

# Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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No. 13.

## POETRY.

### THE SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

THERE IS A FOLD whence none can stray,  
And pastures ever green;  
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
Or night is never seen.

Far up the everlasting hills,  
In God's own light it lies;  
His smile its vast dimension fills  
With joy that never dies.

One narrow vale—one darksome way,  
Divides that land from this;  
I have a Shepherd, pledg'd to save,  
And bear me home to bliss.

Soon at his feet my soul will lie,  
In life's last struggling breath;  
But I shall only seem to die,—  
I shall not taste of death.

Far from this guilty world, to be  
Exempt from toil and strife;  
To spend eternity with thee,  
My Saviour,—this is LIFE!

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### MRS. NOBLE'S NARRATIVE

OF HER CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS IN PRISON  
IN CHINA, IN 1840-1, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND,  
DATED

NINGPO PRISON, Feb. 19, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON Sunday, the 14th, I received your kind letter, containing the glad tidings of peace, and the joyful hope of a speedy release from Prison, and in which you so sweetly and affectionately offer a home to the homeless. The Almighty alone, who searcheth the heart, knows how deeply grateful I feel for all your abundant goodness towards me in my great afflictions, but as my last letters were sent publicly I could not express my feelings; I sincerely hope you have not thought me ungrateful. As I may now do so with safety, I will try to write to you the sad particulars of the dreadful wreck of the Kite, and of following events, as far as memory, and the few notes I have been able to make from time to time, will enable me to do. May the Almighty in mercy strengthen me for the truly melancholy duty. And I feel sure, my dear friend, you will make due allowance for the state of mind in which I write.

I shall infer, that you know all our affairs up to, I think, the 10th of September, when the Kite was again on her way to Chusan; all went well till the 15th, and we then hoped to reach Chusan in two days. Alas for earthly prospects, they are indeed fallacious! About 12 o'clock in the forenoon, the vessel struck on an awful quicksand, not laid down in the chart. The shock was as sudden as it was dreadful; all efforts at the moment were used, but in vain, and in a few moments, almost before we could think, or speak, or, alas! even to have time to fetch my sweet

child from the cabin, the vessel went over with a tremendous crash, on her broadside, and every creature on board (except my dear child,) was precipitated with great violence into the sea. The moment was so dreadful, I saw nothing, and, whether my beloved husband, who was giving orders till the last moment, ran to the cabin to save his darling child, or whether he fell with the rest, I know not: but alas! he was never seen or heard of more. His last words to me were, 'Hold on, Anne!'—never, never, shall I forget them. My sweet child must have perished in his cradle. I tremble to think of the sufferings of both. Oh! how often have I wished I had shared the same grave, yet the will of God was otherwise, and I know it is very wicked, but when you know my almost unparalleled suffering, you will not wonder at it. To return to the wreck. After struggling under water for some time, I caught hold of one of the iron bars that held the boat on the quarter, to which I clung, my body being still in the water, and the breakers coming over me with great force. A poor little dog saved itself on my breast for some time, but at last I was obliged to put it off; oh! had it been my darling child, I would have died rather a thousand times. Lieut. Douglass arose close by me, and although for a time he could not help me, yet I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude the kind manner in which he stood by me, doing all in his power to soothe me, and by his orders, to save the lives of all. Oh! could I picture to you the scene at this moment—the vessel on her broadside, her masts and sails in the water, numbers of persons rising, and clinging to the wreck, the horror of every countenance and the dreadful noise of the breakers; but it is too much even to tell you; I saw it all—never never shall I forget the sight. Lieut. Douglass, with Mr. Witts, the chief officer, who now kindly came forward to my aid, did all in their power to save me, and they were, by the blessing of God, the means of preserving my unhappy life. These two gentlemen with the poor cabin boys, got into the boat. I had just strength to raise my foot, of which one of the gentlemen took hold, drew the boat to, and lifted me in. The boat being nearly full of water, and the breakers still coming over it every moment, the gentlemen were obliged to cut the rope to prevent her sinking. The current immediately took her, and nothing could prevent her from leaving the wreck. The people had now got on the upper side of the vessel. I strained my eyes in vain to find those so dear to me. I saw all but them. I tore my hair in despair, and called till they could hear me no longer, telling them to seek my husband and child. Hour after hour the wreck was seen; at last we lost sight of it entirely. You will fancy me weeping and screaming all this time; I assure you no. My trouble was too overwhelming; I could not shed a tear, although my heart was fit to break. I sat more like a statue, my eyes seeking in vain for the wreck. The boat's little kegger was thrown out; and the water rushing by was almost like a wall on either side of our

boat. We saw many things washed from the wreck past us. About four o'clock, the current turned in our favour, and after some hours of anxiety, we came in sight of the wreck. As we drew near, we found the vessel had sunk in the sand, and only her maintop was now in sight, to which all the poor sufferers clung for life. Efforts were made to reach the wreck, but it was impossible. Lieut. Douglass spoke to the men, and told them to make a raft, hoping on the morrow to be able to render them some assistance. We now again left the wreck, and night began to set in; the gentlemen lay down in the bottom of the boat, and I sat and kept watch by the stars. It was a beautiful moon-light night, but I need not say it appeared very long, and often did I speak to Lieut. Douglass, who slept very little.

On the 16th, we again passed the wreck early, and, as before, strove in vain to reach the poor crew. A few words were spoken until we were carried away by the current. In the afternoon, we passed the wreck for the last time; every thing possible was done to reach it, but to no purpose; and after speaking a few words, once more we had to endure the trial of being carried past. What our feelings were, none but those in a like situation can conceive. It was now again night, and as before I kept my melancholy watch. After this we could not find the wreck, and we were obliged to come to the melancholy conclusion that all the crew must have perished, or have been taken from the wreck by the Chinese. I now felt almost sure that I was a widow and all alone in the world; but yet I think I hoped even against hope, and Lieut. Douglass, who was most kind to me, led me to believe such happiness possible. Oh could I only tell you all the kindness I received from that dear gentleman. One remark he made when I felt myself almost heart-broken, was, "Depend on it, my dear Mrs. Noble, the Almighty has preserved you for a future and a better purpose." Thus did he at all times in the most kind and soothing manner try to cheer my truly sad heart. Picture for a moment our situation—five of us in a small boat with little clothing—the gentlemen being but thinly clad, and myself in a thin morning gown, no bonnet, no shawl, and no shoes, the latter having been washed off; no food, no water, no sail, only two oars, and near an enemy's country. On this day we went on board a fishing boat; the men were kind to us, and gave us a little dry rice, some water, and an old mat to try to make a rail of. Soon after, we thought we saw a small English sail; never shall I forget the excitement we felt; but after a long time, found we were mistaken. Towards evening we picked up a small pumpkin, of which I took a little, the first food I had taken since the wreck. Whilst we were thus driven about from place to place, again we thought we saw a large steamer, and we did all in our power to make them observe us, raising a signal of distress on one of our oars, and once more we were disappointed. On Wednesday night the breakers came over our little boat with

such violence, that we thought we should have sunk; it washed away one of our oars, and we were all wet through, but still the Almighty preserved us, glory be to his holy name. Lieut. Douglass and myself had a prayer together, in which we thanked God for all his past mercy, and asked his future protection; we were very cold, but felt comforted. Thursday, the 17th, we boarded another boat, and asked them to take us to Chusan, which they promised to do, but to which the master of the party would not accede. However they took us up a canal, and told us that was the way. It now began to rain a little, and at night we found ourselves in a small creek, with numbers of China-men around us. They appeared kind, and brought up a little boiled rice. Wonderful to say, although we had been so long without food, not one in the boat complained of hunger, and of the rice now brought very little was eaten: the rain now fell fast, and we all lay down in the bottom of the boat and laid the old mat over the top.—About 12 o'clock I thought I heard footsteps, and, on looking up, saw about 20 Chiaamen round our boat, carrying gay lanterns. I awoke Lieut. Douglass in alarm; however, they still appeared kind, and gave us more food.

In the morning, it being very wet, we went barefooted to a Chinaman's house. After sitting a short time, they told us they would get us something to eat, and then take us to Chusan. We followed; they took us to a temple for shelter from the rain. One of the party now left us; and we began to suspect that all was not right, and set off to regain our boat. Alas! it was too late. We had scarcely ascended the bank, when, on looking behind, we saw a large party of soldiers, a mandarin, and numbers of Chinese pursuing us. We saw at once we were betrayed; flight was impossible, resistance as vain. I was leaning on Lieut. Douglass' arm; he stood boldly in my defence, but it was no use, they struck me several times. They then put chains around our necks, hurrying us along a path, not half a yard in breadth, to a large city, through every street of which they led us. The people thronged by thousands to stare, so that we could scarcely pass. Their savage cries were terrific. From this they led us to a temple full of soldiers, and one of the wretches stole my wedding ring from my finger, the only thing I treasured. Alas! that I was not to keep that one dear pledge of my husband's affection. They then set a table and wrote Chinese, asking whether we understood it. Never shall I forget that temple, their fierce grimaces and savage threats. Hitherto Lieut. Douglass had been my only friend, and I think I may say that we had been a mutual comfort to one another throughout our sufferings. But we were now to part.

