

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6D. PER AN.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1844.

No. 39.—N. S. No. 33.

## POETRY.

### THE FREE CHURCH INDIAN MISSION.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE COVENANT."

REJOICE! rejoice! where the palm tufts wave—  
Where the red coral glows in its ocean cave—  
Where the gems that may gleam on a regal brow  
In lonely brightness are slumbering now—  
Where flowers for the tresses of beauty meet  
Shed o'er the jungles their odours sweet—  
Where the mosque and the minaret glitter fair—  
The free flag of Scotland is floating there!

Rejoice! rejoice! for the dusky brow  
Shall be lit with a glory of gladness now;  
And each prisoned soul though with gyves bound down  
Shall shine as a gem in Immanuel's crown.  
Then fearless and fetterless, on!—speed on—  
Till the idols are shattered, the bright goal won;  
For the banner ye wave is of azure fair—  
"Christ's Crown and Covenant" is blazoned there!

Rejoice! rejoice! on your high career  
Forward ye go, though 'mid rocks ye steer.  
Ye who were bound by all kindly ties  
To your homes, to your hearths, to your own blue  
skies,  
Christ called you forth from each wild-wood glen;  
To rush to the battle like buckler'd men;  
And the ensigns ye rear to the eastern skies  
Over the shrines of your country triumphant arise!

Yes; the sire and the brothers ye left afar,  
They have burst the bond—they have wrenched the bar;  
They could not brook that an iron chain  
Should hang o'er the altars of Scotland's fame;  
And the captives are freed by a heaven-sent might,  
And the dwellers in darkness have seen the light!  
And still hath our Zion one deep joy more.  
For her pennons wave free o'er Gunga's shore.

*Free Church Magazine.*

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE  
IS NO GOD."—Psalm XIV. 1.

No God! each muscle of our frame  
Doth the Omnipotent proclaim;  
'The wondrous structure of the mind.  
The Eye, the Heart, the whole combin'd,  
Teach us to raise our thoughts above  
And praise that Power in whom we move.

No God! do we not see his power  
In every plant, in every flower;  
Doth not the lion of the wood,  
The whale—the monarch of the flood,  
Alike with Nature's meanest thing,  
Of their Eternal Author sing.

Deny a God—the Lightning's flash,  
The Earthquake's shock, the Thunder's crash,  
Are preachers of his Name.  
The Sun that lights yon boundless arch,  
The Planets in their nightly march  
Are heralds of the same.  
Go, impious wretch, whilst yet you may,  
Time flies, life's lease flies fast away:  
Absolve thy folly, guilt and pride  
By prayer to Him you have denied.

*Sackville.*

*Hal. Guardian.*

### THE PRESENT IS THE ONLY TIME.

If a man will but glance over his yesterday, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret one's self about the time to come; for he will find in every yesterday, a miniature grave, as it were, dug by a too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. Men slight the good they have, in their anxiety for the good to come. They waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that He who replenished the cruse is inexhaustible. Trust in Him, and He will never fail you.

## THE CASKET.

### NATURAL DISPOSITIONS.

WE have frequently heard clergymen teaching from the pulpit that in the operations of grace on the heart, it was not to be expected that so entire a change was to be produced as would efface the native traits of a man's character. Illustrative cases have been adduced in support of that opinion, as for instance, that a passionate man would after his gracious change still be impetuous, the covetous one still inclined to accumulate wealth, the haughty man still disposed to treat others contemptuously. This doctrine has been urged not only to inspirit Christians who were apt to be discouraged by their slow progress in subduing their easily besetting sins, but to obviate the objections of cavillers who found an argument against Christianity upon the little apparent change produced in a man's character by the operations of grace. While it is freely admitted that regeneration does not imply perfection, and that the sins which have become habitual by the indulgence of years, are not subdued by a single effort, the public teaching of the doctrine adverted to must still be regarded as pernicious. It is likely to produce the very opposite effects from those designed, inasmuch as it affords to formalists and careless Christians a very plausible justification of their inconsistencies, and lowers the dignity of religion in the estimation of the world. If religion is not to produce a marked and signal change in the whole frame and temper of a man's mind and heart, what is it worth? If its effect is to be evinced merely in the increased attention of its subject to the outward forms of religion, how low should be its pretensions! If after a professed change by the Holy Ghost on a man's character, the proud man may still be supercilious, the avaricious, still covetous, the irascible man still remain in a measure, unclean, and the drunkard still occasionally give himself up to his cups?

All the representations which the Holy Scriptures give of the nature and effects of regeneration, would, if simply interpreted, convey a very different view. To be translated from darkness to light, to be created anew in Christ Jesus, to be quickened from the dead, are either exaggerated phrases, or they mean a very radical change of character; and they are not to be softened down to quiet the uneasy apprehensions of those whose conversion is merely outward, and who have merely exchanged the forms of the world, for the forms of godliness. Men should be taught from the sacred desk, as the Scriptures evidently teach, that the change wrought in regeneration is great and radical, and that he that has experienced it will put off the old man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. The effect of religion is especially to be seen in the change effected in the prominent traits of a man's character, and in his triumph over easily besetting sins. If implacable, he must become merciful; if proud, he must become humble; if avaricious and worldly minded, he must become liberal and spiritually minded; if passionate, he must become meek and not easily excited to anger; if unclean, he must become pure; or else he must be taught to doubt the reality of his change. Paul in address to the Corinthians, after an enumeration of the works of the flesh to which the natural man is addicted and the indulgence of which excludes from salvation, says expressly to the converts, "and such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified" from these very vices. The high standard of Christian qualification is not to be lowered for any one's accommodation and encouragement, and he that needs such a diminution of the claims of the gospel to palliate his defi-

ciencies, should be told in all plainness of speech, his grace is questionable, and that he should again lay the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith towards God.—*Presbyterian.*

### AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.

WE sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in affectionate feelings is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without hearts. The children who are reared in such families are usually moral deformities. They are but half human. They have understanding without affections. And when they leave home, if a place without a heart may be called by this sacred name, they enter upon life, exposed to all its dangers, and deprived of one of the most effectual shields to temptation and guides to virtue.

A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than entomb his parental affection? Yes! God has a heart; and he loves, tenderly loves, his children. Jesus Christ has a heart, so warm and fervent that he could die upon the cross to save the unworthy, whom he loved. Love is heaven's element, and the joys of affection, of congenial spirits, are the joys which animate the songs and inspire the harps of that best world. Whatever else man may be robbed of, oh! leave him his heart. Without this he is a human hyena, unfit for earth or heaven.

Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God has the largest and warmest heart in the universe. He is all heart. God is love. Fear not then to enlarge your heart's capacities, to give vigor to its exercises. Love as extensively and as intensely as you can. Love God. Love every body and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, to love the robin, to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of your domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love,—love to God,—love to man. And he who has no heart can no more be a Christian, can no more be admitted to heaven, than a Bengal tiger.

### THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

It is related of Dr. Payson that once, in the progress of a revival at his church, in Portland, after having repeatedly invited meetings at his house, for those who wished to seek religion, he one day gave an invitation to all those young persons who did not intend to seek religion. Any one who did not know Dr. Payson, would be surprised to hear that thirty or forty came. He had a very pleasant, social interview with them, said nothing about the subject of religion until just as they were about to leave, he closed a few plain and simple remarks in the following manner:—

"Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come, and very gently attach itself to you. You know, we suppose, that it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and brush it away?"

He dwelt a few minutes on this idea, until every one had a clear and fixed conception of it, and of the hardship which any one would manifest, who should openly break off over such a tie.

"Now," continued he, "just such a slender, delicate thread has come from God to you, this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion; but by coming here this afternoon, God has fastened one little thread upon you all; it is very weak and frail, and you can, in a moment, brush it away. But you certainly will not do so. Welcome it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself, until it became a golden chain to bind you forever to God."

