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AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

AFRICANER, THE SAVAGE CHIEFTAIN.

Most of the readers of missionary intelligence twenty or five-and-twenty years ago were familiar with the name of Africaner, the savage chieftain of the Namaquas of Southern Africa. He was converted in connection with the London Society's mission, in the year 1815, and died in 1822, having been one of the most remarkable samples of the transforming power of the Christian religion that is to be found on record.

The Rev. Mr. Moffat, who for some years was the religious teacher and guide of Africaner, in his work entitled "Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa," furnishes many interesting statements respecting this converted chief, some of which are given below. Of his character before conversion Mr. Moffat says—

As I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other, "Look," said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, "there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I," patting his chest with his hand, "have for fear of his approach fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."

It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, on the way to Namaqualand, that the farmers, who of course had not one good word to say of Africaner, were sceptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at, and another that he would strip off my skin and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died whether or no; but you are young and going to become a prey to that monster."

Soon after Africaner's conversion, Mr. Moffat, having gone to his residence, thus describes his first interview with him:—

After remaining an hour or more in this situation, the chief, Christian Africaner, made his appearance, and after the usual salutation, inquired if I was the missionary appointed by the directors in London; to which I replied in the affirmative. This seemed to afford him much pleasure, and he added, that as I was young, he hoped that I should live long with him and his people. He then ordered a number of women to come; I was rather puzzled to know what he intended by sending for women, till they arrived, bearing bundles of native mats

and long sticks, like fishing rods. Africaner, pointing to a spot of ground, said, "there you must build a house for the missionary." A circle was instantly formed, and the women evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. Since that time I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself, but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone it was unbearably hot, when the rain fell I came in for a share of it, when the wind blew I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust, and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day, and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. Nor were these all the contingencies of such a dwelling, for as the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep and try to defend myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel.

Of Africaner's diligence and success in acquiring religious knowledge, Mr. Moffat writes:

To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often I have seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration, or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references, but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by experience that that contained heights and depths and lengths and breadths, which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature, and he would regard the

heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, "I have heard enough, I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

During the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to "lean to virtue's side." One day when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe. He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain.

Of the contrast between Africaner as the ferocious savage, and as the docile and tender-hearted Christian, Mr. Moffat says—

It may be emphatically said of Africaner, that "he wept with those that wept," for wherever he heard of a case of distress, thither his sympathies were directed, and notwithstanding all his spoils of former years, he had little to spare, but he was ever on the alert to stretch out a helping hand to the widow and fatherless. At an early period I also became an object of his charity, for finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace, and though I could not expound to him that the "sword of the magistrate" implied, that he was calmly to sit at home and see bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle and slay his servants; yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the Gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals or villages contending with one another. He, who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity and war among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent any thing like a collision between two contending parties, and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and pointing to his past life, ask, "What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?" At an early period of my labours among the people, I was deep-

ly affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of billious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness.

It was deemed expedient, that Africaner, subsequent to his conversion, should visit the colony, where, previous to that event, he had been so much feared and hated. Mr. Moffat gives some incidents which had occurred by the way.

Arriving at Pella, (the place, as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure, under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which—

"No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their heaps of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more."

The following describes an interview between Mr. Moffat and a farmer of the colony while on the journey above adverted to:—

On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the wagon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer seeing a stranger came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. "Moffat," he rejoined, in a faltering voice, "it is your ghost!" and moved some steps backward. I am no ghost, I said. "Don't come near me," he exclaimed, "you have long been murdered by Africaner." But I am no ghost, I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. "Every body says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones;" and he continued to gaze at me, to this no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the wagon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?" As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the wagon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, he is now a truly good man. To which he replied, "I can believe almost any thing you say, but that I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, "These were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accur-

sed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, This, then, is Africaner? He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunderstruck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border, stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

Africaner's appearance in Cape-town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of his attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to questions put to him by the friend in Cape-town, and at a public meeting, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a catechism in his life; but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.

Respecting an interview which Africaner had with a rival chieftain of similar character, both having now embraced the Gospel, Mr. Moffat writes—

Mr. Campbell being about to return to England, Africaner travelled with us as far as Daniel's Kuil to accompany him, where he met the Griqua chief Berend Berend, with whom, as stated in a former chapter, he had many a deadly contest. Being now both converts to the faith, all their former animosities were melted away by the Gospel of peace and love. These chiefs sat down together in our tent with a number of people, when all united in singing a hymn of praise to God, and listening to an address, from the invitation of Jehovah to the ends of the earth to look to him, and him alone, for salvation. After which they knelt at the same stool, before the peaceful throne of the Redeemer; thus the Gospel makes—

"Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb."

We parted with some hope that we might see him again; but no—it was the last farewell; for scarcely two years had elapsed when he was called to enter into the joy of his Lord. This he had anticipated, with the full assurance of hope, believing that, "when his earthly house should be dissolved, he would

have a building of God." The closing scene of life is faithfully delineated by the Rev. J. Archbell, Wesleyan missionary, in a letter to Dr. Philip, dated March 14th, 1823—

"When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. 'We are not,' said he, 'what we were, savages, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible: and if possible, consult those who are placed over you, before you engage in any thing. Remain together, as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you."

CHOICE RECOLLECTIONS.

MEMORY often brings before me, with soothing and sacred recollections, the scene of our domestic worship; where we bent the knee together morning and evening, in the small, low parlor; where we all joined in the sweet songs, framed by a Christian's hand; and read, each one in turn, from the sacred book before us. True, the tear will come, as I think of the scene now past forever; true it is, that when a member of that band, I loved not as I now should love, an act so sacred; but yet I am always soothed and refreshed as I turn me to those hours of my childhood. Again I see that kind and tender father—I hear him ask that God would guide his little ones; fondly as he loves them, he may soon leave them to go on alone, but may a Father in heaven guard and defend them. I hear him ask that Jesus' smile may rest upon each, and upon all; then if they wander homeless, friendless, and alone, there will be found a balm for their sorrows, in the love of a Saviour. And then again, in accents warmer and more fond—"give them all a home in thy brighter kingdom; father and mother, brothers and sisters, may they all meet there; may all be found jewels in the crown of our Redeemer." I hear him read a hymn of his selection. He has told us of the bliss of the heavenly world; and now he leads in our devotions, with an eye brightening with the prospect of mingling in its joys, and a voice engaging and solemn—

Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?

Or we had read of the love of Jesus, and I hear him, animated and happy, engaging in the hymn—

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

It is the still Sabbath morning; we are gathered in the room of our devotions, and we join in worship.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breath,
And these rejoicing eyes.

We may have met with trouble in our pilgrimage—sweetly consoling are the trains of thought suggested by the evening hymn,

Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;
There will I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I can almost feel the pressure of my mother's hand, as we knelt together, and my father pleaded that the covenant blessings of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, might rest on his little ones forever. Then, when he prayed for us, my hand held in hers, I learned how all her wishes for her infant band, were centred here.

