

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### A CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Friend, farewell! though on the morrow  
Ours is not the joy of sight,  
Parting is a passing sorrow—  
We shall quickly re-unite.

Though a mutual joyful greeting  
We on earth may never know,  
And another happy meeting  
Be not given to us below;

Neither time nor space can sever  
Those who are in Jesus joined—  
They are one and one for ever,  
One in heart and one in mind.

Rolling waters may divide us  
Till we reach our native shore;  
But it will not be denied us  
There to meet and part no more.

Go, then—May his love befriend thee,  
May his wisdom guide thy way;  
May his mighty arm defend thee  
Through life's stormy, doubtful day.

In each scene of tribulation  
May his voice thy spirit cheer;  
May the God of thy salvation  
Still in thy behalf appear.

And when angel-bands descending  
Bid thy earthly warfare cease,  
May the Lord himself attending  
Close thine eyes and whisper peace.

May his presence and his blessing  
Sweetly tranquilize thy breast,  
Till the crown of life possessing  
Thou shalt enter into rest.

Farewell, then, though here a stranger  
Thou wilt not depart alone—  
Christ is near in every danger  
To protect and save his own.

We shall soon account the story,  
Love's redeeming wonders tell;  
We shall soon awake in glory,  
Christian friend, till then farewell.

### REDEMPTION.

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies  
Proclaims redemption near;  
The night of death and bondage flies,  
The dawning tints appear.

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,  
Awakes to glorious day;  
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,  
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,  
The heralds cross the main;  
On Calvary's awful brow they tell,  
That Jesus lives again.

From Salem's towers, the Islam sign,  
With holy zeal is hurled;  
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine,  
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news, conveyed afar,  
Remotest nations hear;  
To welcome Judah's rising star,  
The ransomed tribes appear.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,  
The choral breaks again;  
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,  
"Good-will and peace to men!"

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

### THE CHRISTIAN IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

EVERY Christian is placed amid domestic scenes and circles of friendship that will bring out his character. You have a child unrenewed. That child will soon stand at the bar of God. Nay, that child shall tread the deep profound of the eternal world, and live forever. Need we put to a Christian parent, to excite his interest, the question whether that child shall live for ever in heaven or hell? There is a feeling in a Christian bosom that anticipates this question, and there is much in the situation of that child to bring the Christian out and develop his character. You have a parent who has watched over your infancy, and been always kind; but that parent is not a Christian. Can there be any thing among mortal men so fitted to call forth deep feeling in the youthful Christian bosom as the sight of the parent's venerable locks, and the feeling that that parent is going unrenewed before the bar of God? You are a brother, or a sister, or a friend. The leaden, slow-moving ages of eternity are before your unconverted friends; and what in all the universe is better fitted than this to call forth all the Christian within you to humble and holy effort to save those friends from the deep shades of eternal night?—*Albert Barnes.*

### THE CONSCIENTIOUS YOUNG MAN.

HE bends not to the watch-word of fashion, if it leads to sin. The atheist who says not only with his heart but with his lips, "there is no God," controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God and reverences it—of a preserving God and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond and guided by loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amidst the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity!

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to raise the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that poor drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearfully easy to sin, it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then—let thy chivalry be aroused against error, let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP may certainly exist in all its strength and in great purity; in minds upon which Religion has not made a due impression. But though this may be, and I doubt not is often the case—though there may be the greatest devotedness, with unity of heart and sympathy of affection—yet Friendship without Religion, is at best a cold and melancholy object. Religion, while it

encourages the greatest purity of sentiment and delicacy of affection, involves no fearful anticipation as to futurity, but extends to eternity itself, and throws over it a shade of bliss and security. It both enlarges and refines the means of friendship; the objects of its contemplation are the noblest and most exalted which can engage the human faculties, or call forth the transports of kindred minds. Its charity enjoins benevolence to all mankind, and its love resembles *His*, who went about continually doing good. Its friendship is that of two beings who while they are knit together by the ties of earthly affection, rejoice chiefly in this, that they each can perceive the infinite goodness of their Maker, and glory in that Divine love, which wrought out the redemption of man. A friendship like this scarcely admits of interruption or separation. No doubt nature must decay, and the grim tyrant must perform his last sad office; but he can only reach the body—as to the spirit, every thing remains to comfort and to cheer.—*Hulifax Guardian.*