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

## EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

In the next place, suppose the society into which we enter be vicious in the sense before adverted to; that it be impure society, distinguished by the prevalence of indelicate jests and lascivious association; such communication, it is unnecessary to say, must corrupt good manners. Must not the primary effect be, at least, gradually to pour the mind to the contemplation of vicious objects, without horror and disgust? Are you not aware that familiarity tends to weaken all impressions? As the mind is passive in receiving them, there is nothing so disgusting at the first view but it may be rendered indifferent, or even an object of complacency. Vicious objects, though they revolt a pure and chaste mind, though every well-disciplined spirit turns aside from them with strong disrelish, yet they have such an alliance with the corrupt propensities of our nature, which always remain with us (for even the best are but partially sanctified), that the effect of bringing such objects frequently before the mind must be to subvert the antipathy, to wear off the impression of disgust, and soften the features of deformity; to teach us to contemplate such objects with indifference, till at length we shall certainly come to regard them with a greater or less degree of complacency.—The horror of vice gradually subsides, till, before men are aware, they find themselves affected with the most impure conversation very differently from what they were at first. The chastity of the mind is violated; they have lost that instinctive recoil of disgust which such objects naturally inspire, and are become capable of partaking of them with that guilty zest with which their association with the corrupt tendencies of our nature is too apt to invest them. This is a process perpetually going on. There are persons perpetually receiving the contamination of impurity by this channel. If, then, you meet with persons of this description, who delight to communicate the taint of impurity, and seek to draw down the minds of others to that gross element of sensuality in which they themselves are grovelling, avoid them, pass not by them, “turn from them and pass away;” recollect that such conversation is most essentially evil, and will, before you are aware, corrupt your “good manners.”

Suppose, in the next place, that the society into which we enter be of an impious nature, distinguished by a rejecting of Christianity, of its great and leading doctrines, and has in it, consequently, the contagion of impiety; such communication cannot fail, in the strongest degree, to “corrupt good manners.” To hear objections against Christianity continually repeated without being answered, to hear the cause of Christ attacked in every possible form without being in a situation, in a becoming manner, to undertake its defence, must have an injurious tendency. Conversation, if we intend to please and be pleased, should never be a scene of continual dispute; we must either relinquish such society or hold our peace. That person who feels himself called upon on every occasion to defend his religion, will grow weary of contention, and seek repose in another kind of society. But if he continues in it, he will at length learn to be silent, silence will lead to acquiescence, and finally he will adjust his opinions to the standard of those with whom he associates. Every man makes the esteem of his companions a great and leading object. When a person, therefore, from that motive, learns to suppress his convictions, he will easily pass from thence to that guilty shame of Jesus Christ before men which is one of the most baseful elements of corruption and degeneracy. It is dangerous to be in that society where all is against Christianity, and nothing in its favour; where it is perpetually assailed in a variety of forms, and nothing said in a serious, argumentative manner to sustain its interests and vindicate its sanctity. If any man supposes that he has strength of mind to continue in such society without having the foundations of his confidence in the truths of Christianity weakened, that man is entirely unacquainted with his own heart. You may feel conscious of no change of opinion, you may relinquish no article of faith, but the practical assent of the mind is capable of

all sorts of varieties possible; the degree of conviction, the strength of that hold which religious principle has upon you, may be weakened in a most essential manner before you have altered the speculative articles of your belief. The speculative belief in the great truths of Christianity is, in pious minds, continually changing itself into practical belief, producing that sense of the reality of eternal things which justifies the definition given of faith, as “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” Infidel society has the effect of weakening that practical conviction, of estranging the mind from the evidences of Divine truth, and bringing it into a state of obscurity; it is an element of darkness, and no person can preserve, within its sphere, a permanent and abiding conviction of such truths as are only seen by the eye of faith, and are the best realised in the calmness of the sanctuary, and solitude of the closet. Besides, we shall always find that those who have rejected the yoke of Christianity are anxious to propagate their disbelief; they have not the tranquillity of innocence, the confidence of truth; and they feel themselves strongly fortified, secure, and fearless, in proportion as they have swelled their contumacy, extinguished the conviction, and put out that light of faith in others which is a condemning light to them, and holds out to them a fearful misgiving in the prospect of eternity. Those who are determined to bid farewell to Christianity have not done it in consequence of a serious process of conviction, but in consequence of consulting their passions, not their reason, determining to gratify their appetites without restraint or control, and indulging in the pleasures and honours of this world without check. Conscious of this, in a greater or less degree, they fear that the foundation they are resting upon may prove insecure; they wish, therefore, to be strengthened by the co-operation of others, and feel a guilty satisfaction in proportion as they multiply disciples among their associates, and are thus enabled to hear an echo in every voice, and see the reflection of infidelity in every breast. Is it not extraordinary that men who can only boast that they have discovered that man is nothing,—that this world is the whole of his existence,—that his destiny is withheld, and shrunk to the smallest possible compass,—is it not extraordinary that they cannot at least be silent; that they should be desirous to propagate a discovery so full of shame and reproach? The reason is, that they have fears on the side of religion, though they have not its hopes; they dread the truth of it, having given up all prospect of benefit from it, having relinquished all part in its consolations; therefore they feel their fears allayed, their perturbation subside, in proportion as they swell their numbers by an extensive confederation. They are “deceiving and deceived.”

Let me earnestly impress it on every one who wishes to be saved;—and if you do not, why approach the sanctuary of God, why hear the words of his book, why lift up a prayer to the throne of heaven in the name of the Great Redeemer?—if you wish to be saved, go not into such society; or, if you enter it unawares, remain not in it. To choose such persons as confidants of your hours of affectionate and social intercourse is to live in an element of contagion; it is to go into a pest house; it is to take up your abode in the midst of the most virulent and destructive diseases. “Evil communications” will “corrupt good manners.” No experience of our own,—no extent of observation may go to invalidate or impair the truth of this maxim, which is confirmed by the experience of all ages.

## “A MESSAGE FROM GOD UNTO THEE.”

“I HAVE a message from God unto thee,” was the language of Ehud to the King of Moab. The message with which the future Judge of Israel was charged, was one of vengeance and of blood; but though Jehovah still, at times, speaks in thunder to guilty individuals and to a guilty world, “judgment is his strange work,” and his messages to sinful and erring mortals are usually couched in the still small voice of tender and pathetic admonition, or of earnest, anxious, importunate entreaty.

Through how many channels, also, and by how many objects are these messages of grace and mercy addressed to us! We speak not now of those warnings and exhortations which meet the eye in every page of the oracles of God, and

are pressed upon our attention by the ministers of his word. These, in a land of Bibles and of ordinances, must have been often listened to, and if not to the benefit of our own souls, the greater will be our condemnation. We allude to a class of monitors less obtrusive, it may be, and too frequently altogether overlooked or despised by the indolent, the thoughtless, and the reckless, but not the less truly the bearers of a message from God to every individual among us, “whether we will hear or whether we will forbear.”

The messengers to which we refer are the works of creation and the dispensations of divine providence; from each and from all of which the intelligent and awakened Christian hears, as it were, a voice addressing him in the words of heavenly wisdom; “Unto you O men we call, and our voice is to the sons of men?” To a few of these heaven-appointed monitors, and to some of the messages which they urge upon our attention, it is our present purpose briefly to advert.

The first which we shall mention, because the most striking and obvious, are the heavenly bodies.—The Sun, the source of light and life and heat to the planets by which he is surrounded; “the moon walking in brightness;” and the numberless stars which stud the canopy of heaven, each of them we have good reason to believe, a sun, the centre of a system much more complicated and extensive perhaps than that of which our earth forms a part. When therefore we “lift up our eyes and consider who hath created these things, who bringeth out their host by number, who calleth them all by names, and by the greatness of whose might not one of them faileth,” what is the purport of the message which they address to us? “The hand that made us is divine. He is wise in heart and mighty in strength; who hath hardened himself against him and hath prospered? Acquaint thyself,” therefore, “with him and be at peace with him.—Kiss the Son lest he be angry and ye perish from the way. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.”

But while of the countless worlds which roll throughout the immensity of space we can know but little, and can form no conjecture of the nature, capacities or destinies of the beings by whom they are inhabited, let us briefly turn our attention to the sentient tenants of our own globe. And, beginning with ourselves, whether we consider the mechanism of our bodies, the incomprehensible nature of our immortal spirits and the mysterious union between them and the tabernacles which they animate, we must be indeed far gone in stupid insensibility if we do not feel ourselves constrained to exclaim, “I will praise thee, O Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made?”—if the admonitory voice of conscience, speaking through every organ of our frame, does not whisper in our ear, “He that planted the ear shall he not hear? He that formed the eye shall he not see? He that teacheth man knowledge shall not he know?”