The soldiers bound Lieut. Douglass' hands behind him and tied him to a post, and in this situation I was forced from him. We took an affectionate leave of one another, as friends never expecting to meet again, until we meet in Heaven. He gave me his black silk handkerchief to tie round my waist, which I shall ever treasure as a remembrance of that truly sad moment. We anticipated death in its most cruel form, and I think I could say, surely the bitterness of death is past. I now felt indeed alone. Mr. Wits, one of the boys and myself were now again dragged through the rain, and my feet being bare, slipped at every step, and they were at last obliged to bring me a pair of sandals. I was obliged to hang to the coat of a tall man who held me by the chain. We must have looked wretched in the extreme, our clothes being much covered with dirt as well as drenched with rain. My hair hung dishevelled round my neck.

In this state we must have walked at least twenty miles, and passed through numberless cities, all the inhabitants of which crowded around us; their hooting and savage yells were frightful. We twice passed through water nearly up to our waist. After having reached a temple, we were allowed to rest ourselves on some stones. They gave us here some prison clothes and food. At night they laid down some mats and a quilt, on each side of a large temple. Mr. Wits and the boy took one side, and after a short prayer to my Almighty heavenly Father I lay down, but not to sleep; the chain round our necks being fastened to the wall. Would that I could describe to you the scene; the temple beautifully lighted up with lanterns, our miserable beds and more miserable selves, all the dark faces of the frightful looking Chinese, (of whom I think there were eight) the smoke from their long pipes; the din of the gongs and other noises which they kept up all night were indeed horrid.

To be continued.

#### THE ORPHAN SCHOLAR.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee," was the divine command to the ancient Israelites. Their review of the dealings of the blessed God with them could not but excite gratitude to him, while it would greatly humble them. It not unfrequently happens that we are placed in circumstances when we are compelled to throw ourselves, as it were, on years that are past; to recall the wonderful doings of divine providence, and to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" Such was my happiness a very few months ago.

I was invited to meet a party of Christians at the fireside of a generous friend of humanity and religion. The party included a missionary and his wife, who had returned for a season from a foreign land in search of health, several ministers, and the wives of two or three of them, and other friends. The evening was spent in a manner which would be approved by Him whose we were, and whom we professed to serve. We had interesting facts, elicited by conversation, of the success of Christianity in more than one missionary station, illustrating the power of the Gospel on the hearts of the aged and the young; we had instrumental and vocal music, raising our souls into a state of sympathy with the inhabitants of the world where they worship the Lamb, "having every one of them harps;" and more than once the voice of prayer ascended to the throne of our common Father. In a word, the evening was delightful, and its recollections will prove agreeable in the hour of death, and in a future state.

I knew not during the evening how to account for it, that the wife of a Christian minister from a distant part of the kingdom, whose name I had scarcely heard till that evening, made several inquiries in reference to transactions with which I had some connection more than twenty years ago; I answered her inquiries, and the conversation once and again turned its current. With a cheerful countenance, however, she seemed pertinaciously determined to call back the events with a pleasing but most provoking mystery. At last the name of a Sunday school in one of the midland counties was introduced, and one or two remarkable minute circumstances were mentioned by her, which led me to remark, "With that school, madam, you must have had some connection."

"Look at me," was the reply, "surely you know me!"

I looked, but alas, still ignorant.

"Do you remember distributing six Bibles to as many girls, who on that day were dismissed from the school; and addressing them on their duties and dangers, and entreating them to acknowledge God in all their ways, that he might direct their steps?"

"Yes, I remember the circumstance well."

"So do I," was her reply; and stepping aside from the company, who were just commencing a discussion in which all appeared interested, she added, "I was one of those six girls."

Yes, it was indeed Sarah——, both of whose parents were dead before her introduction to the Sunday school, whose circumstances induced a

spirit of Christian sympathy, and led many to take more than common interest in her welfare.

And now for a few words of her history. Neither of her parents were religious; they died, and left her with a brother to the mercies of God and of his people. A distant relation took Sarah into his family, and sent her, simply that she might learn to read and write, and without any regard to her spiritual interests, to the neighboring Sunday school. Here Sarah received her first religious instruction; here she acquired the first elements of useful knowledge; and here, on the occasion already alluded to, she first became the owner of a Bible. While in the school, the seeds of divine truth were sown by a devoted and holy teacher, now with God, who unceasingly labored and prayed for the salvation of her children.

The week following her dismissal from the school, and while the solemn feelings excited by the farewell address were yet powerful, Sarah emigrated with her relations to a foreign land. No more was heard of her among her former connections; deaths and others changes had completely altered the character of the district she had left; and but for this unexpected interview with her, nothing might have been known of her subsequent history, or of the usefulness of the Sunday school to her, till the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

On her voyage to a distant land, it was not possible that Sarah could indulge in the thoughtless merriment, and the unhallowed conduct of the passengers generally. Her teacher had instructed her in the ways of God; her heart had been deeply affected with divine truth; and her Bible became unspeakably precious and useful, because it was almost her only counsellor to direct her path. She now discovered the value of religion more fully than she had ever done before. After a passage of six or seven weeks, she reached the land of her adoption, and soon began to inquire after the house of God. Alas, she discovered that little was known of the Saviour whom she now loved; two or three weeks passed away after her arrival before there was public worship in the town where she was living. At length a devoted missionary, whose labors covered a vast extent of country, visited the district, and dispensed the bread and the water of life. Sarah, whose soul indeed hungered and thirsted after righteousness, embraced every opportunity of divine service. Her zeal in the service of Christ became distinguished, and about three years after she became the wife of that missionary of the Lord Jesus.

Her happiness now appeared to be complete. Her opportunities of usefulness became numerous and extensive, and gladly did she embrace them. At one time, she told me, she had more than two hundred children in Sunday school, whom she had collected together, and of whom, for some time, she was almost the only teacher. Not a few proofs were given her of the divine approbation of her labors in this department.

But O, the mysteries of Providence! Her husband died; difficulties surrounded her path; and, most unexpectedly, the hand of God directed her back to England. She arrived a perfect stranger in her native land; was singularly directed into a family where she became a governess; and a year or two since was married to a Christian minister, who cordially enters into her plans of usefulness, while they gratefully unite in adoring the Being of whom Sarah was counselled, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Sunday school teachers! are you sure that none of your present scholars will not prove as happy and as useful as this orphan girl? Labor earnestly for God, and confidently expect success.—*Altered from the (London) S. S. Teachers' Magazine.*

A CHINESE PAINTER.—A Chinese, who was present at the martyrdom of a Christian missionary, was so struck with the firmness with which he died for his faith, that he himself became a Christian. He made his way to Europe, went to Rome, and studied painting; he has been successful as an artist; and there is now here, in the Church of St. Guillaume, a fine picture by his hand, well designed and strongly coloured. The subject is, "The Death of the Christian Missionary," to which he was a witness, and which changed his faith and his life.—*Art Union.*

From the Ladies' Repository.

### THE INDIAN CONVERT.

THE letter (from which the following is an extract) was written by Ma-dwa-gwun-a-yaush, or Peter Marksman, to Bishop Morris of the Methodist Church.

