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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the London Christian Observer.

THE HORRORS OF VOLTAIRE'S LAST DAYS. [CONCLUDED.]

We shall now exhibit the lurid light shed upon this awful narrative by Dr. Tronchin's letter to M. Bonnet. Of its genuineness there can be no question. M. Eynard, we conclude, found it, or a copy of it, among Tissot's inedited papers, to which he has had access. Dr. Tissot, we need not remind the reader, was an eminent physician at Lausanne, who during a great number of years, ranked among the highest in his profession, both in his practice and by his writings. He was born in 1728, and died in 1797.

Dr. Tronchin, who gives so terrible an account of Voltaire's death, was another eminent physician; many years Tissot's senior, and like him a zealous advocate for inoculation. He was a native of Geneva; was born in 1709, and died in 1891. He studied in Holland, under Boerhave. In 1756 he was sent for to Paris to inoculate the children of the Duke of Orleans, which was justly considered a most perilous undertaking; especially as the king had expressed displeasure at the experiment. He had however introduced the practice with great success in Holland and Switzerland; and ventured on the risk. The children did well; he was highly rewarded and honoured; and he rose to the highest dignities of his profession. But we must not any longer delay the insertion of his letter to Bonnet:—

"He had imagined that I would not see him, and this idea tormented him. In haste he wrote me a letter, perfumed with incense, in which he swears eternal esteem and regard to me. I visited him. 'You have been,' said he to me, 'my saviour, be here my tutelar angel; I have but one breath of life left, I come to yield it up in your arms.' He probably spoke the truth: they will kill him.

"If my principles, my dear friend, had required to be strengthened by any tie, the man whom I have seen become weak, agonize, and die before my eyes, would have secured them by a gordian knot; and on comparing the death of the good man, which is but the end of a fine day, with that of Voltaire, I should have seen the difference which exists between a fine day and a tempest: between the serenity of the soul of the wise man who ceases to live, and the dreadful torment of him to whom death is the king of terrors. I thank God I did not need this spectacle, and yet *forte olim meminisse juvabit*. This man then was predestined to die under my hands. I always told him the truth, and unhappily for him, I am the only person who never deceived him. 'Yes, my friend,' he often said to me, 'you alone gave me good advice; if I had followed it, I should not be in the dreadful state in which I am, I should have returned to Ferney; I should not have become intoxicated with the incense which has turned my head; yes, I have swallowed nothing but smoke; you can do me no more good. Send

me the physician for madmen. What fatality brought me to Paris? you told me when I arrived that an oak of eighty years old does not bear transplanting; and you spoke the truth, why did I not believe you? And when I had given you my word that I would set out in the invalid carriage which you had promised me, why did I not go? Pity me; I am mad.'

"He was to set out two days after the follies of his coronation at the theatre; but the next morning he received a deputation from the French academy, which entreated him to honor it with his presence before his departure. He attended in the afternoon, and was made President of the Society by acclamation. He accepted the office, which is for three months. He thus chained himself for three months, and of his promise given to me nothing remained. From this moment to his death, his days were only a gust of madness. He was ashamed of it; when he saw me he asked my pardon; he pressed my hands; he entreated me to have pity on him, and not to abandon him, especially as he must use new efforts to make a suitable return for the honor the academy had done him, and to induce it to labor at a new dictionary, like the *della Crusca*. The compilation of this dictionary was his last dominant idea, his last passion. He had undertaken the letter A, and he had distributed the twenty-three other letters to twenty-three academicians, many of whom greatly irritated him by undertaking the task with an ill grace. 'They are idle fellows,' said he, 'accustomed to stagnate in idleness; but I will make them advance.' And it was to make them advance that, in the interval of the two sittings, he took, at his peril, so many drugs, and committed so many follies, which hastened his death, and which threw him into a state of despair and dreadful madness. I cannot recollect it without horror; as soon as he saw that all which he had done to increase his strength had produced a contrary effect, death was ever before his eyes. From that moment rage took possession of his soul. Imagine to yourself the madness of Orestes. *Furiis agitatedus obiit*."

And these are the last hours of a philosopher! The picture exhibited is not that of the mere dotage of extreme old age; but of an old age unsupported by those hopes and consolations which the gospel of Christ alone can afford in a dying hour, and consigned in awful retribution to the direst horrors of remorse. Well might the nurse who attended the death-bed of this wretched man, and who disclosed the horrors which his abashed followers wished to conceal, inquire on another occasion, when asked to wait on a sick Protestant gentleman, whether the patient was "a philosopher," for if he was she would not incur the risk of witnessing such another scene as that of the death-bed of Voltaire.

There is a general corroboration of the fact of the wretchedness of Voltaire's latter days in the "Life of Marmontel," written by himself, and published after his death. Marmontel highly panegyrises both Voltaire and Rousseau, whose infidel opinions he shared; and

therefore he cannot be called a suspected witness when speaking of the miserable condition of his brother philosophers. Of both of them he says: "If I had a passion for celebrity, two great examples would have cured me of it; that of Voltaire and that of Rousseau: examples very different, and in many respects quite opposite, but agreeing in this point, that the same thirst of praise and renown was the torment of their lives." Of Voltaire he adds, "To him the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown, and felt the enthusiasm of a whole people grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he made to amuse them; *Irene*, was applauded, as *Zaire* had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation, the recompense of so much watching, reach him? The next day I saw him in his bed. 'Well,' said I, 'are you at last satiated with glory?' 'Ah! my good friend,' he replied, 'you talk to me of GLORY, and I am dying in frightful torture.'"

This short dialogue speaks volumes. To talk to a dying man of "glory!" And yet in another sense, what theme so appropriate and so consoling? But then what "glory," and for whom. If we turn to that inspired book which Marmontel and his dying friend rejected, we there find this enigma solved. That blessed record tells us of the inanity of what these philosophists accouted "glory;" it inscribes upon the pomps and ambition of this feverish life, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But does it leave the soul a prey to desolation? does it empty without replenishing? Has it nothing to present calculated to fill that aching void which is felt in an immortal spirit, created for the service and enjoyment of God, when worldly pleasures and honors, "the husks which the swine did eat," are found incapable of satisfying its cravings for "glory and immortality." Is there nothing left to "glory in?" Listen to its reply—to its admonitions on the one hand, and its promises on the other; confining our view to that one particular kind of "glory" which Voltaire chiefly coveted, and of which his friend hoped he had enjoyed sufficient to "sate" him; the incense offered to intellectual power—or as he himself calls it in his confession to Tronchin, "the smoke which had turned his head." He accounted Christians "fools;" he was the wise man; wisdom was his idol; and he believed its chosen shrine to be his own brain, where it was crowned with garlands and worshipped with—"smoke." But the book which he despised has provided against these morbid appetites of our fallen nature; and it predicts the result of such ill-directed and unhallowed ambition. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; . . . but let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exer-

rise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth." "The wise shall inherit glory." "Thou art filled with shame for glory." "The angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory." "Nor of man sought we glory." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Hath called us to eternal glory by Christ Jesus." "We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "This sickness is for the glory of God." "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory." "We are changed from glory to glory." "Partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeeth not away." "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "Salvation in Christ with eternal glory."

HASTY BURIALS.

BY MRS CHILD.

THE yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal, that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the city. Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass through each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rang a bell, and called, "Bring out your dead." When lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to the burial place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not.—She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went around with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now come to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overcome by the strength of her conviction, though her own reason was opposed to it.—The half hour again came round, and again were heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead."

