

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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Vol. III.

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POETRY.

For the Christian Mirror.

TEMPORARY PLEASURE & ENDLESS PAIN.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

I saw a fly, one fatal night,
First feel the force of candlelight.
I trembled as it nearer came,
Lured by the splendour of the flame.
It hadn't learned, poor stirring fly,
Pleasures oft charm with danger nigh.

It might have fluttered many a day,
Had it kept out of danger's way.
But round the flame it gaily flew,
And nearer still, and nearer, drew.
O, had it known, what all should learn,
The flame that warms may also burn.

I stood, a moment, looking on,
And, in the flame, both wings were gone!
Down on the table and the floor
It suffering fell, with insect roar!
Dread moment's pleasure!—What a cost!
Both wings forever—EVER—LOST!

It was enough to make one weep,
To see a FLY thus doomed to CREEP;
Doomed by its own unguarded play,
Which threw its only wings away;
Doomed, till the tread of instant death,
Or spider's fangs, should end its breath!

Thus, oft, in some alluring flame,
The youth consumes an honoured name!
Noon acts in night, the fairest sun,
When sinful pleasure's course is run!
Prospects of promise cease to last,
When character away is cast!

To lose fair fame, by shameful deeds,
Oft the most direful doom precedes.
One single step may lead below
To grovelling crimes, and groaning woe!
Nor will the tears of time suffice
To tell THE COST of pleasing vice!

Avoid, loved youth! the charming snare.
Let JEUU'S service be thy care.
He gives the quick-discerning eye
Which sees the sin and danger nigh.
His servants here to honour rise,
And mount at length beyond the skies!

FATHER.

Near Lake Champlain,
January 8th, 1844.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

BY BUNYAN.

THE trials that those men do meet withal,
That are obedient to the heavenly call;
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh;
And come, and come, and come again afresh;
That now, or sometime else, we by them may
Be "taken," "overcome," and "cast away."
O, let the pilgrims—let the pilgrims, then—
"Be vigilant," and quit themselves "like men!"

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

TO THE UNCONVERTED.

Consider your mortality!—Your breath is in your nostrils. You are not certain of another moment. The concerns of your immortal soul, the means of grace, the opportunities of salvation, the interests of eternity, ever hang off the passing instant, are all suspended upon the brittle thread of human life, and are dependent upon the frail tenure of a beating pulse. Now if death, which is ever following after you, were the end of your existence, there would be no room for anxiety; at any rate, none for the anxiety which prompts to preparation; whatever reason there would be for dread and dismay. But death is not the end, it is but the gate into eternity. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Annihilation would be fearful enough: to plunge into the gulf of oblivion, to cease to be forever, how horrible! But how much more horrible eternal consciousness attended with pain? Did you ever weigh the import of that most awful of all words, HELL? Death is a terrific monosyllable: from the cold touch of this last enemy all sentient beings recoil with horror. But death is only as the dark, heavy, iron covered door of the prison, which opens to, while it conceals, the sight and sounds of the dungeon. O, that first moment after death! what disclosures, what scenes, what feelings come with that moment! And that moment must come—may come soon. Should you not be anxious? Rev. J. A. James.

"MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES."

A REMARKABLE illustration of the old proverb, "man proposes, God disposes," was afforded on board the ship by which the Bishop of Zealand proceeded to his far distant diocese. After an exceedingly fine voyage, the whole distance being performed in 110 days, unattended by a single accident, a general feeling of gratitude to Almighty God was naturally excited in the minds of the passengers and crew. When the vessel arrived off Sydney, his Lordship deemed it right that expression should be given to this feeling by a thanksgiving service, and the "church bell" was sounded for that purpose. Just before the period for its celebration, an alarm was given of a "man overboard." It appeared that a seaman in the excess of joy at once more beholding land, had become intoxicated, and unfortunately fallen into the sea. A boat was instantly lowered, but the unhappy man sank almost immediately. On returning, the boat struck against the side of the vessel and instantly capsized. The bishop, who happened to be leaning over the bulwarks, threw a life preserver to the mate, who was struggling in the water, and by its assistance he succeeded in reaching the ship. A lady passenger threw a rope to another of the crew, who was also saved. A third seaman managed to scramble up the companion ladder in safety, but the fourth shared the fate from which he had just endeavoured to rescue his shipmate. It is needless to say that in a few short minutes the feeling of joy was turned to that of sorrow: the muffled bell was tolled as the signal of death, and the thanksgiving was superseded by the deeply solemn service of the burial of the dead.

THE RAINBOW.

How often has the young soldier fallen in the first of his fields! How often has the sun gone down at noon! Yet more frequently do the young die. We remember to have read the following anecdote, which was translated, I think, from the German, of a young boy and his early death:—One beautiful morning in summer, a little boy was playing on the green before his

father's door. The dew, which had fallen thick during the night, was hanging in large drops upon the long grass, and on the flowers, and shining like little globes of pearl in the sun. The little boy was greatly delighted with the drops of dew. He was called into the house. On coming out, the dew was dried up and gone. He asked his father whither it had gone. His father told him that the sun had chased it away. "Father," said the little boy, "was the sun angry with the dew-drops?" "No," replied his father. Shortly after there was a cloud, and a rainbow was seen reflected from its dark bosom. "My dear child," said the father, "you see yon rainbow? In that glorious bow are the dew-drops you admired.—There they shine the jewellery of the skies, and the foot of man shall trample on them no more. Now learn, my dear child, that what withers on earth shall bloom in heaven."

A CONTRAST OF THE FIRST AND THE SECOND ADAM.

Did the progenitor of the human race dwell in the happy plains of paradise? We beheld the second Adam in the desolate wilderness. Did the first man, who was of the earth, earthy, (1 Cor. xiii. 47) live amidst lovely trees and delicious fruits in the garden of Eden? The second man, who is the Lord from heaven, must endure hunger in a wilderness, amidst stones and rank weeds, where not an ear of corn grew to relieve the extreme necessity of His nature. Did our forefather enjoy the most delightful communion with God and the holy angels, and the society of his spotless wife? Jesus, on the contrary, with the wild beasts, as St. Mark informs us, and with the old serpent, with Satan and his angels. O, how great the contrast! But thus it was ordained of God.—Krummacher. (Christ in the Wilderness.)

THE UNIVERSE.

It is calculated that there are eighty millions of suns, twenty billions of miles apart from each other. Each of these suns has assigned to it a circular dominion in space, ten billions of miles in diameter, and within which wide domain revolve, in harmonious array and order, a retinue of at least thirty worlds, "all differing from each other" in symmetry of construction. Hence forming an aggregate of two hundred and forty millions of worlds, governed by eighty millions of suns! And it certainly cannot now be doubted, that these vast multitudes of worlds are peopled with myriads of intelligences, capable of understanding and adoring the wisdom and goodness of Him who alone can "count the stars."—E. Henderson.

TAKE CARE OF THAT TONGUE.

1. It is your tongue.—You have not the care of your neighbours' tongues. Theirs may need care; but it is with yours only that I am now concerned, and about which I am anxious deeply to interest you.

2. It is you only that can take care of it.—If your neighbours could have done it, they very likely would have done it long ere this with a vengeance. They have thought about your tongue, and used their own about it, beyond question, and would be well pleased with dominion over it. But they cannot have it. You are the only ruler.

3. It needs care.—Whose tongue does not? "The tongue is an unruly member." Not a Greek or a Roman tongue only. Not a Jewish or a Gentile tongue merely. The tongue.—Here is universality of application, and the appellation is "unruly." This net is large enough to catch all the birds. Your tongue therefore needs care.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

(From the *Novascotian*.)
SLAVERY.

THAT England in by-gone times was guilty of forging chains for the degraded sons of Africa, cannot be denied; but that she, in the majesty of Christian benevolence, and in the true spirit of philanthropy, has already emancipated millions of slaves in her own dominions, inflames our heart with pride, while we remember that we too are virtually Britons, although born on this side of the Atlantic. But our parent country does not remain satisfied with banishing slavery from her own territories—she seems determined not to relax her exertions, till the traffic of human beings is driven from the world. We copy the following article from a late number of the *Colonial Gazette*; and while our readers feel indignant at the unmerited suffering of their fellow men, and mourn to think that

“Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,”

they cannot but be pleased to know that the energies of the greatest Empire on earth are exerted, in endeavouring to make other nations follow her righteous example.