My Dear Brother,—I write a few lines to you to tell you the salvation of God toward me since I cast away my blanket from my body, and my images, or gods, before mine eyes, whom I worshipped many days, and served them with much prayer and fasting. While I sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, I heard a voice saying, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." Then I beheld the man. Behold he points to heaven, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Then I repent of my sins. It was a bitter medicine I ever tasted. Then I cried out before the man of God the language of every poor sinner, "O Lord, what must I do to be saved?" The good man told me, saying, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then I believed in the Lord Jesus, my Saviour; as soon as I believed, my sorrowful heart was turned into great joy. I took my images, the gods of my father, and I did burn and destroy them; and I said, "I know my Redeemer liveth." My poor soul was happy in God—my heart was filled with the love of God. Then I had a clear evidence that I was a child of God. I felt to tell all men what great things God had done for me; but I was too young to leave my parents. However, I put my trust in God, knowing that he is an eternal Being. O God, thou art from everlasting to everlasting! I could not help thinking that it was my duty to go and tell my fellow-men to come to Christ, that they may have a new heart, and be saved from their sins by the blood of the Lamb. The Spirit of God told my poor heart to ask God, through Jesus Christ, that the favor of God might fill my heart. While I prayed to the God of heaven and earth, he blessed me. My vessel filled with the love of God—it run over. O what a glorious feeling was this! Then I arose from the bosom of my dear parents, and felt willing to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and point sinners to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

O, my brother, while I am writing, the missionary spirit burns in my poor heart. O how can we be idle while the wide field is opened before us! My fellow-laborer in the Gospel, how do you feel about the glorious work of God? Ah, brother, I know you are happy in God. Your heart is filled with the love of God. I tell you, my brother, what I feel when the missionary spirit burns in my poor heart. O sometimes make me jump out of my chair. What is it for? Why I see so many poor souls who starve for want of living bread. And one missionary ask me (his name was John Clark) that if I was willing to follow him in his missionary labor. I told him I was willing to go. Then I told my father and mother what I heard from the missionary. As soon as I had made an end of speaking, they say, "My son, you cannot go away, because you are too young to leave us, and you cannot take care of you." Then I told them, "My dear parents, is God too unkind to take care of me wherever I go—to give me favour in my young days, or is God too thoughtless, to forget me? If I fall in sickness, will he not take good care of me? Surely he will show me his great kindness, even on my dying bed." And my mother told me again, "My son, how can your father and myself let you go? You are younger than the rest of my family. We love you. Why will you forsake us? We are getting old, thou knowest. We shall die soon; then you will go wherever you please. And I told my mother, "O, dear parent, I know you cannot let me go; but God knows that how he can let me go. O, the God of heaven and earth will bless you. I command you to trust in God; then we shall see each other in heaven before the dazzling throne of God." Then my mother wept; and she beheld me weeping tears on her cheek, and said, "My dear son, the Lord will bless you. I let you go, for God calls you into the ministry. Be faithful."

I have been travelling since that time from place to place, and along the shore of Lake Superior, calling my fellow men to come to Christ by faith and be saved. O how often I have a glorious time! My poor soul praised the Lord—

my poor heart was filled with the love of God. O what a glorious cause! although I often have been tired, not only in preaching but in foot travelling. When the snow is deep in the winter time, when I walked so many days that my feet bled, I was very tired, hungry, and cold. Sometimes I am thinking of brethren's house, if I could stay to-night, how comfortably I will be; but I must dig the snow, and make my nest in a cold place to lodge in during night. It was a cold night. Ah! "the foxes have holes, and the fowls of the air have nests, but the Son of man had no place to lay his head." O ye missionaries, be not discouraged, but "rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." O what encouragement is this: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O what a glorious company will that be; when all faithful missionaries cease from their labor, we shall wear the dazzling crown upon our own heads!

### THE TRAVELLER.

#### CHOOSING WIVES IN RUSSIA.

THE most brilliant day in the year for the Summer Garden is Whit-Monday. On that day the Russian tradesmen assemble there, for the famous ceremony of choosing wives. This is a spectacle so unique in its kind, that it would have been well worth the while of the Englishman, to whom I have elsewhere alluded, to make a journey hither expressly to see that also. According to an ancient Petersburg, and a still more ancient Russian custom, which reminds one of the markets for young women in Hungary, all the tradesmen's grown up sons and daughters meet here on that day, the former to gaze, the latter to be gazed at. The girls, pranked out in their finest clothes, are drawn up in a row along the parterres. Their mothers are stationed behind them. They have rummaged their own and their grandmother's wardrobes for everything showy and brilliant, to bedizen their daughters, attaching it to hair, ears, and arms, round neck and waist, to fingers and feet, wherever there is a possibility of fastening it; and many are, in fact, so covered with gold and jewels, that little, if anything, of their natural charms, is visible. It is related that on one occasion a mother, not knowing what more to add to the decoration of her daughter, fastened six dozen gilt teaspoons to a gold chain, and hung them in a double row about her neck, in addition to the pearl necklaces, and that she surrounded her waist in like manner with three dozen table-spoons and two large punch ladles, placed cross-wise before and behind.

The young men, with their fathers, in long kattans of fine cloth, and their beards smartly curled, walk along the file of blushing, silent damsels, who at the same time, are desirous enough to please; and Cupid, who is sure to attend, points out to them the children of the Graces, but is prudent enough, before he speeds his arrow, to ascertain the genuineness of the gold and precious stones. The young men, and the mothers and fathers, here and there try to get up a conversation, in the course of which glances and sentiments are interchanged. Eight days after this exhibition, a second meeting takes place, in which the affair is more pointedly discussed, and, by the aid of officious relatives and female go-betweens, all the preliminaries are settled, on which the company return home coupled and mated. Similar customs at marriages prevail among all the Slavonic tribes. But it is extraordinary that, in gorgeous Petersburg, where a numerous portion of the public never fails to ridicule the practice, such a singularity should maintain its ground to the present day."

#### THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

So far as the inundation reaches, a fruitful soil is formed, so rich indeed, as scarcely to be matched by any country in the world. In October and November, when the mud of the inundation has settled, corn is sown, and the harvest is gathered in February and March. In April the second sowing takes place, and the second harvest is over before the Nile begins to rise again. After the inundation, the cotton seed is also committed to the ground, and, at the third year, the plants are torn up and fresh seed is sown, that the plant may always be fresh and vigorous. Cotton grounds must be watered by an artificial system of irrigation; to the inundation of the river they must

on no account be exposed. . . . There is not a month of the year in which the Egyptian husbandman may not gather in one harvest or another, not one in which kind nature does not tender him at once flowers and fruit! What might not such a country become under a wise government! What smiling plenty might not prevail there, and what wretchedness pervades it now! Every plant that grows in Southern Europe, or within the tropics, will thrive in Egypt.—*Russegger's Travels in Egypt.*

### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

#### THE VISION OF TIME.

THE VISIT,—COMPLAINT,—AND ADMONITION.

(Revised from an old Author.)

##### I. THE VISIT.

THE thirty-first of December always leads to a train of solemn, though I hope profitable reflections in my mind. It is the last of the many days of the year; days that we have seen, but that we shall never behold again. The mind moves backward through the many pleasing and painful vicissitudes of the year so soon to close, and endeavours in thought to live them all over again, when the last steals upon us like the closing scene of a friendly visit, with the mournful presage that it will never be repeated, or like the last ray of the setting sun, after a day of thunder and lightning, of storms and tempests. It reminds us of the termination of our life, and admonishes us to prepare for that state to which we are advancing, in which our condition will be fixed and unalterable. Such are the common reflections of the mind, peculiar to the day; but on this occasion I was unusually thoughtful: I ruminated on the cases of multitudes who wasted time—and killed time—and slept away time. How valuable, I thought, must time be to the criminal condemned to die—to penitent sinners—to all men! Indeed, I felt myself greatly affected with the subject; and "while I mused, the fire burned." What! thought I, if Time were to disclose to us what he has seen and heard among the frivolous and slothful, the history of his journey through this sinful world for one single year would be startling to the careless, and salutary to the thoughtful. I must acknowledge that my fancy rather over-mastered me, when I gave a voice to Time; and I was a long while conjecturing what he would say to princes and legislators, lawyers, physicians, and men of business. These reflections kept me up beyond my usual hour; but I retired to rest, and soon fell into a deep slumber, when I beheld a venerable figure, which appeared white and hoary with age, and who seemed to be all over covered with wings. His countenance was solemn and thoughtful; his aspect grave and sincere. He held before my eyes an hour-glass, upon which he looked with intense earnestness. I was about to speak, when he silenced me, by waving his hand; and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon me, in a grave and mournful strain he thus began: "Vain and imprudent mortal, listen to the complaint of Time."

##### II. THE COMPLAINT.

"I Complain, that as a parent, I have given you many opportunities of speaking a word in season to your family and children; but you have neglected to seize the favorable moment, the time has flown away, and those opportunities of improvement and usefulness are lost for ever. I Complain that, as a Christian, I have given you many golden opportunities for improvement in the closet—in the sanctuary—in the world; but you have been slothful, or remiss, or busied with earthly cares, and now you can only mourn over past neglect, or by future diligence hope to atone for past indifference. I Complain that, as a Christian minister, in your most conscientious and effective endeavors, many things have escaped you; and these past deficiencies will multiply your present labors, swelling the amount of your daily solicitude. I Complain that you suffer your present duties to be driven forward to the future—that I go my journey alone, and that you lag so far behind that you have lost the power, and almost the inclination to overtake me. I Complain that the most serious of all your debts are owed to me. I call you bankrupt, for these debts, on account of their accumulations, you can never pay. I Complain of a

dangerous and fatal mistake into which you are betrayed: you are ever waiting for the suitable time—the convenient season—the favorable opportunity—and the Jewish ordinance. But I give you an example of waiting for none—I bear to no authority—I listen to no entreaties—I am beguiled by no enticements—I am a swift messenger, who will not be checked in my progress, and who will not admit of a moment's delay. From my birth to this period, I maintain an onward course; I crave no rest or refreshment; I need no breathing season; I never flag in my course; my wing never droops; my flight is never impeded; my steps are equal, visible, and decided. The solemn monitions of my voice are heard in the lapse of moments, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years. I tell their flight, and sound my alarm as I pass along. I neither recall the past, nor assure you of the future. I spake their present existence; and soon shall I strike their funeral knell."