Then, indeed, were these wishes unheeded. Then, indeed, I joined not, as I now could join, in scenes so solemn; but in them there was power, which has subdued my heart. Often would the ardent petitions which arose from my father's lips, and the morning hymn he had chosen, come upon me with its gentle influence, in the scenes and temptations of the day. It has been the prayers offered around the fireside; it has been the hours of domestic worship, blessed by the heavenly Comforter, which have allured and won me into the path of the Christian. And if the blissful spirit which then led in our devotions now hovers around me, he has heard my oft repeated tones of gratitude, for these kind seasons. Stanzas which once had neither beauty or worth to my soul, can make me happy in my saddest moments. Sorrows, griefs, and sickness come upon me; these lines, learned in childhood, cheer and comfort. Other recollections may suffer dimness; other scenes, with more outward pomp and majesty, may fade, and be lost in the shades of the past; but with freshness and with gladness, shall I ever turn to this brightest and most sacred spot, 'mid the recollections which cluster so fondly about the scenes of home. Now the twilight hour never comes, calm and soothing, or the still, bright moments of the early morning, but I think of those pleasant scenes, and his myself again among them, to feel their softening influence. Let me lose remembrance, if it must depart, of the other kindnesses of a father's love; let me forget, if need must be, other scenes of my early days; but let this remain a green and a verdant spot in the reminiscences of childhood.

Christian parent! would you do what you can to guard and guide your child; would you do what you can, that it may be happy here, and may stand an angel in the paradise of God? Make the place of your domestic worship attractive and pleasant to your child. Throw around it charms which will allure those whom God has given you to walk in the peaceful and pleasant pathway of the Christian. Let them account the hours of domestic worship, 'mid the dearest scenes of life. Christian parent! will not your child now and then think of the morning hymn? Of the verses which he read? Of your warm and ardent requests? And can you not, by this, do something to aid that Saviour whom you love, and to make your children, the dearest objects of your affection on earth, blessed forever? It is for you, Christian parent! with the smile and the blessing of your God, to lead these little ones 'in green pastures, and beside still waters,' while on earth, and hereafter to rove together 'by the river of the water of life, clear as crystal.'

SILENCE.—There are various kinds of silence. One is the silence of admiration. Thomson invites "expressive silence" to muse the great Creator's praise. The Psalmist was silent from astonishment at the judgments of God,—"I was dumb with silence; I opened not my mouth: because thou didst it." There is the silence of deep and overwhelming grief. The friends of Job, when they beheld his grief, held their peace seven days and nights. There is the silence of stubbornness. This is very common among all classes of people. There is the silence of submission. There is the silence of hate, and also the silence of nature—inability to speak. Sir Walter Raleigh has a beautiful thought on silence in his "Silent Lover":

"Silence in love betrays more wee
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserveth double pity."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CALVARY.

"Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!"

"WHERE is Calvary," is a question which has deeply interested very many travellers, and perhaps few of them all are agreed as to the precise spot where our Lord was crucified. The first thing for which the Christian inquires after he has entered Jerusalem is this sacred place. He is led to the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," so called, because it is said to be built over "the place where the Lord lay." The traveller is first surprised to find this church within the walls of the city, as we are told by the Evangelist, that the place of crucifixion was near to the city, and by the Apostle that the Saviour suffered without the gate. He is next surprised to find the tomb, or sepulchre, so near to the place where the crosses were fixed. Again he is astonished to find so many of the scenes which occurred during the Saviour's arrest and trial, located under a single roof. For instance, a few feet from the door of the church you are shown a large marble slab, said to be the place where the body of Jesus was laid to be washed before its burial; a little farther in you come to the sepulchre itself; still farther, on the opposite side, you see the place where Jesus was confined while the preparations were made to crucify him, and hard by the spot where his garments were parted among the soldiers. But as you go from place to place, and listen to the stories of the monks who guide you, you cannot help feeling disgusted with their superstition, and grieved for their deceit, for you know that this cannot all be true. The Christian, therefore, who goes to Jerusalem expecting to see Calvary as it was when the Saviour of the world died upon it, will be sadly disappointed. He will meet only with the pomp and guile of popery, and if he be not upon his guard, the feeling of disgust and unbelief will seize upon him so powerfully as to exclude all enjoyment while visiting the scenes of the most august transactions which the world ever witnessed. But does this church really stand on Calvary? Notwithstanding all the errors in pointing out so many places, is it not true that the Sepulchre and Calvary are here? The greater portion of the travellers who have visited Jerusalem and examined the place, are inclined to the opinion that the location is correct. There are many also who have examined it, who cannot believe it to be the place of the crucifixion, and fix it rather to the north or west. It is quite certain that the city has extended to the west since the time of Christ, so that much of the ground which was then outside of the gate, would of course be now included within the walls. Its being within the city, therefore, would be no objection to the present locality. With regard to the nearness of the place where the crosses were fixed, to the tomb where the body of Jesus was laid, a little consideration of the words of the Evangelist would perhaps remove all difficulty. He says that "the sepulchre was nigh at hand," and the distance between the two places now shown being nearly forty yards, might well come within the meaning of the expression near at hand. In looking at so many places of interest pointed out in a single building, it would be well to remember that error delights to attach itself to truth, and the fact that so many things are gathered around Calvary and the sepulchre, is some evidence that they are properly located. But is it necessary for us to know the exact place at all? Is it not enough to know that the Saviour died for us on Calvary, and that we are near the spot where he yielded up his spirit? Surely it is more important for us to have an interest in the death of Christ, than to know with all certainty whether he expired a few feet or rods north, south, east, or west from any given spot. Let us turn then from the place, and look at the great fact of the crucifixion. Perhaps it would be well however to say, that the opinion which so many persons have, both young and old, that Calvary is a mountain, is incorrect. The crosses were raised upon an eminence twenty-five or thirty feet high, situated in a low place near to where the public roads met and entered the city. It is curious how this opinion has prevailed so extensively, as Calvary is no where spoken of in the Scriptures as being a mountain.

When we last saw the Saviour he was in the hands of the soldiers who were leading him to Pilate. He is now on his way to Golgotha. The mock trial is finished, and he is condemned to die. "Behold the man." The cross upon which he is to be nailed is laid upon his back, and he is urged on to the fatal spot. Weary and faint from scourging, he falters beneath the load, and Simon of Cyrene is compelled to assist him in carrying it. The Roman soldiers guard

him by the way, while a great company of the people and many women follow behind weeping and lamenting as they go, for the cruelties which are inflicted upon him. As the suffering Jesus hears their cries, he forgets his own sorrows, and his compassionate heart flows out towards the unhappy multitude who are heaping injuries and cruelties upon him. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, my sufferings are short, but weep for yourselves and your children. Weep for this guilty generation who are madly heaping up wrath against the day of retribution. Weep for the sorrows which shall come upon you and yours, like unto which there never have been, nor shall ever be again."

At length they reach the place where criminals are executed, and at once proceed to the cruel work. Jesus is stripped of his garments, laid upon the cross, and the nails driven into his hands and feet. Oh, the pain and anguish of that moment! The rough nails tear asunder the tender fibres, and send tormenting agonies through the system. Who could endure such exquisite pain and not cry aloud for mercy? But the innocent sufferer groans not. Amid the sharpest agonies he turns his eyes upon his tormentors, not in anger, but with pity, and prays that they may be forgiven. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It would seem that this might have affected their hearts and arrested their murderous work. But no. The spikes are driven and the cross is reared. Between the heavens and the earth is suspended the only begotten Son of God, the Maker of all worlds and beings. Man, guilty man, crucifies his Lord! "It is finished." The sun has hidden his face from this awful sight, and the world is in darkness.