THE FAITHFUL PREACHING OF THE PURE GOSPEL will ever be its own certificate; while all other credentials without it, must go for nothing, "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Let a man be loaded with all the honours of all the Universities that ever existed; let him come forth with the highest possible recommendations of his church; give him all the advantages and ornaments that can be supposed to belong to the mere privilege of ordination, whether Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Papal; if, after all, he shall preach another Gospel, which is not another; the sheep may be so far deceived by his "tough garment," or his "soft raiment," or his "long clothing," as to give him a hearing; "but the stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." On the other hand, let the unaccredited itinerant, let even the infamous persecutor, without conferring with flesh and blood, now preach the faith which he once destroyed; the Church will glorify God in him, and they who seem to be pillars, perceiving the grace that is given to him, will be constrained at last to give him the right hand of fellowship.—*Greville Ewing.*

### THE DUTY AND PLEASURE OF WOMAN.

GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, and armies led, and empires governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity the frail, and as yet spotless creature whose moral, no less than his physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments, which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilised shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind. Such is her vocation—the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of a rejected Saviour; these are the scenes of woman's excellence, these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny—to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected; amid the usefulness of myriads to remember—amid the multitude of multitudes to bless; when monarchs are angry, when counsellors betray, when justice is perverted, when brethren and disciples fly to remember the weak and unchanged; and to exhibit, on the world, a type of that love—pure, constant, and self-sacrificable—which in another world, we are to receive the best reward of virtue.—*Blackburne's Magazine.*

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

## ORIGINAL ESSAY,

BY A MEMBER OF THE MONTREAL CHRISTIAN  
MUTUAL-IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

## THE EARTH.

(CONCLUDED.)

PROCEEDING ON those grounds, we find our globe curiously and splendidly finished; admirably adapted for the purpose intended; provided with everything suited for a temporary habitation, and great wisdom and benevolence pervading its whole construction; and hence we conclude, that some one must have created it, and that its Creator is benevolent and wise.

1st. We find it endowed with an atmosphere, capable of supporting the animal and vegetable life that exists upon it. We find the equilibrium of this atmosphere preserved by a curious mechanism. We have discovered that, without it, we could not exist for an hour; that, without its pressure, the elastic matter contained within our bodies would tear our bodies into a thousand fragments; that its component parts enter into the composition of all animal and vegetable matter; that, without it, we would be exposed to the unmodified power of the sun's rays, which would materially injure our eyes—nay, render them almost entirely useless; that, without it, we would be plunged from the brightest sunshine into worse than Tartarian darkness, and be denied the pleasures of twilight; that, without it, we would want the fertilizing agency of rain, dew, and snow—which would cause the total loss of all our rivers, and consequently destroy vegetable, and eventually animal, life; that, without it, we would lose the pleasures of conversation and music.

2d. The ground, on which we tread, and which appears so firm and enduring, is a thin crust, (comparatively about the thickness of an egg-shell,) covering an immense fluid mass. We have discovered that it has undergone convulsions and ablations; that mountain, now towering upwards towards the sky, were formerly at the bottom of the ocean; that these convulsions and disruptions have bestowed on us the pleasing variations of mountains and valley, hill and dale, and have brought up to the surface of the earth, and placed in our possession, minerals and powers, which tend materially to elevate mankind physically above the brutes, and to impart to civilized man a transcendent superiority over his uncivilized brother. By such convulsions we obtain the iron, which is now indispensable to our race, and the coal, by which we are enabled to plough the stormy deep independent of the aid of the wind; by which means the sea is made a great highway; the different nations of the earth are being formed into one great family; and the Bible and its incalculable advantages diffused over all parts of the earth.

The vegetable soil, which covers so large a portion of the surface of our globe, is chiefly formed by the decomposition of rocks, and retains the moisture which nourishes the growth of those plants and trees, which not only furnish us with pleasure in surveying their varied tints and inhaling their delightful odours, but which also supply us with the means of continuing our very existence as animated beings. What a blank would the earth be, if we saw nothing but a dreary waste extending as far as the eye could reach; if no pleasant fields met our gaze, and if no beautiful foliage delighted our vision; if no flowers with variegated tints regaled our senses. But, happily, the case is otherwise, because a Creator

“hath made the earth by his power,” and “hath established the world by his wisdom;” so that every plant may be said to exclaim, Behold the wisdom of Him who hath produced me! See! how benevolently and wisely He hath provided for my existence and my wants. Examine me narrowly, O man! Look around you. Investigate the natural mechanism and wonders lying around you, and you cannot but find innumerable proofs that “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.”

How ingenious is the mechanism by which plants obtain their food! How wonderfully are our bodies made! What great design is exhibited in every muscle! What mechanism in every bone! How strongly our brain is enclosed in its bony case, and how skilfully that case is supported on the neck, so as to give it the power of turning round and bending! What firmness and elasticity are united in our spine! How infinite is that wisdom which can modify the hands and feet of man into members, which are peculiarly adapted in other animals to their different constitution and mode of living; which converts the hands of man into the hoofs of the horse, the wings of the eagle, the fins of the whale, and the claws of the tiger!

