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MISSING

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AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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CONTENTS OF NO. V.

	PAGE
POETRY.—The Methodist,	33
GENERAL LITERATURE.—The Broken Sabbath,	ib.
Leaves of Antiquity,	31
Destruction of the Inquisition at Madrid,	ib.
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.—The Centenary	
Anniversary of the British Wesleyan	
Conference, held in May, 1843,	35
Raratonga,	ib.
The South Sea Mission,	36
World's Temperance Convention,	ib.
EDITORIAL.—The Church of England,	
Signs of the Times,	ib.
The Inquisition at Ancona—The Theatre,	37
Tremendous Tornado,	ib.
FAMILY CIRCLE.—The Word in Season,	ib.
On Education—Dress,	ib.
CORRESPONDENCE.—The Jews, by J. H.	33
CHOICE EXTRACTS.—The Rejection—the Cru-	
eligion—the Enthronement,	ib.
"They drank of the Rock"	39
THE TRAVELLER.—Mount Sinai,	ib.
Singular Electrical Phenomenon,	ib.
Effects of Perpetual Day,	ib.
CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.—Opening of the Pro-	
vincial Parliament,	ib.
Latest European News,	ib.

POETRY.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM CALLED "THE METHODIST."

OBSERVE that cottage, in yon hazel copse,
Rounded which the corn-fields wave their yellow crops;
Green tufts of velvet moss adorn the thatch,
From many a crevice grows the verdant patch;
A spot it seems where poverty might rest,
Unknown, unhonour'd, and by man unblest.
Hark! 'tis a Christian hymn salutes the skies
Louder, and sweeter, hear the chorus rise;
Now gently on the heart, as snows that melt
Into the lake's calm bosom, it is felt.
Pass we the threshold, thro' the low door stoop—
'Tis Felix! 'midst a poor, but pious group,
Their Christian leader he; his holy care,
To meet his class with weekly praise and prayer;
He warns, exhorts, as most each member needs,
Or bears the lambs of Christ, or gently leads;
The slothful stirs, with their eternal weal;
Prunes the luxuriant shoots of forward zeal;
Exact, yet courteous, his demeanour meek,
Reclaims the wand'ring and supports the weak;
Taught well the workings of the mind to trace,
Deep his experience in the things of grace,
He counsel or reproof, in love bestows,
To them the fulness of his heart o'erflows;
That they, like him, may know their sins forgiven,
Like him may know their names inscribed in heav'n.
"How knows he that?" I hear a voice inquire—
How knows the querist there is heat in fire?
Fore in attraction, when his spirit moves
Toward some object he supremely loves?
How that his bosom to his children yearns,
When none but he the father's love discerns?
Or how, when ebbing life hangs on a breath,
Know he that sin could bring the sting of death?
He feels it strike his senses and his soul,
Above deception, and beyond controul.
Thus Felix felt—like him to sight restor'd
By the Almighty finger of the Lord;
He knew not how the miracle could be,
But knew he once was blind, and now could see!

READER, ON what is thy hope of heaven founded?
Be sure you build upon the right foundation.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

THE BROKEN SABBATH.

TWELVE years have run their race since a farmer of my neighbourhood, accompanied by his wife, set forth on the morning of a Sabbath in February, with the intention of visiting some friends who resided in a town about thirteen miles distant from their dwelling, to which they hoped to return with the declining day. The sun was not yet risen when this ill-fated couple began their journey, and the night had been chequered with alternate hail-showers, and frosty calms; but, though arrived at the middle period of life, they were both still vigorous, and inured to exposure and fatigue. To them, therefore, neither the chilling temperature of the early dawn nor the long and dreary road they needs must traverse offered any very serious discouragement. Their course lay over a singularly wild and bleak mountain, on whose table summit the four winds of heaven had striven for the mastery, even from that distant hour when first "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and bade the dry land appear. On that tempestuous battle field the troubled elements of nature will still debate, and earth and storm, and flash and flood, still strive, till in the new dispensation, all shall be dissolved, and "depart as a scroll that is rolled together," and, with the yet more unquiet spirit of man, enjoy an eternal rest. To this spot their eldest son, a grown up lad, had accompanied them; and then and there they parted, little foreseeing how long that tearless farewell would remained unredeemed.

Pausing for a few moments to cast back some looks of pleased regard, they proceeded on their journey. The morning meal had barely been begun when they arrived at the door of their friends' house, where they experienced, in its affecting sweetness, that lovely type of heavenly acceptance—a cordial and a joyous welcome. Fire and food, and kind hospitality soon obliterated all recollections of five hours' travel; and, alas, obliterated also the memory of that benevolent Being from whose supreme bounty those manifold blessings flowed. God was forgotten or dishonoured. He, who had supplied the strength and cheerful energy by which the chilling twilight and slippery steep were braved, saw his glories wither beneath the noontide ray. Then, though church bells tolled, and gathering tribes of many religious persuasions passed their threshold, hastening each to their respective house of prayer, they remained, where they were, heedless of the accepted time, nor feeling that God was nigh, even in that very place, offering a happier mansion and a more abiding friend. Such are the results (which almost invariably follow the footsteps of the unexpected Sabbath visitor, among the lower or middle classes of the Irish rural population). They misconceive the injunction of the apostle, postponing every duty, however sacred it may be, to the fanciful obligation of hospitality; nor will they defer to the holy claims of

the Lord's house till they deem all satisfied in their own, or even yield precedence to the mysteries of the sacred table, if such compliance leave their own unhonoured.

Needless were it to relate, had even the details been made known to me, how that Sabbath was spent. No doubt there was much of good humour, much of affectionate enquiry concerning the friends beyond the mountain; many, too, and earnest, were the pressing entreaties to partake more freely of the cheer which the sudden occasion had so imperfectly supplied. Petitions, also, to tarry for the night, supported by sinister predictions of rain, hail, snow, wind, darkness, and in short a full home-spun tissue of those engaging detainers which good will and love wind around the friend resolved to go. Of intemperance I have strong reason to believe there was none; neither was there any worship; and thus the Lord's day wore on to its close, unhallowed and forgotten. Four o'clock in the afternoon had struck before the wayfarers were again in motion. Somewhat fatigued and stiffened by their morning's walk, and slightly regretting having deferred their return to so late an hour, they yet proceeded on their way at a good pace, and cheerily along. It had snowed at intervals during the day—too gently, however, to affect the lowland roads, but they justly apprehended that the mountains might have become more difficult.