"He dies! the Friend of sinners dies."

Did the reader ever attempt to picture the scenes of Calvary, to bring distinctly before his mind the sufferings of that dreadful hour, and feel that all was endured for him? It is very easy for us to follow to Golgotha with the sorrowing women and weep for the insults and cruelties which are heaped on the crucified Jesus, and we can scarcely refrain our indignation against the priests and rulers who demanded and procured his death; but do we feel that our sins had any part in accomplishing this cruel sacrifice? We are verily guilty concerning the blood of this just person, for by our sins we allow the deeds of those who put him to death, much as we are angered at their malice and cruelty.

"Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear."

Christ died for sinners, and may we who possess this character and can say with the apostle, "of whom I am chief," be persuaded to trust in that blood which our sins have caused to flow, and find healing peace in that fountain "which his flowing wounds supply."

THE TRAVELLER.

NAUVOO, THE CITY OF THE MORMONS.

The fourth of July found me at Nauvoo, the city of the Mormons. I saw Joe Smith in splendid regimentals, in the character of Lieutenant General, at the head of a thousand troops. He was attended by six of his principal officers on horseback, constituting the front rank as they moved. Directly in the rear were six ladies on horseback, with black caps and feathers, constituting the second rank; and in the rear of these were two ranks of body guards of six each, in white frocks with black belts. Joe carried a monstrously large tin speaking trumpet, and uttered his prophecies through that instead of giving his orders to his aids.

The city is a city of log houses and mud cabins, scattered over an area of three miles square—said to contain ten thousand people—a motley, rag-a-muffin crew. Many of them are, I doubt not, poor deluded creatures, and all of them are destined, inevitably, for aught I can see, to great sufferings, for there is not land enough under cultivation any where around to feed a tenth part of them.

I visited the temple. It stands on an elevation a mile back from the river. The walls are up just above the basement story, some six or eight feet from the ground, built of hewn lime stone, the length perhaps 120 feet, and the breadth 90; every man is required to work on it every tenth day. Every man who comes among them is required to give one tenth of all the property he has at the time, and one tenth of all he may earn afterwards, and to hold the remainder subject to the prophet's order, as God shall reveal. If all evangelical Christians, thought I, were willing to make the sacrifices in the cause of Christ which these poor creatures are making to a false

prophet, how soon, with the ordinary blessing of God, might the earth be filled with his glory.

In the basement of the temple is a great lever, or baptistry, standing on twelve oxen, wrought out of wood, their heads facing four ways. They baptize here, not only for the living, but for the dead. Individuals are instructed that they can get their friends out of perdition by being baptized on their account. I saw one old man who had been baptized thirteen times for his deceased children, because they were not Mormons; and heard of another, about eighty years old, who was baptized for George Washington and La Fayette; then for Thomas Jefferson; and then applied in behalf of Andrew Jackson! but they told him the General was not dead yet, and so he waits awhile.—*Rev. M. Badger's correspondence with the Home Missionary.*

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE FROM A LION IN THE DESERT.

A MAN belonging to Mr Schemelen's congregation at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf-thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock, awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for a few minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand.

"His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot;—the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as he went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, he turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning lay down at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments expecting the lion's return, when he resolved to send the contents of the gun through his head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life."—*Mossat's Missionary Labours.*"

"BREAKING THE GALE."—A modern traveller, speaking of witnessing a violent storm among the Appenines, makes the following singular entry in his Journal:

"In the midst of the tempest, I was struck with a noise of what I supposed to be a clap of thunder, but which exactly resembled the report of a musket. Presently another, and another, and another, like running fire of musketry, caused

me to doubt whether it was really thunder. Casting my eyes up the steep sides of the crag on which the town [Narni] is built, I saw muskets popping out of every house. "What is the meaning of this?" asked I a little boy who stood by. "To break the gale," he replied. "See how it blows; in a minute or two the wind will go down." Sure enough, in a few minutes the wind ceased, and a tremendous shower of rain, with thunder and lightning followed; after which the clouds swept off, and all was clear and serene."

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.—The camel is the only beast of burden which can travel over the arid tracks that skirt the whole northwest of India. Destroy this means of conveyance, and the merchant navy of the interior is annihilated. The recent wars in India have made terrible havoc among the camels. Between November 1838, and November 1841, 50,000 of these invaluable animals were destroyed. Thirty thousand are now required in the expedition against Afghanistan; 30,000 camels moving in a single line, as they must do in some places, will form a string of animals 66 miles long.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the Watchman of the South.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE holy law of God has been, by our Saviour, comprehended in two precepts, namely: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and the second, which is like unto the first, is, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And when the question was asked, "Who is my brother?" our Lord answered by reciting an affecting narrative of the traveller who, between Jerusalem and Jericho, fell among thieves, who stripped and wounded him, and left him half dead. A certain priest coming that way, saw the wounded man lying helpless in his blood; but his reverence was probably occupied with some important ecclesiastical business, and could not spare the time required to take care of his wounded brother; and if he had taken charge of the unfortunate traveller, it might have subjected him to some expense in having him taken care of—and covetousness and sacerdotal pride are never far separated from each other. The poor sufferer, upon seeing a human being approach, and upon his coming near, finding him to be not only one of his own nation, but one consecrated to the service of God, to whom the care of the afflicted peculiarly belonged, doubtless felt his hopes of relief raised to the highest pitch. But alas! his expectations were raised only to be disappointed—the stately dignity did not so much as come near to ask him how he did, but passed along on the other side of the road. Well, this road, though exceedingly infested by robbers, on account of the secure retreat which they found in the fastnesses of the rocks, yet was much frequented by travellers, and therefore it was not long before the hopes of the wounded traveller were again excited by the advance of another countryman, a Levite, also belonging to the sacerdotal tribe—and this man did deign to draw so near as to look upon the poor traveller groaning under his wounds, and no doubt entreating help with outstretched hands; but this hard-hearted ecclesiastic, though he saw the miserable condition of the man, and no doubt heard his piteous groans and earnest entreaties, yet, swayed by sordid and selfish considerations, passed along without raising a finger to relieve his fellow creature and fellow citizen from the death which threatened him. The haughty priest might have pretended that he was so occupied in devout meditation that he did not observe the wounded traveller; but the Levite came up and looked upon him, and yet passed along, as far as appears, without even a word of kind sympathy. Both these men, notwithstanding their sacred character, are chargeable with the guilt of murder; for whosoever has it in his power to save a fellow creature from death, and neglects to do it, the same is a murderer. Very probably their guilt in the sight of God was greater than that of the thieves who inflicted the dangerous wounds on the traveller; for these poor wretches were in all