The earnestness of his manner, and self-reproach with which my mind was peirced' caused me to shudder. Perceiving this, after a solemn pause, he said, with additional earnestness, "Listen to the voice of a monitor!"

### III. THE ADMONITION.

"Improve your moments as they pass along: for if you now tremble at the lapse of time, what will be your feelings in the future, when I shall have finished my course; when I shall rest from my weary round; when I shall no longer make my division of eternity into time—of years into months—of months into weeks, days, hours, seconds and moments? I shall not then warn of time or eternity. There will then be no need to check the youthful giddy multitude, nor to excite alarm in the breast of busy manhood. It will be no part of my office then to place a wrinkle on the brow of age, marking its near approach to the tomb. I shall not then dim the lustre of the eye, nor silver the hair of the head, nor becloud the memory, nor bewilder and distract the faculties, nor thrill the body with heat, nor blast it with cold, nor bear down the feeble frame with the lead of its years. These monitions and warnings are merciful in this life; but they can avail you nothing in eternity. The last sand of your hour-glass will have run its course, and with that my office will cease: while eternity, with its boundless prospect, will be open before you, with all its inconceivable consequences!"

The mention of the hour-glass caused our eyes mutually to turn upon that which he held in his hand: the last sand was passing through it: he instantly fluttered his many wings, and with the speed of lightning vanished from sight. The dread silence of the moment was interrupted by the striking of the clock—it was the hour of midnight—the close of the PAST—the commencement of the PRESENT YEAR.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

**SYRIA.**—The Rev. W. M. Thomson wrote, Oct. 3, from his residence on Mount Lebanon. He states that the Sultan does not intend to restore the native government of Mount Lebanon. The papal powers of Europe are endeavoring to procure the establishment of a papal government. Such a government, if established, will of course take effectual measures to break up the mission and expel the missionaries. This attempt is viewed with jealousy by England, and strenuously resisted by the Druses. Mr. Thomson hopes that the Druses will yet put themselves, in a body, under the instruction of the mission. It is evident to any one familiar with the language and residing among them, that such is the general desire of that people; and it is evident to all who know their character and habits, that when they move at all, they will move in a body. Such a movement, your readers may recollect, was once made by the Druses, but the arrangement was broken up by a war, carried on against them by the Maronites, at the expense, in part, of France & Austria. It seems from Mr. Thomson's account, that the Druses have never abandoned the designs which they then entertained; and he expects, with some degree of confidence, that they will execute them.

What I have said of France and Austria, needs explanation. Large sums were sent by those pa-

papal nations to the Maronite Patriarch, ostensibly for the relief of sufferers in a former war. He was never known to expend any of it for that purpose; and he was known to expend more than he could have commanded from other sources, in preparing for his war against the Druses. To those who understand papal machinations in Syria, it will appear highly probable that this was done according to a secret understanding with the donors.

**BRUOSA.**—Mr. Schneider writes hopefully concerning the influence of the Scriptures in the language of the people. An Armenian friend told him, May 31, that as he was reading the Armeno-Turkish Bible on the Sabbath, some of his neighbors came in and heard. They were surprised at what he read, insisted that such things could not be in the Bible, and told him that he was composing it as he went along. He at length succeeded in convincing them. Since that time, they have practised calling on him on the Sabbath to hear the Scriptures read in their own language, so much that the task of satisfying them has become quiet laborious.

June 10, Mr. Schneider called on the chief Rabbi of the Jews, to obtain his approbation of Mr. Schawller's translation of the Old Testament into Hebrew Spanish. Both the Rabbi and his son seemed pleased. The Rabbi promised to exhibit a copy in the synagogue on the next Jewish Sabbath, recommend it, and inform the people where it might be obtained. It was finally arranged, that they should be sent to the shop of one of the principal Jews of the place, who was present, for examination and sale.

**INDEPENDENT NESTORIANS.**—Dr. Grant wrote, Sept. 12, from Ashita, one of the principal villages of the Tyary, the most powerful of the independent tribes. [The name is sometimes spelled Ashita, and Ashecta. It is some distance to the north of the Zab, and of the usual route from Mosul and Amalich to Julamerk.] Contrary to his hopes, Dr. Grant had been obliged to enter the mountains again without a missionary companion; but he found an agreeable companion in Mar Yusuf, a bishop from Ooroomiah. He had been among the mountains about two months. On his way, he spent fifteen or twenty days with the celebrated Nouroulah Bey, chief of the Hakary Kooids, and was treated in the same friendly manner as on former visits. Nouroulah, since the burning of the Patriarch's house, claims jurisdiction over the whole Nestorian country. The people generally seem not to acknowledge his claim; and it does not appear that he has made any farther attempt to enforce it. The Patriarch has taken refuge with one of the maleks [kings] of the Tyary Nestorians. Dr. Grant explained the objects of his mission fully to Nouroulah Bey, who gave his approbation of it officially, in writing. Without his protection, the journey would have been impracticable in the present disturbed state of the country. Dr. Grant was on good terms with all the neighboring Kooidish chiefs. He had selected two villages as missionary stations; Ashita, already mentioned, and Lezan, on the Zab, where he first entered the country from Mosul. Though but a small part of the Nestorian region has been subdued, or even invaded, Dr. Grant thinks that their independent control over their own country is essentially weakened, and that they will be unable to recover entire possession of it. On this account, they are now much more exposed than formerly to the inroads of the Papists.

**MADURA.**—A mission seminary, on the plan of that at Batticootta, had been commenced with 30 scholars, selected from the advanced classes.

**SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—A letter from Mr. Baldwin, dated at Lahaina, July 18, shows that scenes like those of the great revival are returning. The labors of Mr. Thurston, at Kailua, during the absence of his family, have been peculiarly blessed. About five hundred members had been added to the church during the year. Kaawalo, about fifteen miles to the south, had shared in the blessing. On Molokai, there was a decided revival under the labors of Mr. Hitchcock. At Lahaina, appearances were never more encouraging, except in 1838 and 1839. On the little island of Lanai, the awakening was general. Even the female convicts, who have been sent there in large numbers from other islands, nearly all profess to be on the Lord's side. The prospects of the temperance reformation were still as encouraging as ever.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 26, 1843.

### PUBLIC BURNING OF BIBLES IN 1842, BY A JESUIT MISSIONARY.

To the exclusion of other matters of interest, we have felt it our duty to devote a large space in our present number to the following details of one of the most revolting crimes that has ever disgraced the Christian name—which we copy from the *Montreal Herald*. Were it not that the facts therein recorded are supported by the most indubitable evidence, we should not have thought it possible that, in this enlightened age, and in a Christian community, men could be found so utterly abandoned and depraved, as to lend themselves to the commission of an act, which, we are bold to say, cannot be viewed but with abhorrence by every enlightened mind, not excepting even the members of the Roman Catholic Church, many of whom, in this country, have gratefully accepted of copies of the Sacred Scriptures from the Bible Society's Agent. Opposition of this kind never did, and never will, succeed,—for so far from damping the energies of the friends of the Bible, the outrage alluded to will, we have no doubt, tend to strengthen their zeal, and open the eyes of that class of our fellow-men who have hitherto been prevented from reading that blessed Book, which is able to make them wise unto salvation. We fervently pray, that this command of our Divine Redeemer may speedily be universally obeyed,—“Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.”

In laying before our readers an extended and authentic account of the late outrage offered to the Protestants of this continent, it would be difficult to say which feeling is most predominant in our mind,—indignation or disgust. Great Britain, tolerant at all times, to all persuasions, upon the conquest of this colony secured to the Franco-Canadians a greater latitude of Religious toleration than the Catholic community more immediately under her own dominion enjoyed. The wisdom or folly of such an extension, as affecting the local interests of the Province, has been, from the date of the framing of the bill for its confirmation until the present time, a matter of repeated and violent dispute, and it is not our intention to canvass a measure now past legislative amendment. In order to bring the circumstances of the case more familiarly home, we subjoin several documents relative to this transaction. The manner in which the Catholic Bishop of New York has taken it up, reflects great credit on him as a man and a Christian:—

(From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.)