The gathering clouds hung heavily over the travellers as the day advanced; and evening drew on with silent though not unobserved approaches, it tent to enfold them in her dusky robe. But despite, or perhaps stimulated by these warning intimations, they gained the top of the mountain ridge without accident, and descending on the other side for about two miles to the direction of their own cottage, entered a small public house, situated with at least as much advantage to the interests of the proprietor as of the traveller. Here, as was afterwards ascertained, they tarried for about half an hour, drinking a glass of whisky each, and then resumed their march. Another of these ensnaring receptacles lay directly on their route, not more than half a mile apart from their dwelling; into this also they went, and repeated the indulgence they had yielded to in the former. Their stay was somewhat longer, for a show storm, violent, although of transient duration, detained them. It abated, indeed, at the conclusion of an hour, but it had covered the whole face of the ground, rendering objects indistinct in so far that nothing was hidden, but on the other hand, confused and unobscurable from each other. At length they disengaged themselves from the attractions within doors, and once more betook themselves to the journey and the night, the man remarking to his wife that they had needs mend their pace, in order to reach home at the hour of family worship—a duty he never omitted.

It is here our time and place to notice that the breach of the Sabbath recorded in this narrative was exceedingly unchristianlike to the habits of the parties committing it, both of

whom profoundly venerated the holy and gracious law which commands a hallowed observance of the Lord's day. Happy had their obedience been commensurate with their convictions; and their practice as submissive as their recognition was unfeigned. But, alas! such is man in this dark estate, given, indeed,

"To know the good from ill,"

but too prone to choose the worst part. A fair in a town about ten miles distant from their house, in an opposite direction, was to be held on the morrow; and so, for sake of its allurements or gains, they "yielded their members servants unto iniquity," and set up Satan, and not Christ, as Lord of the Sabbath.

They were now, it might be said, at home: half a mile of easy walk through fields, with whose every furrow and blade they were acquainted, alone interposed: their strength was still unexhausted, and the spirits they had taken stimulated their courage, and rendered them insensible to the snow, which again fell densely on their track. Meanwhile the family within felt little uneasiness concerning them. They had from the beginning conjectured, as a matter at least probable, that the friends they went to see would not permit of their departure on the Sabbath, and they knew that the business of the Monday's fair could be as well transacted by themselves, if indeed the lowering aspect of the weather would admit of their going to it at all. Three times during the evening they looked out, endeavouring to ascertain whether their parents were at hand; but the snow, which hourly increased, beating violently against the door, compelled them to close it. And so, not long after the accustomed time of rest, prayers being according to their usual manner devoutly offered at the footstool of the throne of grace, and a chapter read of that word which "maketh wise unto salvation," they one and all betook themselves unsuspectingly to bed.

(To be continued.)

Translated from the German of Herder.

LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY,

OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

WHEN in his youth David sat upon the plains of Bethlehem, the spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was open to hear the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echo of their harps reached the earth—to the ends of the earth rolled on their silent song.

"Light is the countenance of Jehovah!" said the descending sun, and the crimson twilight answered: "I am the fringe of his garment."

The clouds towered above them, and said: "We are his evening pavilion," and the water of the clouds uttered in the evening thunder, "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders—the God of glory thunders on high!" "He rides upon the winds!" murmured the rustling wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God—the tissue of His quickening presence."

"We hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth, "and must I be still and speechless?" "I will bathe thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children newly refreshed may rejoice—that thy suckling may blossom like the rose."

"We blossom gladly," said the enlivened field; and the full ears of grain rustling, replied: "We are the blessings of God; the army of God against the extremity of hunger."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "We bless you!" answered the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also, with a little drop of dew."

"And quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe."

"And gives us our food," dreamed the deer; "and clothes our limbs," bleated the flock.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken." "He heard me," answered the goat; "when my time came, I went out and brought forth."

The turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds afterwards slumbering said, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of His wings in silent rest."

"In silent rest!" answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowded the announcer of the morning dawn: "Lift up the gates; the doors of the world;—let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye men, and praise the Lord, the King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and, so long as he lived, the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

AMONG my fellow-passengers on the Ohio river, was Col. Lehmanousky, formerly an officer under Napoleon, and now a minister of the Lutheran church. He, however, remembers the scenes of olden times, and describes them with wonderful interest. He is indeed a remarkable man; although past three score and ten years old, he retains the erect posture, the firm step, and activity of an officer of fifty. His acquaintance with Bonaparte commenced on his first entering the army, when he found himself a private soldier under this distinguished man as his Captain. For twenty three years he served with him in stations of trust, which rendered the most intimate relations necessary; and it was only when Napoleon was confined on the Island of Elba, that Col. Lehmanousky retired from the service. I have dwelt thus long on the character and circumstances of this veteran officer, for the purpose of introducing to your readers one of the many narratives with which he favoured us while passing up the Ohio. And if I could impart to it on paper one tithe of the interest it possessed as it fell from his lips and beamed forth from his eye, I should have no doubt of its being read by every member of every family to whom your paper goes.

In the year 1809,—said Col. Lehmanousky,—being then at Madrid, my attention was directed to the Inquisition in the neighbourhood of that city. Napoleon had formerly issued a decree for the suppression of this institution wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to destroy it. I informed him that my regiment, the 9th of the Polish Lancers, were insufficient for such a service, but that if he would give me two additional regiments, I would undertake the work. He accordingly gave me the two required regiments, one of which, the 117th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like myself, a minister of the Gospel. He is pastor of one of the Evangelical Churches in Marseilles. With these troops I proceeded forthwith to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The Inquisition was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they partially exposed

themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, and brought on the ground, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, regardless of the fire that was poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor General, followed by the father confessors, in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had but just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, apparently, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could produce in our minds a belief that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine this prison house of hell. We passed through room after room, found altars, and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but we could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. Here was beauty and splendour, and the most perfect order on which my eyes ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured until highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been misled—that we had seen all—and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so easy as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined more. Let some water be brought in and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "do as you please Col.," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands now were at work for further discovery—the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab. Others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it; while the priest remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house.—While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar, when the hand writing appeared on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone and joint and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab, now partly up, and we saw a stair-case. I stepped to the table and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in

length, which was burning, that I might explore what was before us. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, "My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand; it is holy." "Well, well, I said, I want something that is holy, to see if it will not shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase. I now discovered why the water revealed to us this passage. Under the floor was a tight sealing, except at the trap door, which could not be rendered close; hence the success of Col. De Lile's experiment. As we reached the front of the stairs, we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either sides were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers were engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here, what a sight met our eyes! How has this benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed friends.

The cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of Inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them of their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this practice being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues, or tubes, extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odour from these decaying bodies. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In others we found the living sufferer of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of three score and ten years—all as naked as when they were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives of their chains; stripping themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of their danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and being brought gradually to the light as they could bear it.

When we had explored these cells, and opened the prison doors of those who yet survived, we proceeded to explore another room upon the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Among them was an image of the Virgin Mary, so contrived with spikes, knives, &c., that when a person went to kiss it, the arms closed, and the victim was pierced with a thousand wounds, and cut to pieces. At the sight of these the fury of the soldiers refused any longer to be restrained. They declared that every inquisitor, monk or soldier of the establishment deserved to be put to the torture. We did not attempt any longer to restrain them.—They commenced at once the work of torture with the holy fathers, and insisted upon the chief inquisitor kissing the image of the Virgin. He refused. They pricked him with their bayonets, and compelled him to do so, when the arms closed, and he was cut and backed to death in a most shocking manner. I remained till I saw four different kinds of tortures applied; and then retired from the awful scene, which terminated not while one individual remained of the former guilty inmates of this ante-chamber of hell, on whom they could wreak revenge. As soon as the poor sufferers from the cells of the Inquisition could with safety be brought out of their prison to the light of day, (news having been spread far and near that numbers had been rescued from the Inquisition), all who had been deprived of friends by the holy office, came to enquire if theirs were among the number.

O, what a meeting was there! about a hundred who had been buried alive for many years, were now restored to the active world, and many of them found here a son, and there a daughter;

here a sister, and there a brother; and some, alas! could recognise no friends. The scene was such that no tongue can describe. When the work of recognition was over, to complete the business in which I had engaged, I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantity of gunpowder, which I placed underneath the edifice, and in its vaults; as we applied the slow match, there was a joyful sight to thousands of admiring eyes. Oh! it would have done your heart good to see it; the walls and massive turrets of that proud edifice were raised towards the heavens, and the Inquisition of Madrid was no more.—*Western Citizen.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE hundredth or centenary Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists commenced its sittings at Sheffield, on Wednesday se'night. The various preparatory committees met on the preceding days, but the only proceeding of any particular interest was a project for the extension of the means of education in the Connexion. From the statistical report of the Education Committee, it appears that, exclusive of eleven circuits in England, and one in Wales, from which no returns have been received, the total number of day-scholars is 29,394; of Sunday-scholars, 401,333; of school-libraries, 1,153; of teachers in Sunday-schools, 78,051; and the total cost of Sunday-schools, £21,167 7s. 2d.

At the meeting on Wednesday, the first business was the filling up of the vacancies in the Legal fund. The Rev. J. Farren and the Rev. C. Hoole were chosen by ballot; the following by seniority:—Rev. Messrs. James Bunstead, J. Gostock, Jameson, Sleigh, M. Dunn, Dalby. For Ireland—J. Nelson and Phillips. For the office of President, twelve ministers were nominated, but of these four had only one vote each, two two votes, one three, another seven. The three highest were, the Rev. John Scott 150, Rev. J. Stanley 16, Rev. S. Jackson 15; and the former, his nomination having been confirmed by the Hundred, was duly inducted into office, the Rev. Dr. Hannah resigning the seals. The Rev. Robert Newton was chosen secretary almost unanimously—having 153 votes. The new president took his seat under great emotion, and delivered a speech characterized by simplicity, neatness, and good sense. He expressed his thanks for the confidence his brethren had reposed in him, and took encouragement under the heavy weight of responsibility, from the manner in which his election had been made. The remainder of the day after prayers, was occupied in appointing officers, and other routine business. Thursday was occupied in examining the list of candidates for the ministry, recommended by the several district meetings.—This part of the work has been much facilitated by the labours of the Examining Committee, which met in London previous to the Conference, and by whom the whole of the candidates had undergone a sifting examination, which occupied ten days. The number, it is expected, will be great, more than the Connexion will be able to employ in the present embarrassed state of the commercial affairs of the country.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The *London Watchman*, when reporting the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, after alluding to the painful separation between pastors and flocks, arising from the unavoidable condition of that system of itinerancy which forms an essential and elementary portion of the constitution of all Methodist Churches, suggests the following urgent motives to the laity, for fervent prayer for the Ministers leaving or coming to their respective circuits, and for all who are engaged in the blessed work, in connection with their domestic and foreign operations.

"It is not necessary that we should urge upon our Wesleyan readers the duty of fervent prayer, not only for the ministers who may now be leaving or coming to their own respective circuits, but for all who are engaged in this blessed work, whether in connection with our domestic or foreign operations. Their own hearts will prompt to this. We may suggest, however, that there are special reasons for such supplication to be found in the present situation of public affairs.—The widely spread commercial depression and distress in this country; the turbulent state of Wales; the perilous state of Ireland, where it seems un-

certain at what hour the hitherto pent-up elements of rebellion may burst forth in some volcanic explosion, spreading devastation and ruin around; the formidable obstacles which the enemies of evangelical Protestantism generally, and of Wesleyan Methodism particularly, continue, with a zeal and perseverance worthy of a better cause, to accumulate in our path,—all render it urgently important that a more than ordinary outpouring of the spirit of wisdom and love and a sound mind should be vouchsafed to our ministers, who will have, in so many instances, the pastoral oversight of societies more or less directly exposed to the difficulties and dangers and temptations that may thus arise. It is no vain boast to say that loyalty to the Sovereign and obedience to the laws have always been inculcated by the preachers, and exemplified by the members of the Wesleyan Church. During the disturbance of the last autumn, it is believed that in no single instance was a Wesleyan found implicated; and with reference to Wales, testimony has recently been borne by the *Times* newspaper (a quarter from which we are not likely to receive unmerited commendation) to the efforts of our ministers for the promotion of order and tranquility. Still, however, since so many unexpected circumstances may occur in the ecclesiastical or political affairs of the country at large, or of particular districts, in which a wisdom purer and higher than that of man may be necessary to guide, it is most desirable that those who long for the welfare of our Zion should be constant and earnest in prayer to Him who has promised to give liberally and without upbraiding.—As regards hostility to our progress, we could point to many a little Repluim; where although the weapons of warfare are different, the spirit of opposition is scarcely less bitter than that by which the Amalekites were actuated when they fought against Israel. If we would secure victory for what we believe to be the cause of God, we must "stay up the hands" of those who are engaged on the Lord's side."