probability destitute of a religious education, which the priest and Levite had received, and were impelled by cruel necessity to satisfy in some way their hunger and nakedness. Let no man trust to his sacred character and holy office to recommend him at the tribunal of God; for priestly robes and dignity of office, if they cover a proud and hard heart, will only render the guilt and punishment of the person the greater. But when despair was ready to seize this unhappy man, so weak with the loss of blood as to be unable to move out of his blood, another ray of hope dawned upon him. Another man is seen coming—but alas! when he draws nigh, he is seen to be a Samaritan—a people with whom the Jews had no dealings, and between whom there existed a bitter enmity. But it is always unjust hastily to judge of the character and dispositions of men, merely by their country, their tribe, or their profession. The Jews said with the tone of assurance, "What, can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And yet out of this same disreputable place came their own Messiah. And now this stranger, this enemy, proves to be the only friend in time of need. He was a good and compassionate man; and when he saw a fellow creature lying wounded and bleeding by the side of the road, "he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own breast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." This good Samaritan never inquired to what nation the wounded traveller belonged. Probably he saw that he was a Jew—an enemy to his nation—but when he needed his assistance, this made no manner of difference. He came to him at once, and began to dress his wounds, and poured into them wine and oil to mollify them, and to counteract a tendency to mortification. Either he was a man of distinction, who carried these articles with him for his own use, or his benevolence prompted him to provide such articles for his journey as this—just as some benevolent persons never take a journey of even a few miles without plentifully supplying their pockets with religious tracts, that they may have them ready to give to such as need them, and are willing to receive them. Another circumstance which shows that he was a person above the commonality, inasmuch as he travelled not on foot, as was the usual method, but on a horse or mule. And indeed, unless he had had a beast with him, he would have found it difficult to convey the wounded traveller to an inn, for he seems to have been utterly unable to help himself; and so he set him on his own beast, and took him to an inn—and houses for the entertainment of travellers not being very frequent in the East, it is probable that he had to convey his patient to a considerable distance before he found a caravansera where he could be comfortably lodged. But true benevolence never does its work by halves, nor does it stop short on account of the expense which may be necessary to accomplish the desired object. And having brought him to the inn, he would not leave him. It is likely that his business was as urgent as that of the priest or Levite, and he was certainly farther from home, where probably he had a wife and children anxiously waiting his return. But none of these or such like considerations moved him. He determined to spend the night at the inn with the wounded traveller, that he might take care of him. "And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Some may be ready to say that the expense to which he was put was exceedingly small—only two-pence; but they should remember that two Roman denarii were of equal value with twenty-five cents of our money, and more. Besides, this was the sum paid to the keeper of the inn for nothing but house room, as travellers in the East must carry their own beds and provisions. At any rate, it was no doubt considered a full compensation for what had been received from the inn-keeper; and the good Samaritan did not leave the wounded traveller, who had been robbed of all his money and clothes, to the charity of a selfish and hard-hearted world, but makes himself responsible for all

his necessary expenses; "for he said to the host, take care of him"—he would have no pains or expense spared—take care of him, "and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Here we may remark, that he fixes no precise limit to the expenses for which he makes himself responsible. The man, for aught he could tell, might remain on expenses for weeks or months; no matter, "whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee when I come again." Though his home was far distant, yet he has it in his purpose to come again, and see how his rescued sufferer did, and to settle up all accounts; or perhaps he might have been going to Jericho, and expected to return in a few days along the same road.

To be continued.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

SYRIA.—News has been received from Syria to the 7th of July. A station has been formed among the Druses of Mount Lebanon. The Missionaries were on the mountains, at their summer residence.

JERUSALEM.—Rev. Mr. Whiting, writing from Jerusalem, under date June 24, speaks of the English bishop of Jerusalem, and says that his intercourse with his missionary brethren has been of the most friendly character.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Mr. Dwight, under date of May 26; says that the prospects of the mission were never so truly flattering. The truth is branching forth and taking deep root. The native brethren never appeared more promising. They manifest a delightful increase of spirituality, and an increasing spirit of prayer; coming together frequently for prayer, and never calling on the missionaries without requesting prayer. There have been one or two clear cases of conversion, and a very great increase of the enlightened. Some of the Armenian Christians recently met in a retired part of the hills, near Constantinople, and after uniting in prayer, agreed to send one of their number on a missionary tour, into the interior. The individual was selected and he accepted the call. This is an interesting movement, and gives confidence to the hope that the Armenian people are destined to bear a prominent part in the missionary enterprise in that part of the world. These brethren have agreed to set apart the Tuesday following the Monthly Concert, as a day of special prayer. This they did of their own accord.

PERSECUTED BUT NOT DESTROYED.—Two hundred suffering Christian converts are now wandering as fugitives in the Island of Madagascar. Their utter destitution compels them to wander about from mountain to mountain in search of something for food, and at the same time to escape the rage of their deadly persecutors. Executions, ordeals, and miseries increased throughout the country, so that 3,000 persons have recently taken the tangena (poison water) by order of the sovereign. Still they do not lose courage, they place their confidence in God.—*Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1842.*

UTTERANCE OF THE HEART.

A New Zealander thus expresses his deep sense of sin:—

"As the wind digs up the waves of the sea, so the devil digs up sin in my heart; he is always, this day and that day at work there. When I wake in the middle of the night, he wakes also to contend with me, and to hold fast my soul, so that I may not fly to the Saviour."

Another complains of the conflict within: "I have two hearts which are always struggling one with the other. The one is a very good heart; the other altogether bad. I am wondering which will be thrown down and put undermost at last."

Some of the first inquirers at the Sandwich Islands thus addressed the missionaries: "One said, 'My heart is dark, you are light and must enlighten it.' Another, 'My heart is a wilderness, you must cultivate it.' Another, 'My heart is a lamp, you must fill it with oil.' Another, 'My heart is like a dry field, you must water it.'"

A converted chief, who had formerly led the heathen party in battle at the Society Islands; thus expressed himself in a speech at a public

meeting: "We were dwelling formerly in a dark house, among centipedes and lizards, spiders and rats; nor did we know what evil things were around us. The lamp of light, the word of God, has been brought, and now we behold with dismay these abominable things."

Another said, "I have washed my vessel till it is nearly clean on the outside, but it is extremely filthy within; what shall I do?"

A Christian chief of Rarotonga closed a very beautiful address to a heathen chief of another island by stepping forward and seizing the heathen by the hand, and exclaiming, "Rise, brother, tear off the garb of Satan, and become a man of God." The unaffected dignity of the action, the nobleness of the sentiment, the holy energy and persuasiveness of his manner, produced feelings, says Mr. Williams, which I cannot describe.

REV. MR. GUTZLAFF.—Our readers will be gratified to hear from this indefatigable missionary. The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Gutzlaff to Rev. J. J. Roberts, Baptist missionary in China. It is dated Ningpo, Jan. 6, 1842.

"You have perhaps already heard that our next march will be upon Peking. The present plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, is a firm, determined and undaunted man, I live myself with the General, Sir Hugh Gough, who treats me very kindly, and occasionally talks upon Christian subjects with great fervor. He is a praying man, never undertaking any thing before having bowed his knees before the Saviour; and considers it the highest honour to be the means of opening a way for the Gospel. He always says, 'I was sent here solely as an instrument to execute the grand designs of my God; and only so far as he will direct me, I shall fulfil his will.' You can form no idea of the terror inspired by the appearance of our troops. You might at Tau Maun have taken a stick and driven two hundred soldiers before you without the least trouble. Still the Emperor is determined to exterminate us, root and branch, and intends to do it very soon. May the Lord bless your work abundantly, and always be with you."