### THE BURNING OF THE BIBLES.

In the Evening Post of Tuesday appeared a long letter from Bishop Hughes, on the subject of the recent outrage upon the feelings of Protestant Christians, alleged to have been committed at a town in the county of Clinton. The Bishop speaks very properly of the act, as worthy of indignant condemnation, and protests against being regarded as receiving the sanction of the Catholic clergy and laity in his diocese; but he takes leave to doubt the truth of the report in general, and calls particularly for details,—“the names of the parties, the time, place and circumstances of this extravagant proceeding.” It happens, singularly enough, that simultaneously with the publication of the Bishop's letter, documents have reached the city which furnished the very details he demands.—The following extracts from a letter written by the postmaster at Chazy, to the editor of the Rochester Democrat, leave no doubt that the Bibles were burned, and in the manner originally stated. The letter is dated Chazy, December 22:—

The Corbeau, where the burning took place, is a small village situated about one mile and a half North of the line of this town, in the town of Champlain, the population being mostly Catholic French, from Canada East. It has a very comfortable Catholic church, the only one within a wide extent of country.

It seemed that in the fore part of November last, a "protracted meeting" was held at Corbeau, by the Catholic clergy, in part for the purpose of reclaiming a number of individuals who had deserted the faith through the preaching and influence of Dr. Cote and others. A large number of Bibles and other books had previously been distributed among them by (we believe,) agents of the American Bible Society.

During the progress of the meeting, a request was made by one of the clergy in attendance from Canada, that all who had Protestant Bibles in their possession should produce them. The books were accordingly produced, and after the covers were removed, the books were thrown into a pile in front of the church—fire was set to them—and they were destroyed.

As to the number of Bibles that were burnt, there are no means of coming to a correct knowledge.—Some persons who were present represent that there were three or four hundred, with other books,—others, that there were sixty or seventy. The letter, the extract from which was published in the Journal of Commerce, was written by S. Fisk, Esquire, the chairman of the meeting held in this village, whose statements in relation to the affair you can rely upon.

In justice to the Catholic denomination, I will state that a number of the members of that church in this vicinity, and I presume all good Catholics in every other place, disapprove of this outrage upon the feelings of every good citizen.

Yours, &c.

A. G. CARVER, P. M.

In the Journal of Wednesday we find a statement of the matter, drawn up and signed by A. D. Brinkerhoff, L. Doolittle, Azariah Hyde and Benjamin Marvin, citizens of Champlain, acting as a committee appointed by a large public meeting to ascertain and report the facts. From this statement we extract as follows:—

About the middle of October last, a Mr. Telmont, a missionary of the Jesuits, (who bear the name of Oblats as we understand) with one or more associates, came to Corbeau, in this town, where the Catholic Church is located, and as they say in their own account given of their visit in the *Minerve* (which we send you,) by the direction of the Bishop of Montreal.

On their arrival they commenced a protracted meeting, which lasted several weeks; great numbers of Catholics from this and the other towns of the country attended day after day; after the meeting had progressed several days, and the way was prepared for it, an order was issued requiring all who had Bibles, or Testaments, to bring them in to the priests, or lay them at the feet of the missionaries, (to use their own language in *La Minerve*.) The requirement was generally complied with, and day after day Bibles and Testaments were carried in; and after a sufficient number was collected, they were burned. By the confession of Telmont, as appears from the affidavit of S. Hubbell, there were several burnings, but only one in public. On the 27th of October, as given in testimony at the public meeting held here, Telmont, who was the prominent man in all the movements, brought out from the house of the resident priest, which is near the church, as many Bibles as he could carry in his arms at three times, and placed them in a pile, in the open yard, and then set fire to them and burned them to ashes. This was done in open day, and in the presence of many spectators. The number burned altogether we are not able accurately to ascertain; more than a hundred no doubt; perhaps two or three hundred.

The Canadian Catholic population of this country has become, since the rebellion in Canada in 1838, very large, amounting probably to some thousands. In this town alone there are more than a hundred Catholic families. For several years our different town Bible Societies have been in the habit of supplying those of them who could read, with Bibles, in common with other destitute families in most if not all the towns in the country. In this town alone about sixty Catholic families were supplied with French Bibles. During the meeting the president of our town Bible Society, learning that the Catholics were carrying in their Bibles that they might be burned, took with him Silas Hubbell, Esq., a respectable lawyer of this town, and waited on the priests at the church and requested, that inasmuch as the Bibles had been given by the different town societies, they should be returned to the donors, and not destroyed. Telmont, with whom they had the interview, replied to their request by saying that it was out of their power to comply, for they had burned all they had received, and intended to burn all they could get. To this account of the interview with Telmont, and his declarations, we have the affidavit of S. Hubbell, Esq. It was

but a short time after these gentlemen parted from Telmont, and returned home, that the public Bible bonfire of which we have spoken took place. The day but one before their meeting closed, the Bishop of Montreal landed at Rouse's Point in this town, from the steamboat, and was received and escorted by a large procession on horseback, to Corbeau. On the 8th, the last day of the meeting, he administered the sacrament to immense crowds; and there is no question but the Bishop gave his sanction to all the sacrilegious acts of Telmont and his associates.

Finally, we have the subjoined translations from the *Minerve* of Montreal, confirming, it will be seen, the statement of the committee, except as to the actual burning, mention of which appears to have been carefully omitted:—

*Translated from the Montreal Minerve, Nov. 7th.*

We have procured the following details of a mission undertaken by the R. P. Oblats to Corbeau; near Champlain, in the U. States. We love to record these transactions; they recall grateful recollections.

#### DETAILS.

"We are happy to announce to our fellow citizens the consolations resulting from a mission which has been performed by the R. P. Oblats, to the Canadians living upon the left bank of the Champlain. The Bishop of Montreal, who is an eminent man of God and the country, did not hesitate to detach two of his missionaries, that they might fly to the succor of those who had upon him the double claims of brethren and children. Those good Canadians have worthily responded to these invitations of grace. Young girls were seen walking long distances to take part at the mission and returning with their feet bleeding and their limbs swollen with fatigue. Young women left their homes on foot, with their infants in their arms, and walked six leagues to the confessional. All sorts of sufferings and fastings testified the ardent desires which they had to receive the word of life. The Protestants of every sect living in the midst of them had distributed Bibles in their houses where they would accept them. Upon the advice which was given them that these were only sacrilegious counterfeits of the word of God, these Catholics brought to the feet of the missionaries all the copies which had been given them. Fifty or sixty persons, whom this seduction had led away from the faith, have re-entered the bosom of the Catholic Church."

Herself guaranteed in the full and free enjoyment of rites and institutions repugnant to the established religion of England, and associated in the minds of Englishmen, with every thing calculated to produce fear, contempt and hatred; standing as she did, like a solitary pillar of a pagan temple, inscribed with dark memorials of ages whose chronicles are bloody with the guilt of priestcraft, shielded from outrage and protected from insult, the Catholic Church should have been the last to have made war upon her preserver. Truly, this outrage was not committed on English ground, but it was the act of persons claiming the protection of its laws, and the insult, though offered in America, must equally affect the feelings of all Protestants, wherever resident, for it strikes the same chord which vibrates in all our hearts. Whatever the denomination or sect whose tenets arise, though in varied forms, from the great doctrines of the Reformation, each must feel that it has been subjected to an outrage unparalleled in the annals of civilized nations; an act worthy the palmy days of the Inquisition, and the intolerant times of Queen Mary. From the foregoing evidence, it would appear that this infamous affair had its origin in Canada, was sanctioned and set on foot by the Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and executed by a Jesuit. The Jesuit Order, always notorious for its bigotry and unprincipled exercise of power, was many years ago wisely suppressed; but in Canada of late years, the Society has been revived, and their operations extended; still the edict of its proscription is unrepealed, and the repetition of such outrages will call loudly for its being again enforced.

Far be it from us to persecute men of other sects; we hold that every man's religion is a question between himself and his God alone; but when one denomination offers a gratuitous insult to another, an insult the deepest, the most offensive that man can put upon his fellow, we think it is high time that some means were taken to prevent its recurrence.

In expressing our detestation of this uncalculated, and sacrilegious outrage, we do not condemn a whole community for the acts of a few, for we are sure that all good men of the Romish Church will concur with us in looking upon it as un-

grateful, impolitic, and tending to call forth into active play the worst passions of human nature.

Had its perpetrators been Protestants, and the books destroyed Catholic productions, the cry of the latter community would have been raised loudly and indignantly; how much greater right then have the followers of the Reformed Church, to raise their voices against this insult to their religion put upon it by a church, that was bound from gratitude for its own toleration, to have abstained from everything offensive to their feelings?

Not only of the outrage do we complain, but of the manner in which it was perpetrated. Had the Bibles been destroyed in private, the act would not have been so pointedly offensive; but their open burning before the Church admits of no palliation.

We hope that some explanation will be given by those having the welfare of the Roman Church at heart; and, unwilling as we are to suppose that this act was authorised, or countenanced by the Catholic Bishop of Montreal, it would afford us extreme gratification to learn, that he, in his ministerial capacity, had not sought to widen the breach,—to make more bitter, the animosity between his own church and the Protestant community.