Let us descend a step lower in the scale of creation, and turn our attention for a moment to the inferior animals. And, whether we contemplate the gigantic elephant or the meanest and most insignificant insect, the leviathan or the “minnow of the brook,” the enormous condor of the Andes or the minute and delicate humming bird, so diminutive as to be hidden in the flower-bell from which it steps the dew, what is the lesson which they irresistibly inculcate when we consider the wonderful adaptation of each species to the place which it is destined to occupy in the sphere of creation, and the means provided for the sustenance, preservation and perpetuation of the whole? Is it not that “the Lord is good to all and his tender mercies are over all his works—that the eyes of all his creatures wait upon Him and he giveth them their meat in due season.”

Even the inanimate creation lifts up a silent, it may be, but not the less unequivocal testimony to the wisdom, the power and the goodness of its divine Creator, whether the subject of our contemplation be the lofty and wide spreading oak, which for centuries has existed the patriarch and monarch of the forest, or the most tiny and ephemeral flowret that blossoms beneath its shade. But it is to the truths which the latter especially are calculated to enforce that we would more immediately direct attention.—Are we captivated by the splendours of dress and inclined to

boast of the elegant appearance for which we are indebted to the sheep or to the silk worm? Do not these children of the spring whispier in our ear, "Fools that ye are, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of us?" Does misfortune so thicken and lour around our dwellings that we are compelled to enquire, despondingly, "what shall we eat or what shall we drink or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Then they address us in the language of expostulation and reproof, saying, "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Nor are the budding beauty of Spring; the Summer, redolent of blossom and fragrance; or the Autumn, rich with the bounties of a beneficent Providence, mute in their Creator's praise. They call upon us to unite in devout exclamation, "O Lord how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches," and to render the homage of our grateful hearts to him who "causeth the grass to grow for cattle and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth."

But the most direct and perhaps the most impressive of these heavenly messengers are the dispensations of divine providence. Prosperity may, and it must be admitted too often does, lead the vain, the presumptuous and the worldly-minded to forget Him who gives them "their corn and their wine, and their oil, and multiplies their silver and their gold;" but, to the properly constituted and pious mind, the language suggested by the bounties of Providence is, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits! and the course of action which they prompt is to "honour the Lord with our substance and the first fruits of all increase," in works of pity charity and Christian munificence.

No tribulation for the present, it is true, seems to be joyous, but, on the contrary, grievous, nevertheless "sweet are the uses of adversity" to him who thus "he rs the rod"—The Father of our Spirits chasteneth us for our profit that we might be partakers of his holiness." Now therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways; and who goes, in lowly penitence and child-like humility, to the throne of grace with the prayer, "I beseech thee show me wherefore thou contendest with me,—Guide me with thy counsel," while I live, "and afterwards receive me to glory."

The diseases to which our bodies are liable, and with which we are from time to time visited, are startling and emphatic messengers; and their language is, "Prepare to meet thy God;" for soon, by our successive assaults, or by sudden distraction, must "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern."

Last, and most terrible messenger of all, comes Death with the imperative mandate: "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." Woe unto us, if, ere this grim executioner of the sentence pronounced upon all flesh appear, we have not listened to the calls, the warnings, and the invitations which have been addressed to us; for then the day of grace and mercy will have for ever fled; and, while those who have made their peace with God through the blood of his Son, shall shine in Heaven as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever, we shall be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."

Let us not therefore reject "the counsel of God against ourselves," nor put from us the admonitions tendered by so many agents and under such varied forms; but let us, in this our day of merciful visitation, attend diligently to the things that concern our everlasting peace, that we may, through the mercy of God and the intercession of the Saviour, experience the blessedness of "those that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—the heavenly Jerusalem.—*Halifax Guardian.*

#### SUMMERFIELD ON PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.

Baltimore, Jan. 4. 1825.

"My very dear friend,—For a fortnight past I have been interdicted all exercise of any kind, mental or bodily, and I am still confined to my

chamber. My physicians are now beginning to relax their restrictions, and I am permitted to a certain extent to correspond with the friends of my heart. That you may not be uneasy with regard to the nature of my present indisposition, I would simply state, that it is but temporary, and is the effect of artificial causes. I have been submitting to a course of mercury, at their recommendation, and the process of salivation having arrived at its highest state, my debility was extreme, and I had no rest out of my bed. That course is now suspended, and I am slowly recovering: very favourable results are anticipated, and when I shall see you in the spring, by the will of God, I hope you will find them realized.

"I very sensibly feel alive to the confidence your letter reposes in me; and I feel thankful, also, that you let me so freely into your *inside heart*; I see its workings, and how tremulously sensitive it is, on the great subject to which all the energies of your mind are tending. Will it be any relief to my dear friend, to assure him, that these anxieties are the counterpart of my own, even unto this present hour? Yes, for I will not scruple to declare it, that although I am now in the seventh year of my ministerial labour, the agony with which I entered it is unabated. I still feel it a crucifixion, a martyrdom, a dying daily! Human science may become familiar by incessant application, and practice may make perfect; but the science of salvation *passeth knowledge*. "I cannot reach the mystery, the length, the breadth, the height!" Angels themselves are represented as *desiring* to look into these things; and yet, with all the weight of all their bending minds united, they fail to comprehend them, and join us in the Apostle's cry, "O! the depth, the depth!" And it ever must be so, so long as we retain the spirit of our commission; dependence upon the Holy Spirit will continue to be as sensibly felt in our last sermon as in our first, unless we have learned to preach without Him, and then we shall be sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, noisy instruments, of no value. But let not my dear friend, therefore, be weary and faint in his mind; be not unwilling to harbour the incessant cry in his breast, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and let the faith which moves the mountain, triumphantly rejoice, "My sufficiency is of God—I can do all things through Christ strengthening me!" Ever lean upon this promise of the great Head of the Church, "Lo! I am with you always;" and you also shall find, even if your record be that of the brightest luminary of the Church—"No man stood by me, but all men forsook me;"—nevertheless, the *Lord stood with me*." Be not thou therefore moved at the afflictions of Christ, but endure hardness as a good soldier. Remember the recompense of the reward.

"In reply to your remarks on extemporary discourses, I am glad to find your own soul in such perfect harmony with mine. You very much magnify the difficulty of it,—but you have not yet been called to grapple with it,—and I am fully persuaded that, even in infancy as a minister of Christ Jesus, you will strangle the serpents: such is my decided impression, from the views you have already taken of the subject. And yet you cry, *Hic labor hoc opus est!* I do not know that anything I could suggest would be applicable to your circumstances, because the mode of training for the ministry in our Church differs so totally from yours. On admission into our Church, each member is put into a class, (so called) composed of a dozen persons, more or less. This class is under the care of a judicious man, well experienced in the things of God; we call him the *class-leader*: it is his business to meet this class collectively once a-week, and speak to each member in relation on his Christian experience. This method gives a young man, at the very outset, a facility in describing his own views and feelings, without embarrassment, and improves him by hearing his class-mates speak their experience in like manner. Then he is appointed a *leader* himself, and this affords him an opportunity of addressing a word of advice to others. Thence he is licensed as a leader in a prayer-meeting, then as an exhorter, &c.; and, finally, upon full trial he enters the ministry, with much less of that embarrassment than the man who is launched out from scenes of inexperience, and made at once the subject of criticism.

"In your case, I would recommend the selection of a companion or two, with whom you could

accustom yourself to open and amplify your thoughts on a portion of the word of God, in the way of *lecture*. Choose a copious subject, and be not anxious to say all that might be said: let your efforts be aimed at giving a *strong outline*; the filling up will be much more easily attained. Prepare a *sketch* of your leading ideas: branch them off into their *secundary relations*: this you may have before you. Digest well your subject; but be not careful to choose your words preparatory to your delivery. *Follow out* the ideas in such language as may offer at the moment. Don't be discouraged if you fall down a hundred times: for, though you fall, you shall rise again; and cheer yourself with the prophet's challenge, "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

"To be a correct extemporaneous preacher, you will need to write a *good deal*, in order to correct style, and prune off the exuberance of language; but I would not recommend you to write on the subject upon which you intend to preach. If you fill up on paper the matter of your text, you will contract a slavish habit of lumbering your mind with the words of your previous composition. Write on other subjects, but leave your words free and spontaneous for pulpit exercises.

"If I were near you, I would show you my plan of skeletonizing. As I hope to have that pleasure in the spring, I will then let you into my plans, if you think them of any value:—I never preach without having prepared an outline, but I *never* write a sermon out at length.