LIBERATED AFRICANS DETAINED AS SLAVES IN BRAZIL.

We lately drew attention to the statements made in the Guinea papers respecting the detention of liberated Africans in bondage at Surinam. From communications in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Herald*, it is evident that some thousands of liberated Africans are at this moment similarly detained in a state of slavery in Brazil. A Brazilian Minister, when challenged with this in the Legislative Assembly, had no better defence to make than that no term had been fixed for the termination of their apprenticeship. We should entertain considerable doubts of the propriety of carrying on our anti-slavery cruises merely to supply our own colonies with free labourers, but we have no doubt of the folly of carrying them on to supply Brazil with slaves under the name of apprentices. Since Spain, Portugal and Brazil have made laws and treaties for the prevention of the traffic, we have spent three or four millions sterling in rendering them effective, a task falling exclusively on us; as the other contracting parties have uniformly acted so as to render our labour imperative, in which they have, too, been encouraged by some other high and mighty naval powers.

It is known that this cruising service has occasioned the sacrifice of thousands of lives of our brave sailors and zealous officers, in the pestilential climes where their duty called them. Also, that the stealth and stratagem under which the slave trade has been and still is carried on, causes an utterly reckless sacrifice of the lives of the negroes during the middle passage. The large and sickening loss of life, or murder by wholesale and retail, is the only and inevitable consequence of the present system. But for our interference this would cease, together with the incalculable sufferings and hardships of those who escape with life into unholy slavery; the first being estimated at 600,000 to 700,000, and the latter at 1,300,000 and 1,500,000 during the last 20 years. Lastly it is clear that we have but narrowly and repeatedly escaped being driven into foreign wars on this subject of cruising, and the right of search, a measure positively required to attain our object.

Well, for all these labours and losses, troubles and peril and destruction of white and black, what have we? The net proceeds are some 12,000 or 15,000 negroes, captured and declared free. The joint Commissioners,

Commissioners named by our Government, under treaties ratified by the Powers with our Queen, have declared their negroes free, never again to be slaves. The British nation has given them a bond and a guarantee for their freedom, which in fact our officers and seamen had done, when they spread the British flag at the slaver’s peak, and secured the scoundrels who sailed her; when they brought the lingering and fettered negro from the infected hold, and again restored him to a breath of air and a sight of heaven, and taught him to feel that he was indeed free.

Now here comes the cruel mockery, for what else is it? These men, women and children had that liberty confirmed by our commissioners, by the commissioner of Cuba, and Brazil, by the respective judges, by the common consent of their Government and ours. Our Government, thinking to benefit them without subjecting them to another voyage to our colonies, where also slavery then existed, allowed them to remain in trust of the respective Governments for seven years as free apprentices under the laws, and after that time to be their own masters. The Governments of Spain and Brazil became co-sponsors with Britain for their entire and perfect liberty. But what is the result of all this expense and suffering, or the declaration of judges and their guarantees? Why, that these same negroes are slaves, or worse than slaves, being worse treated, more worked and faster driven to death, than the slaves who have been paid for; being considered as a windfall by those who get possession of them through favours of the governors and ministers of justice, and easily accounted for “as dead” at the end of the period, if they be not actually so by labour and stripes before that time. The conditions are to pay their wages into the public treasuries, to be delivered to them at the end of their apprenticeships; but neither is this done or required; but often to avoid it, on the death of a slave, a return is made for an apprentice. Thus the game goes on—the delusion and the deception are mutually agreeable. Governors and ministers of justice, and other great and potent proprietors, unite therein; for governors and ministers are principal holders, as acknowledged indeed by the declaration of one of the Rio Ministers in Legislation. Such declarations of possession, and denial of any period being fixed for the duration of apprenticeship, prove rather unfortunate as an apology or defence; and have the character of a sort of semi-official reply to the urgent pressing of the question (which we believe our Government to have for some time persisted in) and which must be attended to. However, the excuse made “of there being no time fixed for the termination of apprenticeships” is too gross to deceive, too great an imputation on our commissioners, to be allowed to pass without explanation.

We wage war for smuggled opium; for the sake of one man detained a prisoner; for our flag being stuck up among other trophies by a madman, whose country hardly has a ship of war; we do much more than these things, and the etiquette of nations forces us to do them. Shall we then allow 14,000 beings to be held in cruel bondage and the chains of slavery, after having promised them liberty and freedom?

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

THE religious newspaper is one of the mightiest agencies to enlighten and bless the world. Its influence cannot be measured, for its operation is silent and unseen. No eye follows it, as it flies abroad, multiplied into thousands—enters the domestic circle, to be read by the father, the mother, the daughter, the son,

and to leave on all their minds impressions as lasting as life. How frequently does the devoted minister, when more calls press upon him than he can possibly meet, sigh out the vain wish that he could “multiply himself”—labour in different spheres at the same moment. What he would fain do, the religious newspaper is actually and literally constituted to accomplish. Simultaneously it speaks to fifty families, perhaps, in the same parish, and to many hundred parishes at once. Assemble its readers together, and what a *mass-meeting* would it be! Who would not deem it an object to address such a vast gathering of immortal beings, on subjects of infinite importance to them and to the whole world?—The most important truths and duties of Christ’s religion are expounded and urged by the good religious newspaper. The most interesting and valuable intelligence with reference to the condition of the heathen—the progress of missions—the triumphs of redeeming grace at home and abroad—the prevailing sins, and the influences operating and capable of being brought to operate against these sins,—is furnished by the religious paper. “It defends the truth, and the friends of truth, against those who misrepresent them.” Every week it informs, arouses, and directs. Every week it exerts its moulding, purifying, elevating influence on thousands of minds, which will themselves be mediums of extending and increasing it on the minds of others. And yet its operations is as silent as that of the fixed laws of nature. It is in thousands of places at once, doing its work—producing its mighty and lasting effects: still it makes no noise, is attended with no trumpet blast, no vocal acclamations.

We suppose it to be on this account that its importance is not more generally appreciated. Will our readers think of this influence? We appeal to the pastor. Are your people deficient in scriptural knowledge—in just and enlarged views of Christian duty—in attention to your ministry—in sympathy for the oppressed, and for the perishing heathen? Persuade them to take a religious paper. See that it is read in every family of your parish. Refer your people frequently to interesting articles in its columns. Regard it as your friend and ally,—for such it is, and with your assistance such it will continue to be. We believe that in this day of novelties and impostures, of strange innovations and “damnable heresies,” the permanency and prosperity of no church can be preserved without the aid of a well conducted religious newspaper. The people need this *silent*, simultaneous operation of religious influence; the pastor needs it; the cause of Christ needs it; the interests of humanity need it.—*Christian Reflector*.

LUDOVICO PASCHALI, THE ITALIAN MARTYR.

[Extracted from the “History of the Reformation in Italy,” By the late Rev. Dr. M’Crie.]

LUDOVICO PASCHALI was a native of Cuni in Piedmont, and having acquired a taste for evangelical doctrine at Nice, left the army to which he had been bred, and went to study at Lausanne. When the Waldenses of Calabria applied to the Italian Church at Geneva for preachers, Paschali was fixed upon as eminently qualified for that station. Having obtained the consent of Camilla Guerina, a young woman to whom he had been affianced, he set out with Stefano Negrino. On their arrival in Calabria, they found the country in a state of agitation, and after labouring for some time to quiet the minds of the people and comfort them under persecution, they were both apprehended at the instance of the inquisitor. Negrino was allowed to perish of hunger in the prison. Paschali, after being kept eight months in confinement at Cosenza, was conducted to Naples, from which he was transferred to