RAMATONCA.—"You will doubtless rejoice to hear that the Book of Psalms, and the two first Books of Moses, are in the hands of the people, and the third in the Press. By the time this reaches you, we hope the Five Books of Moses will be read by the inhabitants of this once heathen and cannibal race. It is truly gratifying and soul-cheering to perceive the ardent desire manifested by the people to possess the Psalms; which, with the New Testament, are daily read and highly prized by not a few. A few months ago, on my visits to the sick, I entered, unperceived, the house of a poor man who had been confined to his dwelling for more than two years. He was reading aloud a chapter in the Gospels. Soon as he saw me, almost forgetting his weakness, he attempted to raise his mat, and cried out, with such an expression of joy as I think I shall never forget, 'O Teacher, I have found it! I have found it! Here it is, here it is! Come and see,' turning over in haste the leaves of the sacred word, till he arrived at the precious portion! 'I have got it!' 'Well,' I said, 'what is that you have found, and which seems to fill you with so much delight?' 'Here it is,' showing me the second chapter of the Gospel by Luke—the birth of the Saviour announced by Angels! Oh, I have read it again and again, and my soul is filled with joy.' He had heard of it before. Frequently had it been read in public; but now his eyes saw it, and he read it in his own tongue, which produced such an ecstasy of joy. Ah! had you been present to have witnessed such a scene, I think it would never have been erased from your memory. Nor would you think any labor too great, for the wider spread of the invaluable treasure of God's word through all nations of the earth. By the side of this poor but good man, on his mat, I sat down, and conversed with him and family on the glad tidings contained in that chapter. You will bless God through Christ Jesus our Lord, to hear that in about six months afterwards he recovered; and has since joined the Church of Christ, with two of his sisters, who are among the most intelligent of our Church members, and are walking constantly with the rules laid down in that precious volume he so much prized. Let the friends of the Bible rejoice at such instances of God's infinite condescension to the poor heathen, and to Him give all the glory; and let it animate them to the most strenuous exertions, till all the nations of the earth be blessed with this sacred treasure."—*Pitman.*

THE SOUTH SEA MISSIONS.—A Deputation from the London Missionary Society had an interview, yesterday, with the Earl of Aberdeen, at his Foreign-office. The intelligence brought by the last arrivals from the South Seas was, we believe, the subject matter of the conference with his Lordship. We understand that the most urgent representations have been made by the Queen of Tahiti and her Chiefs to the British Government, imploring its support in resisting French domination. So strong is the feeling which exists among the people, that they had been with difficulty restrained from rising against the French, and expelling them from the island. Dispatches also from the Sandwich Islands have been received, conveying a formal tender of the sovereignty of Hawaii to this country; and the American Missionaries are, we understand, very desirous that Great Britain should assume the protection of the island. Our Government is very delicately placed in this matter, in reference to France; and we have now reason more than ever to regret that the sovereignty of these islands was declined by this country, at a time when the occupation would have awakened no jealousy. Could their independence be effectually guaranteed, it would, undoubtedly, be the best mode of settling a question which is now encompassed with difficulties, owing to the petulancy and inhumanity of the French court and its buccaneer propagandists.—*London Patriot, Aug. 10.*

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Temperance Convention Committee (appointed at a public meeting at the Hall of Commerce in the city of London, on Tuesday, the 27th day of June, 1843,) held at 39, Moorgate-street, on the 13th day of July, 1843, James Day, Esq., in the chair, the following resolutions were submitted and unanimously agreed to, viz:—

Whereas, great benefits have resulted from the holding of Conventions in London by the Anti-Slavery Society and Peace Society in the advancement of their respective objects; and whereas, it has been resolved at a public meeting held in London on the 27th day of June last, that a similar Convention should be held in London, for considering the best means of promoting Temperance throughout the World:

It is now resolved, That, as a preliminary step to this great measure, the Secretary of this Committee be empowered to correspond with the Secretaries of the several Temperance Societies in England and other countries, embracing copies of the resolution passed at the Hall of Commerce, on the 27th June, as aforesaid, and desiring them to reply to the following queries:—

1st. Whether their Societies would be prepared to send a delegate to such Convention to be held in the month of June, 1844;

2d. Whether their Societies would also be prepared to contribute towards the general expense of such Convention, and to what extent.

3d. Among the objects to be considered and discussed in this Convention, the following may be named:—

First. To ascertain correctly the present state of the Temperance Reformation in the several counties and districts from which delegates may be sent.

Secondly. To obtain the best statistical accounts that can be procured of the effects of intemperance in increasing the amount of crime, disease, and poverty in the several quarters.

Thirdly. To consider whether any and what new means may be taken, and what efforts made, for increasing the numbers and stimulating the zeal of the friends and advocates of Temperance everywhere.

Fourthly. To prepare and adopt addresses to the several Monarchs and Rulers of the various countries of the world, Legislators and Statesmen, Ecclesiastical Authorities, Magistrates, the Medical profession, and all Parents and Heads of Families, on the importance of discouraging intemperance throughout their several countries.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND MISSIONS.

It is stated that on an average every member of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts contributes annually \$2.93 to the cause of Domestic and Foreign Missions; a greater average than is paid by any other denomination.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1843.

We have already had occasion to publish our sentiments with respect to the Church of England—and it is only necessary for us now to say, that we do, and ever shall, highly venerate the Established Church of our Fatherland. From this fact arises the deep interest we have frequently expressed on account of the serious dangers to which, in our view, it has been for some time past exposed, from the anti-scriptural proceedings and conduct of some of its own ministers.