EXTRAORDINARY MOVEMENT.—One of the Roman Catholic parishes in New Orleans has recently rebelled against the appointment of a curate made by the bishop, and a correspondence has been opened, from which we may expect interesting results. The letter of the Church Wardens breathes a spirit of determined resistance, and shows that there are some few at least of the Romanists who are capable of discerning the encroachments which the Pope, under the influence of the arbitrary powers of Europe, is making upon all liberty. Ere long, we trust that liberal and intelligent Catholics in all parts of the country will open their eyes to the insidious efforts of Absolutism, to make them instrumental in the undermining and overthrow of the liberties, religious and civil, which the Catholic here equally enjoys with the vast majority of his Protestant fellow citizens.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1842.

THE love of the world, or rather the love of its riches and honours, is an evil awfully prevalent in the present day, not only amongst those who make no profession of religion, but also, we regret to say, in the professedly Christian Church,—which, if not timely forsaken and heartily repented of, must infallibly exclude all who are influenced thereby from the rewards of heaven, and forever consign them to "the blackness of darkness." The evils resulting from an indulgence in this sin are numerous, and will readily present themselves to the serious reader.

Is it not a fact that many worthy and pious individuals are almost constantly the subjects of worldly anxiety and trouble, the whole of

which might be removed by their more highly favoured fellow Christians, without in the least injuring themselves or their families, and, we will say, without doing more than the law of God commands, or their relative position as fellow Christians calls for. Whatever distinctions prevail in this life between the rich and the poor—between those who occupy the splendid mansion and those who inhabit the humble cottage—between those who contribute of their wealth to the cause of Christ, and the poor widow that casteth into the treasury of the Lord "all that she hath,"—no such distinctions can obtain in the life that is to come—for God seeth not as man seeth—man cannot look farther than the outward actions, but "God looketh at the heart."

That brotherly love which is the evidence of having "passed from death unto life," was delightfully exemplified in the character of the primitive Christians,—for such was their love towards each other, that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed were his own: but they had all things common." Now, we would not be understood to say that it is the duty of every man to whom God has entrusted riches, to distribute them *equally* amongst his fellow Christians; but we do say, that it is his duty to relieve the *wants* of those of his fellow worshippers who are in pecuniary difficulty and trouble; for our blessed Lord hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The love of the world does not consist in the proper use and enjoyment of the comforts God gives us, but in an inordinate and selfish attachment to the things of time and sense. "We love the world too much," says a celebrated divine, "1. When, for the sake of any profit or pleasure, we wilfully, knowingly, and deliberately transgress the commands of God. 2. When we take more pains about the present life than the next. 3. When we cannot be contented, patient, or resigned, under low and inconvenient circumstances. 4. We love the world too much when we cannot part with any thing we possess to those who want, deserve, and have a right to it. 5. When we envy those who are more fortunate and more favoured by the world than we are. 6. When we honour, and esteem, and favour persons purely according to their birth, fortunes, and success, measuring our judgment and approbation by their outward appearance and situation in life. 7. When worldly prosperity makes us proud, and vain, and arrogant. 8. When we omit no opportunity of enjoying the good things of this life; when our great and chief business is to divert ourselves till we contract an indifference for rational and manly occupations, deceiving ourselves, and fancying that we are not in a bad condition because others are worse than we."

Let every individual, therefore, professing the religion of the Saviour, examine themselves by these rules; and constantly seek for Divine grace to save them from falling into

any of the errors here enumerated, and to enable them rightly to employ whatsoever of this world's goods they may possess, to the glory of God, and the happiness, temporal and spiritual, of their fellow men, and especially those of them who belong to "the household of faith."

From the Wesleyan.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

We are at length enabled to present our readers with a brief outline of the proceedings of the British Conference at its ninety-ninth annual session. From the returns of members under its care throughout the world, it will be perceived that there has been a decrease the past year in the Home Department of 2,065—an uncommon occurrence—while on the Mission Stations, 4,801 have been added, making the net increase 2,738. As an offset, however, to the numerical diminution in the full membership at Home, chiefly caused, no doubt, by emigration, we are authorized to state, that in England alone, there were TWENTY THOUSAND on trial at the time of the sitting of the Conference. The state of the Connection at large is eminently tranquil, hearty and prosperous; and from present appearances, we may reasonably augur as the result of the operations of the current year, through the blessed influence of the Lord the Spirit, an accession, more than usually large, to the ranks of our "sacramental host."

The introduction of the truly venerable Dr. Steinkopf, and the Rev. Mr. Sydow, a Prussian Clergyman, at an early period of the session of Conference—the tone of their addresses, and the spirit in which their friendly sentiments and congratulations were reciprocated, presented an exemplification of the expansive, yet uncompromising communion of truly Christian sympathy, peculiarly refreshing in these days of ecclesiastical assumption and exclusiveness. The name of the former of these Ministers is familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Sydow's address, exhibiting a rapid survey of the state of religion in Germany during the last century, is replete with interest. Truth is mighty and must ultimately triumph. It is indeed animating to learn that *Naturalism* and *Pantheism*, which are nothing more than different modifications of *Atheism*; and *Rationalism* or *Necology*, which by empoisoning the very source of celestial truth, have done immeasurably more mischief on the Continent, than open and avowed infidelity, are evidently on their wane. To this salutary and auspicious change, the present King of Prussia and his father, of pious memory, have greatly contributed. And it is a problem not unworthy the consideration of the philosopher and the statesman, whether the sudden elevation of the Prussian empire to a position so influential among the nations of Europe, is not chiefly attributable, among kindred causes, to the very fact to which Mr. Sydow bears testimony. From the formation of the first body politic, history has been accumulating, and it will continue to the end to accumulate, illustrative of the Scripture axiom, "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

In reviewing the transactions of the Conference, no part of the proceedings exercises so deep and commanding an influence over our own mind, as the services connected with the ordination of the fifty-three young men, who, after a probation of at least four years, were received into full connexion, and solemnly set apart to exercise all the functions of the Christian Ministry. The impressive scene occupies the first pages of our present number, affording the strongest practical evidence that in no section of the Christian Church is greater precaution employed to prevent the admission of any to the sacred office, but men who have given full proof of their piety, and of competent abilities for the work. Here, in fact, lies the secret of the success of Methodism. Relaxation here would speedily be followed, as all ecclesiastical history mournfully attests, by general imbecility and decay. But while on all the glory of the pulpits of Methodism, proclaiming a *free, present and full salvation* through the blood of the Cross, there is placed such a defence, it will continue to be owned of God, as most signally it has been, as one of the ordained and most potent agencies of His redeeming providence.

We learn from a private source, that towards the close of its session, the Conference was addressed at considerable length and with great clearness and power by Dr. Bunting and the Ex-President on the present position and responsibilities of Methodism. "The great principles of our Connexion"—remarks our correspondent—"are becoming better understood, and are being maintained with increasing vigour, and fidelity. We shall not in future,—as has sometimes been the case in times past—permit our ministerial authority to be neutralized by antagonistic influences, but shall take and endeavour to keep our proper ground as Ministers of Christ."