Rome. His sufferings were great, and he bore them with the most uncommon fortitude and patience, as appears from the letters, equally remarkable for their sentiment and pious unction, which he wrote from his prisons to the persecuted flock in Calabria, to his afflicted spouse, and to the Church of Geneva. Giving an account of his journey from Cosenza to Naples, he says: "Two of our companions had been prevailed on to recant, but they were no better treated on that account; and God knows what they will suffer at Rome, where they are to be conveyed, as well as Marquet and myself. The good Spaniard, our conductor, wished us to give him money to be relieved from the chain by which we were bound to one another; yet in addition to this he put on me a pair of handcuffs so strait that they entered into the flesh and deprived me of all sleep; and I found that, if at all, he would not remove them until he had drawn from me all the money I had, amounting only to two ducats, which I needed for my support. At night the beasts were better treated than we, for their litter was spread for them, while we were obliged to lie on the hard ground without any covering; and in this condition we remained for nine nights. On our arrival at Naples, we were thrust into a cell, noisome in the highest degree from the damp and the putrid breath of the prisoners." His brother, who had come from Cuni, with letters of recommendation to endeavour to procure his liberty, gives the following account of the first interview which, after great difficulty, he obtained with him at Rome, in the presence of a judge of the inquisition. "It was hideous to see him, with his bare head and his hands and arms lacerated with the small cords with which he was bound, like one about to be led to the gibbet. On advancing to embrace him, I sank to the ground.—'My brother!' said he, 'if you are a Christian, why do you distress yourself thus? Do you not know that a leaf cannot fall to the earth without the will of God? Comfort yourself in Christ Jesus, for the present troubles are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come.' 'No more of that talk!' exclaimed the judge. When we were about to part, my brother begged the judge to remove him to a less horrid prison. 'There is no other prison for you than this.' 'At least show me a little pity in my last days, and God will show it to you.' 'There is no pity for such obstinate and hardened criminals as you.' A Piedmontese Doctor who was present joined me in entreating the judge to grant this favour; but he remained inflexible. 'He will do it for the love of God,' said my brother. 'All the other prisons are full,' replied the judge. 'They are not so full but that a small corner can be spared for me.' 'You would infect all who were near you by your smooth speeches.' 'I will speak to none who does not speak to me.' 'Be content; you cannot have another place.' 'I must then have patience,' replied my brother." How convincing a proof of the power of the Gospel do we see in the confidence and joy displayed by Paschali under such protracted and exhausted sufferings. "My state is this," says he, in a letter to his former hearers: "I feel my joy increase every day as I approach nearer to the hour in which I shall be offered as a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ, my faithful Saviour; yea, so inexpressible is my joy, that I seem to myself to be free from captivity, and am prepared to die not only once, but many thousand times, for Christ, if it were possible; nevertheless, I persevere in imploring the divine assistance by prayer; for I am convinced, that man is a miserable creature, when left to himself, and not upheld and directed by God." And a short time before his death, he said to his brother, "I give thanks to my God, that, in the midst of my long-continued and severe affliction, there are some who wish me well; and I thank you, my dearest brother, for the friendly interest you have taken in my welfare. But as for me, God has bestowed on me that knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ which assures me that I am not in an error, and I know that I must go by the narrow way of the cross, and seal my testimony with my blood. I do not dread death, and still less the loss of my earthly goods; for I am certain of eternal life and a celestial inheritance, and my heart is united to my Lord and Saviour." When his brother was urging him to yield somewhat, with the view to save his life and property, he replied, "O! my brother, the danger in which you are involved

gives me more distress than all that I suffer, or have the prospect of suffering; for I perceive that your mind is so addicted to earthly things as to be indifferent to heaven." At last, on the 8th of September, 1560, he was brought out to the conventual Church of Minerva, to hear his process publicly read; and next day he appeared, without any diminution of his courage, in the court adjoining the castle of St. Angelo, where he was strangled and burnt, in the view of the pope and a party of cardinals assembled to witness the spectacle.

From the Philadelphia Christian Repository.
THE METHODIST HYMN BOOK.

NEXT to the word of God itself, we doubt if there can be found a volume embracing more pure and scriptural theology than is contained in our Church Hymn Book, and we esteem it fortunate, and an evidence of the Divine favour, that such a work was given to the Church in its very infancy. It has served, more than any other human means, we think, to preserve the purity of our doctrines, and that remarkable identity of doctrine and spirit which characterizes Methodism all over the world.

It is a little remarkable that any attempt to improve it has been an almost total failure, while the "appendixes," and supplements" are scarcely ever used. These bring nothing new as to doctrine, and as regards poetical excellence are infinitely inferior.

Much less do we admire the various "Camp-Meeting and Revival" Hymn Books which have occasionally made their appearance, while we consider the most of them as mere catch-penny productions vastly injurious in their tendency, especially as liable to produce an ephemeral experience, and a disposition to reject what is more solid and edifying. To say nothing of the poetry—if some of it deserves the name—the sentiment itself is very often of an extremely doubtful character. We recollect taking up one of these volumes some time ago, and in turning over the leaves, came across a hymn commencing—

"What is that lady doing there,
In such a posture, Anna cried;
The lady kneels in humble prayer,
Her sister Bell replied."

These may not be the exact words, but we are not very far out of the way; at least, they are no better. We turned to the title-page, expecting to find it the production of some anonymous and money-making publishers, but what was our surprise to find the book endorsed and ushered into the world under the patronage of two prominent ministers of our Church! Alas! alas! when such stuff is allowed to take the place of the pure theology and inimitable poetry of our Church Hymn Book.

We deem it nothing more than an act of justice to an excellent, though somewhat singular sect, to acknowledge, that we are indebted to the Moravians for some of the finest hymns that enlivened and purified our devotions. That beautiful hymn beginning—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness"

is a composition of Count Linzendorf, written by him on his passage from St. Thomas to England, in 1739. The generally received translation of this hymn (or rather translated portion, the original being of great length,) is from the pen of Mr. Wesley, or his brother Charles, to both of whom the Church of Christ is under great obligations for their admirable versions of a number of excellent German hymns, of the 17th and 18th centuries. The excellent hymn beginning—

"High on his everlasting throne,"

is also a Moravian production, having been composed by Spangenberg, and presented to Count Linzendorf on his birth-day, in the year 1734. Whether this was translated by one of the Wesleys, or by Gambold, seems to be unsettled; the last of these seems to have been fully equal to the task.

We do not regard it as at all derogatory to the Wesleys that they should have kindled their poetic torch at the brilliant flame of German psalmody; whatever benefit they derived from this source they abundantly repaid to the religious community which had been the channel of imparting it.

As a hymnologist, Charles Wesley may be considered as being without a rival, and was so

regarded by Montgomery; and we repeat, that it is an evidence of the special favour of God, that in its infancy, our Church was furnished with a collection of hymns second to none, even of the oldest denominations. Let us, therefore, be contented with it, and not endeavour to improve or supersede it, by any of those fugitive and often senseless compilations, which with a few grains of wheat, contain a vast amount of chaff.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

THERE is a part of the New World where nature appears clothed with the brilliant colors, and decked out with the gorgeous array of the tropics. In the Gulf of Mexico the extraordinary clearness of the water reveals to the astonished mariner the magnitude of its abysses, and discloses even at the depth of thirty fathoms, the gigantic vegetation which even so far below the surface, is drawn forth by the attraction of a vertical sun. In the midst of those glassy waves, rarely disturbed by a ruder breath than the zephyrs of spring, an archipelago of perfumed islands is placed, which repose like baskets of flowers, on the tranquil surface of the ocean. Everything in these enchanted abodes appears to have been prepared for the wants and enjoyments of man. Nature seems to have superseded the ordinary necessity for labor.—The verdure of the groves, and the colors of the flowers and blossoms, derive additional vividness from the transparent purity of the air, and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. Many of the trees are loaded with fruits, which descend by their own weight to invite the indolent hand of the gatherer, and are perpetually renewed under the influence of an ever balmy air. Others, which yield no nourishment, fascinate the eye by the luxuriant variety of their form or the gorgeous brilliancy of their colors. Amid a forest of perfumed citron trees, spreading bananas, graceful palms of wild figs, of round leaved myrtles, of fragrant accacias, and gigantic arbutus, are to be seen every variety of creepers, with scarlet or purple blossoms, which entwine themselves around every stem, and hang in festoons from tree to tree. The trees are of a magnitude unknown in northern climes; the luxuriant vines, as they clamber up the loftiest cedars form graceful festoons; grapes are so plenty upon every shrub, that the ocean, as it lazily rolls in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, dashes its spray upon the clusters, and natural arbors form an impervious shade that not a ray of the sun of July can penetrate. Cotton planted by the hand of nature grows in wild luxuriance; the potatoe and banana yield an overflowing supply of food; fruits of too tempting sweetness presents themselves to the hand. Innumerable birds, with varied but ever splendid plumage, nestle in shady retreats, where they are sheltered from the scorching heats of summer. Painted varieties of parrots and woodpeckers create a glitter amid the verdure of the groves, and humming-birds rove from flower to flower, resembling "animated particles of a rainbow." The scarlet flamingoes, seen through an opening of the forest in a distant savannah, seem the mimic array of fairy armies; the fragrance of the woods, the odor of the flowers, load every breeze. These charms broke on Columbus like Elysium; "One could live here," said he, "forever."—*Allison's History of Europe.*

AN ARCTIC PROSPECT.