The Ocean is another leaf from Nature's book, and which exhibits distinctly and clearly that there is One “who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind;” and who covereth the earth “with the deep as with a garment.” The ocean is agitated, and thus preserved in a pure and healthy state, by means of tides; and its usefulness is great. It serves to connect nation with nation, and continent with continent. It is the ready-made commercial highway of the world. Its waters teem with animals, which afford healthy and plenteous food to man. It assists in equalizing the temperature of the land which is surrounded by it, or which is situated on its shores; and some of its waters are evaporated by the powerful rays of the sun, ascend in the form of clouds, and form the moisture which afterwards descends to irrigate the soil.

Water is indispensable to man; without it he could not exist many hours. It forms a part of all his meals; it is of great use in furnishing him with clothing, and preserving the cleanliness of his person, and it attends him from his morning ablutions until the completion of his last meal; and it is even being evaporated from his body during the period of his nocturnal repose.

Fishes are wonderfully and curiously formed; and their structure is so modified as to adapt their form to, and enable them to live in, the element assigned them. The feet of animals are in their case converted into powerful fins, to enable them to move rapidly through the water; and they are also provided with a powerful finny tail, to enable them to direct their course, and scull themselves with speed; and with an air-bladder, to give them the power of elevating or depressing themselves in the water. The refracting power of their eyes is less than that of animals. Being surrounded with water, they are furnished with gills to enable them to breathe in that element; and they have no glands to lubricate their food, and their teeth are more adapted to seize than to masticate it. Their intestine is short and simple, as they live almost entirely on animal substances; and their organ of hearing is confined within the skin, (with the exception of one species,) and that sense is consequently not so keen as that of animals. Here we behold a modification

of parts, and an adaptation of structure, to suit an alteration of circumstances, which could not have been produced by accidental means, but which everywhere displays the presence and working of a Designer “supreme in wisdom as in power.”

Was it chance that amalgamated the two deadly gases which compose the atmosphere in such exact proportions as to render them the supporters instead of the destroyers of life? Was it mere chance that so wisely and admirably formed all animals to live in different climates and elements; or was it not rather a beneficent Creator who clothed one animal with wool, and another with fur, to resist the biting blasts of winter; who furnished birds with a prow-like breast, powerful wings, and a tail for a rudder, that they might soar aloft among the clouds; who filled their hollow bones with air; and, by several ingenious contrivances, enabled them to float through the azure sky?

These are not a thousandth part of the examples of wisdom, beneficence, and foresight displayed above, below, and around us. Ascend into the aerial regions, and you behold these attributes exhibited in the creations of, and consequently forming characteristics which belong to, the Creator. Descend into the bowels of the earth, and you will find these attributes written on the rocks and wrecks of bygone ages lying around you.—Look on every side—examine deeply—investigate closely—and you will see your own ignorance, and be led to “gaze, to wonder, and adore.”

That the earth is the temporary abode of man, is evident from the numerous and rapid changes which are continually occurring in every part of it. Scarcely has spring been ushered in with the songs of the feathered tribes, and assumed its green covering, when summer appears, and quickly vanishes away, to make way for autumn, distinguished by its sear and yellow features; and this is almost immediately replaced by dreary winter with its snow-clad hills and valleys. Scarcely has man reached manhood when his strength begins to fail, and he descends the hill of life, and perishes like a tale that it told. Generation succeeds generation—family succeeds family—and kingdom succeeds kingdom with marked rapidity. Nothing but change is to be seen in all quarters. Ought not we also, therefore, be prepared for such changes when we see them occurring so frequently? Can we expect that our condition will remain unaltered, when we behold all men and things yielding to time?

Happily, Science “no longer struts about on stilts,”\* but submissively acknowledges the sway of that religion which exalts man to such a high degree of moral and intellectual excellence. By such submission, science has achieved its noblest triumphs—the ocean has been subdued under man's dominion—the earth hath been ransacked, and the remains of wonderful animals and plants, and additional proofs of the vast and comprehensive wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty, have been brought to light—the mechanism of the heavens has been laid bare—millions of new worlds have been discovered—and a part of the riches of Divine power has thus been unfolded. The animal and vegetable kingdoms have been investigated, and there also have been traced the marks of Divine presence and superintendence—and even the depths of the ocean have not escaped the observation of the Christian professor of science; for even there it has been discovered that fishes have undergone variations of structure, to adapt them to their

\* Rev. Mr. Cooney.

peculiar mode of life, and to the singular element which they inhabit. Thus we are so delighted and enraptured at the discovery of so many proofs of Divine wisdom, goodness, and benevolence, that we feel constrained to exclaim, like the Psalmist of old, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches."