It affords us much pleasure to record the following instance of Christian friendship on the part of the Church of Scotland, towards the Ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in Conference assembled:—

A letter was received from the moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in pursuance of a Resolution of the last General Assembly, that they would open, and keep up, a friendly intercourse and correspondence with other branches of the Christian Church; thus seeking both to manifest and strengthen that true scriptural affection which rejects not from Christian brotherhood those who "hold the head, which is Christ." The Conference received this Communication with much pleasure, as well as with thankfulness to "the God of peace," who, in this day of eager controversy, when they who profess and call themselves Christians, seem almost to have fallen into the habit of distance and reserve, had brought about such an example of brotherly affection. A Committee was appointed to whom was entrusted the preparation of a reply to this interesting and valuable document.

INTERESTING FROM ITALY.

Accounts from some friends who have recently been in Italy assure us that at the present moment there is a remarkable waking up of the Italian mind. They tell us that our ideas of the Italian character are incorrect in many points. We have, indeed, been in the habit of supposing them so sunk in ignorance and superstition as to have no desires for knowledge or true religion. We have thought that the debasing system of ecclesiastical government under which they exist and which also controls the political state of the country has so well succeeded in extinguishing even the desire of knowledge, that it would be useless to attempt to enlighten the people of Italy. But popery and despotism in its strong and natural alliance have not extinguished and cannot extinguish that native thirst for knowledge, that ardor, that taste, that imagination which characterize the Italian mind. Aspirations do break forth for the light which they see shines for all but them. They feel that they are degraded in the eyes of the world by their ignorance, in a great degree unwilling ignorance, but still an ignorance which they believe might be dispelled if their exertions at home were but seconded by the sympathy and assistance of the friends of humanity abroad. They desire education, and, it may appear strange to some, religious education.

Among all the Protestant nations there are none to be found more hostile to the Papacy than Italian Christians. The Pope has no enemies more inveterate than in Rome itself. And with good reason too, for there the people see and feel its abominable character; its usurpations, its gross hypocrisy, its grasping selfishness. They see the blight it produces on all around it, on character moral and intellectual, on industry, and the useful arts and sciences, on social intercourse, on international communion, in short on all that constitutes the prosperity of a State. No, we need not read lectures to prove to them that the Pope is a Usurper and a Despot; this is a truth ground into the very constitution of an Italian, by daily and hourly oppressions; none are so ignorant there but know this truth.

This cheering information in regard to the waking up of the Italian mind comes not alone, it is accompanied by the encouraging fact that Italy is accessible. Italy can be assisted. The Italians are ready to take an active part in disseminating useful knowledge among their own countrymen. Means only are wanted to purchase the materials, books, especially the Bible, tracts and newspapers.—N. Y. Observer.

ANECDOTES OF FELIX NEFF.

Mr. Bost has collected several instructive anecdotes respecting Felix Neff: I can quote but a few.

A person said to him one day: "Do not expose yourself on the road; the weather is rainy; the rocks on the mountains are loose and ready to fall. I fear for your life." "Do not fear," said Neff; "the apostle made no account of his life, if he might win Christ: I would do the same. The God whom we serve is Lord of the rocks and of the rain; I place myself under his protection." Then, having prayed, he said to his friend; "Let us go, dear friend, we have nothing to fear: the Lord protects us."

Some persons intend to beat you in such a place, said a person to him one day. He smiled and replied: "They have plotted to beat me, without knowing if God wills it; I pity them: let us pray for them." After having prayed for his enemies, he added: "Fear not for them who can kill the body; but fear him who can cast both soul and body into hell."

One day as he was exhorting a woman to turn to the Lord, she replied: "I have, no doubt, committed many little sins to which I paid no attention." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "do you talk of little sins? All sins are offensive in the sight of God! He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Search in the Bible if you find any sin more small apparently than the sin of Adam and Eve; they had only eat some fruit; they had not injured their neighbour, because they were alone; and yet this little sin ruined the human race; a mighty victim was needed for its expiation."

"You have often confessed your faults to a priest," said he to a Catholic woman; "do you believe that this priest has taken away your sins?" "No," said the woman; "I have always been afraid of death, because I feel that I have sinned against the God of heaven, and I dare not appear before him, fearing to be cast into the dreadful abyss, as I justly deserve." "Well you see, my dear, that a man cannot pardon your sins. But the Lord Jesus can and will, because he is Almighty and all merciful. Go then to him; just as you are, as the penitent Mary Magdalene; and, like her, you shall find a Saviour full of compassion, who will tell you: *Go in peace: thy sins are forgiven thee.* And, like her, you will love much, because you have been forgiven much."

One day, being in a house, after begging those present to receive the word of reconciliation, and seeing that they attached no importance to his words, he became sad and dejected. "Do you feel sick?" said the people to him.—"Yes, I am sick when I consider your obstinacy in remaining estranged from God, without hope in the world."—"Ah! I often read my Bible," said one to him, "and I cannot remember it."—"Oh! if you loved this word, you would retain it in your memory. If you had an intimate friend, who was absent, surely you would often think of him. If he wrote you that soon he would return to reside constantly with you, you would read and read again his letter; you would remember it; you would speak of it to your friends: you would hasten by your sighs the moment of his coming. So it will be if you truly love the Lord Jesus."

Felix Neff was often heard singing praises to God, when alone in his room. Wordly men said of him: "What a singular being! he seems unhappy, and yet when he is alone he is always singing!" It was because Neff rejoiced in the Lord. Yet his friends relate that he had also great spiritual trials. He said that he was sometimes so assailed by the adversary of souls, that he seemed to himself to be surrounded with ruins, and he lost for a moment even the hope of being saved. But soon he resumed courage. "He who has taken me into fellowship with himself is faithful," said he; and if on account of my many unfaithfulness, he hides for a moment his face, I hope ever in him: I know in whom I have believed!"

His health was seriously affected by his preaching and missionary labours. He struggled a long time against his disease, but about the middle of the year 1827, his strength being absolutely exhausted, he was obliged to quit the upper Alps to go to breathe his native air. Mr. Bost publishes the manuscript journal which Neff prepared, at leaving. The tone is serious; the sentiments are not those of resignation but of sorrow. Felix Neff seems to have foreseen that he should not return to these brethren, these sisters so dear to his

heart, all these souls to whom he had announced the good news of salvation. He bade them a last farewell in these pages stamped with ardent piety.

When he returned to *Mens*, where he had preached some years before, the whole population flocked around him, as an apostle. He tried to impart to all of them courage and confidence. A brother said to him: 'It seems to me that we must separate, no more to see each other in this world; and when you are no longer here, what shall we do?' He replied calmly: 'The Lord will never leave us; to him you shall cleave; let Him increase in your hearts, and let me decrease. He is the spouse of your souls. He is in heaven, and I am upon earth.'—*Cor. of N. Y. Observer.*

NEW AGENTS.—The following friends have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Christian Mirror*, viz:—Mr. BAINBOROUGH, for St. Johns, Chambly, Isle-aux-Noix, and intermediate places; Mr. WILLIAM SCRIVER, for Hemmingford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFFECTION AMONG AFRICANS.