The wind having fallen, and the ice relaxed, in the forenoon of the 12th we pushed out through it to gain clear water. The day was bright and fine. The mountains stood forth in all the rugged boldness of their outline, displaying their naked rocky peaks and steep descents with such marvellous distinctness that they seemed to touch the coast of which they formed the bulwarks. The swell being with us, as long as the calm continued, we made some progress with the oars; but a northerly breeze springing up raised such a cross sea, that we were in imminent danger of foundering, when we providentially discovered an opening through the ice leading into the mouth of a small stream—between Backhouse and Malcom rivers—flowing from an inner basin, where we found a secure and pleasant harbour. It was now three p. m., and incited by the beauty of the weather, I ascended the nearest hill, six or seven miles distant; whence

I enjoyed a truly sublime prospect. On either hand arose the British and Buckland mountains, exhibiting an infinite diversity of shade and form: in front lay the blue boundless ocean, strongly contrasted with its broad glittering girdle of ice; beneath yawned ravines a thousand feet in depth, through which brawled and sparkled the clear alpine streams, while the sun, still high in the west, shed his softened beams through a rich veil of saffron-coloured clouds, that overcanopied the gorgeous scene. Bands of reindeer, browsing on the rich pasture in the valleys and along the brooks, imparted life and animation to the picture. Reluctantly I returned to the camp at sunset.

SHOOTING RAPIDS.

From Sir John Franklin's description of the lower part of the Coppermine, we anticipated a day of dangers and excitement; nor were we disappointed. Franklin made his descent on the 15th of July, when the river had fallen to its summer level, but we were swept down by the spring flood, now at its very height. The swollen and tumultuous stream was still strewn with loose ice, while the inaccessible banks were piled up with ponderous fragments. The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid: in many of which we had to pull for our lives, to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers ragged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of Escape Rapid, of Franklin; and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock, which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, formed a terrible shower bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose. Our next impulse was to run round to view the fate of our comrades behind. They had profited by the peril we incurred, and kept without the treacherous rock in time. The waves there were still higher, and for awhile we lost sight of our friends. When they emerged, the first object visible was the bowman disgorging part of an intrusive wave which he had swallowed; and looking half drowned. Mr. Dease afterwards told me that the spray, which completely enveloped them, formed a gorgeous rainbow around the boat.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

ALLAHABAD MISSION.

(From the *American Missionary Chronicle*.)

THE REV. J. OWEN'S JOURNAL ON THE GANGES.

The failure of the overland mail has prevented our receiving the continuation of Mr. Owen's Journal of his tour to Delhi. We have been favoured, however, with the perusal of a Journal which he kept for the gratification of his family in this country, while on the voyage up the Ganges to Allahabad; from which we insert the extracts which follow. The first date is on the Hoogley, near Moorshedabad, about one hundred miles above Calcutta.

Jan. 26.—After tea, brothers Rankin and McAuley and myself, together with Gopenauth, went ashore to see what we could of the city. We passed through narrow, winding streets, in some parts of which the stillness of death seemed to prevail, and observed most of the buildings having a very ancient appearance, overgrown with grass and weeds, and built chiefly in Mohammedan style. When we had advanced a considerable distance within the city, a young native, who had studied English a little, and was ambitious of showing his knowledge of the language, approached us in the dark with a polite "Good morning, sir," and fell in with our company. The common people whom we met were afraid of us, and readily yielded to us a clear passage through the streets. The city is entirely native, not more than two or three Europeans residing in it. It is also very large.

We had a desire to visit the Nabob's palace, and the young man who had joined our company, directed us to it. It is an immense building, in European style, and was nine years in building. I saw a model of it in the Asiatic Museum at Calcutta. We had been hoping that the Nabob was there, that we might possibly have an opportunity of seeing him, but heard that he was absent at Calcutta. We sent to the man who has the keeping of the palace, expressing a desire to enter it, but he, being a strict Mussulman, returned word to us that he was at his prayers, and would not be through within an hour.

A NATIVE YOUNG MAN'S STUDY.

While waiting and conversing with the young man who was with us, I found that he had quite a thirst for knowledge, and he asked me to go into his lodgings, which were near. I went with him into a small room where he had a bed, a small book-case, a portable writing-desk, and something that looked a little like a table. Here he was engaged in painting his own likeness. Being destitute of canvass and paints, he had taken a piece of cloth, rubbed it over with chalk, and made it white, and was drawing his portrait with charcoal. Almost any one would have been surprised to see the accuracy and taste with which his work was done. He was also drawing a map of a river, from Calcutta upwards, and printing the names of the places quite beautifully. He had some mathematical instruments, and several English books, which he seemed to be proud of showing me. I was glad to see a copy of the New Testament, in which he could read very well. An excellent opportunity was now offered to me for speaking some of the truths of the Gospel, and I did not let it pass without attempting to improve it. But although he received what I said with attention, I perceived he cared more about studying English, and accordingly, I wrote him a letter of introduction to the missionary at Berhampore, desiring him to help him in English, hoping, also, that he will teach him what is infinitely more important. After waiting patiently a long time, the Mohammedan sent us word that he could not accompany us next morning. We then returned to the budgerows in company with the young man, to whom we gave some tracts in English, which he appeared very glad to receive.

NABOB'S PALACE.

I arose early this morning, and started in company with Gopee to the city, leaving the budgerows to proceed on their way, expecting to be absent from them until near noon. We walked a short distance, and passed an English military gentleman, drilling some native soldiers, who were the nabob's guard. He asked me if I wished to see the palace, and invited me to go with him. There are four stories. The first is principally appropriated to store rooms. In the second I was taken into a large room, where European ladies are received and entertained. Adjoining it are large and splendid sleeping apartments and baths. All the settees and furniture are richly adorned. We passed through a large, long dining hall, then into a great, round room of marble floor, appropriated to assemblies when the nabob is seated on his throne: then into a sitting room, which is so arranged as to be cool in the hottest weather; billiard room; lolling room; sleeping rooms above in the next story, and various rooms, the use of which I did not understand. Had I seen them when the nabob was at home, I should have seen great quantities of solid gold and silver, and splendour that is altogether unknown except in the east. I saw several portraits of his former highness, the present nabob's father. The present one is only in his eleventh year. He has an English gentleman for his preceptor. I was told that he speaks Persian excellently, but has not yet learnt English, although it is intended that he shall. I was also taken into the nabob's place of worship, fitted out in Mohammedan style, where he pays his homage to the false prophet. The gentleman who accompanied me is in the nabob's service, to drill his soldiers, and take the oversight of his stable. In these are kept 26 elephants, 26 camels, and 128 horses.

After I had seen all that was worth seeing, I took leave of the friendly Englishman, who recognised me as one of the ministers who were in Berhampore last Sabbath, and seemed to have

treated me with respect and cordiality on account of my office:

Jan. 27.—In our morning walk this morning, we passed through a village where were some temples and a car. We looked into two of the temples and saw some large images; near were two trees, worshipped by them, that they had recently married, and they stood tied together.

THE GODDESS OF KNOWLEDGE—JUNGIPUR—NATIVE SCHOLAR.

Jan. 28.—This is the day for the worship of the goddess of knowledge among the Hindus. In our morning walk we passed through a village where they were singing her praises. During the day we have passed places where were companies collected, singing with drums, tom-toms, &c. This afternoon we stopped at a large village called Jungipoor, where is an English station.—Here also we met with the same music. Three large elephants passed our boats this evening. We see these animals very often.

Jan. 29.—This morning brother McAuley and myself took a walk into the village of Jungipoor. It consists principally of one long street, lined on each side with dwellings and shops. On almost every corner, caused by the crossing of a lane, we saw a temple. The Hindu temples, so far as I have yet seen, are quite small. At length we came to a large garden, the walks of which were paved, and on each side was carved work of stone of various kinds. We entered and saw an exhibition of considerable taste in its plan and execution: On our way to and from this place, we saw the image of the goddess of knowledge adorned with various kinds of trinkets, fixed under a booth, with an image on each side of her, and before them were cast garlands of flowers in profusion, as offerings from these deluded people.