We, therefore, hail with pleasure, at all times, the expression of those sentiments, wherever we meet with them, which go to oppose those mischievous forms of error that have been raising their brazen fronts in opposition to the simplicity of the blessed Gospel, as manifested in the practice of every sincere Christian—and the more particularly so, when those sentiments emanate from eminent ministers of its own communion. We are persuaded that every lover of truth, as well as every sincere friend of this important section of the Christian Church, will respond to those our sentiments, and participate in the gratification afforded by that pious and liberal feeling manifested in such language as the following, used at a late meeting in London, by the Rev. Mr. STOVELL, an Episcopalian minister:—

“Evangelical truth is first, ecclesiastical order is second. If I must take only one of them, I say—Give me Evangelical truth, and exile me to some lone spot, where no bishop ever planted his foot, and no church-going bell ever gave forth its sweet sound; and where, though I want the gorgeous cathedral, and the witchery of music, and the solemnity of ceremony, I may worship the one God, through the one Mediator, and by the one Sanctifier, taught by the one Holy Word, the heavens for the roof of my temple, and the rock for my footstool—any thing rather than give up Evangelical truth. I am jealous for the rights of the laity. I am jealous of hierarchical despotism. While to archbishops and bishops we render all proper obedience, and will respect them as long as they own the supreme authority of their Saviour, yet if it were possible for any of them to be exalted into such an one as the Man of Sin, a brother of Antichrist, putting himself into the seat of Christ, coming between us and our one Redeemer, then I would say, ‘Perish our bishops, and perish the Church of England rather than this.’ Ignorant men fancy that our battle is only against Popery, in its bold and hideous development in Rome. No; it is against Popery in every form and modification; it is against the essence and spirit of the thing, not the mere external shape it may assume.”

We extract also the following portion of an admirable address delivered by the Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, one of Her Majesty's Private Chaplains, at a religious anniversary held in London in the month of May last. Mr. NOEL having described in glowing language, and in the spirit of Gospel benevolence having depicted the moral grandeur of the Missionary enterprise, thus gives his judgment concerning the proper labourers that should be employed in the great harvest-field:—

“If it be needful to believe in the Son of God, and rest on him for our everlasting happiness as fallen beings; if it be needful that the Word of God be read and deeply pondered by us; if a Christian education be needful for domestic happiness; if it be needful that good schools should

be well superintended; then it is needful that there should be some whose sublime office it is to spend their lives in thinking how they may promote the eternal welfare of their fellow-men.—But if the ministers of religion are necessary to these Societies, it is equally required that schoolmasters and Catechists, who are not ordained, should be their precursors and pioneers. At the same time, with reference to those who go forth, either as ministers to the larger settlements, or as catechists and schoolmasters for the smaller, they must be those who maintain the true principles of the Gospel of Christ. It would be inconsistent in principle on our part to send forth others; it would be useless too, for the grace of God will not accompany a doctrine which exalts forms, exalts the Church as an institution, exalts the ministers of the Church, but neglects that great and blessed Saviour, who is declared in his own word to be all in all. When we have gathered the alms of Christian men, given for this express purpose, that the Gospel of Christ shall be preached, we to us if we send forth men to preach a spurious Gospel, upon which no spiritual influence can ever be expected to descend. Yet we are told that if we decline to send such men forth we are guilty of being partizans, and creating a party in the Church. Yes, I do confess that we belong to a party, but it is without the meanness of a party spirit, in which no by-ends can be served, and which, from its very constitution, forbids all narrowness and selfishness. We belong to a party which, embracing pious men of all denominations of Christians, and extending to every nation where the faith of Christ is truly professed, is so wide as to be incapable of bigotry, because there is no selfish end upon which they can be made to coalesce. We belong to that party whose origin may be found in that building in Jerusalem, where first the Holy Spirit descended on the earliest followers of Christ; and which will be found existing still, notwithstanding all the obloquy and scorn thrown upon it, at the second advent of its Master and Lord. We belong to that party which has been found, and will be found, in every nation of the earth; that can count up its great men, but does not so much boast of them as it glories in those whom grace has made pre-eminently good. We belong to that party which, under the care and guidance of God, is indissolubly associated with all which is most for the welfare of the human race, and likely to bind mankind together, as one great brotherhood, of which Christ is the head.”

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—IRELAND.—At a meeting of the Cork Protestant Operative Association and Reformation Society, held on the 22d August last, the Rev. W. MARMON said that “he had recently perused ‘D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation;’ and he took shame to himself when he read of the burning zeal of Luther, and drew a contrast between him and professors of the present day. Why should they now shrink from supporting that religion, revealed to us in the Bible, and of which God is the Author. The more he read the Scriptures, the more he was convinced, that if they would erect the glorious fabric of the Church of Christ, and pull down every erection of error, it was by united prayer and exertion. The union of the higher and lower classes of Protestants was very desirable and necessary. The presence of the rich was a strengthener to the poor; while the operative, the well-read, well-tempered—not hot-headed—Protestant operatives, formed the great breakerwater between them and Romanism. Such meetings as the present, carried on in the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, without malice or ill-will, and attended and sanctioned by the presence of the rich, who approve of them, would soon rise up to a mighty mountain, so that Romanism would appear a thing of folly and insignificance.”

THE INQUISITION.—A writer in a late number of the *Dublin Warder*, alluding to the Edict of Ancona, (published in our last) throws additional light upon this most extraordinary and infamous movement. He says:—

“The decree issued against the Jews by the ‘Holy Inquisition,’ and which appeared in the newspapers this week, though it may appear incredible in a Christian country, is, I regret to say, too true. I resided in Rome for twelve months, and had many opportunities of witnessing the cruel persecutions of the Jews; for such is the barbarous despotism of the Papal government, that they usually employ the most degraded of the monks to carry on their work of infamy against those unoffending people; and often was I curious to enquire into the private characters of God’s chosen people, and no one could furnish me with any criminal acts by them whatever. The police, who should be good authorities on questions of morality, assured me that the Jews are the best behaved people in Rome. I frequently conversed with the Jews at Rome and Ancona, and really they have mentioned acts of oppression on the part of the ‘Holy Inquisition,’ which would even put to shame the worst slaveholder of the United States. Popery is an angel in Ireland compared to what she is in Rome; here she is on her good behaviour, like a sucking dove, all mildness; but only see her ‘at home,’ how rampant and intolerant she is.”

A great sensation has been created amongst the Hebrews in the city of London, by the promulgation of the edict of the Pope by the Inquisition of Ancona, which they consider tantamount to the banishment of their countrymen from the Papal states. Such a measure was totally unexpected by them in the present age in Europe, and the general exclamation, is that did the power exist, co-equal with the will, the same anathema would be issued against Protestants. The Jews continue to be the only merchants in the Papal states, so that it will, to a considerable extent, derange the channels of intercourse with Italy.”