The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the order they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears; continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the absurdity of such an idea; but finally overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary.—They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me

with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no farther opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held harshhorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing along the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the harshhorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men again came, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to awaken any fears, or excite unpleasant impressions, by the recital of this story; but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this country: particularly in the newly settled parts of it. It seems to me there ought to be as much delay as possible; especially in cases of sudden death. I believe no nation buries with such haste as Americans. The ancients took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such cases should make friends careful to observe undoubted symptoms of dissolution before interment.

SINGING.

Music, in all ages and among all nations, has occupied a very important place in religious worship, and is daily becoming more than ever an object of interest in the Christian Church. The mere study of music however, on the Sabbath, does not appear to me to be appropriate to the day. It is the worship of the heart which God requires on that day, and indeed in all religious exercises, and not the mere empty sound of the lip. For the study of music, then, by Sunday school children, some other time than the Sabbath should be selected.

But what is the influence of music? Let us see.

The mother soothes and quiets her little babe upon her knee to sleep by her sweet lullaby; and almost every mother knows that delightful "Cradle Hymn" of Dr. Watts, and many can remember too how, when weary of childish play, she has laid her head upon a mother's lap, and gone sweetly to sleep with the words and music of "Hush my babe, lie still and slumber," dying upon her infant ear.

The Christian, calling his family around him, at the morning and evening hour, usually commences the act of worship with a hymn of praise. And then how much more serious and solemn are the hearts of that family group, as they listen to God's holy word, and kneel down before him, to return thanks for his kindness, and plead for his merciful care over them. Many a wanderer has been induced to attend this act of worship in his father's house, merely because he loved to share in the music; and who can tell how many such have been spiritually benefited?

Did you ever hear a company of singers in a boat, out upon the water, of a clear still moonlight night? How sweetly the music first came upon your ear; how you held your breath, as if your hard breathing would break the soft sounds, and dispel the charm. I have heard some rough voices make good music, in the deep forests of our western lands.

Were you ever at a meeting in a log cabin in the west? To be sure they had no organ, and no well trained choir of fine singers, but there was music in their singing, in that lone quiet place, not very ungrateful to your ear. The deep bass of that old grey-headed man, mingled finely with the soft flute-like tone of that little Sunday school

girl; and the plaintive air of that poor widow formed a pleasant contrast to the strong full voice of the young backwoodsman near her. Yes, there was music; music too, no doubt, that reached the ear of the blessed Saviour whom they praised; music that touched their own hearts, and fitted them for that praise.

By that bed-side, in some poor Christian's humble dwelling, where lay an only child or parent "ready to depart and be with Christ," gathered a little group of sympathising friends—and as they raised the tune and sang in lively strains of the Saviour's matchless love, how the eye of the dying saint brightened—how his soul seemed lifted up and strengthened with the holy sentiments of the hymn! and how calmly he "fell asleep in Jesus."

In many, many other ways, will it cheer the heart and gladden the way. The weary traveller—the laborer in field or house—the little school girl—"the tempest-tossed mariner"—"the soldier, tired of war"—all, all have felt and known its happyfying influence.

One anecdote, and I shall have said all I meant to say at this time.

I once knew a missionary, travelling in the far west, who came to a small village where there was neither church nor school house, in which he could preach; but there was a tavern, as usual; and to the keeper of this he applied, to know where he could get a place to preach in. The tavern keeper kindly offered his bar-room, saying however, that he was afraid the missionary would not secure many hearers, as the people of that place were not much in favor of preaching. The meeting was appointed, and the Sabbath morning came, and the hour—but only a very few hearers arrived, and they declined entering the room while the preacher was there. The missionary and the landlord invited them in, but did not succeed in that way. Finally, the missionary said that as the hour of commencing the meeting had arrived and as he had been granted the use of the room, he would proceed in the exercises; and so in a very strong but pleasant voice, he commenced singing that favorite old hymn—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

During the first verse, one or two only of the neighbors stepped inside of the door—and then during the remainder, as they peeped over each others' shoulders to hear the singing, more came in, till, as he finished, a large group had gathered around; then he proceeded with prayer: and while they yet stood gazing at him, he preached to them "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

The little meeting was quite a solemn one before he closed; and when he invited them to come again in the afternoon, most of them promised that they would. The afternoon meeting was very large, the people standing inside and outside, all around, to listen to the singing preacher. To be sure the singing was all done by himself, but it was the means of getting him a congregation, and he no doubt did some good, for the landlord complained that he had never had so many people there before, nor sold so little drink in one day, and particularly on Sundays.

MORAL INFLUENCE.

Along with a well-administered system of jurisprudence, there must be a powerfully exerted moral influence, directed at once to the amendment of individuals: and those who are employed in exerting it, stand—not perhaps amongst the most conspicuous, but—amongst the most valuable benefactors of society. We have two or three classes of persons particularly in our view when we say this; and we mention them, because we wish not only to encourage them, by showing them that their labours are not overlooked, but also to stimulate them to increased exertion, by showing them that their labours are more than required. We refer, for instance, to the large body of Sabbath-school Teachers,—to those who systematically visit the sick poor at their own houses, communicating religious consolation and instruction, as well as imparting relief,—and to those truly valuable labourers in this good cause, who, by means of the distribution of Religious Tracts, furnish, from week to week, the means of a more important improvement than many would suppose, to masses too often sunk in ignorance, and all but abandoned to that moral corruption

which undermines the very foundations of society. We have instanced these three classes, not that only these are employed, but because they furnish examples of that kind of labour which goes directly to the cure of the evils which no other process can reach, and which occasion, with lamentable frequency, outbreaks of crime, which the terrors of law can but very partially limit. For the safety and peace—we say not now the prosperity—of a country like England, the most energetic application of the means of moral improvement to the masses is indispensable; and we cannot look upon the evangelically-religious communities of the land, without feeling that among them are found the true foundations of our hopes of good to the nation at large. With these communities are found the individuals who constitute the classes to which we have referred; and who do their work from a principle of true, and self-denying, and active benevolence. Even were there no other labourers than are included in the three classes which we have mentioned, as connected with the different evangelical communities of the country, it would be impossible to calculate the quantity of crime which they prevent, or to state the numbers whom they are the instruments of transforming into honest and industrious citizens, who instead of preying upon society, largely contribute to its health and wealth. They may be derided as enthusiasts, and their spirit mocked as the "spirit of puritanism," because they are not found among the gamblers of the turf and the ring; but they are among the most valuable members that society possesses. Many of them are poor, but these will be found characterised by two remarkable facts,—they are well dressed on the Sabbath-day, and they enjoy a comfortable breakfast on the Sunday morning with their own families. Poor many of them doubtless are, but their benevolence, as compared with their means, is astonishing.—*London Watchman.*

COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOT.

SEVERAL years ago, the whale ship *Essex*, from Nantucket, sailed for the Pacific Ocean. She was well provisioned and manned for a voyage of three or four years. Several on board of the ship had families on the land, who were anxiously to wait for the lapse of these weary years, before they could hope again to see their husbands and fathers. The ship proceeded prosperously on her voyage, crossed the equator, doubled the Cape, and was successfully cruising on the "whaling ground" of the Pacific Ocean.