*From the Wesleyan.*

#### COVENANTING WITH GOD.

Among the means to which holy men of God have in all ages resorted, for the purpose of promoting the divine life in their souls, they have found the renewing of their covenant with God at certain seasons eminently influential, in detaching their affections from each, quickening their spiritual desires, cherishing a watchful and devotional frame, and impelling to a more faithful discharge of all the duties of life. Whether by an act of solemn dedication to God we should recognize our obligations to render uniform obedience to his laws, is a matter not left to our arbitration. The duty to do so is imperious, universal, and immutable. It is prescribed by the highest authority, and enforced by the most tremendous sanctions. In the "exceeding great and precious promises" by which God has graciously engaged, by the continued exercise of all his perfections, to promote the felicity of his people, we possess not the slightest claim to participation, unless on our part, by the surrender of our hearts and affections to Him, as their rightful claimant, and the dedication of all our powers to his service, we become his people. Every moment, therefore, that we postpone our attention to this momentous transaction, we are disobeying the voice of God, despising the most exalted privilege of which we are susceptible, and perilling our immortal souls.

If it be right, if it be indispensable for the repentant sinner, in his application to God for pardon and salvation, thus to resign himself to be governed as well as saved by him, it is equally so for the believer to live under the full impression that "the vows of God are upon him;" and the occasional renewal of his covenant with God must serve to deepen as well as perpetuate his piety. Doubts have, indeed, been entertained by some good men, as to the propriety of covenanting with God in the form of a series of resolves drawn up for the purpose, and preserved as a commemorative record of the transaction; but we confess we are unable to appreciate the force of the reasons by which such scruples are originated. By assuming obligations which the word of God does not impose—by compounding, in our estimate of moral actions, infirmities, inseparable from moral humanity, with transgressions of the divine precepts—by placing any confidence for salvation in the act of our dedication to God, or in the fidelity with which we may discharge our recognised duties, we may indeed accidentally pervert the design of a solemn and important means of grace.—But it is worthy of serious consideration of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whether evils purely adventitious, or the apprehension of the charge of legality, should deter any Christian from an expedient for accelerating his growth in grace, which has the sanction of the example and of the success of many of the holiest men that ever lived—and which is, in fact, merely a response to the utterances of divine authority and love,—a solemn recognition of the great moral principle that pervades the

New Testament.—“BEING NOT WITHOUT LAW TO GOD, BUT UNDER THE LAW TO CHRIST.”

The public “renewal of the covenant” at the commencement of every year, is a part of the spiritual economy of Methodism; and its admirable adaptation, as evinced by experience, to answer the purpose for which it was introduced by its wise and pious founder, is the best recommendation of the practice.

The form which the Wesleyan Methodists employ on these occasions, is that drawn up by the Rev. Joseph Allison, and is contained in the Rev. Richard Alleine’s powerful defence of experimental godliness, entitled *Vindicia Pietatis*. As it is probably in the hands of but few of our readers, we think it may not be unacceptable. We therefore subjoin it:

#### FORM OF THE COVENANT.

“O most dreadful God! for the passion of thy Son, I beseech thee, accept of thy poor prodigal, now prostrating himself at thy door. I have fallen from thee by mine iniquity; and am by nature a son of death, and a thousand fold more the child of hell, by my wicked practice. But, of thine infinite grace, thou hast promised grace to me in CHRIST, if I will but turn to thee with all my heart: therefore, upon the call of thy gospel, I am now come in, and, throwing down my weapons, submit to thy mercy.

“And because thou requirest, as the condition of my peace with thee, that I should put away mine idols, and be at defiance with all thine enemies, which I acknowledge I have wickedly sided with, against thee; I here from the bottom of my heart renounce them all: firmly covenanting with thee, not to allow myself in any known sin, but conscientiously to use all the means which I know thou has prescribed for the utter destruction of all my corruptions. And, whereas I have inordinately and idolatrously let out my affections upon the world, I do here resign up my heart to thee that madest it; humbly protesting before thy glorious majesty, that it is, the firm resolution of my heart, and that I do unfeignedly desire grace from thee that when thou shalt call me hereunto, I may practice this my resolution, to forsake all that is dear unto me in this world, rather than to turn from thee; and that I will watch against all its temptations, whether of prosperity or adversity, lest they should withdraw my heart from thee; beseeching thee also to help me against the temptations of Satan, to whose suggestions I resolve, by thy grace, never to yield myself a servant. And because my own righteousness is filthy rags, I renounce all confidence therein; and acknowledge that I am, of myself, a hopeless, undone creature, without righteousness or strength.

“And forasmuch as thou hast, of thy bottomless mercy, offered most graciously to me, wretched sinner, to be again my God, through Christ, if I would accept of thee; I call heaven and earth to record this day, that I do here solemnly avouch thee for the Lord my God; and with all possible veneration bowing the neck of my soul under the feet of thy most sacred Majesty, I do here take Thee, Lord, Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for my portion and chief good; and give up myself, my body and soul, for thy servant, promising and vowing to serve thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life.

“And since thou hast appointed the Lord Jesus Christ the only means of coming unto thee, I do here accept of Him, as the only new and living way, by which sinners may have access to thee; and do hereby solemnly join myself in marriage covenant to him.

“O blessed Jesus, I come to thee hungry, and poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked; a most loathsome, polluted, wretch; a guilty, condemned malefactor; unworthy even to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord, and much more to be solemnly married to the King of Glory; but since such is thine unparalleled love, I do here with all my power accept thee, and do take thee for my head and husband; for better for worse; for richer, for poorer; for all times and conditions; to love, honour, and obey thee before all others; and this to the death. I embrace thee in all my offices; I renounce mine own worthiness, and do here avow thee to be the Lord my righteousness: I renounce mine own wisdom, and here take thee for mine only guide: I renounce mine own will, and take thy will for my law.

“And since thou hast told me, that I must suffer if I will reign, I do here covenant with thee to take my lot with thee, and by thy grace assisting, to run all hazards with thee; trusting that neither life nor death shall part between thee and me.

“And because thou hast been pleased to give me thy holy Laws as the rule of my life, and the way in which I should walk to thy kingdom, I do here willingly put my neck under thy yoke, and set my shoulder to thy burden; and subscribing to all thy laws, as holy, just, and good, I solemnly take them as the rule of my words, thoughts, and actions; promising that though my flesh contradict and rebel, yet I will endeavour to order and govern my whole life according to their direction, and will not allow myself in the neglect of any thing that I know to be my duty.

“Only, because through the frailty of my flesh I am subject to many failings, I am bold, humbly to protest, that unallowed miscarriages contrary to the settled bent and resolutions of my heart, shall not make void this Covenant; for so thou hast said.

“Now, Almighty God, Searcher of Hearts, thou knowest that I make this Covenant with thee this day, without any known guile or reservation; beseeching thee, that if thou seest any flaw or falsehood therein, thou wouldst discover it to me, and help me to do it aright.

“And now, Glory be to thee, O God the Father, I shall be bold, from this day forward, to look upon as my God and Father, that ever thou shouldst find out such a way for the recovery of undone sinners.—Glory be to thee, O God the Son, who hast loved me and washed me from my sins in thine own blood, and art now become my Saviour and Redeemer. Glory be to thee, O God the Holy Ghost, who, by the finger of thine almighty power, hast turned my heart from sin to God.

“O dreadful Jehovah, the Lord God Omnipotent! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! thou art now become my Covenant-Friend; and I, through thy infinite grace, am become thy Covenant-Servant. Amen, so be it! And the Covenant which I have made on earth, let it be ratified in heaven!”

#### A SHORT ARGUMENT WITH THE MILLENARIANS.

A WRITER in the London Christian Observer thus remarks:

That a personal advent of Christ is foretold, and that there will be but one personal advent, both Millenarians and ordinary Christians alike believe—at least, all ordinary Christians so believe, and most Millenarians so believe; the question then is, Will that personal advent take place at the commencement of the Millennium, or at the end of the world? The former period is left to Millenarians to defend. The latter is favoured by that coming being connected with the resurrection of the body: I. Cor. xv. 22—24; Phil. iii. 20, 21; 1. Thess. iii. 13; iv. 14—17; v. 23,—with the last judgment, Matt. xvi. 27; xxv. 31—46; II. Thess. i. 6—9,—and with the final glory of the saints, I. Cor. i. 7, 8; Col. iii. 4; I. Thess. ii. 19; II. Thess. i. 10; ii. 1; II. Pet. iii. 12—14; I John iii. 2.