As brother Rankin and McAuley were walking out, about ten o'clock, a young man, who had learned English in Dr. Duff's school in Calcutta, came up to them, supposing they were ministers, and wished that they would preach. He came with them to the boats, and received some books, both in Bengalee and English.

We promised that we would go to the bazaar this afternoon and preach, and he engaged to come and accompany us thither.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1844.

It will be highly gratifying to the friends of religious liberty, to learn, that amongst the many "signs of the times" which are almost daily occurring, there is one peculiarly calculated to fill the mind of every unprejudiced Christian with the liveliest emotions of pleasure—we mean the very general desire manifested, and the strenuous efforts put forth by the different sections of the Christian Church, to promote a cordial union (irrespective of name or sect) of all who profess to love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, that there may be but one spiritual fold under one great Shepherd. The importance of a union of this kind is incalculable—whether we regard it in its effects upon individual Christians of different bodies, which cannot but be salutary in a high degree—or, more particularly, if we look at it in the mighty moral achievements it is calculated to effect, in the increased aid which will thereby be afforded to the Church in her efforts to spread the savour of the religion of Jesus to earth's remotest bounds.

That narrow-minded bigotry which has hitherto too generally prevailed, and which has always been deprecated by the truly pious, in every age, is now fast giving way; and we hope the day is not far distant when all the friends of the Saviour will meet and act upon

common ground, and unite their energies against one common enemy.

The following account of a most important meeting held in Glasgow, in November last, regarding "Religious Tests," will be read with deep interest:—

"At a meeting of the Senate of the University of Glasgow, held on Tuesday last, the 7th instant, resolutions regarding the abrogation (except in the case of divinity professors) of the law requiring professors to subscribe the Westminster Confession of Faith, and to conform to the worship and discipline of the Church of Scotland, were adopted. The motion for their adoption was made by Dr. Thomas Thomson, professor of chemistry in the University, a gentleman of more than European reputation, and seconded by General Sir Thomas Brisbane, dean of faculties in the University, a gentleman known throughout the civilized world as an astronomer, and a man of science in general, of the first order. The professors opposed to the abrogation of the obnoxious laws put forth all their strength, but in vain. After a discussion of great length, the resolutions were carried by eleven votes to seven, being supported by the dean of faculties and the professors of chemistry, humanity, mathematics, Greek, institutes of medicine, civil engineering, church history, practice of medicine, botany, and forensic medicine; and opposed by the principal of the college, and professors of divinity, surgery, logic, moral philosophy, Hebrew, and laws. The lord rector of the University (Mr. Fox Maule) could vote only in case the votes on both sides were equal; but he spoke strongly in favour of the repeal of the law. Six members of the senate—the professor of anatomy, natural philosophy, natural history, materia medica, astronomy, and midwifery, were absent; some on account of illness, and some on account of their lectures. Two of these are understood to be in favour of the test, and the other four against it. On the whole, therefore, sixteen members of the senate are in favour of opening up the chairs (with the exception of the divinity ones) to all men of talents and learning, without distinction of sect or party, religious or political: while the old exclusive system has only nine supporters.

THE Rev. Dr. CUNNINGHAM, Representative of the Free Church of Scotland, arrived at New York on the 21st ult. On the following Monday a large meeting of ministers and others was held in the Mission Room of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, "for the purpose of receiving Dr. CUNNINGHAM and hearing statements from him in reference to the object of his visit." In stating the reasons (says the *New York Observer*) that had led to the disruption of the Church of Scotland, Dr. C. said that his brethren had contended for years for the right of the people to elect their own ministers, and to determine for themselves the principles by which their church affairs should be governed; recognizing the word of God as the only rule, and ecclesiastical officers as her only officers, and fully competent to manage all her concerns. Failing to obtain the admission of these rights and principles, 500 ministers, embracing three-fifths of the clergy, and a great proportion of the people, have voluntarily surrendered their temporal emoluments and all their church property, and have cast themselves on the Providence of God.

In answer to a question put by the Rev. Dr. PATTON, Dr. C. said, that "the Free Church has now allied itself to the great family of Christians who are severed from all connection with the State; and he was confident that his brethren would never consent

to accept anything at the hands of the State that would give one denomination the preference over another. They were now *Dissenters*, they had joined that brotherhood, and there they should abide. He did not believe there was the most remote prospect of their ever changing that position. At the same time he could not see where there would be the least loss of liberty or sacrifice of principle in the church receiving pecuniary aid from the State, on the conditions named."

The Rev. Doctor was received everywhere with the most marked and enthusiastic expressions of respect and sympathy, and the pulpits of almost every religious body was thrown upon him, and invitations to occupy them were forwarded from all directions.

One of the most important results of this great movement of the Free Church of Scotland will doubtless be the breaking down of the walls of separation between different denominations, the destruction of old animosities, and the more cordial and happy union of all who hold Christ as the Head of the Church.

MRS. FLETCHER'S COMPANION.—On the 15th November, at Madeley, in the 66th year of her age, Miss Tooth. She had been for many years the companion of Mrs. Fletcher, the "widow indeed" of the well-known Vicar of Madeley. Her last illness was but of a few days' continuance, but attended with great suffering. Though somewhat singular in her habits, her career had been for many years one of great activity and usefulness, and her loss will be extensively felt.—*London Watchman*.

THE Wesleyans in England are holding Educational Meetings at the principal places there in pursuance of the plan decided upon at the late meeting in London, of which we have already given notice,—at which there are very liberal efforts made to carry out the noble plan.—*Christian Guardian*.

THE Rev. Robert Young has been appointed by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in England, to visit the Society's Missions in Jamaica,—where he was once one of its Missionaries.—*Ibid*.

THE last Wesleyan Magazine from England contains long and thrilling extracts from the *Journal of the Rev. Mr. Freeman*, a noble Missionary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Africa, where he has lately been extending the Gospel among some large and interesting tribes.—*Id*.

OBITUARY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

DIED, at Clarenceville, on Friday, the 15th December, MARSHALL TYLER, second son of Mr. Enoch Curtis, aged seven years and two months.

As it is to be feared that notwithstanding the encouragingly successful efforts which are made in different parts of the Province for the moral and spiritual welfare of children, they are too generally overlooked by the great mass of professing Christians. I have thought a brief account of the life and death of this *little Christian* might not be unacceptable or unprofitable to the readers of the *Christian Mirror*. If the righteous life and triumphant death of the man of years, or the remarkable conversion and peaceful end of the dissolute sinner, should be made public for the encouragement of the pious and the confusion of the sceptical, may not an exhibition of the grace of God in the child of tender years be equally

valuable, to show to Christians in general the capacity of children of very tender age to receive and profit by religious instruction, and to encourage those self-denying persons who are so praiseworthy employing much of their time and talents for the good of the rising generation, in their work of faith and labour of love.

The deceased child, who was a member of our Sabbath School in this place, from his infancy manifested a disinclination to those amusements which generally engage the attention and occupy the time of such children. That he possessed a strong and reflecting mind, was shown by many instances in his early history, which we have not space to mention, but which are carefully treasured up in the memory of his mourning parents. When he was four years old he attended the services of a protracted meeting, which was held in the chapel near his father's house. The services of this meeting made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. A sermon which was preached upon our Lord's discourse of the rich man and Lazarus, particularly engaged his attention. After his return home he asked to have the passage found and read; and it became with him the subject of frequent and serious remark. During the continuance of these services, he learned several verses and tunes, which he remembered, and afterwards frequently sang. From this time he not only manifested a desire to frequent the place where public prayer was wont to be made, but he attended to his private devotions at home, in which, as was observed by his parents and others, he uniformly manifested the utmost seriousness, and from which he could not be diverted by any company or employment. His remarks upon the different occurrences around him, showed his sense of the presence of God as the disposer of all events.

This truly remarkable child appears to have been a plant of too delicate a texture to be left exposed to the withering and corrupting influence of this sinful world. The sovereign Disposer of life saw fit early to remove him to a more congenial soil and healthful clime, where the wicked forever cease from troubling. On the 7th he was taken violently ill. But although his sufferings were great, his life was not despaired of until the 13th—when his speedy dissolution was anticipated. Early on the morning of the 14th, he asked his father, who was standing by his bed-side, to send for the minister, saying he wanted him to come and pray for him. When the minister came, he asked him if he thought he should die. He answered in the affirmative. He then asked him where he expected to go if he died. He immediately replied, in a very expressive manner, "to the Lord Jesus Christ." He was then asked if he was willing to leave his parents, brother and sister, and go to Heaven. He said he was. The minister then asked why he had sent for him? He said he wanted he should pray for him. When asked what he wished to have prayed for, he replied, with great earnestness of manner, "that my sins may be all forgiven." After prayer was offered in his behalf, he expressed a wish to have them sing. When asked what he wished to have sung, he said:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c.