One day a shoal of whales appeared; two of the boats were lowered, and went in pursuit of them. The mate and one or two men were left on board the ship. Suddenly they saw an enormous whale, his head full out of the water, his mouth open, and apparently in a phrenzy of rage coming with almost inconceivable velocity towards the ship. In a moment he struck the ship. Her bows were stove in, as though a mountain had been hurled against her. The whale appeared to be for an instant stunned by the terrible blow, and slowly sank below the ship. Soon, however, the enraged monster appeared several rods off on the other side of the ship, rushing down upon her again with the same frantic fury.

She this time struck the stern of the ship, and crushed it like an egg-shell. Having thus apparently satiated its rage, the whale sunk again into the depths of the ocean and disappeared. The seamen stood almost motionless in their utter consternation, and the ship sank immediately to the water's edge, and rolled an irreparable wreck in the trough of the sea.

The absent boats were immediately recalled by signals of distress. But no one can describe the despair which overwhelmed them, as they contemplated their awful condition. There they were, thirty men, on the broad bosom of the Pacific, in open whale-boats, with all their provisions under water, the nearest land several hundred miles distant, and that inhabited by the most ferocious savages. The coast of South America was some two thousand miles distant. The idea of navigating such an expanse of the ocean in open and frail whale-boats, with the slight quantity of provisions which could be obtained or stowed away, seemed utterly hopeless. Death then stared them in the face. Horrible alternative!—either to die by the spear and the club of the cannibal, or by the slow progress of starvation in the sea.

The winds in that region were such that they could with much comparative ease, have run to the Marquesas Islands; and thus, were it not for the savages, every man could have been saved, but they dared not do it. It was more safe to encounter famine and thirst, the storms and monsters of the deep, than to venture near the luxuriant fruitful groves of those tropical islands, where man is living, as Rosseau expresses it, in "the innocent simplicity of nature!"

Thus excluded from hope of refuge in the neighbouring islands of heathenism, these unfortunate men, after making every preparation in their power for their desperate voyage, with sad and despairing hearts raised their sails to move slowly across the trackless ocean for the coast of South America, clinging to hope that they might be picked up by some passing ship. Days and nights came and went, and no sail appeared in the distant horizon. To-day the boats would sleep becalmed upon the glassy ocean, and the suffering men were blistered by the burning rays of a tropical sun; the next day, perhaps, opposing winds would drive them from their course.

One night a terrible storm arose, and when the morning dawned over the darkness of that dreadful night, one of the boats had disappeared forever. Weeks passed away, and still there was no relief. Their provision was gone, their water was gone; and still these unfortunate men, reduced to skeletons, in their unutterable wretchedness, saw nothing around them but the dreary expanse of ocean and of sky. Some became frantic, and laughed and shouted in that horrible mania attendant upon starvation, and others rolled in the bottom of the boat in the most frightful convulsions. Soon one died, and then another, and the survivors greedily devoured the remains of their departed comrades.

Thus ninety-three days passed away, while these wretched men upon the merciless sea were enduring anguish and agony indescribable. At last a sail was seen. It espied their signals of distress, and the few surviving sufferers, reduced to perfect skeletons, scarcely able to stand, or with their parched tongues to articulate a word, were rescued from the horrible death which their comrades had already met. And out of that whole ship's company, but five or six lived through these scenes of almost unearthly wretchedness, to be restored to their homes. I might describe the details of this scene, but they are too harrowing to the feelings to be narrated.

The point to which I wish the attention to be directed by these facts, is this—that if there had been a missionary station at the Marquesas Islands, all this extreme suffering and loss of life would have been prevented. Availing themselves of the steady trade-winds of that latitude, in a few days they could have run down to the Marquesas Islands, and there, in the hospitable dwellings of the missionaries, and aided by the humanizing influence of the gospel missions upon the natives, they might have remained, with every want supplied, till some American whale ship touching at the Islands, should have received them on board, and have conducted them in safety to their homes. All of the men could probably have been employed in the service of other ships, and the disaster to themselves and their families would have been immeasurably lightened. But there was no missionary station at the Marquesas Islands. For these shipwrecked mariners to appear on their shores was certain death perhaps death by the most horrible torture. And they therefore prepared to encounter all that is terrible in starvation on the ocean, rather than to land on the islands of heathenism.

There is many a ship-owner now, who will not contribute a dollar to the support of foreign missions. There are many who have friends at sea, who are inimical to this cause. Indeed, it would not be at all strange, if the owners of the ship *Essex*, and the friends of these unhappy seamen, during the 93 days in which they were suffering all the horrors of famine and death upon the inhospitable ocean, because there were no missionaries at the Marquesas Islands, were speaking in terms of hostility and contempt of the exertions of Christians to establish the principles of the gospel upon all the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

RICHES profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death.—*Solomon.*

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE WEARY FINDING REST.

THE following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union:

In the county of Kent lives, or lived a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath School connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school 18 months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and oh! sir, who knows what it may do!"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him that he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, (presenting him the Bible,) and James, it was her dying request, that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, (opening the Bible) so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that is very odd I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday School; I never could for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange! but who is this *me*, that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied that he did not.

The good man explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct, as before he had been for his wickedness.

Sometime after his conversion, the regiment in which he was, engaged with the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there was no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D., is this for Sabbath School teachers to persevere; for, should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.

LET ME PRAY FIRST.

A VERY intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain city a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves in the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing the boys, one of them, by accident, threw a stone toward her, which struck her a blow in the eye

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, father; not yet," she replied.
 "What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"
 "I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with a patience worthy of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears, under those trying circumstances! Surely, Jesus heard the prayer she made in that hour; and he will love every child that calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let the idle boys be careful how they throw stones.—*S. S. Messenger.*

THE TRAVELLER.

BETHLEHEM.

We rode yesterday, accompanied by Antonio, the young Catholic guide, to Bethlehem, a distance of about six miles. The way led over a barren plain, for some distance, till we arrived at the monastery of St. Elias. Bethlehem soon came in view, on the brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are partially covered with olive-trees. On the right, about a mile from the village, is shown the tomb of Rachel; it has all the appearance of one of those tombs erected often to the memory of a Turkish santon.

After dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, it being Lent, we visited the church built by the Empress Helena: it is large, and supported by several rows of marble pillars, but has a very naked appearance. Leaving the church, and descending thirteen stone steps, you are in the place that was formerly the stable where the Redeemer was born. There is no violation of consistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of the rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains; the roof is as Nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps are ever burning, is erected over the place where Christ was born, and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. Directly opposite to this is another altar, to signify the place where the Virgin Mary and her child received the homage of the Magi; and over it is a painting descriptive of the event.

The second visit we paid to Bethlehem was a few days afterwards; and the monks being either absorbed in sleep, or in their devotions, as we could get no entrance to the convent, we found our way again to the grotto alone, and remained there without any intrusion. It is of small size, and not lofty; the glory, formed of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription, "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A narrow passage leads to the study of St. Jerome: and not far off is shown his tomb, near to which are the tombs of St. Paula and another pious lady. Ascending again, you enter the churches of the Greek and Armenian orders, but there is nothing particular in either.

About a mile down the valley, towards the wilderness, is the field where the shepherds kept watch by night, when the angels announced the birth of our Lord. Two fine and venerable trees stand in the centre, and the earth around was thickly covered with flowers. It is so sweet and romantic a spot, and so well suited to be the scene of that high event, that it would be painful to admit a doubt of its identity. At Bethlehem are sold the beautiful shells of mother of pearl, brought from the shores of the Red Sea: the surface is carved with various designs of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion, by the inhabitants of the village, and they are purchased by the pilgrims. Small crosses also, cut out of the shells, are carved in the same way. The village contains about seven hundred inhabitants, who appear to live very meanly.