J... G...

Montreal, 10th January, 1844.

#### DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

IN early life David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet, in the eyes of wise men, industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to bodily health and mental vigour. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep more than forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who by their previous occupation had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

#### FORGIVENESS.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

LIFE is not a fairy dream, in which all the fairest and most beautiful of earth's blessings are strewn with lavish hand to bless and soothe us with their magic sweetness—but a stern reality, where we meet with frowns as well as smiles; where clouds, and storms, and tempests, succeed to the placid breeze and soft serenity of the blue ethereal skies. Friends may meet us with a glad smile, yet part with angry frowns; the words spoken in jest and intended as but the pleasing remark of a light, perhaps volatile heart, may cause offence, and end in coldness and displeasure; and thus on through life's mazy ways we go with naught to cheer or soothe us but one bright thought—that forgiveness may follow in the path of error—that the kind heart of one who was a friend will not be estranged, because of an unintentional error, committed in a thoughtless and unguarded moment, but remembering "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and in that spirit, which is a mark of true nobleness, extend the proffered hand, and speak from the eyes more effectually than words can speak, the language which their hearts feel: that all is forgotten and forgiven.

In contemplating the heavens when the great luminary of light has hid his face beyond the western hills and clothed all nature in a mantle of darkness, one star will attract and rivet our attention by its superior brilliancy—in casting our eyes over a ridge of mountains, some peak, towering its head above the rest, will call forth the expression of more than usual admiration; so will that person who, to the usual accomplishments of life, adds the rich treasure of a forgiving heart. We are all more or less prone to com-

mit errors here, and as life's fleeting hours pass by, we do many things to offend those for whom we have the highest friendship, yet in the cultivation of this bright quality, these offences may be robbed of their bitter sting; and around that path, which, but for this, might have been filled with wretchedness and affliction, may be thrown the richest garlands of peace and happiness.

#### THE TRAVELLER.

##### BURNING PRAIRIES.

THE prairies burning form some of the most beautiful scenes that are to be witnessed in this country, and also some of the most sublime.—Every acre of those vast prairies (being covered for hundreds and hundreds of miles, with a crop of grass, which dies and dries in the fall) burns over during the fall, or early in the spring, leaving the ground of a black and doleful colour.—There are many modes by which the fire is communicated to them, both by white men and by Indians—*par accident*; and yet many more where it is voluntarily done for the purpose of getting a fresh supply of grass, for the grazing of their horses, and also for easier travelling during the next summer, when there will be no old grass to lie upon the prairies, entangling the feet of man and horse as they are passing over them. Over the elevated lands and prairie bluff, where the grass is thin and short, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, which one can easily step over; where the wild animals often rest in their lairs, until the flames almost burn their noses, when they will reluctantly rise, and leap over it, and trot off amongst the cinders, where the fire has passed, and left the ground as black as jet. These scenes at night become in describably beautiful, when their flames are seen at many miles distance, creeping over the sides and the tops of the bluffs, appearing to be sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire (the hills being lost to the view) hung suspended in graceful festoons from the skies.

But there is yet another character of burning prairies that requires another letter, and a different pen to describe—the war or hell of fires! where the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together, on the Missouri bottoms: and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes, which often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded country. There are many of these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with a waving grass, so high, that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups, in order to look over its waving tops as we are riding through it. The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate; and often destroys, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians, who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it; not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild pen vines and other impediments, which renders it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zig zag paths of the deer and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire—alarming the horse, which stops, and stands terrified and unmoveable, till the burning grass, which is wafted in the wind, falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires, which are instantly wrapt in the swelling flood of smoke that is moving on like a black thunder cloud, rolling on the earth, with its lightning's glare, and its thunder rumbling as it goes.

"Well, then, you say you have seen the prairies on fire?" "Yes." "You have seen the fire on the mountain, and beheld it feebly creeping over the grassy hills of the North, where the toad and the timid snail were pacing from its approach—all this you have seen, and who has not? But who has seen the vivid lightnings, and heard the roaring thunder of the rolling conflagration which sweeps over the deep-clad prairies of the West? Who has dashed, on his wild horse, through an ocean of grass, with the raging tempest at his back, rolling over the land its waves of liquid fire?" "What!" "Aye, even so. Ask the red savage of the wilds what is awful and sublime—ask him where the Great Spirit has mixed up all elements of death, and if he does not blow them over the land in a storm of

fire? Ask him what foe he has met, that regarded not his frightening yells, or his sinewy bow? Ask these lords of the land, who vauntingly challenge the thunder and lightning of Heaven—whether there is not one foe that travels over their land, too swift for their feet and too mighty for their strength—at whose approach their stout hearts sicken, and their strong-armed courage withers to nothing? Ask him again (if he is sullen, and his eyes set in their sockets)—"Hush!—ah!—sh!"—(he will tell you, with a soul too proud to confess—his head sunk on his breast, and his hand over his mouth)—that's medicine!"