After singing he was asked if he was happy; he said he was. He now appeared considerably exhausted. After some minutes of rest, he sweetly sung a verse beginning:

"On the resurrection morn,
Give me Jesus," &c.

He continued in the same happy state until his death.

On the 15th it was seen that the period of his release was near. During the day his sufferings were great and his strength nearly gone. Much of the time he appeared insensible. About six o'clock in the evening, to the great astonishment of all present, he was revived, and in a clear voice sang the doxology beforementioned, in a manner which showed the dawnings of heavenly glory in his soul. In less than an hour and a half he "fell asleep in Jesus," without a struggle, and passed "through death triumphant home," with the expression, "Come, come," still quivering on his lips.

R. A. F.

Clarenceville, January 10, 1844.

THE affairs of a good man are never neglected by God. Always adhere strictly to truth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

From the death-bed of his friend, Mrs. Henry Thornton, Mr. Wilberforce went to a meeting of the Brighton Bible Society. "When he entered the room," says an eye-witness, "he seemed so pale and fatigued, that his friends feared he would scarcely be able to speak. But he no sooner entered on his subject, than his countenance lighted up—he became animated and impressive."—"Had it not been," he said, "for one painful circumstance, it was not my intention to have been present at this meeting to-day; for I have been compelled to curb the zeal which I always feel to attend on occasions like this, by making it a rule to myself to decline being present at such meetings, in places of which I am not a regular inhabitant, that I may not become too obvious and too intrusive. But to-day I have broken this rule; for I am just come from a scene in which the value of the book which it is your object to disperse, is displayed as with a sunbeam. I dare not withhold such a testimony as it furnishes to the healing and victorious efficacy of the inspired volume. I am come from a chamber in which a widowed mother, surrounded by her soon to become orphan family, is enabled to look the last enemy calmly in the face; herself possessing a peace which even the waves of Jordan cannot ruffle, because it is the gift of God; her children in some degree enabled to anticipate for her the hope of glory. It is a scene which must be witnessed to produce its full effect upon the heart—a scene such as, if I had not myself witnessed, I could not have adequately imagined—a happiness felt in the moments of the deepest outward dejection and sorrow, an elevation above the evils and trials of this mortal life. Trials, did I call them! Triumphs, let me rather say, of the believer's faith. And let me ask, is this consolation in affliction, this hope in death, anything peculiar to their particular circumstances or temper of mind; any family secret which they alone possess, and from which men in general are excluded?—No, sir, it is that which the blessed word of God offers to all who will embrace it; and, therefore, how could I but come and congratulate you and this assembly, on being permitted to be the honoured instruments of the Almighty, in diffusing such a cordial as this through a dying world!—How could I but rejoice in being allowed to join with you in endeavouring to circulate these imperishable blessings! It is true, indeed, some tears of mortality will fall, when we see a friend descending into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and the mortal frame suffering in its last agonies. Jesus wept; and he will allow his people to weep also; he will pardon and pity the tears we shed from human infirmity. But, notwithstanding this natural sorrow, it is the blessed privilege of the work in which we are engaged, whilst its end is glory to God, in the highest, the way by which it conducts us is pleasantness and peace; and it gives us substantial victory over the last enemy, whom, sooner or later, we must all of us individually encounter; for it is not only in the din and confusion of battle that the spirit may be so raised as to brave danger, and not turn away the eye from death when it stares you in the face. This may arise from the mere excitement of the occasion, or from driving away all thought about the consequences of death. But in the cool and silent hours of reflection, a nobler and more genuine courage may be evinced; and in the chamber of sickness, and from the bed of death, the soul, leaning on the word of her God, may meet that enemy without alarm, and calmly say, 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?'—*Life of Wilberforce.*

AN INTREPID PROTESTANT IN HUMBLE LIFE.

BERNARD DE PALISSY, a native of France, was born in Agén at the close of the fifteenth century. His parents occupying a humble station in life, he was entirely indebted to his own unquenchable energy and perseverance for the success which crowned his industry. The original occupation of Palissy was that of a draughtsman, to which pursuit he added land-surveying. Accident having thrown into his hands an enamelled cup, he was immediately seized with the desire of improving the art, and thenceforward, relinquishing all other occupations, gave up his whole time, mind, and substance, during several years, to the

prosecution of experiments on the composition of enamel. He had himself given a narrative of his labours, sacrifices, and sufferings during the progress of his pursuit, which is intensely interesting. In this account, Palissy represents himself as alternately planning and building, demolishing and rebuilding his furnace, at every step buoyed up by hope, and as often met, but not subdued, by disappointment; the object of remonstrance and derision to his associates, subject to the expostulations of his wife, and witness to the silent but more eloquent reproaches of his children. In other respects, Palissy proved himself an amiable as well as a highly gifted man; for, notwithstanding that his efforts were ultimately crowned by success,—that standard whereby the judgment of mankind is most easily and, therefore, most usually formed,—one might hesitate to applaud a degree of perseverance, which, for so long a time, materially interfered with the welfare of his family. Amidst all this scene of deprivation and disappointment, Palissy bore outwardly a cheerful countenance, and throughout the lengthened trial, confined within the dungeon of his own breast, those feelings of bitterness which he has so forcibly described as being his portion. Nor did the firmness of his character forsake him for a moment to the end of his life.—Being a Protestant, and having ventured, in some of his lectures, to promulgate facts which made against the dogmas of the priests, he was, when in his ninetieth year, dragged by the infuriate zeal of these fanatics to the Bastille, and died with consistent firmness within its walls. His heroic reply, while thus imprisoned, to Henry III., is above all praise. "My good man," said the king, "if you cannot conform yourself on the matter of religion, I shall be compelled to leave you in the hands of my enemies." "Sire," replied the intrepid old man, "I was already willing to surrender my life, and could my regret have accompanied the action, it must assuredly have vanished upon hearing the great King of France say, 'I am compelled.'" This, Sire, is a condition to which those who force you to act contrary to your own good disposition can never reduce me; because I am prepared for death, and because your whole people have not the power to compel a simple potter to bend his knee before images which he has made."

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH AND COURAGE.

In a country town of Numidia, in A. D. 303, under the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, a body of Christians, among whom was a boy of very tender age, were seized in the house of a reader, where they were assembled for Scriptural instruction, and for the celebration of the communion. They were led away to Carthage to the tribunal of the proconsul, singing on the road, songs of praise to God. Torture was employed on the greater part of these, in order to wring an avowal from all. In the midst of his torments one of them cried out, "Ye sin, unhappy men, ye sin, ye punish the innocent, we are no murderers, we have deceived no man; God have mercy on thee. I thank thee, God! and give me strength to suffer for thy name! Free thy servant from the slavery of this world. I thank thee, and yet I am unable to thank thee. To the glory of God! I thank the Lord of the kingdom. The eternal, the incorruptible kingdom is at hand: oh! Lord Christ, we are Christians, we are thy servants, thou art our hope!" On his praying thus, the proconsul said to him, "You ought to have obeyed the imperial edict," and he answered with a spirit full of power, though his body was weak and exhausted, "I now revere only the law of God which I have learnt. For this law will I die, in this law do I become perfect, and besides it there is no other." Another in the midst of the torture prayed thus: "Help me, O Christ! I pray thee, have pity on me; keep my soul, preserve my spirit, that I may not be brought to confusion. O give me strength to suffer." To the reader in whose house the assemblies had taken place, the proconsul said, "You ought not to have received them." He replied, "I could not decline to receive my brethren." The proconsul: "But the imperial edict ought to have outweighed these considerations." The reader: "God is more than the Emperor." The proconsul: "Have you then Holy Scriptures in your house?" The martyr: "Yes, I have them, but it is in my heart." On the same occasion, there was among the prisoners a girl named

Victoria, whose father and brother were still heathens. Her brother Fortunianus took care to be present to move her to an abjuration, and thus obtain her freedom. When she steadfastly avowed that she was a Christian, her brother gave out that she was of unsound mind; but she declared, "It is my firm and steadfast conviction, I have never changed." When the proconsul asked her whether she would go with her brother, she said, "No, for I am a Christian, and they are my brethren who obey God's commands." The proconsul thought that he would easily frighten the boy Hilarianus by threats alone, but even in this boy the power of God showed that it was mighty.—"Do what you will," he said, "I am a Christian."—*Neander's History of the Christian Religion and the Church during the three first Centuries.*

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC UPON SERPENTS.