OLDEN TIMES OF ENGLAND.—The records of the Corporation of Canterbury publish the expense paid for bringing a heretic from London in 1535, at 14s. 8d.; and for a load and a half of wood to burn him, 2s.; for gunpowder, 1d.; and a stake and staple, 8d. This is one of the records of the "good old times."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

CASTING OUR CARE ON GOD.

DAILY, by my anxious cares, do I not discredit these soul-comforting, soul-composing truths, that God cares for his people—that their concerns are his, and that he keeps them as the apple of his eye? Were a kind-hearted Samson to go along the way with me, and take my burden from my back, and bear it on his robust shoulders, should it not be impertinent to run up every now and then, to bear up the burden, although forbidden, and convinced that he could carry me, as well as my burden? Just so God has commanded me to cast all my care upon him, with this sweet assurance, that he careth for me. And he has no more need of my care joined to his care, than he has need of my assistance to support the pillars of the world. Through rolling my burden on the Lord does not supersede a moderate care, and the use of lawful means, yet I am so to cast my cares on God, as if I had no more concern with them.

O how unlike a child of God, an expectant of glory, to have so many anxious cares and disquieting forebodings about the things of time, under the pleasing hopes of a happy eternity! My cares may multiply—my concern may grow—but they can never be too great or too many for God. He has borne the care of his Church and people through many generations, and well may I cast all of mine on him.

'Were a mighty potentate to send me this message, "Make yourself happy, for I will provide for you and yours," should I not rely on the royal promise, and think myself secure? Then, are the promise, the compassion, the treasure, and the faithfulness of the King of kings less to be depended on, than of any earthly king? His care has been extended to a numerous race of my ancestors since Japhet left the ark, and through Pagan darkness and Popish delusion, he has brought me to the clear light of the gospel; and to this unerring care, both with respect to soul and body, I may well commit myself and my prosperity to the end of time. His care fashioned me in my mother's womb, and will not forsake me now that I am near to be laid in the bowels of the earth.

If I should eat the flesh off my bones with care, it would not alter the plan of Providence towards me; therefore, strong faith, and entire resignation to the disposal of Heaven, is my indispensable duty, and will be my best wisdom.

"Be careful for nothing," is a command as large and extensive, as it is kind and gracious: that is, have no anxious concern about a future period, or apparent losses, about friends and relatives, about wife or children, widow or orphan, house or home, food or raiment, poverty or reproach, sickness or death.

So often has my own care produced nothing but pain and disquiet, that it is high time for me to be ashamed of it, and to give it up entirely. And so often has the heavenly care done wonders for me, watched over me for good, and done all things well, that on him I may cast my every care with confidence and joy.—*James Meikle.*

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distresses, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loveth us."—*Rom. viii, 35, 37.*

STARS shine brightest in the darkest night; spices smell best when bruised; young trees root the faster for shaking; gold looks brighter for scouring; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; the palm trees prove the better for pressing; canonize the more you tread it the more you spread it. Such is the condition of God's children, they are often most triumphant when most tempted; most glorious when most afflicted; most in favor of God when last in man's; as their conflicts, so their conquests; as their tribulations, so their triumphs: true salamanders, that live best in the furnace of persecution, so that heavy afflictions are sometimes the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loos-

est; and grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is their most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out.

Our lives, our blood we here present,
 If for thy sake they may be spent;
 Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord,
 Thy will be done, thy name adored.
 Give us thy strength, thou God of power;
 Then let men scorn and Satan roar;
 Thy faithful witnesses we'll be,
 'Tis fixed, we can do all through thee.

TEST OF PIETY.

WHAT sacrifice would be to a man who has £500 a-year, to devote annually £100 to the purposes of religion and intellectual improvement? To another who has £10,000, to allot £400 annually for the same object? It would not deprive any one of them either of the necessaries or of the luxuries of life, or of any thing that contributes to comfort, honor, or sensitive enjoyment. It is now high time that the sincerity of a profession of Christianity should be tried by the test of pounds, shillings and dollars. That man who refuses to come forward with his wealth, when it is proved to be requisite for the purposes alluded to, ought not to assume the name of *Christian*. He has never felt the influence of that divine maxim of our Saviour, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' He virtually declares, that 'laying up treasures on earth,' providing fortunes for his family, keeping up a certain rank of society, and living in luxurious abundance, are matters of far greater importance than the approach of the Millennium and the regeneration of the world. If a man is in doubt with respect to the existence of religious principle in his soul, I know not a better test than this, by which to try the sincerity of his Christian profession: Is he willing, at the call of God, to give up a portion of his possessions to His service, and even 'to forsake all,' to prove himself 'a follower of Christ?'—*Dr. Dick.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CRUELITIES OF HEATHENISM.

WHILE perusing such narratives as that which follows, we are forcibly reminded of the Psalmist's declaration, that "the dark places of the earth are habitations of cruelty." How should we pray and strive, under the Divine blessing, for their deliverance!

The following are extracts of a letter received by the secretaries of the London Missionary Society, from the Rev. Robert Brooking, one of the Society's missionaries in Western Africa, dated Kumasi, Feb. 14, 1842.

The Rev. gentleman, after describing many things of minor importance, proceeds to add:—"On the 6th of last month, January, one of the King's daughters died, and a custom was made, during which three poor creatures were hurried into eternity in the shape of sacrifices, one of whose headless trunks I saw dragged through the market place. On Sunday, the 9th, after preaching, I went to take the air, when I came unexpectedly upon the headless trunk of a human being who had been executed a few minutes previously. His hands were also lopped off, and one of the executioners was engaged in cutting off a part of the chan with the beard on it. On the 15th the old chief Kumasi died, in consequence of which a large custom was made. During the day 12 persons were sacrificed. I witnessed the pushing of a knife through the cheek of one poor creature, to prevent her from cursing the king. This was done almost instantaneously, after which her hands were tied behind her back, and in this state she was left for some time until executed. On the 17th two persons were executed for conspiracy and treason. I saw those persons with knives driven through their cheeks, their hands fastened by iron staples to logs of wood. I saw the head of one of them struck off. His blood served to besmear the King's drum, &c. His heart was then taken out and also one of his ribs, all of which was done in the sight of a survivor. They both retained their faculties till the last moment, and were quite aware of what was going on. On the 18th, while returning from the King's house, I saw the head and hand of one of those who were executed the preceding day carried by an individual with as much unconcern as a butcher's boy would

carry the head of a sheep in England. On the 22d a fire broke out, which was soon extinguished. Scarcely was that done, however, when a house in another part of the town took fire, during which time the wind blew rather strong, and the fire spread and burnt down three fourths of the most thickly populated part of the town in the incredibly short space of four hours. I never saw such a scene before; the fire raged with incredible fury. It was truly heart-rending to see women and children retreating before it. On the 30th, a man of consequence died, and 12 individuals were sent into another world to accompany him, five of whose headless trunks and six heads were lying together at one time in the streets. Our reception was good, and our prospects are delightful; yet the scenes we sometimes witness are absolutely revolting to human nature.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE MISSIONARY GUTZLAFF.