"May the Lord direct you in all things! Write again and again. Yours, in love,

J. SUMMERFIELD."

#### MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

- MAINTAIN dignity without the appearance of pride
- Persevere against discouragements.
- Keep your temper.
- Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
- Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.
- Never be in a hurry.
- Rather set, than follow example.
- Rise early, and be an economist of time.
- Practice strict temperance.
- Manner is something with every body, and every thing with some.
- Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.
- Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
- Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
- Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
- In all your transactions, remember the final account.

#### THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

WHILE Mr. Williams, the Martyr Missionary of Erromanga, was labouring in one of the South Sea Islands, the people at one of the stations in Rarotonga became very negligent in their attendance upon divine worship. This was a source of great grief not only to the missionaries, but to the zealous chiefs, who were so much accustomed to the use of force to accomplish their purposes, that they proposed at once to send the *constables* to compel them to come in.

This resort to extreme measures the missionaries resisted, and begged the chiefs to allow them to try another method. Accordingly, several of the more pious and active Christians were selected, who appropriated a part of every Saturday to visiting the people from house to house, to set before them the importance of constant attendance upon the ordinances of the gospel. The effect of this measure was so happy that the chiefs never afterwards proposed to send the constables.

It occurs to us that this islandic measure might be adopted with great usefulness in many cities and villages of our own country. There are families, nominally connected with Christian congregations, who are rarely represented in the house of God, and there are many in every place that never darken the doors of the sanctuary. The voice of Christian faithfulness would rouse some of them from the stupidity into which they have sunk; the hand of Christian kindness would lead them to the courts of the Lord, where the truth and the Spirit of God might win and melt their hardened hearts.

By the adoption of a systematic and extended plan for the visitation of the neglectors of divine worship, it cannot be doubted, that multitudes, now far from the way of life, might be reached and brought within the power of the appointed means of salvation.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1844.

## LOVE OF THE MARVELLOUS.

THE Creator of the world has so constituted man, as to render him capable of *knowing, loving, and serving*, his Maker. In order to this, he has endowed him with certain powers of mind, very different from those which have relation exclusively to the visible and tangible creation—powers by which he is enabled to behold things “that are not seen,” and to realize “the substance of things hoped for.”

Prominent among this class of mental endowments, is the love of that which is wonderful—the desire to apprehend things that are superhuman, supernatural, and beyond the every day concerns of life. This power, rightly exercised, and divinely directed, gives vigour to faith—indeed, it may be said to be one of its constituents. By it, the mind may delight in the contemplation of a spiritual and invisible world, and acquiesce in the truth of those stupendous miracles and events recorded in the Book of books.

Notwithstanding the value of this important power or faculty, it is liable to great abuse. Witness its effects in the religious rites and ceremonies of the various heathen nations, ancient and modern. It was it that gave popularity to the oracles of antiquity—that made Mars Hill a place of resort by the Athenians, for hearing and seeing new things—and that now sustains Buddhism and Brahminism in India, Mahomedanism in the East, and Popery throughout Christendom.

A love of the marvellous is frequently associated with very limited reasoning faculties. In proof of this, we need only mention the case of Joe Smith, the Mormon, and his misguided followers, and the story of the Book of Mormon, said to have been written by a Jew belonging to one of the ten tribes of Israel, after they had migrated to America from the Holy Land, up through Asia to Kamschatka, across Bherhing's straits, into the land we now occupy; and which is said to have been found hid in the earth after it had lain there for centuries. Marvellousness reasons not—and when not kept within its legitimate bounds by the intellectual faculties, directed by Divine influence, leads to the most injurious and fatal results.

The influence of this faculty, too, is visible in ordinary life. It gives a peculiar bias to the course of reading which a student may adopt—the class of books an individual may wish to read. The kind of instruction a teacher in a Sunday school may impart to his class, may, for instance, be more curious and wonderful than useful. The Minister of the Gospel, even, from his own love of the marvellous, may possibly fall into the same error.

We have been led to these remarks from a consideration of the obvious tendency of the age to depart from, or to attempt to improve upon the good old ways our fathers walked in—one great cause of which, we think, is an inordinate

## LOVE OF THE MARVELLOUS.

PROTESTANTISM.—This is a word, the original import and tendency of which is too generally overlooked by those bearing its name. It is merely understood in contradistinction from, and as opposed to, that species of faith known by the term Roman Catholicism, or Popery. A moment's consideration, however, will convince any mind that the word embraces a more extensive mean-

ing than this. It is a term of peculiar force, implying not only objection to and dissent from, but a determination to oppose the spread and prevent the injurious effects of, every species of error. The following remarks on this subject are well worthy of careful perusal. They were delivered before the Operative Protestant Association of Liverpool, on the 5th of March last, by the Rev. H. McNEILE:—

“There was a Protestantism which did not reach the heart in its theory, and, therefore, did not reach the life in its practice. There was a Protestantism which did not alter the temper—which did not restrain the tongue—which did not guide the affections and desires, in the life of the brethren, to do them good during life. There was a species of Protestantism which, he grieved to say, had done their true cause much harm. What he desired was, to see Christianity at the root, and the protest against error maintained, not for its own sake, but for the sake of that precious root which was to be preserved. The object they had in view was to deepen and to give solidity to the Protestantism of their neighbourhood. The way now to do good was for every man, in his place, to give sound instruction; because, to protest against error, without having direct instruction in truth, would never satisfy thinking men. Every man in his place, then—every master in his family—every young man amongst his companions, his brothers and sisters—every clergyman in his church, should endeavour now to convey, both by precept and example, a true, sound, scriptural instruction, which was the only safeguard against Popery. Popery could win its way, directly or indirectly, against anything and everything except scriptural truth. Armies would not keep it out; and what the armies of paganism failed to do, the Bible, in the hand of Luther, did not fail to do. Moreover, he would tell them another thing—a secret, and he would not ask them to keep it either; that the public mind, commonly so called, now in England, had got into such a diseased state that it recoiled from truth. They had been told that Popery was increased by evangelical preaching—that exposing the flagrant errors of Popery caused a reaction in its favour.

The fact was, the public mind was in that diseased state, that it recoiled from anything positive; a positive statement of truth made it rather inclined to the error; and a doubtful statement that asserted nothing and questioned everything—that was charity, that was love, that was Christianity, now-a-days in England. What, then, were they to do? They wanted not to make men in love with Popery, and yet if they spoke of it as the Reformers did, as the Homilies of the Church did, immediately there was a recoil in its favour. Should they praise it, in order that people might see it black?—They could not do that for truth's sake; neither could they set it up as white, for that would condemn their own consciences. What, then, were they to do? They were all to teach Christianity, not merely to protest against error, but to teach the truth; for there was nothing Popery feared so much as people reading the Bible in their own tongue.”

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR.—While I was stationed in the island of Zante, in the Mediterranean, on the 19th of December, 1820, the Greeks brought down from Mount Squeboo the coffin of St. Benicchio, as they term him. He was formerly a priest, and has been dead more than 300 years. His mortal remains are embalmed in a gold coffin, which was deposited in a small chapel about a mile out of the town of Zante. On the morning of the 20th, at four o'clock, the island was visited by one of the severest shocks of an earthquake that had ever been felt; and between nine and ten o'clock, when the procession was moving in all the pomp of solemn mockery along the street, a tremendous shower of rain descended on their devoted heads for the space of twenty minutes; then came another shock, which was followed by an awful shower of hail, truly terrific. At first the hail-stones

were about an inch in diameter, but speedily increased to four inches, and came rushing down with such violence as to cause the tiles on the houses to fly into splinters. To my own knowledge, one man was struck by a hailstone on the brain, and immediately dropped down dead; a large number were severely wounded, from thirty-five to forty houses were levelled with the ground by the shaking of the earth, and about thirty-six persons were buried in the ruins. Some of the hailstones, which I saw weighed by a doctor, weighed from six to seven and a half ounces. A Scotchman, with whom I was acquainted, informed me, that, three years before, when the procession was coming along the street, in the same form as we had now seen it, there came a shower of sand and fire, which dispersed them.

When I remember the many rainy days on which the Procession has walked since I came to Canada, I am led to believe that the time is not far distant, when God will not reprove idolatry in such a mild manner, but when he will make known the thunder of his power.

May God, in the abundance of his mercy, grant them repentance, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN CHRIST,  
St. Johns, June 9, 1844.