THE THEATRE.—‘Where is the harm in going to the Theatre?’ is a question that is often asked by the individual who, in consequence of not yet having learned spiritual realities, and not feeling properly his accountability to his God, is led to think that because he imagines it affords a present gratification to him, it must be, at least, a very innocent amusement. But viewed by the Christian, it presents a very different aspect.—We extract the following remarks on this subject from an old writer—with the hope of inducing many to discountenance a practice which is wholly incompatible with a life of piety:—

“What is the general nature of stage entertainments in our day? Are they not exhibitions of *love intrigues*? And who can calculate the number of those whose virtue has been, and is destroyed by them? The *unsuspecting youth*, whose mind, hitherto, had been comparatively pure, in an hour of gaiety and thoughtlessness, and the passions of his carnal mind inflamed by the amorous looks, the indelicate gestures, and the filthy dialogues of the performers; so that in a little time every principle of virtue which had existed within him, is destroyed, and he is ready for the commission of every species of crime to which Satan may tempt him. But the evil is not confined to the destruction of youth. How many, who were joined in the holy estate of matrimony, by their attendance on such places, have forgot their marriage vows, and by not making a covenant with their eyes, have proved unfaithful, and have formed those unlawful connexions which have been followed with the ruin of all domestic comfort; such places being well adapted for *intrigue* and consequent *criminality*. The evil, however, extends to a yet greater length.—In numberless instances every principle of common honesty has been destroyed by an immoderate desire for such amusement. The apprentice has learned to rob his master—the shopman, his employer—and the children their parents—to procure admittance. They have this natural tendency—and this can be readily proved. Every lawful means, therefore, should be used to procure the abolition of such entertainments.”

TREMENDOUS TORNADO.

Extract of a letter just received from the Rev. Thomas Campbell, Wesleyan Minister, dated

LEEDS, 2d Oct., 1843.

“On the evening of the 11th ultimo, this part of the country was visited with a most tremendous tornado and great rain. For about half a mile through the Townships of Inverness and Ireland, and I know not how far beyond, dwelling houses, barns, stables, trees, &c., were swept before it—and the roads have been completely blocked up. But what is still more trying to us, our beautiful Chapel in the lower part of the Township of Ireland is level with the ground. I am happy to be able to add, that no lives have been lost.”

We have to apologise for the unavoidable delay in the publication of the present number.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The sixth letter of “An Humble Believer,” &c. is unavoidably postponed till our next.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE WORD IN SEASON.

(EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A MINISTER.)

—, July 25, 1838.

“Do you remember that when you were in H—, several years ago, you held my little girl upon your knee, and said you hoped she would not have a *prayerless mother*? You did not know how deep your words sunk in my heart—how fearfully they sounded. It was like the sudden plunging of a dagger. It was that horrid thing: I was a *prayerless mother*! Satisfied with the happiness I enjoyed, I forgot the source. I had forgotten *prayer*—forgotten God! You can conceive, then, the startling effect of your words—the host of recollections they awakened. Till memory cease, I shall never forget their force. I thought, ‘Must my child have a *prayerless mother*, when for me so many prayers had urged their way to heaven?’ I thought of times when I had knelt by the side of a fair fond being who had clasped my tiny hands, and taught me to pray—to love God. And should my child have no such guide? Should no prayer ascend for her? Oh, it was an awful thought! I saw the image of that sainted sister, who had been the guardian of my childhood, mournfully reproaching me. Tears were in her gentle eyes: she wept for my child and me. I tried to pray. The effort was in vain. I could only clasp my babe, with unutterable yearnings, that it might be better than its mother.

“There was a constant struggle in my breast. Should I, could I, give up the world? I thought much on the subject of religion, but I could not bring my mind to love God—to desire Christ above all things. Why? I did not pray!—That sufficiently accounts for my indecision. At length I was cast on a bed of sickness. I thought it was the bed of death. There God manifested himself as my friend. He promised to take care of my children. I feared not to leave them with him. A tide of love and peace rushed in upon my heart.

“My joy has remained: my love to God does not waver; and my children will no more, I trust, have a *PRAYERLESS MOTHER*.”

ON EDUCATION.

In a work of education, the first thing to be done is to form habits of submission and obedience. A family does not materially differ from a ship in this respect. If the commanding officer of a ship says, Do, and it is not done, he may as well quit the quarter deck, and leave the vessel to the winds and waves. In the same manner, if it lies with the child to obey or disobey, as he pleases, the business of education must go to wreck; for it cannot stand still. Locke mentions the case of a lady of some rank, who whipped her daughter, just returned from her nurse, eight times, in order to make her do one bidding; and he says she did right. Of that there can be no doubt. The command being given, and not obeyed, there was no other course.

But it remains to be considered, whether that lady would not have acted more wisely, if she had let alone the command till she and her daughter were better acquainted. Whipping, if properly administered, will always procure obedience; but it is not that cordial habit of obedience which is of the most value to a parent. In order to generate such a feeling and such a habit, there is another way which answers much better.

Before you think of bidding a child do any thing, make it *submit*, whenever it is expedient and reasonable that it should. It may cost you much trouble to make a child walk out of the room or of the house, but you can very easily lift him out. It is not easy sometimes to make him put off his clothes and go to bed; but you can always take them off, and put him to bed.—You cannot make him eat his porridge, if he is not disposed; but you may tell him he has had enough—that he shall have no more. All you have to attend to here is, never to express your purpose till you are determined to see it executed; never to say it shall be done till you are just about to do it. In this way habits of submission are formed, and the child never discovers nor suspects that your will can be resisted.

Dress.—There is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness, as when she leaves her bedroom and sits down to breakfast. At any other moment *vanity* stimulates her efforts at the toilet, for she expects to be seen—but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, for the very sake of pleasing her husband. A woman should never appear untidily or badly dressed in the presence of her husband. While he was her lover, what a sad piece of business if he caught her dressed to disadvantage! “Oh dear! there he is, and my hair all in papers; and this frightful, unbecoming cap! I had no idea he would have been here so early—let me off to my toilet!” But now he is your husband—“Dear me, what consequence is it?—my object is gained. My efforts to win him, my little manoeuvres to captivate have been successful; and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life in endeavoring to please her husband!” I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman, yet when she sat to breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness and attention to the niceness of her appearance, made her quiet an agreeable object. Her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than at a pretty woman dressed in a slovenly, untidy manner. For believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps is he conscious of the cause,) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.—*Mrs. Ellis*.