It is a long time since any detailed information has been received from the missionary Gutzlaff, who has been for some years engaged in the service of the British Government, and who has accompanied the expedition to the interior of China. It will be remembered that he has always been at his own charge, and he has considered his immediate secular engagement as entirely subordinate to his purpose of carrying the healing art and the light of the Gospel into the heart of the Chinese Empire.

The following extract of a letter received from him by the last arrival will be read with interest.

WOOSING, (near Nanking,) June 24, 1842.

"I humbly trust that you as well as Mrs. P. will befriend my wife, whom I hope God will restore very soon to her wonted health.

"So many of my day dreams appear now to be near their realization, the Yangtze will be opened, and I shall still have the pleasure of navigating its waters to the very source. This winter, if it pleases the Most High, I intend to spend at Nanking. Proposals of peace have been made by the Chinese Government, but they are of such indecisive character, that no confidence can be put in those professions. Still we shall labor most earnestly and perseveringly to bring on so desirable an object.

"Though I have not heard from you in a very long while, yet did I never abandon that cause which brought us first in contact. Now to the last of my breath, and as long as the Lord grants grace, shall I continue to promulgate the blessed gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ in this benighted land, and count everything but dross compared with the everlasting riches it holds forth.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1843.

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

THE following excellent remarks will be perused with deep interest at the present time. They form part of a long article in the *London Christian Observer*, under the above head. After alluding to the happy settlement of our differences with the United States, the *Observer* proceeds:—

"The details of the successful proceedings both in Central and Eastern Asia, must have been perused with such interest by all our readers, that it would be impertinent for us to digest them. The results are momentous. Through fearful scenes of slaughter we have achieved a mighty conquest; in the one case over a timid but multitudinous and subtle enemy, in the other over bands of wild warlike mountaineers; and in both have attained all that we belted on our armor to demand; in China, by a treaty of peace which is one series of large concessions on the side of the conquered; in Afghanistan, by the seizure of its most important fortresses, the destruction of its capital, the utter routing of its armies, and the rescuing our countrymen and fellow-subjects from captivity; so that we have ventured to speak, we hope not prematurely, of pacification in reference to Central as well as to Eastern Asia, seeing that the means of possessing it are in our own hands, and we cannot contemplate so

reckless and wicked a proceeding as that either for revenge or ambition, we should proceed to prolong the contest by occupying the country one moment beyond what is required for restoring amity and retiring with a good conscience. [Since the above was in type, we have seen the Governor General's proclamation, announcing the entire evacuation of Afghanistan.]

In both these scenes of vast enterprise, those who had the command have acted with extraordinary skill and foresight, and they were sustained by the admirable discipline, and cool courageous conduct, of her Majesty's fleet and armies. Much anxiety also has been shewn not to shed more of human blood, or to cause more of devastation, than the laws of arms, and the objects of the enterprise, were considered to render indispensable. Cabul, indeed, was deliberately wasted; but Nankin was spared the horrors of Ching-kiang-foo, though a few hours' delay in the negotiation would have precipitated them. We believe that no person can more bitterly mourn over these appalling scenes of agony and horror, than the brave men who have commanded or executed them; but such is war! that dire ravager of mankind, of which an inspired apostle has traced the genealogy: "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members." As Christians, we will not, and dare not, give them a more honorable lineage; we will not gloss them over with gorgeous epithets; they are one of God's "four sore judgments," and the most fearful of them. We shudder at the ignorance, the apathy, the strange recklessness, with which too many in our own and other lands inflame martial spirit, as if, for causes often of as little account as the toss of a die, men had a moral right to slay each other in cold blood. We believe that really defensive warfare is, by Holy Writ, warrantable; and defence may in some cases seem offence, as we track a tiger to his den, to prevent his midnight onslaught; but there is somewhat of cowardice blended with the blustering of those who, upon every semblance or phantasm of provocation, would foment wars in distant scenes, of which they personally will not feel the evils. But are not Chinamen and Afghans made of one blood with ourselves? were they not created by one common Father, and purchased by the same Saviour? have they not feelings and affections, and wives and children; and a spirit that swells at injustice and oppression?

These may seem unpopular, perhaps unpatriotic, remarks in the exulting hour of victory; but that is the precise time at which they are needed to chastise our triumphs into Christian sobriety, nay to mingle with them as much of wormwood as is demanded by all that was wrong in the origination or conduct of the most successful enterprise. The issue of all war, especially of such wars as we have been urging in Asia, ought to be to make us endeavor in future to avoid the causes of warfare, so far as our own conduct is concerned, and, "if it be possible, to live peaceably with all men." We do not say that it is always possible, either morally or physically; offences will come, but woe to those by whom they come; the pride and passions, the injustice and cupidity, of wicked men, and sometimes the mistakes, alarms, and prejudices, of good men, may lead to hostilities; and we are not passing judgement in any particular case, but only adverting to principles which should overrule all cases. The spirit of war, as above described by St. James, requires to be subjugated by the Gospel of Christ; and then for the details, wisdom, forbearance, and justice will decide, without much casuistry, what is befitting in each particular instance. If in the affirmative in the matter of China and Afghanistan, our cause was better than to us it appeared; and our gratification in the termination of the contest would be less chequered than we confess it is with retrospective self-reproaches.

But be these things as they may, we hope and believe that He who orders the unruly wills and affections of men, and often brings good out of evil, will overrule the late events to his own glory and the welfare of mankind. Afghanistan is a barbarous and Pagan land—though the treatment of the captives, and some other circumstances, have shewn more of civilization and self-control than its rude people were believed to have attained to—and if even, our hostile connection with it shall lead in the end to the peaceful relations of

commerce, and the introduction of the Gospel of salvation, the result may be the opening an inlet to light and truth to the whole of the wild region of central and northern Asia. The case of China is still more auspicious. Its strong-holds are broken down; its wall of brass is razed; its gulf of separation from European intercourse is bridged over; for besides the twenty-one millions of hard dollars which are to flow into the British treasury—alas, the price of much blood!—the treaty contains the following important provisions:—"Lasting peace and friendship between the two empires. The ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow-foo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, to be thrown open to British merchants; consular officers to be appointed to reside at them; and regular and just tariffs of import and export (as well as inland transit) to be established. The island of Hong Kong to be ceded in perpetuity of Her Britannic Majesty, her heirs and successors. All subjects of her Britannic Majesty (whether natives of Europe or India), who may be confined in any part of the Chinese empire, to be unconditionally released. An act of full and entire amnesty to be published by the Emperor, under his imperial sign manual and seal, to all Chinese subjects, on account of their having held service, or intercourse with, or resided under, the British Government or its officers. Correspondence to be conducted on terms of perfect equality amongst the officers of both Governments."

Who but must hope, and confidently believe, that these pacific inlets to the vast empire of China, will be the means of facilitating the introduction among an immense body of our fellow-men hitherto separated from intercourse with Christendom, the arts and the commerce of the most enlightened nations; and with them, both incidentally and directly, the Holy Scriptures and the instructions of Christian teachers. If we have terrified and subdued this populous nation by our bombs and rockets, our steam-vessels and men-of-war, let us now try to benefit them by more blessed enterprises. The merchant and manufacturer are already freighted out their cargoes for speculative ventures; let the Christian and the philanthropist not linger behind them. We have taught all Asia, if not to love us, at least to dread us; if not to feel any prepossession for our professed, though often abused, religion, at least to acknowledge our power, and to confide in our truthfulness and honor; let us now show that we are a nation of Christians; and that Christians are not what they call us, "devils," but servants of the Prince of Peace, whose duty and privilege it is to endeavor to extend the pacific and beatifying reign of their Divine Lord, over all lands. China is still entrenched in prejudices, and to man's unaided efforts still imperious to the heartfelt reception of the Gospel; but so is the soul of every man by nature; but in reliance upon the promise, and in performance of the command of the Saviour, we ought to address ourselves to the work, for we know that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever King of kings and Lord of lords; Hallelujah; Amen!"