## ENGLISH WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall, on the 29th of April, and was largely attended. The Right Hon. Sir George Rose presided, and his opening address was followed by others from Ministers and gentlemen of various churches. The leading speakers were the Rev. Dr. Wilson and the Rev. James Hamilton, of the Free Scotch Church; the Rev. Thomas Waugh, from Ireland; the Rev. Dr. Newton; the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, from Madras; and the Rev. Robert Young, just returned from his visit to the West Indies. From the Report we collect an item or two. The Society has 274 Stations, 387 Missionaries and Assistants. Other Paid Agents 1640. Church Members 101,137; Printing Establishments 7. Of the Stations generally a favourable account is given, especially of those not long formed. We extract the following particulars relating to finances:—

“The Rev. Dr. BUNTING then called attention to the Financial Statement, reminding the meeting, at the outset, that while the review of the Missions themselves included the most recent intelligence, the account of Receipts and Disbursements respected only the current year ending in December last. That account was as follows:—  
The Gross Income received from all the usual and regular sources in 1843, amounted to . . . £99,280 11 7  
Being a net increase, as compared with 1842, of £1,026. 18s. 11d.  
To which must be added the Surplus of Income over Expenditure in 1842, viz: . . . . . 523 13 6

Making together the sum of . . . £99,804 5 1

But the Gross Expenditure of 1843 had been . . . . . £112,908 5 2  
Being an increase, as compared with 1842, of £12,244 11s. 5d.  
Leaving an Actual Deficiency, as far as all ordinary Resources, belonging to that year, having been available, of . . . . . £13,104 0 1  
The committee then proceeded to offer some explanatory observations, which were classified under the several heads of *Income, Expenditure, and Deficiency*.”

The observations convey the intelligence that, besides the above total amount of income, there has been received in special subscriptions, donations for liquidating the old debt, and others for injured chapels, what makes the full receipts of the Society, to near the time of the meeting, £110,620. The entire Anniversary seems to have been unusually gratifying.—*Chr. Guardian*.

**CREDIT MISSION.**—But for some indisposition of body, our visit to this Mission last Sabbath week would have been attended with pleasure without alloy. The Indian Chapel was crowded to excess by natives and whites on the Quarterly occasion; and the lovefeast was one of the best at which we were ever present,—the statements of experience being simple and Wesleyan. For months they have had a powerful revival among them. To show the advanced condition of the Indians at this most interesting and useful Mission, we may mention the fact, that a number of them, after speaking for a time in their own tongue, addressed the assembly in English with profitable effect. From this lovely village many brethren and their wives have gone to different distant places, where they are now with great success rising Credits in the wilderness. Notwithstanding the perplexities of body in their temporal affairs, they are satisfactorily advanced in civilization. A good number of the shares in the excellent Credit Harbour belong to them; Mr. John Jones is the active, Warfanger and we were informed that Chief Sawyer, a pious, business man, had that week gone to Niagara with a schooner, partly the property of his Indians, carrying a full load of boards prepared at the Indians' mill. We are not surprised that their devoted Missionary, the Rev. George Ferguson, who has been very acceptably supplying the Missionary's place during the months he has been employed in an agency for our Book Establishment, should have been happy among them.—*Ib.*

**THE MINISTRY IN THE STATES.—IMPORTANT STATISTICS.**—The *Missionary Herald* for last month publishes a table, very carefully prepared, from which we take an item or two. There are 17,073 evangelical Ministers in connexion with the principal denominations of the Christian Church in the United States, making about one Minister to every 1,093 souls. The Methodist Travelling and Local Preachers amount to nearly 10,000. The whole number of Missionaries in the world is computed to be 1,100; which gives us only one Missionary to every 600,000 heathens. This leaves none for Mohammedans and nominal Christians. In 1843 the number of Ministers of several leading Churches in the Western States was one to every 1,318 souls: not a poor supply. These reckonings for the States, however, do not include many Ministers as presidents and professors in seminaries and colleges, editors, secretaries, and other agents; nor a large number of aged, or enfeebled ministers, who labour occasionally, which are supposed to be 1000 more: and it is to be noted that the unequal distribution of ministers leaves many places badly supplied.—*Ib.*

**IMPORTANT FROM SYRIA, IF TRUE.**—The *Boston Courier* extracts, from some English paper received by the *Britannia*, the following statement which, is "important if true":—

"The last accounts received from Syria announced that two hundred inhabitants of Has-beiya, a village situate at the foot of Mount Lebanon, had abjured the Greek orthodox religion to embrace Protestantism. The Greek patriarch and the Bishop of Damascus called on the Pasha, to check the proselyting spirit of the missionaries; but that functionary replied that he had no right to interfere, so long as the Syrians paid him the *harachis*, or capitation-tax. The British Consul, Mr. Wood, was applied to, but he declared that he had received from his government no instructions for such a contingency."—*N. Y. Observer.*

**FRIGHTFUL CONSPIRACY AT DAMASCUS.**—The *Manheim Journal* quotes a letter from Constantinople of the 30th ult., stating that a conspiracy for the massacre of the Turks, and the establishment of a native government, had been discovered at Damascus. More than 600 Arabs of the best families are said to have been in the plot. They were betrayed by one of the conspirators, whom they massacred in the streets, on the discovery of his conduct, amid cries of "Death to the traitor." On this occasion a conflict, in which several persons are said to have been killed and wounded, is reported to have taken place between the Turkish troops and the Arabs.

**CAPABILITIES OF CHILDREN.**—A few months ago a project was set on foot in England to raise, by Juvenile effort, sufficient funds to provide a

ship for the Polynesian Mission of the London Missionary Society. The effort has been eminently successful. More than twenty-five thousand dollars have been remitted to the Treasurer; and, when all the collections are received, it is thought there will be sufficient to cover the expenses both of purchase and outfit. What may we not hope from the rising generation, if trained to the active service of the Saviour!—*Episcopal Recorder.*

#### POPERY IN AUSTRIA.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* quotes the following from a Vienna letter, dated 6th inst.:—"An imperial ordinance, just published, forbids, under the penalties of fine and imprisonment, every Catholic subject of his Majesty to embrace Protestantism, without having previously obtained the express permission of government, which permission is not to be granted but on very serious grounds, nor until after the competent authorities have recognized the necessity of the change of religion. Another ordinance forbids Protestants to make public prayers in their churches or chapels on the occasion of mixed marriages, and revokes a former ordinance, which authorised Catholic priests to assist passively, that is as simple witnesses, at the celebration of marriages between Catholics and Protestants; so that henceforth these ecclesiastics must abstain entirely from appearing at these unions. It is useless to add that these ordinances have occasioned great emotion among the Protestants of the capital."

#### MINISTERIAL FIDELITY REWARDED.

THE Prince of Wales, upon visiting Ireland, so timed his voyage as to reach Dublin on a Saturday. His arrival was not unexpected to the populace, and every arrangement had been made for his proper reception in the capital of the Emerald Isle. If gratifying to the people, his *entre* was any thing but pleasant to the Church, the dignitaries of which were totally unprepared to preach before his Majesty on the following day. The Prince made known his intention of attending the services of the Lord Bishop, who politely returned for answer, "a sudden indisposition." Others, lower down in the Establishment, as readily, and it was thought as cheerfully, declined the royal invitation. At last a humble curate tendered his services, which were graciously accepted. He took for his text, "Ye must be horn again," &c. After an earnest statement of the reasons for the necessity of a new birth, as insisted upon by our Saviour, he turned to the Prince, and with thrilling effect exclaimed, "And you, your Majesty, unless you become the willing subject of the Prince of Peace, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven!" With these words the faithful servant of a heavenly King closed as effective a discourse as perhaps was ever heard. The Prince returned, without pageantry, from the chapel to his residence. The affair subsided, and nothing more was thought of Prince or Curate, in this connexion, until a few years after, when the Bishop of Dublin died. The Prince, then King I believe, was interceded with in behalf of an eminent divine, for the vacant Bishoprick.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said his Majesty; "where is that faithful curate that preached before me when I visited Ireland?"

"O, please your Majesty, he will not answer for so high a department of the Church."