I said to my comrades, as we were about to descend from the towering bluffs into the prairie—"We will take that buffalo trail, where the travelling herds have slashed down the high grass, and making for that blue point, rising as you can just discern above the ocean grass; a good day's work will bring us over this vast meadow before sunset. We entered the trail, and slowly progressed on our way, being obliged to follow the winding paths of the buffaloes, for the grass was higher than the backs of our horses. Soon after we entered, my Indian guide dismounted slowly from his horse, and lying prostrate on the ground, with his face in the dirt, he cried, and was talking to the spirits of the brave—"For," said he, "over this beautiful plain dwells the Spirit of Fire! he rides in yonder cloud—his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs—the fire-bow is in his hand—he draws it across the path of the Indian, and, quicker than lightning, a thousand flames rise to destroy him; such is the talk of my fathers, and the ground is whitened with their bones. It was here," said he, "that the brave son of Wah-chee-ton, and the strong armed warriors of his band, just twelve moons since, licked the fire from the blazing wand of that great magician. Their pointed spears were drawn upon the backs of the treacherous Sioux, whose swifter-flying horses led them, in vain, to the midst of this valley of death. A circular cloud sprang up from the prairie around them! it was raised, and their doom was fixed by the Spirit of Fire! It was on this vast plain of fire-grass that waves over our heads, that the swift foot of Mah-to-ga was laid. It is here, also, that the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man; and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface. Friends! it is the season of fire; and I fear, from the smell of the wind, that the Spirit is awake."

Pah-me-o-ne-qua said no more, but mounting his wild horse, and waving his hand, his red shoulders were seen rapidly vanishing as he glided through the thick mazes of waving grass. We were on his trail, and busily traced him until mid-day sun had brought us to the ground, with our refreshments spread out before us. He partook of them not, but stood like a statue, while his black eyes, in sullen silence, swept the horizon round; and then, with a deep-drawn sigh, he gracefully sunk to the earth, and laid his face to the ground. Our buffalo tongues and pemican, and marrow-fat, were spread behind us, and we were in the full enjoyment of these dainties of the Western world, when quicker than the frightened elk, our Indian friend sprang upon his feet. His eyes skimmed again slowly over the prairie's surface, and he laid himself as before on the ground.

Red thunder was on his feet!—his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets! "White men, (said he) see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie? He rises! The boots of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake—this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way!" No more—but his swift horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse, occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank back again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him.—Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard, yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted! The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow advancing over

the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the wind increased—the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and swift winged beetle and healthens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare who leaves but a shadow as he flies! Here was no time for thought—but I recollect the heavens were overcast—the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul.

The piercing yell of my savage guide, at this moment, came back upon the winds—his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff!

Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from the sea of fire!—"Great God!" I exclaimed, "how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they cannot tell you; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles as he pronounces the lengthened "Hush!—ah!—sh!"—his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eye-balls looking you to the very soul.

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire, and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

I stood secure, but trembling, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster over the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire!"—Callin's "Notes of the North American Indians."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE GRAND LIGNE MISSION, LOWER CANADA.

BEREA continues to prosper under the blessing of God; the school is flourishing; ten of the pupils give evidence of conversion. Our courageous sister, Madlle Perrusset, perseveres in her labours in this desert settlement, with increasing zeal and devotedness; full of faith and love, she is scarcely conscious that her life is one of constant self-denial. I have not seen herself this winter, but I have learnt, from those that have visited her, that she begins her school at five o'clock in the morning with a class of male adults, (Catholics) who would be unable at any other time to come and learn to read. They continue till seven o'clock; the children then attend from eight to twelve, and again from one to five. At six in the evening she has another class of adults, and closes the exercise by reading the Scriptures and prayer, which lasts till ten or eleven o'clock. On Saturday she has no school, but devotes the day to visiting the Catholics who inhabit these vast forests.