IN another column will be found the Report of the Montreal Young Men's Society for promoting Christian Knowledge—which we earnestly recommend to the attentive perusal of the young men belonging to our different religious communities—many of whom we hope may be induced, from a perusal of this interesting document, to unite themselves to a Society whose object is the mutual religious improvement and edification of its members, preparatory to increased usefulness in the Church and in the world.

WE are glad to perceive that a House of Industry has, at length, been established in Montreal, "for the immediate relief of the distressed part of the community." We have not room for the lengthy proceedings of the different meetings, and the Committee's Report; the whole has, however, been already exten-

sively circulated. We doubt not that the inhabitants of Montreal will act with their usual liberality, in promptly responding to this fresh appeal to their sympathy and benevolence.—
‘He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.’

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—On the morning of Monday, Jan. 2, the children connected with the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools in Montreal, assembled in St. James Street Chapel; and, although the weather was intensely cold, we believe the “muster” was much stronger than on any previous similar occasion—so large indeed was the number of the children assembled, that the body of the chapel was not found sufficient to seat them, and some thirty or forty were consequently taken to the front seats of the gallery; we believe about 700 were present. After singing and prayer, the children were addressed, in a very interesting manner, by the Rev. Wm. Squire, from the parable of the Unjust Steward. The correctness and promptitude with which the questions proposed were answered, gave pleasing proof of the faithfulness of the teachers, and the improvement of the children in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. The Rev. Mr. Montgomery then briefly addressed the parents and teachers on the importance of co-operation in the interesting work of Sabbath School instruction. At the close of the religious services, cake and fruit were plentifully distributed to the children, after which they were dismissed.

In the evening, the Anniversary of the Wesleyan Sunday School Society was held in the basement story of the Chapel, which, at an early hour, was “filled to overflowing.” After the company had partaken of tea and refreshments, W. Lunn, Esq. was called to the chair, and the business of the evening was commenced by the reading of a Report of the Society’s operations during the past year—from which we were pleased to learn, in addition to other interesting information, that the different Schools connected with this Society are in a very flourishing condition, and that several conversions had taken place among the children. The claims of the Society upon the support of the Christian public were then ably advocated by several gentlemen, ministers and others. The very eloquent remarks of the Rev. W. Squire, especially, were of a most valuable character, and will not, we are persuaded, be easily forgotten.

During the evening, the company was favoured by an excellent choir with several very beautiful pieces of music, which added not a little to the evening’s enjoyment.

1842 versus 1843.—We have been credibly informed that in one of our Eastern towns, where the Millerites had commenced in a tent their meetings, a Methodist minister attended, and was invited to preach. He consented on condition that he might speak his own views, forewarning them that he was an 1842 man. He accordingly preached the great reality of *constant exposure to death, AND AFTER DEATH THE JUDGEMENT.* The word took effect. The Millerites left the ground. The tent remains with the 1842 man preaching in it, and a powerful revival progressing. What is stronger than truth?—*Evangelist.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.
A FRAGMENT.

“Do I remember taking the Temperance Pledge? Yes, my child. ’Twas a bright summer’s evening, and from the balcony where we now are, I had been watching the ever-changing and beautiful effects of the setting sun on the fair scene before me. The bosom of the lake lay unbroken by a single ripple, and reflected, with the vividness of reality, all that came within its mirror’d sphere; while far, far in the back ground rose the shadowy forms of those distant mountains, blended and softened, glowing for a moment in golden brilliancy, then lost to us, perhaps, I thought, for ever.

There is much in the contemplation of a setting sun to awaken the mind from its natural lethargy, and rouse it into action; and as it dips beneath the horizon, and appears to hurry from us, comes the solemn thought that we have seen it perhaps for the last time. And was there nothing painful in this idea? was all peace within? O! yes,—for however beautiful this earth may be, ’tis not our Home—we are but pilgrims and travellers here;—this world is but the pathway to another—and although it has been kindly strewn with flowers, we must not set our affections on these beautiful trifles, forgetting the aim and object of them all.

Still is each spot endeared to me—these mountains are the home of my childhood; I have rambled over them in my boyish sports; and in the pursuit of higher objects, at a mature age, have traversed every winding path;—I have returned to them after a lapse of years, to find my early impressions as deeply engraved as ever—yet I could leave them. But there are dearer ties than these to earth; could I tear myself from them too? O! yes, with the consoling promises of our blessed faith. We have trod the same path, have walked to the house of God together, and held sacred communion with each other; we will meet again—redeemed by that blood which cleanseth from all sin: “For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

I continued my reflections in silence, and endeavoured to review my past life. I omit the details, for the whole amounted to a series of undescribed blessings on God’s part, and of unworthy services on mine, with sin, sin written on every thought, word, and deed—yet had God condescended to receive these poor services, in the name of his Son. What an incitement to fresh efforts. I thought of the responsibility which the high privilege of being permitted in any way to further the glorious Gospel, laid upon us, and reflected with pain on the fearful necessity there was for exertion.

Among the many philanthropic schemes for the benefit of mankind, I had marked the extraordinary success of Temperance Societies, in the reformation of drunkards. Like everything that is good and virtuous, their efforts were derided and scorned; but who could shut their eyes to accumulated facts?—who could see the ragged clothed, the hungry fed, the ignorant educated, the insane restored to their reason, and the drunkard regularly attending the house of God, and not at length allow that these things were not of man? My child, I turned to the sacred oracles of God, that only sure and certain standard by which to weigh the evil and the good, and from its sacred pages I drew the conclusion, that I had withheld my assistance where it should have been given, and that I had hitherto been supporting one of the greatest barriers to religion. Yes, my child, *drunkenness* was overspreading the land, and daily, hourly, hurrying my fellow-creatures into destruction; yet I had not seen till then, my *individual* responsibility in the matter.

The bountiful blessings which graced my board that evening, my child, I still, thank God, enjoy; but the *cup*—the *cup* has been removed: “For I will neither eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which my brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened.”—Rom. xiv. 21. “Go and do thou likewise.”

December, 1842.

J. D. M’D.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

To attempt, either by proof or argument, to convince the generality of mankind of the utter worthlessness and deceitfulness of all worldly friendship and intimacy, would be a task hopeless, as the result would be sure to prove unsatisfactory. It is experience alone that can lead men to form a correct estimate of, and bring them to a right conclusion on, a subject so fraught with interest and valuable instruction.