"Tut, tut, he will answer! He shall answer! He is the only man amongst you all, that ever dared to look me in the face, and say, 'And you, your Majesty, must likewise repent, or you cannot enter the kingdom of God.'"—*Selected.*

#### THE REV. JOHN WESLEY AND WINE DRINKING.

—The late truly excellent Mrs. Fletcher of Madely, having been hearing a sermon from one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, presented him with a glass of wine as soon as he entered the house; when Mr. W. interrupted her, saying, "my dear madam, do you wish to kill my preachers? Are you not aware that that young man's lungs are after preaching in a state of inflammation? and would you give him wine to irritate, and make them worse?" "What must I give them, then, Sir?" inquired Mrs. Fletcher. In the true spirit of teetotalism he said, "Why, madam, if they must have something, let it be a slice or two of lemon sugared!" I had this account, sir, from a Wesleyan preacher, who travelled in the Madely

circuit, and who received it himself from the lips of Mrs. Fletcher.

#### THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

As compared with other evergreen coniferous trees, it surpasses them all in grand and picturesque effect; and, when arrived at maturity, or approaching those gigantic dimensions which in its native habits may justly be considered as one of the most magnificent of the vegetable creation. In its form and mode of growth, every circumstance is calculated to give it an imposing and noble aspect; the trunk being massive, and of a large diameter in proportion to its height, indicate that strength and longevity by which it is characterized in passages of holy writ; whilst its pyramidal head, composed of numerous horizontal boughs rising tier above tier in thick succession, and clothed with a mantling foliage of never fading green, forms a canopy, or, as the prophet Ezekiel expresses it, "a shadowing shroud," of vast extent and striking appearance. This grandeur and beauty of form naturally associates the cedar in our ideas, with objects of importance and scenery of the loftiest description, and hence it is that it becomes a more appropriate ornament and appendage to imposing architectural masses, and grounds of wide extent, than to the precincts of a modern villa, where none of the accompaniments are of a corresponding magnitude, or in accordance with those feelings which its presence is calculated to excite. Such, also, seems the feeling of eminent painters with regard to this tree, whenever it can be appropriately introduced into their compositions. Thus in several of the wonderful and highly imaginative pictures of the celebrated Martin, the cedar is prominently brought forward, particularly in his representation of the destruction of Babylon, where it is made the principal tree in its far famed terraces and hanging gardens. It is also a prominent object in the gardens of Nineveh, as represented in his fall of that city; and ancient cedars also enter into his imaginary view of the Garden of Eden.—*Selby's British Forest Trees.*

#### SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—Eph. iv. 31, 32.

We have here a rule for the reciprocal intercourse of believers. It bears upon it the pure stamp of heaven. It is melancholy indeed, that Christians should need such cautions and counsels as the above. But alas, who that knows his own heart, is not sensible how necessary as well as pertinent they are! The remaining corruption still lingering in the heart of the most sanctified believer, exposes him to temptation. When we are injured, or when we imagine ourselves to be so, how prone are we to resent it! The first impulses generally are sinful. We can even use harsh and bitter terms in application to the conduct or motives of our professing brethren. To be liable to such sallies of passion is a great evil. They rob our own bosoms of peace—injure the cause of Christ—and give occasion to the wicked to triumph. O for more of that sweet forgiving spirit which dwelt in the bosom of our Lord! Consider the argument of the Apostle: "even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Exercise towards thy real or supposed enemy the spirit of forgiveness which God hath manifested towards thee. Surely towards thy brethren—those who are coheirs with thee of the heavenly inheritance—thou shouldst entertain no feelings but those of the most generous attachment. If thou hast aught against a brother, go to him alone, and let the breach be healed by mutual explanation and forgiveness. Emblazon not the faults of any member of Christ's body. Carry about with thee the mantle of charity. Open not thy mouth to calumniate, nor thine ear to receive the calumny of others. Away with the spirit of detraction. When tempted to think evil or to speak evil of others, remember how thou thyself wouldst appear, were God to treat thee as severely as thou are disposed to treat them. Cultivate a meek, forbearing spirit under injuries; remembering that "love worketh no ill to his neighbour."

#### SICK HEADACHE.

An article in the *South-western Farmer*, though not credited, and it does not appear to be original—says that two tea spoonfuls of finely pulverised charcoal, drank in half a tumbler of water, will, in less than 15 minutes give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach. It is always on hand and easily tried at all events.

#### TO MAKE FRENCH ROLLS.

Take a spoonful of lard or butter, 3 pints of flour, a cup of yeast, and as much milk as will work it up to the stiffness of bread; just before you take them from the oven, take a clean towel and wipe them over with milk.—*Nashville Ag.*

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## THE POCKET BIBLE;

OR

"HIS LOVING KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

(Concluded.)

Four years elapsed, and nothing was heard of Charles Grant. Sometimes during the second year of his absence a rumor reached us that a ship, supposed to be the ———, which sailed from ———, and on board of which Charles was supposed to be, was burned at sea, and that but two or three only of the crew were saved, and that among them was a young man of the name of Grant. But the rumor, though not contradicted, was not confirmed, and another period of uncertainty and anxiety felt to the full of the long-stricken and heart-saddened mother and sister of the absent boy.

At length the friends of Mrs. Grant were pained to perceive a visible change in her health. The indications of that too fatal malady—consumption, were too apparent to be mistaken. Its approach was indeed slow and insidious, and for a time was kept at bay by the kind and assiduous attention of our village physician; but medical prescription at length lost its power, and she became at first confined to the house—then to her room—and finally to her bed.

I often visited her, as did other friends. Her room was no longer the abode of gloom and sorrow. She had for some months been making progress in resignation to the will of God; and, though her feeble tabernacle was shaken, and was likely to be dissolved through years of anxiety and affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more and more strength, and to fasten with a firm hold upon the divine promises.

One day, as I sat conversing with her, she alluded to the faithfulness of God, and expressed her unwavering confidence in Him. She said it had been her desire to acquiesce in the Divine will, and she hoped that she should be able to do so, whatever it might be, in relation to herself or her absent son. But, continued she, I have prayed long and fervently that I may once more see him—see him a true penitent—and I cannot relinquish the belief that God will hear and answer.

I was about to say something which might tend to soothe her, in case her hopes were not realized, as I must confess I saw little present reason to expect they would be; when she stopped me, and observed, "You may think me presumptuous, but my faith must enjoy its hold on the Divine promises. Has not God said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me?' I have called—yes, I have called, by day and by night, and God has seemed to help me. Has he excited such strong, such intense emotions for nothing? Has he enabled me to wrestle so with him, only to be disappointed? I am aware that probabilities are all apparently against me. I must soon fail; this heart will soon cease beating, and the narrow house be my resting-place, but I still have confidence in the faithfulness of my heavenly Father. What though I see no immediate prospect of the return of my poor boy, I believe that I shall yet press that child to my bosom. Years since, I wrote in a pocket Bible I gave him, 'His loving-kindness changes not,' and do you think it will fail now?"

I confess I admired the steady faith of the mother—a faith strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and yet it seemed scarcely possible that her hopes should be realized. At length my faith faltered, for it was apparent that her hour of departure was not far distant.

That night two or three female friends, fearful of her failure before morning, offered to stay with the mother of Alice. This the latter cheerfully assented to, though she had decided not to leave her mother. The necessary arrangements for the night were made, and at an early hour all was silent in and around the humble cottage.

It was a glorious night abroad—clear, soft, mild,—just such a night as a saint might well choose in which to take its departure and soar to the temple above. The poet must have had some such night in vision when he penned those beautiful lines:

"The moon awakes, and from her maiden face  
Shedding her cloudy locks, looks meekly forth.  
And, with her virgin stars, walks in the heavens—  
Walks nightly there, conversing as she walks.  
Of purity, and holiness, and God."

It was just such a night, and Alice had risen from her seat; and to hide her emotions, as her dear parent breathed more heavily, had gone to the window, the curtain of which she drew aside, and was standing leaning her arm on the sash. In the distance, just beyond the gate, she descried, as she thought, the figure of a man who seemed to be approaching. For a moment she started back, but again looked, and his hand was on the latch. The gate was opened with great caution, and the stranger approached slowly towards the house. Presently a gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. It was impossible for Alice to summon courage to attend to the stranger herself; but she whispered to the nurse, who upon unlocking the door inquired the reason for so late and unseasonable an intrusion.

"Does Mrs. Grant still reside here?" inquired the stranger in a kind but earnest tone.

"She does," replied the nurse; "but she is dangerously ill, and we fear cannot live many hours: you cannot see her."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the stranger, and so audible were the words pronounced that the sound fell on the ears of Alice, and her heart beat with strong and distressing emotions.