At some distance from Berea there is a small settlement where the Gospel begins to take effect; Madlle Perrusset often visits it. One day, last autumn, she went there as usual, having no other guide to direct her way than the marks upon the trees, there being no beaten path. She passed the day among the people, happy in finding some well disposed to receive the Word of God. On taking leave of them, she supposed she had time to reach before night; but darkness overtook her on the way—she could no longer distinguish the marks, and lost the track. Persuaded that further attempts to proceed would only lead her more astray, she decided to pass the night where she was, notwithstanding the cold. At that time bears and wolves had been seen in the woods, and their howlings warned her that they were not far off. In spite of all that was calculated to alarm her under such circumstances, she passed this dreary night without suffering the least fear; with her God she felt happy and ready to meet whatever might happen to her. The first dawn of day discovered to her the way, and she reached her home, praising the

faithfulness of her good Shepherd, who had so well protected her.

HENRIETTE KELLER.

ALLAHABAD MISSION.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE REV. J. OWEN TO A FRIEND IN BEDFORD, N. Y., DATED SEPT. 19, 1843.

"Dear — has gone before us to our Father's house. May we be ready to follow her when our Saviour shall call us to occupy the mansions that he has prepared for us! Our days of toil will not last very long. But we would not wish them shortened when we see so much to be done. Yet what can we do without Him, and cannot He do all without us? In many, many ways, He is teaching us to do what we do with all diligence, and also that He is able to do without us. In building up his mighty kingdom He renders his glory and wonderful condescensions conspicuous in using as his instruments those who are less than nothing. And yet we are too apt to think that we are of some importance in the Church. How very foolish pride is, and how very right and reasonable is humility. Scarcely any thing tends more to make one feel his weakness than the sight of a heathen world sunk in all that is degrading and abominable, mad on their superstitions, and either giving no heed to the pure gospel that he brings them, or laughing at him as a fool for offering to them Jesus, and him crucified. Hence it is good to go and cast one's self at the feet of an Almighty Saviour, and exercise faith in the power of his arm, which is able to subdue all to himself. "Though the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, and take counsel together against Jehovah and his Anointed," their devices shall be of none effect when He who has been anointed King of the holy hill of Zion shall arise to scatter his enemies, or make them bow in grateful subjection beneath his sceptre.

When he shall gird his sword upon his thigh, and ascend his chariot to ride forth in his glorious career among the nations, his sharp arrows in the hearts of his enemies will cause thousands of them to fall under him, that thus they may rise to newness of life, and become heirs to immortal glory. What great and glorious things are promised in regard to those poor people. It is well often to look above the things around us, and contemplate the everlasting purposes of God in regard to the salvation of a lost world. Almost every thing around seems dark and discouraging, yet the prophecies of God are encouraging. This dark land of India is to be a scene of amazing displays of God's sovereign grace and saving power. I shall probably not see much of this with my bodily eyes, but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that his blessed kingdom shall be established on this now polluted soil. His enemies associate themselves, but they shall be broken in pieces; they may take counsel, but it shall not stand, for God is with us. O that I could tell you of many souls recently converted through our instrumentality, as proofs that he is with us. We have to trust in his Word of assurance that he is with us—to the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." And is not this a sufficient ground for faith to rest upon? If we saw proofs of his being among us, perhaps we might be tempted to the exercise of less faith. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." "It is good for a man to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." Prophets and apostles did so, not only in regard to themselves personally, but also in behalf of the perishing Jews and Gentiles. They saw quite as dark and unpromising appearances in the moral world as any we are called to behold. Yet they knew in whom they had believed, and were sure that He who is at God's right hand, head over all things to the Church, would eventually render that Church triumphant, and not suffer the gates of hell to prevail against it. Satan has been very busy among us of late, and almost destroyed the little native church under our care. Some who stood high in their profession of attachment to Christianity have sadly fallen, and given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. These events I hope may humble us; perhaps they have occasioned some of us to depend more than is right, but I trust they will lead us to the exercise of more care, diligence, faith, and prayer.

During the very hot weather and the former part of the rains, I was not able to do so much; I was weak, and scarcely well any of the time.

I cannot say that I am yet entirely well. . . . Yet I feel strong, and in other respects better than I did some weeks ago. This is the trying season of the year, the season for fevers, when the sun sheds his most sickening rays, and fills the air during the day with vapours from stagnant marshes and decaying vegetation. The nights also are becoming cooler, the contrast of which with the heat of the day tends to create chills. The mornings are delightfully cool and pleasant, but exposure to the sun is unsafe when he is more than an hour high.

MISSIONARIES IN TAHITI.