The following account, by Mr. Steele, of an interview between one of the Africans of the Amistad and his mother, cannot fail to move the heart of the reader:—

The next morning we reached the town where Banna's mother was, between seven and eight o'clock. Banna went up to see if his mother was there. He soon returned, and was taking some things from the boat. I understood him that his mother was not there, and supposed he meant to let us go on, while he would wait for her return. I told him we could not go without him, and wished him to get into the boat, saying we would be back in a few days. The matter was however soon explained. His mother had only gone to the bush for some wood, and some one had already gone for her; I then got out of the boat and went with him.

We were seated in the shade of some orange trees; Banna upon the bench, and myself upon a large native chair. We had not been sitting long when we heard some one sigh deeply at the other side of a small house near us, and at the same moment a heavy crash indicated the fall of the bundle of wood which the mother had brought upon her head. We were not long in suspense. The mother came slowly round the house with her hands raised as high as her face, and the open palms presented. The tears streamed down her furrowed face—she moaned most piteously, and exhibited all that surprise and consternation which we might expect if she had really seen one returned from the land of spirits. Nor is this to be thought matter of surprise; for it was only a few moments before that she had heard her son, whom she had so long considered dead, was still alive, and now he sat in full view before her. She did not approach directly to him, but walked around nearly to the opposite side from which she had come, continually uttering an exclamation which I could not precisely understand. Banna did not move from his seat, but sat like one petrified with the intensity of his feelings. His head was upon his hand, while his elbow rested on his knee—the tears did flow, and occasionally he heaved a sigh—but other signs of remaining animation he gave not. The mother at length stood facing her son—he was indeed still alive, and now before her, and her maternal feelings seemed to rush upon her at once like a torrent. She plunged at full length upon the sand at his feet, and embraced one of them. She seemed in perfect agony, and rolled from side to side, still uttering her mournful cries, and to me unmeaning exclamations. The struggle was long, and I chose to turn aside. I had never before seen such an expression of nature's own feelings, unrestrained by art or refinement. After a considerable time the mother arose, and embraced her son, and went through at some length with their customary ceremony of rubbing the palms of their right hands together, and repeating again and again the welcome "seno."

THE AMERICAN ALOE.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman in Albany to Mr. Thorburn on the progress of the

century aloe, now blooming at the Patroon's greenhouse:

"The aloe is in bloom—six flowers opened this morning—the flower stem is 22 feet high, looking like an immense candelabrum, with 28 lateral flower branches, containing in the whole 28 stems, with at least 2600 flowers. All Albany is going to see it, and no doubt great numbers from your city, where are so many people of floral taste. When it is remembered that another opportunity to behold this wonder of nature may not occur, and that the proceeds of this exhibition are devoted to that laudable charity the Orphan Asylum, every one is furnished with a sufficient inducement for the examination of this rare exotic, which has been in the Van Rensselaer family upwards of 80 years. It will continue improving in appearance for a week to come."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PROVINCE OF CANADA.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—It would appear from the following official despatch, that this question is at length now likely to be set at rest:—

DOWNING STREET, 2d Nov., 1841.

SIR,—I have received Sir Richard Jackson's Despatch No. 10, of the 28th September, forwarding an Address to the Queen from the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, praying her Majesty to order the Provincial Parliament to be held alternately at the cities of Quebec and Toronto.

I have had the honour to lay that address before the Queen, and have received her Majesty's command to instruct you to acquaint the House of Assembly, that her Majesty is always desirous, as far as may be possible, of consulting the wishes of her loyal subjects in Canada, deliberately entertained & constitutionally expressed through their Representatives in the House of Assembly. But that the establishment of Kingston as the seat of the United Legislature, was not adopted without full consideration; and that a change, involving, among other consequences, largely increased expenditure, ought not to be sanctioned, except upon the clearest necessity, and the general sense of the Province unequivocally expressed in its favor.

Many and serious objections attach to the proposal for holding Sessions for alternate periods of four years each at distinct and distant places, which, upon consideration, her Majesty can hardly doubt, will induce the House of Assembly to take a different view from that which is expressed in the Address now submitted to her Majesty.

I have the honor, &c.,

(Signed) STANLEY.

The Right Hon. Sir CHARLES BAGOT,
G. C. B., &c. &c. &c.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE English dates are to the 10th September. There is no political news of importance. At the latest dates, Her Majesty was at Dupplin Castle, on a visit to Lord Kinnoul. The Queen's arrival at Edinburgh was attended by a serious accident, of which the papers give the following particulars:—

It is with the deepest regret we have to announce a frightful accident which took place this day about one o'clock. It is well known that a large stand was erected within the East Princes Street gardens, which we understand was duly inspected by the Dean of Guild Court, and found sufficient. This forenoon, about the time Her Majesty was passing down the Mound, a rush was made to the stand, and a number of people got there who had no title to seats. About ten minutes after her Majesty passed, one half of the stand came down, carrying with it upwards of 300 people. Nearly 70 out of the 300 were more or less injured, one gentleman very severely, and eight were carried away in a state of insensibility. Some had their arms broken, others their ancles dislocated and ribs broken, and one lady received the pike on the top of the railing into her breast, we are happy to add, without receiving material injury. Many were dreadfully frightened at the accident, and were carried into adjoining houses in convulsions. This fearful occurrence caused a gloom over the entire city, and was indeed a sad drawback to the general joy of her Majesty's entrance.

The Chartists in London were holding meetings and making speeches, but were falling off in number. In the disturbed districts peace was pretty generally restored; but the condition of things was scarcely better. There is an evident disinclination to return to work, even when it can be had, and the labouring classes seemed to feel as if the commotion was by no means at an end.

PRICE OF IRON.—From a private letter received in York this week from Staffordshire, it appears that on the 1st inst. the price of iron advanced 10s. per ton, and a farther rise is expected.—*York Courant.*

IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.

DREADFUL MASSACRE OF THE CHINESE—THE BRITISH ARMS SUCCESSFUL—FLIGHT OF THE EMPEROR, &c. &c.

In looking over the last dates from England received by the Acadia, we find the following important news from China.

According to report the Emperor had been so much frightened at the threatened approach of the English to Peking, that he gave his fatherly advice to his Chinese subjects to defend themselves as well as they could against the foreign barbarians, after which he fled with his family into Tartary, the country of his ancestors. It will be curious to find China soon governed again by one of its own race under the protection of the British Queen.

In China the troops under Sir Hugh Gough, amounting in all to about 1,000 bayonets, attacked and utterly routed and dispersed a Chinese army of 10,000 men, great part of which consisted of picked troops, with a part of the Imperial Body-guard, with a loss to them of 1,000 killed, large quantities of stores, baggage, &c., and a large proportion of cannon.

The troops, seamen, and marines were embarked in the *Nemesis*, *Phlegethion*, and *Queen* steamers, towing a number of boats of the squadron, early on the morning of the 15th, and after proceeding 16 miles by the river, and marching five, reached Tsekee at 8½ o'clock, when a fire was opened on them by some guns from the ramparts, and a considerable body of matchlock men, who retired on receiving a few rounds from two small field pieces, and the walls were immediately escaladed without farther resistance.