THE wonderful effect which music produces on the serpent tribes, which is alluded to in the Sacred Writings, is confirmed by the testimony of several respectable moderns. Adders swell at the sound of a flute, raising themselves up on the one half of their body, turning themselves round, heating proper time, and following the instrument. Their head, naturally round and long like an eel, becomes broad and flat like a fan. The tame serpents, many of which the Orientals keep in their houses, are known to leave their holes in hot weather, at the sound of a musical instrument, and run upon the performer. Dr. Shaw had an opportunity of seeing a number of serpents keep exact time with the Dervishes in their circulatory dances, running over their heads and arms, turning when they turned, and stopping when they stopped. The rattlesnake acknowledges the power of music as much as any of his family, of which the following instance is a decisive proof:—When Chateaubriand was in Canada, a snake of that species entered their encampment; a young Canadian, one of the party, who could play on the flute, to divert his associates, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. "On the approach of his enemy the haughty reptile curled himself into a spiral line, flattened his head, inflated his cheeks, contracted his lips, displayed his envenomed fangs, and his bloody throat; his double tongue glowed like two flames of fire; his eyes were burning coals; his body, swoln with rage, rose and fell like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumed a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, which sounded the denunciation of death, vibrated with so great rapidity as to resemble a light vapour. The Canadian now began to play upon his flute, the serpent started with surprise, and drew back his head. In proportion as he was struck with the magic effect, his eyes lost their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail became slower, and the sound which it emitted became weaker, and gradually died away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the fascinated serpent were by degrees expanded, and sunk one after another upon the ground in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white and gold recovered their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remained motionless, in the attitude of attention and pleasure. At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile, inclining his variegated neck, opened a passage with his head through the high grass, and began to creep after the musician, stopping when he stopped, and beginning to follow him again as soon as he moved forward." In this manner he was led out of their camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes, when they beheld this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed that the serpent which had so highly entertained them should be permitted to escape.—*Carpenter's Scripture Natural History.*

DISCOVERY OF A NEW RACE.

A LETTER from Stockholm of Sept. 7, says.—The Swedish brig Bull, Capt. Warrngresh, has just returned after a three years' voyage. On her arrival at Port Philip, New South Wales, she was freighted by an English firm to visit these small Islands of the Pacific, and obtain for manufactured goods sandal wood and other articles suited to the China market. During this voyage,

which lasted about seven months, Capt. Warr-gresh touched at some islands not visited probably since Cook's time, and four others not to be found on the map. The captain took possession of them in the name of King Charles John. The inhabitants were a mild race, ignorant of the use of iron, and ready to give up even for a rusty nail, a turtle. They were also fond of bits of glass, and would remain three or four hours shaving themselves with pieces of broken bottle. A single musket shot was sufficient to disperse thousands of them—a proof that they had not before been visited by Europeans. The king of one of the islands presented the captain with his sceptre, made of wood majestically carved, and having a thin circle of jasper on the top.

IMPROVEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE, CHIEFLY THE WORK OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.—It is a most remarkable fact, if you will pardon me for indulging in a general reflection, that till lately all great discoveries and improvements in agriculture seem to have been the product of the very earliest infancy of mankind. Who can tell, my lord, when that instrument that lies at the basis of all civilization, the plough, was invented? Who can tell when man first called in the partners of his labour, the horse, the ox, the cow, the swine, the sheep, and took them into profitable alliance with himself? If you could find out who was the shepherd who first caught the wild dog, and taught him to help and tend the flock, you ought to rear a monument of brass or marble cenotaph to his memory—a higher monument than was ever raised to hero or monarch. Who knows where the cereal grains or the esculent roots were first cultivated? There is but one of them, as you know, the potato, of which the history is known—all the rest retire back into the darkest antiquity. There were cultivated at a time when your ancestors were roaming over the morasses of the now beautiful, free and merry England—(cheers)—when our ancestors were roaming painted savages through the land. Aye, and when the Romans and Greeks were living on beech nuts and acorns.—(Hear hear.) It seems, in fact, that in reference to the progress of agriculture, mankind has followed that curious law which Mr. Owen alluded to at the council yesterday—the law that governs the ruminating animals in the tropics. He pointed out to us most beautifully that the ruminating animals there have a large lump of fat between the shoulders. This is nourished and grows in the first five months of the year, when there is plenty of food, and they get along with the lump as well as they can through the seven succeeding months of scarcity. So it seems with mankind, with respect to agriculture discoveries. In the very infancy of the race, they got this large fat hump between the shoulders; and for 3,000 years they live upon little or nothing else.—(Cheers and laughter.) The very plough that we read of in Virgil we may now see in use in the South of Europe. We see it still in the hand of the peasantry as we discover it in bass relief on the sculptured remains of antiquity. It is a most pleasing fact, that this revival of the great art of agriculture in these latter days of the world is the work of the Anglo Saxon race of which you have spoken. It has been left to you, and if you will permit me to say to us, living as we do in this ungenial climate, beneath these weeping skies (the rain was at this moment descending in torrents, and the observation was loudly cheered,) it has been left to us to do with all their climate. Yes, and it is the want of those tropical luxuries, those enervating breezes of the south, that has given you, that gives us, that hardihood, that perseverance, that industry, that resolution, that are worth all the specie and all the gold of the tropics.—(Cheers.) Yes, it is that enables you to make that boast in which I hope you will permit me for my country to join—

"Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies,
And souls are ripened in our northern skies."

Mr. Everett at the Royal Agricultural Meeting.

ABSURDITY IN DUELLING.—A person ignorant of the origin and history of the modern duel would be at considerable loss to analyze its nature and elements. If he were to conceive that a mere spirit of revenge dictated the practice he would find cases where an adversary, having met his antagonist in the field, shook hands with, took his

ground, exposed himself to a mortal fire, and finally discharged his own pistol into the air; revenge thus taking the whimsical course of receiving, not imposing, an infliction. If it were then supposed that the duel might merely be an invention to enable two men to display their physical courage and contempt of death, a mistake would be found on this view also; for not unfrequently, where two individuals are prepared to go all lengths as principals, their seconds or friends, into whose hands they have put their case, will permit no farther procedure, on the ground that, by the code of duelling, no infringement of honour has, after all, taken place. If the inquirer persisted in his investigation, and endeavoured to ascertain, in what the gentlemanlike satisfaction of duelling consisted, he would perhaps be surprised to find that a man, having sustained an injury, possesses, by duel practice, the further advantage of a chance of having a final end put to all his earthly cares and annoyances.—John Dunlop.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the Packet Ships *England* from Liverpool, and *Mediator* from London, we have later foreign advices—London to the 8th and Liverpool to the 9th of December.

In the lack of other excitement, while the state trials are in abeyance and Mr. O'Connell raticating, the repeal journals in Ireland were martyring the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, parish priest of Lusk, who has recently died. They ascribe his death, and probably with reason, to his going about through the day and night of October 7, to notify the people not to attend the meeting at Clontarf. It rained heavily all day, and his clothes were wet through, whereby he took a severe cold, which terminated in death. Great demonstrations were to be made at his funeral.

The commission to investigate the landlord and tenant grievance of Ireland, assembled at the Castle, in Dublin, on the 5th of December.

The Duke of Bordeaux was in London, holding a sort of regal court in Belgrave Square. The *London Herald*—now the principal journal of the Peel Ministry—comments with much severity on the bad taste and the uselessness, politically speaking, of his proceedings.

The dinner to Mr. O'Brien, M.P. for Limerick—a recent convert to the repeal—was attended by Mr. O'Connell, who said among other things:—

"It has been suggested to me, that if I consented to abandon the repeal, the prosecutions would be given up; or, even if convicted, the sentence would not be enforced—that offer was made to me. I said at once there shall be no compromise of repeal. I would rot in a dungeon first—(loud and enthusiastic cheering). No, not while I have breath will I make a compromise—(renewed applause). While I live I shall continue to argue Ireland's right to a domestic Parliament, and if I be incarcerated, my pen will enable me to teach my countrymen my sentiments.—(cheers)"

Of this the *London Herald* says:—

If Mr. O'Connell meant in this passage to convey an insinuation that any such suggestion or offer had been made to him, directly or indirectly, we have good reason for declaring that he uttered a wilful and deliberate untruth.