It is impossible not to admire the resolution and perseverance of those worthy men, who, at the sacrifice of life, health and comfort of every kind, leave their native country, their homes, and friends, traversing the ocean for many thousand miles, from pure conscientious motives, for the sole purpose of benefitting a multitude of benighted human beings, living a depraved life, without law, without morality, and without religion. Mr. Ellis, in his "Polynesian Researches," published after a residence of ten years in the islands of the Pacific, has placed their labours in that favourable point of view which cannot fail to win for them the approving regards of all thinking and reasonable men. Their zeal for the propagation of the Christian religion and morality, was found to keep pace with the docility of their pupils and their desire of knowledge. They found the Tahitians a people of strong natural intellect, and encouraged by the king, Pomare I., they were disposed to gratify the desire for information even beyond the original intention, not only by employing their time in establishing schools for education of both sexes, but by instructing them in the management of property, and in teaching them the comforts it can procure in the articles of clothing, food, and lodging. And let it also be recollected, that they have completely succeeded in abolishing human sacrifices, and the murder of infants, formerly carried to a most lamentable extent; they have prevailed on the natives to destroy every vestige of those stocks and stones to which those sacrifices were made; and they have succeeded in shaming the lower classes of females, inhabiting the ports, from those indecent practices which were encouraged by their communication with the seamen of the whaling ships that frequent those ports.—Edinburgh Review.

THE REV. DR. WOLFF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA. Our letters from Trebizond, to the 29th of November, announce the safe arrival there on the 27th, of this venturesome traveller, from Constantinople. On the 28th he gave a discourse at the British Consulate (where he was most hospitably housed by the consul Mr. Francis Jijff Stevens,) detailing his former and expressing the object of his present journey to Bokhara, and on the 29th he preached a sermon to the European residents and families of the American missionaries. He would proceed on his mission early in December.—Morning Chronicle.

BAPTISM OF A JEW.—On the evening of 24th Dec., a Jew named William Miller, was publicly baptised at St. Jude's Church, by the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, and received into the Church of England. It appeared, from the sermon preached on the occasion, that the convert had been induced to change his opinions at the Institution for the reception of Inquiring Jews, in Richmond-row; and that this was the thirty-eighth convert to Christianity since the time the Institution was founded.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—On the 10th ultimo, at the residence of her father, New Ireland, Megantic County, aged 27 years, MARY EMMA ANN REDFERN, wife of Mr. WILLIAM HARGRAVE. For many years she had been a member of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. During the last year of her mortal life, she evidently grew in grace, and a preparation for a blissful immortality. She suffered much during the wasting progress of pulmonary affection, but no murmur or complaint was heard from her. After expressing her perfect willingness to leave all things below, she fell asleep in her Saviour, saying, "Come, Jesus—take me now, Lord." She has left a husband and two lovely children to mourn their loss.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1844.

**SAINT PAUL.**—Of all the stars that shone in the firmament of the Apostolic Church, there was not one that filled a larger orb, or emitted greater splendour, than the luminary whose honoured name is prefixed to this article. The illustrious student of Gamaliel was a great man, and a holy; but neither the eminency of his gifts, nor the abundance of his labours, nor the weight of his afflictions, ever lifted his soul to vanity. He was always humble, esteeming others better than himself; and while his opponents gloried in the number of their proselytes, he denounced their schismatic efforts, and thus extolled the divine object of his confidence and his love: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

This indefatigable preacher of "the truth as it is in Jesus," did not obtain the grace of conversion, till after our Lord had ascended to Heaven; but although the number of "Jesus's chosen witnesses" was completed, he was afterwards called to this office by a special revelation. Moreover, it pleased God, who revealed his Son in him, to imbue his soul abundantly, with all the extraordinary gifts that had been imparted to the other apostles. These tokens of special regard, however, only deepened the lowly views he entertained of himself; and constrained him more frequently to advert to his juniority, and to the recent date of his translation from the kingdom of Darkness, into the kingdom of God's dear Son. "*Christ was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. I am less than the least of all saints; and I am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God.*"

Saint Paul was often perplexed; but never reduced to despair. He was frequently persecuted; but never forsaken. He was repeatedly cast down; but never destroyed.—Though poor, he made many rich; though he had nothing, he possessed all things. Frequently tormented by fears within, and fightings from without, he wished with David, to have the wings of a dove, that he might flee away, and be at rest. He knew that for him to live was Christ, and that for him to die would be great gain; and hence, when wearied and heavy laden with "the care of the churches," he longed to be dissolved, and be with Christ, which would be far better.

Of all the churches, which the untiring zeal of this distinguished apostle planted among the Gentiles, none was such a fruitful source of trouble and anxiety, as the church at Corinth. The members were constantly at variance one with another. Discussions concerning the qualifications of himself and Appollo spread dissensions at one time; fierce debates, touching the justice of pardoning, or excommunicating, a transgressor, lighted up a flame of discord at another time; and, as if Satan would leave nothing undone

to "make the Gospel of none effect," he sent false prophets among the people—Judaizing teachers, who spied out their liberty; and these, like wolves in sheep's clothing, spread havoc and devastation among the flock.