It would seem impossible—in sober truth—not to learn from this subject the invaluable lesson it is so fitted to impart. Would to God that many might be led not only to consider and reflect thereon, but to profit everlastingly thereby. How numerous are the painful instances daily brought before us of the little dependence that is to be placed on worldly friendship and profession. How insecure, how uncertain, how fickle! What a trifle will cause them to take wings and fly away for ever, however apparently sincere and secure the moment before. Oh that we would be instructed—that we would seek, by the grace of God, to be enabled to attach little value, nay, to regard with perfect indifference, a thing so little to be desired or depended upon; and thence be led, in some measure, to value, appreciate, and seek for that favour and friendship, of such inestimable value, and the only thing worth possessing here below, even the friendship of One “who sticketh closer than a brother,” and will never leave nor forsake any who place their trust and confidence in him. How very striking the contrast between such friendship and that of the world! How pure, holy, sincere, ardent, and unchangeable the one—how base, selfish, corrupted, and deceitful the other. Yet, alas! how differently are they regarded—with what assiduity do mankind seek the one, (worldly friendship) and how awfully indifferent, neglectful and careless of the other—the friendship of God! Painful, indeed, is such a reflection, and yet how true. Distressing indeed must it be to every serious and pious mind, to witness so depraved and corrupted a man exerting such powerful influence over, and receiving the worship and homage of, his fellow man; while Almighty God—Jehovah—King of Kings and Lord of lords—is wholly neglected, despised, and rejected.

Has man entirely lost his reason, or is it for want of reflection, that he thus degrades himself? Oh, it is because, as Scripture truly declares it, that “in man dwelleth no good thing,” that “the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

While lamenting that the power and influence of man should really be under such control of the fear of man, and regardless of the fear of God—Oh, let us seek to be seriously impressed by such truths, and be led to seek earnestly for the love and favour of Almighty God, that pearl of great price. No longer let Christians be under such dominion of selfish and carnal man—no longer be desirous of a friendship and profession at best so deceitful and precarious—no longer be kept under such subjection by the fear of man—never be tempted (as far too many are) to sin against Jehovah, for fear of losing so contemptible a thing as the applause of man. Be ye led to ponder over the glaring inconsistencies of this perishing world; and whilst viewing the scene before you, endeavour to mark, learn, and profit thereby.

Have ye hitherto had cause to lament the loss of worldly friendship?—have ye had to grieve over the harsh treatment and treacherous behaviour of man? Oh Christians! no longer lament for what is unworthy of lamentation—no longer grieve for what is so unworthy of your grief. Be not surprised should even your warmest friend be easily turned to a treacherous enemy—wonder not at any inconsistency and unfaithfulness in such a one. Strive to learn what man is—and expect not that one who can and does deal with so high and ungrateful a hand towards his merciful Maker, can prove otherwise to you. Oh no—how can it possibly be? If thus you have ever been dealt with—if the harshness, injustice, and cruelty of man has ever made thee innocently to suffer—beware it no, but contrariwise rejoice that God, in infinite mercy to your immortal soul, has thus led you to “Cease from

man whose breath is in his nostrils." Admire the wisdom of God, in leaving you under this kind of trial, in weaning you from every created enjoyment, and leading you by his kind Providence to forsake the evil ways and doings of this sinful world, and cursing you to seek refuge where the balm of Gilead is truly to be found for all your sorrows and complaints. To this source flee, ye that are in distress, and ye shall indeed partake of heavenly consolation. Henceforward let it be your chief study to obtain the love and friendship of God. Learn to rest on Him alone, and lean not confidently on any mortal. To the service of God be more and more devoted, and while spared here below in the midst of this wicked and adulterous generation, be aroused and stimulated zealously to promote by all possible means His honour and glory—encouraged and comforted with the hope of ere long being with him for ever and ever, enjoying in his presence everlasting bliss and happiness, through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Quebec, December, 1842. A FRIEND.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MONTREAL YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

In presenting the First Annual Report of the Montreal Young Men's Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, we congratulate the Members on the auspicious commencement of a Society, humble certainly in its pretensions, yet they would vainly hope eminently calculated in its results to produce great and lasting good, and to form an useful auxiliary in promoting an intimate knowledge of the great truths of our common Christianity, and accelerating the period when "all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest."

But though our career has been short, in taking a retrospective view, it is not too much to say, that good has been done, that it has called into active exercise our faith, hope and charity, and that a thirst has been created for the acquisition of the knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus."

It is obvious that throughout all classes of society there exists an extraordinary and insatiable craving for the diffusion and acquisition of secular knowledge of every kind, by means of mutual instruction; and in it too much to hope, in a Christian community, to see a corresponding anxiety for the acquirement of those most important truths which will secure our true and permanent interests, by which alone we can be "thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work," and ("having a well grounded hope,") be ready always to give an "answer to every one that asketh concerning the reason of the hope that is in us."

In briefly noticing the proceedings of this Society during the first year of its existence, our exultation has reference to the future rather than the past. Our number at first being small, we had to encounter all the discouragements which seldom fail to present themselves to a Society in its first attempts to establish itself. These difficulties have however been surmounted—all discouraging forebodings dispelled—our numbers are rapidly increasing—our opportunities of doing and receiving good are proportionately increasing—and the future presents a prospect of a career of usefulness, the amount of which it is probable that eternity alone will disclose.

Our Society now numbers above thirty zealous and we believe consistent members; and the attendance at the meetings has generally been good. More than forty original Essays have been produced. Of the merits of these we are not called on to speak, but we may take leave to say that their aim and end has been the building of each other up in faith—the strengthening and confirming our hope—and aiding us in our first and greatest enquiry of "what shall we do to be saved?" Considered independent of these paramount benefits mutually conferred, the production of these Essays, and the discussion following them, have not failed to be serviceable to the members of this Society, by leading to study, and encouraging a right train of thinking and of embodying their thoughts in language.

And here it may be observed, that this Society ought to commend itself especially to the young, as there can be nothing of more importance, as immediately affecting their future happiness and welfare, than the forming of their first judgments, and contracting their first habits, on entering into the world; for the mind never remains stationary in its action, but is continually retrograding or progressing, either losing what it has already acquired by a natural lapse of recollection, or increasing its former acquirements by application to the attainment of some higher object. The mechanical or mercantile habits of business, in which we are most of us engaged, seldom vary from their ordinary course, and consequently require but little exercise of the intellectual faculties; and if the leisure which they leave us is occupied in frivolous or trifling amusements, we not only neglect and lose the precious store which early education has given us, but

our minds become gradually more and more incapable of cultivation, till at length, as mature age comes upon us—when these frivolous amusements begin to lose their fascination, and something more worthy the aim and end of our being is found wanting—it is discovered too late that the fructifying power of the mind is lost, that the very seeds of knowledge have perished—and that then is not the time to sow them again.

The present age is distinguished by many and erring inducements to a participation in amusements and practices which have either a direct or indirect tendency to debase and demoralize, whilst they fascinate and allure—which influence the passions, vitiate the taste, and invade the empire of virtue and goodness created in the heart by early education and parental care; it is surely not an useless part to offer an interesting and permanently profitable occupation for the leisure time of the young; and if this can be made instrumental in producing something more than a temporary neutral state of mind—if it can be made effectual to giving a true relish for the pursuit of religious knowledge—if it can lead the superficial, thoughtless, or the wavering to search the Scriptures—to "prove all things," and finally to "hold fast that which is good"—our Society may surely lay claim to some share of usefulness. If we can make the vestibule of that boundless garden which the Lord hath planted appear invitingly sweet, and tempt the young from the pursuit of unprofitable frivolities, or rescue them from the vortex of senseless dissipation, and "plant their feet in ways of pleasantness"—if we can diversify the means of acquiring religious knowledge, or clothe its pursuit in a new and attractive garb; we shall have achieved ends which may not be heralded forth by fame, but which, in stillness and humbleness, are glorious, producing the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

In conclusion, we would respectfully urge upon the members the importance of a steady perseverance and untiring zeal in their efforts to promote the utility and interests of the Society; and above all, the cultivation of that brotherly love and Christian charity, which are the first objects and which are the surest means of keeping alive and increasing the zeal and interests, which we are proud to find are now enlisted in its behalf.