“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 towards her, which struck her a cruel 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. Mrs.*

Though Fortune frowns, and the dealings of Providence seem mysterious, Hope whispers there is a brighter day, and prosperity will succeed adversity.

his throne of glory, while adoring cherubim and seraphim bow in reverential awe before that throne; and at his feet, nearest his throne, and nearest to his heart, his own dear people shall cast their blood-bought crown, and cry with a loud voice, saying: "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honour, and glory, and blessing, and praise, and power, for ever and ever; Halleluia! Amen!"—*Hugh White.*

"THEY DRANK OF THE ROCK."—This is not a transient supply. The stream from Horébat in the wilderness constantly. Neither a burning sun nor a thirsty soil could dry it up, nor distance nor time lessen it. During eight and thirty years it followed Israel in all their wanderings. At Kadesh, indeed, it failed; why, we know not.—But the miracle was again renewed, and the people still "drank of the rock that followed them," till they entered Canaan. Thus constant in its communication is the grace of Christ. It is lasting as it is abundant. It took its rise in the eternal ages that are gone; it entered the world as soon as sin had made a way for it; it has ever since been flowing on like a mighty river, widening and deepening as it goes, and it will flow on as long as there is a mourner to be comforted, or a sinner to be cleansed. No drought can exhaust, nor cold arrest it. In eternity the stream of grace shall not be lost; it will be seen in heaven a pure river of life, "making glad the city of our God," a sea of salvation, an ocean of blessedness.—*Bradley.*

THE TRAVELLER.

MOUNT SINAI.

The following is extracted from a letter written by President Durbin to Bishop Waugh, and dated Summit of Mount Sinai, 4 o'clock Sabbath afternoon, February, 5, 1843:—

"I have stood upon the Alps, in the middle of July, and looked around upon the snowy empire; I have stood upon the Appenines, and looked abroad upon the plains of beautiful, eventful Italy; I have stood upon the Albanian mount, and beheld the scene of the *Aeneid* from the Circæan promontory, over the Campagna; to the eternal city and mountains of Tivoli; I have sat down upon the pyramids of Egypt, and cast my eyes over the sacred city of Heliopolis, the land of Goshen, the fields of Jewish bondage, and the ancient Memphis, where Moes and Aaron, on the part of God and his people, contended with Pharaoh and his servants, the death of whose first born of man and beast in one night, filled the land with wailing; but I have never set my feet on any spot from whence was visible so much stern, gloomy grandeur, heightened by the silence and solitude that reigned around; but infinitely more heightened by the awful and sacred associations of the first great revelation in form from God to man. I feel oppressed with the spirit that breathes around me, and seems to inhabit this holy place. I shall never sit down upon the summit of Sinai again, and look upon the silent and empty plains at its feet; but I shall go down a better man, and aim so to live as to escape the terrible thunders at the last day, which once reverberated through these mountains, but have long since given way to the gospel of peace. I can scarcely tear myself away from the hallowed summit, and I wish I too could linger here forty days in converse with the Lord."

SINGULAR ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.—An English traveller through the Alps of Savoy, whose work is recently published, thus describes certain remarkable sounds caused by electricity.

The atmosphere was very turbid, the ground was covered with half melted snow, and some hail began to fall. We were, perhaps, 1,500 feet below the Col, or still about 2,000 above the sea, when I noticed a curious sound, which seemed to proceed from the Alpine pole with which I was walking. I asked the guide next me whether he heard it, and what he thought it was. The members of that fraternity are very hard pushed, indeed, when they have not an answer ready for any emergency. He therefore replied with great coolness, that the rustling of the stick no doubt proceeded from a worm eating the wood in the interior! This answer did not appear to me to

be satisfactory, and I therefore applied the experimentum crucis of reversing the stick, so that the point was now uppermost. The worm was already at the other end; I next held my hand above my head, and my fingers yielded a fizzing sound. There could be but one explanation; we were so near a thunder cloud as to be highly electrified by induction. I soon perceived that all the angular stones were hissing round us, like points near a powerful electrical machine. I told my companions of our situation, and begged Dumatter to lower his umbrella, which he had now resumed, and hoisted against the hail shower, and whose gay brass point was likely to become the paratonnerre of the party. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a clap of thunder, accompanied by lightning, justified my precaution.

EFFECTS OF PERPETUAL DAY.—Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses as the change of alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued day-light, to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the arctic circle. Where the ground is but little trodden, even trifles are interesting; and I do not, therefore, hesitate to describe the feelings with which we regarded this change. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable, and the advantage of constant daylight in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alterations above alluded to; but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprive us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gliding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish.—What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome, and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost with clock-work regularity, and retired to our cabins at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required. At first sight it will no doubt appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a thinking mind, that we cannot over-rate the blessing we derive from the wholesome alternation of labour and rest, which is, in a manner, forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible, by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time, the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.—*Captain Beechey's Narrative.*

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCE OF CANADA.

OPENING OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

Our limits will not admit of our inserting the speech delivered by His Excellency Sir Charles T. Metcalfe on the opening of the third session of the First Parliament of the Province of Canada; but we gladly avail ourselves of the remarks of the *Montreal Transcript*, which we fully agree with:—

"His Excellency's speech on the opening of Parliament is, to our minds, a manly, sensible, straightforward document—written without any attempt at effect, and embodying all that it was important that a speech of this nature should embody. That which particularly distinguishes it, in its practical character, and its freedom from everything like political charlatanism. The subjects which are referred to are the most important that could be introduced. The enumeration of the laws which are to be laid before the Legislature [viz. the improvement of the system of Judicature in Lower Canada, of the Municipal Institutions, the laws relating to Education, and the Jury System of both divisions of the United Province, and

of the Assessment laws in Upper Canada,] will satisfy the country that the session is not intended to be spent in useless cabal; but that good results may be looked for from its labours. The allusion to the Eastern Townships is calculated to give the highest satisfaction to that part of the country, since it is an admission that the complaints those townships have long urged are not ill-founded, and it leads to the rational hope that some remedy will be attempted.

The remarks which are made in respect to the present state of our prisons, and of the necessity which exists for the establishment of a Lunatic Asylum, are also important. It is, in fact, in respect to what are sometimes considered minor matters, that the country requires relief. For years and years public attention has been called to the state of the prisons, and yet little or nothing has been done to make them better. The reference, therefore, which is made to this subject by Sir Charles Metcalfe, will give general satisfaction.

It has been observed that no allusion has been made in the speech to the several important questions about which a great deal of interest is felt at the present moment. Three, in particular, are mentioned—Registration, Feudal Tenure, and the Seat of Government. We are not disposed, however, to cavil at this, and we would much rather that Sir Charles Metcalfe should honestly tell us what we are to expect, than that we should be cheated into a belief on matters which are not so near at hand. In respect to the Registration Ordinance, however, we still insist that no further delay ought to take place. That measure is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the country, and every interest will suffer so long as it is withheld.