"I must see her," continued the stranger, "do not deny me, madam, quick—quick!" and he gently pressed open the door, still held by the surprised and even terrified nurse.

Alice listened to the sounds without being able to decide their import; but at length fearing that her mother might be disturbed, she stole softly out of the room for the purpose of ascertaining what the stranger wished.

"Alice—Miss Alice!" said the nurse as she approached.

But before she had finished what she was attempting to say, the stranger inquired, with a countenance wild with emotion, "Is this Alice Grant?" and the next moment he swooned and fell on the floor.

"Miss Alice," exclaimed the agitated nurse, "what does all this mean?—who can this be?—what shall we do?"

Alice herself stood amazed; but as the light fell upon the features of the apparently lifeless stranger, a thought flashed across her mind, and the following moment she was nearly falling beside him.

"Nurse," said she, "softly but quickly hand me some water." This she applied liberally to the temples of the stranger, who slowly recovered his consciousness, and at length sat up. He looked round, and presently fastened his eyes most intently and inquiringly on the pale and motionless Alice. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "it is she; it is—it is my own beloved Alice!"

"Charles—Charles—my brother!" uttered Alice, as she fell upon his bosom. "O, heaven be praised! Charles, is it—is it you?—O, mother—mother!"

The sound of voices reached the dying mother, and she inquired, "Alice, my child,—what—what did I hear, Alice?"

Alice, scarcely able to stand, hastened to her bedside, and taking her mother's hand, already cold with death, spoke in accents tremulous—for her whole frame was agitated—tremulous, but kind.

"What did I hear, Alice?" the mother softly whispered. "I thought I heard something. I thought he had come. Did I dream, Alice?"

"Mother, dear mother," said Alice, putting her face close to the cold face of her dying parent, and scarcely able to draw a breath, "whom did you think had come?"

"Why, Charles; it seemed as if he had come. But I dreamt—did I, Alice?"

"Mother," said Alice, "could you see him? could you sustain it if you could see him?"

"Surely, child; why I long to see him; and I did think I should see him once more before I died."

At this instant the door softly opened, and Charles approached, cautiously—inquiringly.

"Mother," said Alice, "here—can you look up? do you know who this is?"

"Who is it, Alice—who is it?" inquired the half wild but still conscious mother.

"Mother," softly whispered Charles, as he knelt down and kissed her cold cheek,— "Mother!—my dear mother! Oh, will you—can you forgive your long-lost but penitent, broken-hearted child?"

"Charles! my dear Charles! is it indeed you?"

said the now nearly speechless mother, at the same time endeavoring to put her weak and feeble arm around his neck, "My dear boy, you have come; yes, I said you would come—you have; yes, I can now praise God! One question, Charles, and I die in peace,—is my boy a penitent?"

"Mother," said Charles, his tears nearly choking his utterance, "that Bible and a mother's prayers have saved me. I have come, and in season, to ask forgiveness. 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am now more worthy to be called thy son.' Mother, my dear mother, and will you forgive me also?"

"Enough—enough," said the departing mother; "yes, it is enough!" her countenance beaming, as it were, with seraphic joy.

"I am nearly through; but go, my son—go, my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist,—

"His loving-kindness changes not."

For a few moments following it was thought that she had ceased to breathe; but she revived sufficiently to press once more gently the hands of Charles and Alice; and then she was heard singing, in a faint and scarcely audible tone, those beautiful lines which she had often expressed a wish that she might have occasion to sing:

"Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
Oh may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death!"

The prayer was answered. "His loving-kindness" were the last sounds which were heard. They ceased here only to be resumed, and to be sung, by the glorified and triumphant saint before the throne of God.

## AN AFTERNOON WALK.

The spirit of the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is far from being rightly apprehended if we wait till the urgent claims of our duty crowd about us so that they almost impel us to action. To learn the lesson a-fore, we must have a heart, an eye and ear alert to seize upon that which may affect our own or others' temporal and eternal welfare.

We must cease from turning on the pivot of selfishness, and cease from wrapping about ourselves merely the mantle of certain forms and ceremonies of religion, as if its folds would cover the broad principle of charity. Even when nothing but sin and degradation present themselves to our view, there are chords of feeling that may be reached, and a conscience is there that may be roused and and enlightened.

But alas! how much of life is spent and mind wasted on we no not what—thoughts, feelings and perceptions hardly defined; and when our minds are active, often the veriest trifles of dress, furniture, change of plans, or perchance some morbid feeling of fancied or real wrong intended us, may occupy thoughts during many a walk or avocation that might be otherwise more usefully directed.

An incident, although of a common, every day occurrence, induced this train of thought, and we merely give it as an evidence that in our daily paths we have constantly the power to scatter the good seed.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and many had strolled forth eager to catch the warm breath of our tardy season; and as we turned from the more general throng into one of the broad open streets in the upper part of our city, we caught the sound of a lady's voice calling from an open window, "Come to me, little boy," and turning round, we saw a group of little boys standing so perfectly still that we came at once to the conclusion that some unusual commotion must have preceded such a calm. As we crossed over near the children who were standing in the middle of the street, a gentleman, who from a distance had observed the whole scene, hastily walked up to a stout boy of eight or nine, and shaking him smartly by the collar, asked him how he dared abuse the little boy of four or five who stood beside him? As soon as the boy could release himself from the firm grasp of the gentleman, he ran blubbering away, and at each step dropping from his basket the sticks he had just gathered. By this time the lady who first attracted our notice came from her house, and thanking the gentleman for his interference, went up to the little ragged urchin who

had been assailed, and in a mild, serious tone said, as she leaned down to look in his face, "But, my little boy, I heard you use very bad words; don't you know it is very wicked to swear?" We saw the child as he stood then just before us, his brown, misshapen cap tossed on the top of his white hair, and he bowed his little head on his tattered sleeve to wipe the tears as they flowed afresh at the rebuke of the kind lady.

The two elder boys who had been spectators of the scene immediately said, "We told him to stop—we told him to stop." "But why did you not make him stop?" both the lady and gentleman replied.

We left the lady still talking with the children, while we pursued our way, thinking that she realized indeed a "beauty all about her path," and when in the midst of her daily cares she beheld the quarrelling of children in our streets, she felt linked to them as human beings demanding from her all the good influence she could exert for their welfare—the oppressed to be relieved and the oppressor rebuked.

The lesson taught in those few moments may have its restraining effect for many years: the cruel boy may remember his detection and mortification; and the little child of four or five, whose heart so overflowed with emotion, will not soon forget the gentle lady's words, "My little boy, do you not know it is very wicked to swear?" and perchance the companions who suffered wrong to be done to one whom they could defend may hereafter be more manly. The passer-by could not fail to be impressed with the value of improving those opportunities of usefulness that surround us in the house and by the way.

The wicked children of our streets, those even that cannot be gathered in our Sunday-schools or common-schools, are not beyond the reach of instruction; and a word spoken to them, notwithstanding all the counter influence that is around them, may still sink into their hearts.

The greater their ignorance and wickedness, the greater claims have they upon our sympathy.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### DARING MODE OF KILLING THE WILD ELEPHANT.

It is an established custom with those who admire and delight in elephant shooting to walk deliberately up to the animal, which generally stands staring at the intruder, or rather foolishly, being, who thus ventures to approach to within, probably, a dozen yards of his trunk! A small brass ball, which never flattens, aimed at the upper part of the head, and particularly at the space over either of the eyes, or at the eye itself, by being fired from beneath, instantly takes effect, and down drops the huge monster to rise no more. If one of the barrels fail, the other almost invariably, and the next moment, does the job. But, for my part, I cannot see any thing deserving the name of sport in thus bagging such game, and at such imminent risk to the amateur; for if he misses his aim, or in some instances unsupported by a steady companion, upon whom he can depend, his destruction is certain, he being much too near when he fires at the elephant, to have a chance of escaping from him, enraged as he must be by being, probably, only wounded.—Yet this is considered here to be noble sport, perhaps because few Europeans have coolness or foolhardiness enough to peril their lives in the forest against such a terrible antagonist.—*Campbell's Excursion, &c. in Ceylon.*

### THE NILE.

The Nile, from the junction of the Tacazze, of twelve hundred miles, to the sea, is without a tributary stream—"example," as Humboldt says, "unique dans l'histoire hydrographique du globe." During this career, though exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into a thousand canals, absorbed by porous and thirsty banks, drunk by every living thing from the crocodile to the pasha, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts a thousand miles away. The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian; if it withheld its waters for a week his country would become a desert; it waters and manures his fields, it supplies his harvest, and then carries off their produce to the sea; he drinks of it, he fishes in it, he travels on it; it is his slave, and used to be his god.