JOHN BRODIE, } Secretaries.
WM. SUTHERLAND, }
December 3d, 1842.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HEALTH.—
Latest Official Bulletin, dated Government House, Jan. 6, 1843.—"His Excellency the Governor General slept well last night, and feels very comfortable this morning."

"WM. GWYNNE."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STREET PREACHERS OF NAPLES.

AMONG the mendicant friars, or street preachers of Naples, are to be found men who exercise an astonishing influence over the lazzaroni. One of them, named Rocco, a Dominican of posthumous fame, is preserved for witty sayings and happy allusions, which, if collected, would fill volumes. He was reckless whom he attacked, and often said things which upon any one less popular would have drawn down the vengeance of the public authorities; but Rocco was a man of whom even the police stood in awe.

One day he was preaching to a crowd in the public market-place: "This day," he said, "I will see whether you truly repent you of your sins." Thereupon he commenced a penitent discourse that "made the hair of the hard-hearted multitude stand upright;" and when they were all on their knees, gnashing their teeth, and beating their breasts, and putting on all imaginable signs of contrition, he suddenly cried: "Now, you, who truly repent of your sins, hold up your hand." There was not one present who did not immediately stretch out both arms. "Holy Archangel Michael," then exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thy adamant sword standest by the judgement seat of God, hew me off every hand that has been raised hypocritically." Instantly every hand dropped, and Rocco poured forth a fresh torrent of invective against the sinfulness and perversity of his audience. Rocco was once engaged in a discussion with a Spaniard, whom he silenced by swearing that there was not a single Spanish saint in heaven. The Castilian was startled at so unexpected a declaration, but Rocco maintained the truth of it. "A few were let in first," he said, "but they smoked so many cigars that the Madonna and the other virgins

were fairly sick; so St. Peter sets his wits to work to find how he might rid them of such disagreeable guests. He sent a crier into every part of heaven, that a bull-fight was to be held outside the gate. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the show; and took care never to let another Spaniard in again." Rocco lived to a good old age. Just before the Neapolitan Revolution, we find him mentioned by another German traveller, Rehfues. Rocco at that time, was eighty years old, and suffering severely from the gout; but his wit was unsubdued, and he said, he was resolved to battle it with the devil to the last. Ferdinand I., who was fond of every thing connected with the popular manners of his capital, showed great favor to Rocco, and used to talk to him from the windows of his palace.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

BRAINERD'S SABBATH.—In his diary, dated at Connecticut Farms, Lord's day January 26, 1794, Brainerd says—"Was calm and composed. Was made sensible of utter inability to preach without Divine help; and was in some good measure willing to leave it with God, to give or withhold assistance, as he saw would be most for his own glory. Was favoured with a considerable degree of assistance in my public work. After public worship, I was in a sweet and solemn frame of mind, thankful to God that he had made me in some measure faithful in addressing precious souls, but grieved that I had been no more fervent in my work; and was tenderly affected towards all the world, longing that every sinner might be saved; and could not have entertained any bitterness towards the worst enemy living. In the evening, rode to Elizabeth Town; and while riding was almost constantly engaged in lifting up my heart to God, lest I should lose that sweet, heavenly solemnity and composure of soul which I enjoyed. Afterwards was pleased to think that God reigneth; and thought I could never be uneasy with any of his dispensations, but must be entirely satisfied, whatever trials he should cause me in his church to encounter. Never felt more sedateness, divine serenity and composure of mind; could freely have left the dearest friend for the society of angels and spirits of just men made perfect; my affections soared aloft to the blessed Author of every dear enjoyment. I viewed the emptiness and unsatisfactory nature of the most desirable earthly objects, any further than God is seen in them, and longed for a life of spirituality and inward purity; without which I saw there could be no true pleasure."

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.—Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quantity of his glory, without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804 down to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army on foot, of 480,000. Here follows a detail of the different levies made from 1804 till 1814. [Total of men, 2,965,865.] This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered 2,500,000 human beings, and those all Frenchmen. But we have to add thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles; and at a moderate computation, those cannot have fallen short of 800,000. It is obviously just to assume that the number who fell on the side of adversity was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then are our data for asserting, that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less expense than 6,000,000 of human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe, resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory, the bringing of foreign enemies twice within 24 months under the walls of Paris, and the erasure of his name from the records of dominion.—*Paris paper*.

BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—*Solomon*.

POETRY.

AN OLD GEM.

BY THE REV. JOHN FLAVEL.

JUDGE in thyself, O Christian ! is it meet
To set thy heart on what beasts set their feet ?
'Tis no hyperbole, if you be told,
You dig for dross with mattocks made of gold.
Afflictions are too costly to bestow
Upon the fair-faced nothings here below.
The eagle scorns to fall down from on high,
The proverb saith, to catch the silly fly ;
And can a Christian leave the face of God,
To embrace the earth, or dote upon a clod ?
Can earthly things thy heart so strangely move,
To tempt it down from the delights above ;
And now to court the world at such a time,
When God is laying judgment to the line ?
Its just like him who doth his cabin sweep
And trim, when all is sinking in the deep ;
Or like the silly bird, that to her nest
Doth carry straws, and never is at rest
Till it be feathered well, but does not see
The axe beneath, that's hewing down the tree.
If on a throepe thy heart itself repose
With such delight, what if it were a rose ?
Admire, O saint ! the wisdom of thy God,
Who of the self-same tree doth make a rod ;
Lest thou should'st surfeit on forbidden fruit,
And live not like a saint, but like a brute.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

FROM the interest given to the Annual Meetings of the Religious Societies last year, by holding them in one week, the several Committees have resolved to hold them this year in the same manner, in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, viz :—

Religious Tract Society, on Tuesday Evening, January 24, 1843.

Auxiliary Bible Society, on Wednesday Evening, January 25.

French Canadian Missionary Society, on Thursday Evening, Jan. 26.

Canada Sunday School Union, on Friday Evening, Jan. 27.

The Churches in the city are respectfully requested to give up their ordinary meetings during that week, that the attendance may be general. Ministers of the Gospel and friends of the Societies in the country, are invited to attend in Montreal during the anniversary week.

Ministers in the country who intend being present at the above meetings, will please send notice of such intention to Mr. Milne, at the Bible Depository, McGill Street, as early as possible ; that provision may be made for receiving them into private families, during their stay in town.

The Chair will be taken each evening at half-past six o'clock.

Collections will be taken up in aid of the funds of the several Societies.

Dec. 29.

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
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Montreal, November 3, 1842. 7

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August, 12, 1841.

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UNDERTAKER,
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Off Heury Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.
Montreal, December 1, 1842. 1

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THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN, published in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is devoted to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and contains, in addition to the intelligence concerning the Church, a great variety of interesting religious articles, selected from the religious periodicals of the day.

The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 13s. per annum, when paid in advance, and 17s. 6d. on credit, exclusive of postage.

The Guardian contains 8 large 4to. pages, each page containing 4 columns. It may be seen at the office of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.
December 1, 1842. 10

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

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ALEX. BRYSON.
Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

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