The chief body of the British troops, &c. marched round outside the town, and were joined at the east gate by the escalading party, where the whole had an excellent view of the Chinese forces intrenched on two distinct lofty hills in front and on the left. Arrangements were directly made for advancing the attack and dislodging them as nearly as possible at the same instant.

This manœuvre succeeded admirably, and although the enemy disputed the possession of their steep and difficult position so obstinately that many instances of hand to hand combat occurred, Her Majesty's forces gallantly and steadily persevered in the ascent under an unceasing fire, until their summits were gained, and the rout of the Chinese army became complete at all points, and was followed up by a pursuit which was continued till sunset.

From the London Sun.

THE British troops under the command of General Sir H. Gough and Admiral Sir W. Parker having, on the 10th of March, defeated the Chinese army, commanded by General Yih, and taken the city of Tse-kee, near which another Chinese force of from 8000 to 10,000 men were strongly posted upon some hill, commanded by Generals Twan-Yang, Yang, and Choo.

Arrangements were made for an attack in three columns, 2 of which were gallantly led by Sir H. Gough and Sir W. Parker in person. Nothing could exceed the bravery of the troops. They continued to surround the Chinese, and quite bewilder them. The carnage was dreadful, being more a butchery than a battle. Ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, the poor creatures knew not how to surrender, and were massacred.

Not less than a thousand of them, including a great number of Mandarins, were killed, or drowned in the canals; whereas of the British troops only three were killed and twenty-two wounded. The encampments, and such of the buildings as had been occupied by the enemy, were burned, and the grain magazines thrown open to the populace, who speedily emptied them. On the 16th the force moved to the Changhi Pass, in the hope of destroying the remaining division of the enemy and capturing the treasures chest. A three hours' march brought the column to the foot of the hills, where they found the position remarkably strong; dispositions were made to attack it, but as they advanced they perceived that the enemy had retreated, taking with them their guns and treasure.

The works and neighbouring buildings were destroyed, and after a two hours halt the troops returned to Tse-kee, which they reached at night. All the villages on the route were deserted. The conduct of the troops is spoken of as most orderly and forbearing throughout. On the 17th the whole force returned to Ningpo. The *Sesostriis* steamer had been despatched to Amoy to bring up 300 men of the Royal Irish from thence.

It was currently reported at Canton that the Emperor, rather than await a visit from General Sir H. Gough and Admiral Sir W. Parker at his Palace at Peking, had preferred retiring beyond the Great Wall with his family, considering himself to be much safer in Tartary than in China. The Celestial Majesty before going was graciously pleased to command his loving subjects to fight away, advising that if they killed all the barbarians, he would return and rule them as before.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

TUESDAY, October 4, 1842.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot,	1	0	1	3
Barley, "	2	3	2	6
Pease, "	1	8	2	6
Lint Seed "	5	0	5	6
Buckwheat "	2	3	2	6
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	7	6
Fowls, "	1	6	2	6
Geese, "	3	4	4	0
Ducks, "	1	8	2	6
Chickens, "	0	7	1	3
Partridges "	1	8	2	6
Eggs, fresh, per doz.	0	6	0	7
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	10	1	0
" Salt, "	0	6	0	7
Pork, per hnd	17	6	20	0
Beef, "	17	6	20	0
Flour, per cwt.	15	6	15	10
Beef, per lb.	0	2	0	5
Pork "	0	3	0	4
Vcal per qr	1	6	10	0
Mutton "	1	6	4	0
Lard per lb	0	5	0	0
Potatoes per bush.	1	0	1	3
Lamb per qr.	1	3	2	6

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIBLE WARNING!!!

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the people of every Religion based upon the Word of God, that I, J. P. WILSON, a man of the common people, (having been brought up as a farmer,) have read the Discussion which took place in the year 1838, between the Rev. Mr. Gregg, Minister of the English Church, and the Rev. T. Maguire, Roman Catholic Priest, the great advocate of the Church of Rome; in which a man of the common people, that is, an ignorant Protestant, as the Rev. Gentleman is pleased to call one who is not learned in several tongues, is called upon to come forward, and to let him know how long such a man would take to read the Bible, and how he could interpret it.

Whereupon I call upon all men holding either the Bible of the Church of England, or the Bible of the Church of Rome, to commence and read them through from beginning to end. All such as are not bound to the hours of a labouring man, may read it through in one year from this date: and tradesmen and labourers can have it read by the year 1845.

Further, in the year 1843, God willing, I will challenge the great Rev. T. Maguire to stand to his writings. I will also call upon the Jew to come forward, and I will engage to confound him out of his own Scriptures.

In this great undertaking, I will ask the opinions of some on the 11th chapter of Ecclesiastes, 2d verse, and will expound the SEVEN, wherever an opportunity is afforded me. The contents of this verse order my expenses to be borne.

You may now see the three men that the Prophet DANIEL saw, as recorded in his last chapter.

Four different Scriptural Questions have been proposed to me by four different Clergymen, since the year 1830; who, however, denied me the privilege of answering them in public. The Rev. T. Maguire will, however, I trust, give me an opportunity of answering those questions, in the presence of himself and others.

The fact of the Church of Rome having called upon "a common man" to explain so wondrous a book, planned by the wisdom of the Most High, in visions, parables and numbers, and prepared to meet the times and laws of the lower world, furnishes proof that "the clouds have emptied themselves upon the earth."

But I address you, friends, in the language of David, "Let no man's heart fail;" I will go and interpret the Book. Four great men have already fled from before me. Newry in Ireland, St. Helen's in England, and the township of Clarke, Upper Canada, can and shall prove the fact.

I hope that Brother Jonathan will put his hand under this garment.

The prayers of all are earnestly entreated, that I may be enabled to act justly with the Word of God.

Peace be to man, woman, and child.

Editors of papers are requested to notice the above. The attention of the authorities is also respectfully invited.

Those who will not hear this, must be ranked amongst the dead; those who will hear this, must stand up, and give their voice among the living; for it is written, "He that is not with me is against me."

The public's humble servant in the Word of God,
J. P. WILSON,
Or, WILSON THE LAYMAN.
MONTREAL, September 14, 1842.

JOSEPH HORNER,
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Charges very moderate.
JOHN E. L. MILLER.
Montreal, May 5, 1842.

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Notre Dame Street.
August 12, 1841.

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THE Subscriber begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared, on the opening of the navigation, to transact business as a GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and GOODS BROKER.
He will give his best attention to the sale of consignments, and purchase of every description of GOODS, PRODUCE, &c., Liquors excepted, and will spare no exertions that will render his services advantageous to those who may confide their interests to his care.

He begs to say, that for the last eleven years he has been employed in one of the most extensive HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, during the last seven of which he has had the charge of the business, and that for the seven years preceding he was employed in the GROCERY LINE, and has engaged the services of a person who possesses an intimate knowledge of DRY GOODS.

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Messrs. WILLIAM SMITH & SONS, Liverpool
ALEX. BRYSON.
Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

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