As to the Seat of Government, we think Sir Charles Metcalfe acted wisely in making no allusion to it. Already the question is one which threatens to occasion the most serious uneasiness to the country, and to be a thorn in the side of the Government. His Excellency has, therefore, acted with his accustomed good sense in leaving it to the action of the Legislature, whose decision must be binding on all parties.

In conclusion, we can but echo the prayer of His Excellency, that Parliament will set to work in good earnest, and that the numerous and important questions which will come before it, will be the great end and sole object of its labours."

LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

The following is the substance of the most important news brought out by the last arrival: which we have condensed from contemporary journals:—

Parliament was prorogued on the 24th August, by Her Majesty in person. The most important items in the speech are: the riots in Wales, the Scotch Church bill, and the Irish Repeal agitation. All attempts to carry the latter measure must now be regarded as futile, if we may judge from Her Majesty's speech, in which she declares her "firm determination to maintain inviolate that great bond of connection between the two countries."

The Queen and Prince Albert had visited the chateau of the King of the French, at Eu in Normandy; they were received by the Royal Family of France with marked distinction, and entertained with great splendour. May we not hope that this well-timed visit of our beloved Sovereign may tend to prevent a collision between those two distinguished nations, and to perpetuate peace and harmony between them.

Louis Philippe and his family had a providential escape from being dashed to pieces while taking an airing in the vicinity of Eu. While crossing a bridge three of the horses were frightened by a discharge of artillery; and had not the traces of the fourth horse been cut in time, the whole must have inevitably perished.

Espartero, the ex-regent of Spain, had arrived in London, and was presented to Her Majesty.

In Ireland the Repeal agitation increases; the rent for the week amounted to £1,380. The Royal Association have published their plan for the restoration of the Irish Parliament; it proposes in strong language to uphold upon the throne of Ireland her Majesty Queen Victoria; to preserve the Irish House of Lords as it existed before 1800; to insist on the res-

toration of the Irish House of Commons, the members to be elected on the principle of "household suffrage" and vote by ballot; the connection between Great Britain and Ireland under one crown to be perpetual and inviolate; and this plan to be carried out by strict constitutional principles. No action had taken place on it.

Spain remains in a troubled state.

In Turkey disaffection prevails, in consequence of the Sultan.

The plague had broken out at Constantinople.

Letters from Italy state that serious disturbances had taken place at Bologna, which are attributable to French Demagogues, who were arrested.

The harvest, both in England and on the Continent, promised to be abundant.

DIED.—In this city, on the 4th instant, Isabella Jane, infant daughter of Mr. Wm. Dolan, aged three weeks.

At Washington, on the 11th ult., after a lingering illness, Mr. J. N. Nicolle, the eminent mathematician and astronomer. Mr. Nicolle was a native of Savoy and a citizen of France, but had passed the last ten years of his life in America, engaged in important researches, chiefly under the auspices, and in the employment of the Government of the United States.

At Halifax, on the 9th ult., the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, long known as one of the prominent leading minds that have given Nova Scotia some claim to literary distinctions,—aged 67.

Suddenly, at St. Andrews, N.B., on the 30th August, Colin Campbell, Esq., in the 60th year of his age.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW SERIES OF THE

CHRISTIAN MIRROR:
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IN proportion as the influence of the Religion of Christ prevails—just in the same ratio will enlightened and liberal views prevail.—Men will forget the minor shades of difference in their theological notions, and, with common consent, rally round those great truths, and fundamental principles, which all Evangelical Churches believe to be essential to salvation.

We are fully satisfied, that every disciple of Christ, to whatever section of the Christian Church he may belong, has quite enough to do in combating with his enemies, "the world, the flesh, and the devil," without disputing, or in any wise interfering, with his fellow pilgrims on their way to the promised rest.

Believing these views to be scripturally correct, and with an ardent desire to be made instrumental, in some small degree, in promoting love and harmony between Christians of different names,—the conductor of the Christian Mirror commenced its publication—under a conviction that such a religious periodical was a desideratum in Canada: a publication in which the most fastidious Christian should find nothing to interfere, in the most remote manner, with his peculiar predilections, (having no official connection with any religious body) but much that might contribute to his edification and instruction. The fact that the Mirror is now patronized by nearly all denominations of Christians in this Province, is to the publisher a gratifying proof that he was not mistaken. The Christian Mirror has been published for upwards of two years; and it is pleasing to be able to say, that it now enjoys so large a share of patronage, as to induce the Proprietor, at the earnest solicitation of a large number of the subscribers and friends, to issue the present Prospectus—intending, should a sufficient number of names be obtained, to publish it WEEKLY, at the close of the present quarter, (say November next.)

For the information of such as may not be acquainted with the character of the Mirror, it has been thought proper to publish the following synopsis:—

Conceiving that Missionary efforts are among the most important and interesting movements of modern Christianity, a large space is devoted to the advocacy of Christian Missions, and the publication of the latest Missionary Intelligence. It may here be remarked, that an additional supply of Missionary and other religious Periodicals is about to be ordered.

A portion of the paper is also devoted to the interests of the great Temperance Cause—which has been so signally blessed to thousands of our fellow-men.

In its management, the discussion of all party politics is most sedulously avoided; while in its pages will always be found a summary of the latest secular News, state of the Markets, &c.

The Mirror also comprises:—

Extracts from Modern Travels, especially those which tend to throw light on Biblical History and Biblical Records.

Religious Literature, being extracts from the most popular writers on Divinity, that is, such as interfere not with the neutral principles of the paper.

Moral Tales, Anecdotes, and Short Articles for Youth.

In consequence of the increasing circulation of the Mirror, it is strongly recommended to the commercial community as a good advertising medium.

Agents and friends generally are respectfully requested to procure new subscribers, to meet the additional outlay consequent upon a weekly issue.

Subscriptions thankfully received by the undersigned publisher.

J. E. L. MILLER,
158, Notre Dame Street.

N.B.—Editors of Periodicals will confer a favour, (which will be reciprocated if desired) by giving the above a few insertions.

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THE SUBSCRIBER, grateful for that liberal share of patronage which he has received from his friends and the public, since his commencement in business, respectfully informs them, that he has REMOVED his BINDERY to the Nuns' New Buildings, Notre Dame Street, over the Bookstore of Mr. C. P. Leprohon—where he confidently anticipates a continuance of that favour, which it shall be his constant study to merit.

R. MILLER.

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The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 15s. 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.

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