him; and at this point all further communication between them ceased, the natives taking to their canoes and seeking refuge within the creeks with which the island abounds. Here it was found impossible to pursue them, but from the females, and a few stragglers among the men, the following particulars were obtained. The *Harriet* had put into the island for wood and water, and the intercourse between her crew and the natives was apparently carried on in the usual friendly manner. A deep plot, however, seems to have been laid by the natives, which was, at the time, wholly unsuspected by Captain Bunker. One day, shortly after their arrival, the captain and the surgeon went ashore, to enjoy the sport of shooting, two boats' crews being engaged in collecting wood, and one in taking in water. Out of a crew of from twenty-seven to thirty persons only five remained on board the ship, and this fact, doubtless, being observed by the natives, who were anxiously watching an opportunity, they simultaneously attacked the different parties, killing each almost instantaneously. Resistance would appear to have been hopeless, for although the island is not more than twenty-seven miles in circumference, it is very thickly populated, and from 300 to 400 natives were frequently seen on the shore at one time by Captain Rounds. The five persons who were on board ship at the time, observed the attack on their comrades, and seeing a number of canoes putting off towards the vessel, they hastily embarked in a boat, and have not since been heard of, the probability being that, as Strong's Island is situated at a long distance from any other, they also must have perished in the course of the few following days. In the course of Captain Rounds' investigations on the island, he fortunately discovered four or five leaves of the *Harriet's* log, from which it appeared that the ship had recently been to Port Jackson, for the purpose of undergoing some repairs, and the Captain had made an entry to the effect that he had some trouble with his men. Finding all their endeavours fail to procure more information, the several ships above alluded to bore up, and stood away from the island together, parting some days subsequently.

The *Harriet* was the property of Messrs. Boalcott of Paul's Wharf, London. She left England in June, 1839, and had consequently been absent nearly five years. No tidings had been heard of her during the last eighteen months, and her owners had recently effected an additional insurance of £1500, making a total of £7,500. Many of her crew left her at Sydney, whose places were supplied by others; it is therefore impossible to give the names of those lost correctly.

It is generally believed that three other vessels have been destroyed in a similar manner at the same island, information to that effect having been

obtained by Captain Rounds. These vessels are supposed to have belonged to some of the Sandwich Islands, ships from that locality visiting St. George's Island for the purpose of collecting the *beach leaer*, a species of worm, in which a considerable trade is carried on with China.

Captain Hammer states it as his opinion that, although there may be no Englishmen resident on the island at present, there must have been at some previous time, as the natives are so well versed in the English language. He adds, the natives appeared extremely desirous to prevent his becoming acquainted with any of the circumstances of the affair, affecting a degree of indifference with regard to the American captives. On entering the harbour it was suggested to him that it might be advisable to hoist the American standard at his mast-head, instead of the union-jack. This, however, he declined to do.

The *Sussex* brings home a cargo of 1500 barrels.

Accounts from Syria announce that 200 inhabitants of Hasbeya, a village situated at the foot of Mount Lebanon, had adjoined the Greek religion to embrace Protestantism.

**MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.**

WEDNESDAY, June 29, 1844.

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

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