Egyptian mythology recognized in it the Creative Principle, and, very poetically, engaged it in eternal war with the desert, under the name of Typhon, or the destructive principle. Divine honours were paid to this aqueous deity; and it is whispered among mythologists that the heart's blood of a virgin was yearly added to its stream; not unlikely, in a country where they worshipped crocodiles, and were anxious to consult their feelings.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THERE IS NO UNMIXED GOOD IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.—The best principles if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance—charity itself may lead to ruin—the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world—the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation, the tempests of ocean it would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy seizes mankind—reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.—*Alison's History of Europe.*

### OLD PSALM TUNES.

THERE is, to us, a touching pathos, and a heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old Psalm tunes, when feelingly displayed. The strains go home, and the "fountains of the great deep are broken up"—the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwonted, yet unchecked tear starts in the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized into a clearer atmosphere. Strange inexplicable associations brood over the mind, "like the far off dreams of paradise," mingling their chaste melancholy with musing of a still subdued, though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in the songs of praise—how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes that steal sadly yet sweetly on the ear—heart, that, now cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred fane, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion!—*Blackwood.*

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

### IRELAND.

The interminable proceedings arising out of the state trials seem to be as far from ending as ever, and those who fondly expected to see O'Connell ere this expiating his offences within the walls of a prison, have been doomed to cruel disappointment. He is still at large,—nay more, he is at the present moment in the House of Commons, to oppose with all his might and main the Irish Government's new Registration Bill. The "law's delay" is proverbial, and there would seem to be some truth in the remark of Swift, that laws are like cobwebs which may catch small flies; but let wasps and hornets break through. The motion for a new trial, which was generally looked upon as a legal force before it was made, seems to have had its effect in shaking the opinion of the judges respecting the validity of some of the judicial proceedings under which the traversers were convicted. All sorts of guesses are abroad respecting the point upon which the four judges split, but speculation, however ingenious, can do nothing more in this case than imagine reasons, which, of course, are as plentiful as blackberries on so wide a theme. Certain it is, that after listening to a flood of oratory, which extended over more than a fortnight, the four judges—Pennefather, Crampton, Burton and Perin,—allowed the term to close without agreeing on the law of the case. The chief justice in announcing that the court could not give judgment during the term, expressed his "sorrow" at the delay, a feeling which was, of course, warmly participated in by the Attorney General and the Government. It is understood that the two first named judges take a view of certain mooted points unfavorable to conceding a new trial, and that the other two judges differ in opinion from their learned brethren. Matters will remain in this state of uncertainty until the next term, which commences on the 14th instant. It will then be known whether a new trial will be granted; and if the judges decide in favour of the traversers, such decision will amount virtually to quashing the whole proceedings. Government must either begin *de novo*, or pass a stringent en-

actment respecting monster meetings and the Repeal agitation. If the judges hold the trial to be valid, and refuse a new one, a motion will then be made to arrest judgment until the opinion of the highest Court in the realm—the House of Lords—has been taken on the involved technicalities. This will afford the lawyers' lungs another fortnight's exercise. The Court will then either refuse or grant the motion, and upon that decision rests the question whether the traversers will be sent to gaol on the instant, or whether they will be allowed to remain at large until the decision of the Court above. In the meantime, the object in commencing the persecutions has been answered. The country is tranquil, the agitation has been put down, the rent has dwindled away to insignificance, and all ground for alarm has disappeared. Worse than all as regards the traversers themselves, the Repeal treasury is beggared by the heavy drains which defunding the prosecution has entailed upon it, and from present appearances, not all O'Connell's well-known ingenuity in "raising the wind" will be able to supply the deficiency, if more is wanted. In fact, expenses so enormous as these legal proceedings, would empty the coffers of any exchequer save those of the executive government.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—*Dublin, April 16.*—The large brig *Governor*, of Limerick, cleared out on Friday for Quebec, with 200 settlers for Canada. In this large company, are some Palatine families from the neighbourhood of Rathkeale. It is stated that considerable numbers of farm labourers are emigrating from the County of Limerick, owing to the impossibility of obtaining employment.

MARRIAGE OF AN OJIBBEWAY INDIAN.—Yesterday morning Alexander Cadoc, or Notten-akin, (the strong wind) was married to Miss Haines, daughter of a carver and gilder, residing at No. 52 George Street, Hampstead Road. The fair bride, elegantly attired, was accompanied by her father, mother, brother, and sister; and the happy bridegroom was attended by his Indian companions, male and female, dressed in full native costume, which had a most wild and grotesque appearance. A great crowd was attracted to witness the singular and interesting ceremony which took place at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The party occupied several carriages, the coachmen of which were plentifully decorated with white favours. The intention of Cadoc, who is a half caste, his father being a French Canadian, who was confidentially employed at the time of the late war, is, after having completed his engagements here, to return to his own country with his wife. On quitting the church the crowd, who were unable to obtain admission, set up a loud cheer, as the bridal party entered their respective carriages, and the curiosity of the public was so great to catch a glimpse of the married couple, that it was with the greatest difficulty the police were enabled to clear the way for their progress homewards, where a breakfast for a large number of their friends had been provided.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.—we are aware of the shocking cruelties inflicted lately on the slaves in Cuba; but it will be instructive to read the report of a Spanish looker-on, and to hear his opinion of the effect of such cruelty:—"Havannah, Feb. 28.—In my last letter I informed you of the movements of ourselves here, where fear and distrust are augmenting every day, because we do not see the Supreme Government take any measure capable of saving us; on the contrary, we clearly perceive that we are conducted towards a precipice. The whole island is undermined; new accomplices are daily discovered in the sugar mills, and the negroes seem determined to carry their conspiracy to the end. The punishments have been horrible, we may say barbarous. Many have perished under the lash. Eleven were sentenced lately by the court-martial to be shot, and afterwards burnt. The negroes on the sugar mill of Quevedo were to rise on the 11th, but the conspiracy was discovered; and after the slaves had confessed, they were asked where they had concocted the plan; their answer was, 'At the Savanna, while witnessing the execution of their comrades?' You will naturally ask what plans have the Government pursued. The authorities say that measures have been taken; but nobody knows them—nobody sees them, and the peril augments every day. Meanwhile the introduction of slaves is increased, 1,004 blacks have been entered at once. I have been assured that the English have withdrawn

their cruisers, and that the negroes arrive here already instructed by them; and it has been told me as positive, that among those arrived lately many speak English." The writer is apparently ignorant that the Carolina slave-breeders speak English, and that, they are not bred in England.—*Times*.

**LORD ROSSE'S MONSTER TELESCOPE.**

*Hood's Magazine*.—The most remarkable paper in the entire number, and perhaps the most interesting one that has for a long time appeared in any magazine, describes the first experiments made with Lord Rosse's monster telescope; an instrument which promises to reveal many facts in reference to the celestial bodies, so startling as almost to defy belief. The description of the party who were invited to this first view of things which eye of mortal had never before scanned, with the details of the effects which the optical revelations had upon them, is quite exciting, in its strange vividness; whilst the facts discovered settle points long in doubt, and open to the mind a broad vista of promise for future discovery.—*Pictorial Times*.

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	s.	d.	s.	d.	
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Barley " "	2	0	2	9	
Pease " "	2	6	3	9	
Lint Seed " "	5	0	5	6	
Buckwheat " "	2	0	2	3	
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	6	0	
Fowls " "	1	6	2	0	
Geese " "	4	0	5	6	
Ducks " "	2	0	3	0	
Chickens " "	1	0	1	6	
Patridges " "	2	6	3	4	
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	4	11	5	
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	6	0	7	
" Salt " "	0	6	0	7	
Pork, per hund.	25	0	29	0	
Beef " "	25	9	30	0	
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	14	0	
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	3	0	5	
Pork " "	0	2	0	5	
Veal, per qr.	2	6	12	6	
Mutton " "	1	6	10	0	
Lamb, per qr.	2	0	4	0	
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6	
Potatoes, per bushel	0	10	1	3	
Corn, " "	2	0	2	9	
Rye, " "	2	6	3	0	
Beans, " "	4	6	6	8	
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