COLONEL STODDART.—There is a rumour current in well-informed quarters, that Colonel Stoddart, whose death has been long believed, is yet alive. This rumour we shall be delighted to see verified. It has, as we hear, been in some measure corroborated by the appearance at Hyderabad of a native traveller, who says that as he had on previous occasions during the late campaign been acquainted with several British officers, he being in Bokhara within some months past, has seen Colonel Stoddart, by whom he has been requested to make known the Colonel's position. We give this statement as we have heard it, and with the hope that the life of this distinguished officer, whose sufferings have called forth the commiseration of the whole world, may yet be spared, and that he will one day be restored to his country and friends.—*Bombay Gentleman's Gazette*, Sept. 29.

The Weather and the Wheat Sowing.—We have not for some years had so unfavourable a season for wheat sowing as the present in this part of the country. Owing to the heavy and continued rains of the last month, the land is every where saturated with wet, and on the heavy and ill-drained soils, of which there is only too great a breadth in Lancashire and North Cheshire, the water stands in the furrows to as great a depth as ever was known before. The consequence of this is, that wheat sowing has made no progress for the last three weeks, and that many farmers who had 20 or 30 acres sown at this time last year have either none or only two or three acres at present. Even those who have their seed in are not

out of danger; for all the low lands which are ever liable to be flooded have been under water more than once during the last month, and those that are not are too full of water for the seed to germinate kindly. If the same kind of weather that we have had here has been at all general, considerable quantities of land which ought to have been sown with winter wheat will have to be sown with spring corn of some kind or other.—*Liverpool Times*, Dec. 4.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery, late minister of St. Jude, Glasgow, and now incumbent of Percy Chapel, London, has just been offered to succeed the celebrated Dr. Hawks, of New York, at St. Thomas Church, in that city. The income is 4,000 dollars, or about £830 per annum. We believe the Rev. gentleman has very respectfully declined to accept his appointment.

The Marquis of Aylsbury has made a donation of £100 towards the restoration fund of York Minster. The British Association has, since its establishment, expended £83,000 in scientific investigations.

CHINA.—Another Indian Mail had been received in London. The *Standard* says that the commercial accounts from China, both public and private, fully confirm the necessity of the propriety of extreme caution on the part of exporters, both as it respects the description and qualities of the commodities they send out for the consumption of the Celestials. There are already unequivocal symptoms of a glut in several leading articles, which must necessarily lead to low prices.

The Sikhs have adopted the plan of placing guards at the different fords to prevent the news of what is going on at Lahore from reaching the English.—Vague reports pass the frontier of the soldiers being disaffected, and demanding exorbitant pay. Lord Ellenborough remains quiet. The *Times* recommends that the English abstain from interference with the Indian affairs in the interior.

The state of business in China, with the exception of the coasting trade, does not appear satisfactory at Hong-Kong, so that many of the merchants declined going there. Sickness existed there to a considerable extent. Opium was not to be protected by the British, and yet smuggling continued to prosper. The Bogue forts were rebuilt in nearly the same state as before. The Chinese Government had claimed 4,000,000 dollars from the Hong merchants as a contribution on account of the Canton ransom. The Emperor had issued several proclamations, exhibiting a wish to protect "the foreign barbarians," and to punish those officers who had maltreated the sailors that were shipwrecked in the *Nerbudda* and *Anne*, in the beginning of 1842.

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY.—The *Frolic* arrived here last night with a slaver she had captured off Cape Frio, having on board 360 slaves, men, women and children. This slaver was only about double the size of one of our launches, and the poor unfortunate beings were packed in her like as many herrings would be in a cask. It appears that they had been stowed in like this for the space of forty-five days. Death had happily released a great many of them from their torture. But, oh! the sight of the living masses of corruption was enough to strike terror into the most flinty heart, as they were covered with sores from head to foot. They were as soon as possible relieved from their forty-five-day region, being taken out and placed on board the receiving ship for that purpose. You can more easily imagine than I can describe the skeleton frames of those poor wretches, when I tell you that 220 of them were taken at once into our launch, and conveyed to the receiving ship. Our men really sickened at the spectacle they had to behold in the shape of humanity; and I was glad when the last had been taken out, for I never beheld such a sight before. There were among them fifty female children supposed to be under seven years of age, and forty-five males under ten.

TURKEY.—*Asad Pasha*, the governor of Beyroul, has given orders to the *Druse* Sheiks to collect among their people the amount of 25,000 purses, for the Christian inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, as a recompense to the latter for the losses which they have sustained during the late disturbances.

Moslemism.—*Constantinople*, Oct. 18.—During the present Ramadan, a firman has appeared, recommending to the inhabitants of Constantinople greater austerity of manners, and a more strict observance of the sacred month. Among other things, the ladies of Constantinople are commanded modestly to veil their faces, not to stare boldly at the men, and to behave modestly and reservedly on their promenades in the public streets. By another order, it is enjoined that the men shall not wear their coats open on the breast, especially in front of the Palace of the Grand Seigneur; but, as is suitable with the present style of dress, buttoned up to the throat.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

The provisional government of Hayti has sent an agent to England, to endeavour to form companies for working the mines and clearing the forests of that country.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, January 17, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	0	11	0	10
Wheat	5	0	5	1
Barley	2	0	2	3
Pease	2	0	2	1
Lint Seed	4	0	4	2
Buckwheat	1	8	1	10
Turkeys, per couple	4	0	6	0
Fowls	1	3	1	8
Geese	3	4	5	6
Ducks	2	0	2	6
Chickens	1	0	2	6
Patridges	2	0	2	6
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	7	10	0
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	9	0	10
“ Salt	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	22	6	25	0
Beef	12	6	21	3
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	13	4
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Fork	0	3	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	10	0
Mutton	1	6	4	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	2	0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
Corn,	2	0	2	6
Rye,	2	6	2	9
Beans,	4	6	6	0
Honey,	per lb.	5	0	6
Hay,	per 100 lbs.	25	0	30

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hood, trusts that any lengthened appeal to his brethren
of the orthodox faith, in enabling him, by subscription
to the above, or by donations to the nearly exhausted
building fund, to carry a much required object into
effect—will be unnecessary. The work will contain
nearly 400 pages, 8vo., and will be sold to Subscribers
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Reference to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg;
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mondville; the Rev. Mr. Louadall, Danville; the
Rev. Mr. King, Robinson, C. E. The Postmaster
of Kingsey will receive Subscribers' names, and will
thankfully acknowledge any contributions addressed
to him.

Editors of Religious Publications are requested
to notice the above.
December, 1843.

JUST PUBLISHED, and may be had of Mr.
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THE THRONE OF JUDAH PERPETUATED
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truths, and fundamental principles, which all Evange-
lical Churches believe to be essential to salvation.

We are fully satisfied, that every disciple of Christ,
to whatever section of the Christian Church he may
belong, has quite enough to do in combating with his
enemies, “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” with-
out disputing, or in any wise interfering, with his
fellow pilgrims on their way to the promised rest.

Believing these views to be scripturally correct, and
with an ardent desire to be made instrumental, in some
small degree, in promoting love and harmony between
Christians of different names,—the conductor of the
Christian Mirror commenced its publication—under a
conviction that such a religious periodical was a
desideratum in Canada: a publication in which the
most fastidious Christian should find nothing to inter-
fere, in the most remote manner, with his peculiar pre-
dilections, but much that might contribute to his
edification and instruction. The fact that the Mirror
is now patronized by nearly all denominations of
Christians in this Province, is to the publisher a grati-
fying proof that he was not mistaken. The Chris-
tian Mirror has been published for upwards of
two years; and it is pleasing to be able to say, that
it now enjoys so large a share of patronage, as to in-
duce the Proprietor, at the earnest solicitation of a
large number of the subscribers and friends, to issue
the present Prospectus—intending, should a sufficient
number of names be obtained, to publish it WEEKLY,
at the close of the present quarter, (say November
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For the information of such as may not be ac-
quainted with the character of the Mirror, it has been
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