It remains, that, if the personal advent is not to be expected till the end of the world, all advents predicted which are prior to that event, such as John xvi. 23, also verse 18 of the same chapter, must be spiritual advents, making the power and greatness of our Saviour sensible, without exhibiting his person,

#### FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

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

#### CHAP. I.

#### INTRODUCTION.

LIFE is aptly compared to a journey: it commences in the cradle—is continued through every part of our existence, and it terminates in the grave; so that we are instantly and always journeying to the tomb. In the progress of this journey, however, duties the most important, and claims the most imperative, are committed to us; and fearful, unutterably fearful, will be our guilt, if we attempt their discharge, irrespective of our vast responsibility, or treat with indifference and carelessness, their momentous concerns. As travellers on the same road will cheer and animate each other amid the toils, fatigues, and difficulties of the way, so should Sabbath School Teachers encourage and animate each other in the good work in which they are engaged. Many a difficulty may thus be removed—fears repressed—anxieties allayed—and a greater zest for that which is noble, honorable and divine, imparted.

With these sentiments, my dear fellow laborers, have I purposed, in a few chapters, to suggest some thoughts on the subject at the head of this paper—a subject than which all others sink into the shade, and with which is connected whatever is dear on earth, momentous in time, and glorious in eternity.

Does the hero part for fame? he must persevere. Does the statesman aspire to honor? he must persevere. Does the minister pray for usefulness? he must persevere: and does the Sabbath School Teacher feel a desire—an ardent desire—to promote the welfare of his youthful charge? he must persevere. Persevere, then, my respected friends, in your

honorable work—be “instant in season and out of season.” Amid the frowns of the world on the one hand—the indifference of professed friends on the other—persevere; remembering that an imperative duty is demanded at your hands, and an undying spirit committed to your charge.

And to encourage you, fearlessly, to engage in this glorious work—this labor of love, often direct your eye to your great Exemplar. We admire the zeal and heroism of the brave and the mighty; we are animated by the ardor of the virtuous and persevering—we are roused to action by the spirit-stirring records of enterprise, diligence, and industry; but oh! tell me, is there on the pages of ancient or modern history an example so worthy of imitation as Him, the features of whose character I would commend to your attention.”

To conclude this introductory chapter, I would address myself to the young and the old as disciples of the cross, in the words of poesy, which many a drawing room has sounded—which many a beauty has uttered, and to which many a beau has listened,—*Go where glory waits you!* Not the glory of the battle field with garments rolled in blood—not the glory of enslaving the ignorant and fettering the bond. No, *Go where glory waits you*—the glory of rescuing the spirit from its thralldom, and emancipating for ever the enslaved and the captive; for “if the Son make them free, they shall be free indeed.” *Go where glory waits you*, and if you die (to use the language of modern heroes, alas how desecrated and abused,) you shall die covered with glory—a glory as lasting as the universe and as perpetual as the pillars of heaven.”

Montreal, January, 1843.

JONIVS.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE NIGHT OF TOIL.

Two poor men went to Greenland as missionaries. People laughed at them before they went; one gentleman said, “Where will you live when you get there?” “We will build a wooden hut,” said they. “Oh, but there are no trees,” the gentleman replied. “Then we will dig caves, and live in them.”

The gentleman, who was a pious man, was surprised at their faith, and gave them some money and the king of Denmark sent a little wooden house in the ship with them—a house which could be taken down and put up. When these men got to Greenland they had more hardship to endure than I can now relate. Sometimes they could get no food, for though the king of Denmark had promised to send them food in ships, the winds and ice often hindered them from coming for a long while. They tried to fish, and to hunt seals, as the Greenlanders did, but they did not know how to hunt and fish well, and their boat was old, and they sometimes were nearly drowned. As for the Greenlanders, they did not care about the missionaries; and they would not give them food, though sometimes they would sell them a little very dear; but God inclined the heart of one Greenlander to keep them from starving, though even this man did not attend to what they said. The poor missionaries sometimes wandered by the sea-side, and ate the bitter sea-weeds, and picked up the shell-fish. At last more missionaries came to help them.

Five years passed away, and yet the Greenlanders refused to listen, when one day as a missionary was sitting in his hut, translating the Bible into the Greenland language, some of the Greenlanders entered. They asked him what he was doing. He gladly told them, and asked them to stay and hear something out of the book. He then told them (as he had told many before) about Adam’s sin and Christ’s love, particularly about what Jesus suffered in the garden and on the cross. How pleased he was to see the tears rolling down the cheeks of one of the heathen! These tears showed he felt what he heard, as none had done before in that country. This man entreated the missionary to read again about the Saviour’s agony in the garden; he then said he would live near him that he might learn more. Soon he became truly pious, and persuaded many of the Greenlanders to believe also. Now were the missionaries rewarded for all their pains. At this day there are scarcely any heathens in Greenland.—*Miss. Repos.*

A PARABLE.

In a solitary place among the groves, a child wandered wheresoever he would.

He believed himself alone, and wist not that one watched him from the thicket, and that the eye of his parent was on him continually; neither had he marked whose hand had opened always for him, thus far.

All things that he saw were new to him, therefore he feared nothing.

He cast himself down in the long grass, and as he lay, he sang until his voice of joy rang through the woods.

While he nestled among the flowers, a serpent rose from the midst of them; and when the child saw how its burnished coat glistened in the sun, like the rainbow, he stretched forth his hand to take it to his bosom.

Then the voice of his parent cried from the thicket, "Beware!"

And the child sprang up and gazed about and around, to know from whence the voice came; but when he saw not, presently remembered it no more.

He watched how a butterfly burst from its shell, and flitted faster than he could pursue, and rose far above his reach.

When he gazed, and could trace its flight no more, his father put forth his hand, and pointed where the butterfly ascended—even into the very clouds.

But the child saw not the sign.

A fountain gushed forth amidst the shadows of the trees, and its waters flowed into a deep and quiet pool.

The child kneeled on the brink, and looking in, he saw his own bright face, and it smiled upon him.

As he stooped yet nearer to meet it, a voice once more said "Beware!"

The child started back; but saw that a gust ruffled the waters, and he said to himself, "It was but the voice of the breeze."

And when the broken sun-beams glanced on the moving waters, he laughed, and dipped his foot, that the waters might again be ruffled—and the coolness was pleasant to him.

The voice was louder, but he regarded it not, and the winds bore it away.

At length he beheld something glittering in the depths of the pool, and plunged in to reach it.

As he sunk he cried aloud for help.

Ere the waters had closed over him, his father's hand was stretched out to save him.

And while he yet shivered with chilliness and fear, his parent said unto him—

"Mine eye was upon thee, and thou didst not heed, neither hast thou beheld my sign, nor hearkened to my voice. If thou hadst thought on me, I had not been hidden."

Then the child cast himself on his father's bosom, and said—

"Be nigh unto me still, and mine eyes shall wait on thee, and mine ears shall be open unto thy voice forevermore!"

ENGLAND THE FORTRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Jewish history reveals to us the conduct of Providence with a people appointed to the express preservation of the faith of God. There every attempt to receive the surrounding idolatries into a participation of the honours of the true worship, even every idolatrous touch, was visited with punishment; and that punishment not left to the remote working of the corruption, but immediate; and, by its directness, evidently designed to make the nation feel the high importance of the trust, and the final ruin that must follow its betrayal.

"A glance at the British history since the Reformation, will shew with what undeniable coldness this providential system has been exemplified in England. Every reign which attempted to bring back Popery, or even to give it that share of power which could in any degree prejudice Protestantism, has been marked by signal calamity. It is a memorable circumstance, that every reign of this Popish tendency has been followed by one purely Protestant; and, as if to make the source of the national peril plain to all eyes, those alternate reigns have not offered a stronger contrast in their religious principles than in their public fortunes. Let the rank of England be what it might under the Protestant Sovereign, it always went down under the Popish. But let

its loss of dignity or of power, be what it might under the Popish sovereign, it always recovered under the Protestant, and more than recovered; was distinguished by sudden success, public renovation, and some remarkable increase of the freedom or honour of the empire."—*Croly*.

**GO. ANCIENT PEOPLE.**—While walking in the garden, in some disorder from vexation, two Mussulman Jews came up, and asked me what would become of them in another world? The Mohammedans were right in their way, they supposed, and we in ours; but what must they expect? After rectifying their mistake as to the Mohammedans, I mentioned two or three reasons for believing that we are right, such as their dispersion and the cessation of sacrifices, immediately on the appearance of Jesus. "True, true," they said, with great feeling and seriousness; indeed they seemed disposed to yield assent to anything I said. They confessed they had become Mohammedans only on compulsion; and that they wished to go to Bagdad, thinking they might there throw off the mask with safety, but asked what I thought? I said that the governor was a Mohammedan. "Did I think Syria was safer?" "The safest place in the East," I said, "was India." Feelings of pity for God's ancient people, and having the awful importance of eternal things impressed on my mind by the seriousness of their inquiries as to what would become of them, relieved me from the pressure of my comparatively insignificant distresses. I, a poor Gentile, blest, honoured, and loved; secured forever by the everlasting covenant, whilst the children of the kingdom are still lying in outward darkness? Well does it become me to be thankful.—*Henry Martyn, 1812.*

**SENSE OF MIND.**—A Washingtonian, whose whole heart is in the temperance cause, chanced to be at one of the political Ward meetings not long since, when he was called to the chair. After the first speaker had got through, he arose and said: "Now, gentlemen, if there are any present who have not yet joined us, they will please walk up and sign the pledge!"—*New York Organ.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

CANADA.

**THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.**—The news by the next Steamer from England, which may be expected to reach Canada about the 25th, will in all probability bring information as to who is to be His Excellency's successor as Representative of the Queen, and Governor General of British North America. Report says that the present Cabinet were desirous of having an *inter-regnum*, and endeavoured to persuade Sir Charles Bagot to resign during his illness. This would have been a calamity indeed, but unfortunately prevented by the favourable turn which the disease assumed. We regret to say that in spite of the favourable symptoms, there is but little room to hope that His Excellency's constitution can rally under the attacks of the disease.—*Montreal Transcript.*

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

**ARRIVALS at New York from Liverpool and Havre** furnish intelligence, confirming the news recently received from India and China. The Governor General of India announces for general information, that the ratification of the Treaty by the Emperor of China was received by Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, and forwarded from Nankin to England on the 16th September by the Hon. Company's steam-frigate Auckland.

The prisoners taken by the Affghans, had all been released, fortunately in time to escape the execution of an order which had been received from Akhbar Khan, to put to death all such as were too weak to proceed to Kholoon. The number was thirty-one officers, nine ladies, and twelve children, with fifty-one European soldiers, two clerks and four women, making in all one hundred and nine persons, who had suffered the horrors of captivity from the 10th of January to the 21st and 27th of Sept. The meeting between the veteran General Sale and his wife and daughter is described as highly affecting.

On the arrival of General Nott's division at Cabul, the resolution adopted by the British government to destroy all the Affghan strong holds was carried into execution. An expeditionary corps of about 4000 men was sent to demolish the strong forts of Istalif and Charcekar. The demolition of the forts was immediately begun.—The expedition, after the destruction of Charcekar, was expected to return immediately to Cabul.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

The packet-ship Garrick, Captain Skiddy, arrived at New York on the 15th instant, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 15th December. Our London dates are to the 14th of that month, and Liverpool to the 15th.

Parliament was farther prorogued on the 13th of December, to the 2d of February: then actually to meet, for the despatch of business.

Lord Hill, the late commander-in-chief, died on the 10th, in the 71st year of his age, at his seat, Harluicke Grange, Shropshire.

The Mayor of Kingston, Canada, had an interview with Lord Stanley on the 8th, at the Colonial Office.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts intend establishing a mission at Hong Kong, and will raise a special fund for that purpose.

The fog has been so dense on the Thames that a large number of vessels ready for sea were unable to leave port. The Quebec was the only one that got to sea, after a lapse of several days.

**CHURCH OF SCOTLAND QUESTION.**—We have just heard, and on good authority, that the Government are firmly resolved not to yield to the demands of the majority of the Church, as expounded at the last General Assembly and recent convocation.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

The Blonde frigate, 46, Capt. Bouchier, had sailed from China for England, with two millions and a half of dollars of the Chinese compensation money.

It gives us great pleasure to observe the promptness with which the Home Government has acknowledged and rewarded the distinguished officers engaged in the China and Affghanistan wars. This shows the importance attributed to their services by Government; and the universal burst of joy with which the late news were received in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, is evidence of the feeling of her subjects at the favourable termination of a struggle which had almost become hopeless, and which was creating no slight discontent in the different parts of Great Britain. Whatever differences of opinion have existed or still exist as to the policy or justice of the Chinese war, there is but one feeling as regards its termination, and the appointments given below will be universally acknowledged as merited tributes to bravery and military desert:

WHITEHALL, Dec. 1.

The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto Lieutenant General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

DOWNING-STREET, Dec. 3.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. Parker, Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, to be a Knight Grand Cross thereof.

Her Majesty has also been pleased to nominate and appoint Major-General Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart, to be a Knight Grand Cross of the said Most Honourable Order.

Her Majesty has further been pleased to nominate and appoint Major General George Pollock, Companion of the said Most Honourable Military Order, and Major-General William Nott, of the East India Company's Service, to be Knights Grand Cross of the same Order.

The public will be rejoiced to find that the omission of Sir Robert Sale's name in the honorary distinctions granted to the heroes of our late achievements in India proceeds in no degree from a desire to underrate the merits of that gallant officer. Sir Robert sale very recently received the Grand Cross of the Bath for his noble defence of Jellalabad, and other eminent services on the northwest frontier of India, and it was therefore impossible to give him the same distinction which has been conferred on General Pollock, General Nott, and Sir William Parker; but it has been notified to the Governor General of India, in compliance with his recommendations, that it will be proposed to Parliament to grant Sir Robert and Lady Sale, with the benefit of survivorship, an annual pension of £500 as a special public recognition of signal merit.—*London Times.*

A proposition concerning the long-talked-of loan for the service of Canada has issued from the Treasury Chambers. It is intended to raise a portion of the sum authorized by Parliament, namely, a million and a half sterling, forthwith, by an emission of debentures. Government undertakes to guarantee the payment of interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, the price of the debentures being determinable by tender. The moment chosen for the operation seems favourable, and there can be little doubt of its speedy accomplishment on easy terms, but, for the present, no more than £300,000, or a fifth of the amount authorised, will be negotiated. The Bank of England will be charged with the management of the payments.—*Lon. Mor. Post.*

#### RELEASE OF THE AFFGHANISTAN PRISONERS.

On the 25th of August, when General Pollock's advance was made known at Cabul, the whole of the prisoners, soldiers as well as officers and ladies, with the exception of those mentioned as having remained at Cabul, were despatched to Bameean under an escort of infantry. By the way, offers of a lac of rupees were made to the commander of the party to desert with them to General Nott's force, which was known to be near Ghuznee. The danger was, however, apparently too great, or the chance of success too small, for the Affghans to listen to the proposal, and the party reached Bameean in safety, but in dreadful anxiety as to their eventual fate, Akhbar Khan having openly threatened all with slavery in Turkistan in the event of the British troops moving on the capital. The news of the fall of Ghuznee reached the sufferers on the 10th September, and must have had a great effect on the chief with whom they were.

The commandant who had accompanied them from Cabul requested a conference, and laying before them an order from Akhbar Khan for their instant march to Kholoom, informed them that he had been assured of 20,000 rupees and 1,000 rupees per month as a pension, if he would take them into Cabul. This was instantly guaranteed by the officers acting as a committee for all the ladies and officers there; and a paper was signed by all pledging themselves to the payment. Having committed himself irrevocably with Akhbar Khan, the commandant Sebah Mahomed hoisted his own flag on the fort, levied a contribution on a cafile from Turkistan to pay his men, deposed the Governor of the place, who was lukewarm in his cause, and set about preparations for defence of the post, in case Akhbar Khan, defeated at Cabul, should come to Bameean.

The officers and ladies were in one fort, and the soldiers in another, and on the 15th, the chiefs in the neighborhood having given every assistance and tendered allegiance, meanwhile, some of the officers went into the soldier's fort and commenced its repair for defence. That day, however, came the joyful news of Akhbar Khan's defeat at Tezzen, and with one accord the whole party determined on taking advantage of the panic and forcing their way to Cabul.

On the next day Bameean was ten miles behind, all being well and in high spirits; the next, a mountain ridge 13,000 feet high was crossed, and near the village of Karzar the gallant party was met by Sir Richmond Shakspeare and his cavalry, and were safe.—What a meeting of joy must that have been! What a ringing off forever of weary despair and hopelessness of deliverance!

Two days after that their glad eyes rested once more on the British uniform and colors, and Sir Robt. Sale, with a thousand cavalry and a thousand infantry and two guns, had insured their freedom. Though Sultan Jan's force had hovered near Sir Richmond and his party, they had not dared to attack it, and Sir Robert Sale's advance precluded any possibility of an attempt on it. On the 21st, therefore, under welcome of one of the most joyous royal salutes that ever was fired, the captives entered Gen. Pollock's camp, and once more breathed the air of freedom. Of all, therefore, in the hands of the chiefs, Col. Stoddard, Capt. Connolly and Capt. Bygrave, only remain, the two first at Bokhara, the latter with Akhbar Khan. What steps may be taken to recover these unfortunate gentlemen, it is impossible to say, but there are hopes that the influence of Akhbar Khan being reduced, the ruler of Bokhara may be induced to deliver them up from the long captivity they have endured, which otherwise would appear to be endless.

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