These emissaries of Satan beguiled many by their craftiness; they spoke disparagingly of "Saul of Tarsus;"—they represented him as an apostate from the faith of his ancestors;—they made them believe that the account of his conversion was a mere fable;—and that they were degraded by having for a religious teacher "*a fellow who was not fit to live.*" If his person, or his figure, said they, was prepossessing, you might bear with him; but you can't plead even this apology as a reason for your abject submission; "for his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible; and compared to any of our Priests and Rabbins, he is but a prating babbler; and ought to be more ready to hear, than to offer the sacrifice of fools." But the Lord was with him, and gave him seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. In perils in the deep—in perils in the wilderness—in perils among false brethren—Jesus of Nazareth was with him. Yes; Jesus of Nazareth was with him, and rendered the weapons of his warfare mighty through God. Poets and philosophers were instructed by his ministry; the Pantheon and the Arcopagus witnessed his triumphs; kings were humbled by his delineations of the divine majesty; statesmen and judges were enlightened by his expositions of the law; and warriors were vanquished by the power with which he wielded the sword of the Spirit.

We have much pleasure in directing attention to the following communication from the Rev. T. CAMPBELL, of Leeds, Megantic—in the hope that the donation of our excellent GOVERNOR-GENERAL, (which is alike creditable to his liberality and piety, and which satisfies us that the estimate of his worth we ventured to express on his arrival amongst us, was not over-rated) may induce many to come forward promptly and liberally, in aid of this truly deserving object. We sincerely hope that the Rev. Mr. HARVARD's proposal may yet be responded to—and that our friends in Leeds will speedily rejoice in beholding a suitable edifice erected to the worship of the "one living and true God," where they may again delightfully sit under their own vine and fig-tree.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Sir,—I confess that when I gave you the brief statement of the destruction of our chapel, and the cause of it, I little thought it would have called forth such feelings of sympathy and benevolence from you and the Rev. Mr. HARVARD. I am authorized to return you both the unanimous thanks of the Trustees, and also of our friends in general. I am sorry that the liberal proposal of our esteemed Chairman has not been, as yet, responded to by our friends. It is to be hoped, that, if they knew we have to worship in the shell of a small building, which is too cold for the winter, and too small for the summer,—

that thereby our cause is suffering, and that our once flourishing Sabbath School is broken up, and likely to remain so till we get another chapel,—they would promptly come forward to our relief. For their encouragement, I am happy to be able to place before them the admirable conduct of our GOVERNOR GENERAL. Having laid a plain statement of our situation before his Excellency, I received the following reply, through his Excellency's Secretary, dated

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 23d January, 1844.

"In reply to your application of the 13th instant, to the Governor General, for assistance towards the building of a Wesleyan Methodist Church, I am directed to enclose to you herewith a cheque for ten pounds, which his Excellency is pleased to contribute for that purpose."

• Nothing but the most pressing necessity could ever induce me to take such steps as these; but I hope the special nature of the case will be a sufficient apology.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LEEDS, MEGANTIC COUNTY, }  
February 24, 1844. }

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CONCEALMENT BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The first and most innocent step, (says Mrs. Ellis,) towards falsehood, is concealment. Before our common acquaintances there is wisdom in practising concealment to a considerable extent; but where the intimacy is so great, the identity so close, as between a husband and a wife, concealment becomes a sort of breach of faith; and with parties thus situated, the very act of concealment can only be kept up by a series of artful endeavours to ward off suspicion or observation of the thing concealed. Now, when a husband discovers, as in all probability he will, unless these endeavours are carried out to a very great extent—when he discovers that his wife had been concealing one thing from him, he very naturally supposes that she has concealed many more, and his suspicions will be awakened in proportion. It will then be in vain to assure him that your motive was good, that what you did was only to spare him pain, or afford him pleasure; he will feel that the very act is one which has set him apart in his own house as a stranger, rather than a guardian there—an enemy rather than a friend. Why, then, should you begin with concealment? The answer, it is to be feared, is but too familiar—"My husband is so unreasonable." And here, then, we see the advantage of revealing everything you think or do.

After concealment has become habitual, there follows, in order to escape detection, a system of false pretences, assumed appearances, and secret schemes, as much at variance with the spirit of truth as the most direct falsehood, and unquestionably as debasing to the mind. But, as an almost inevitable consequence, next follows falsehood itself; for what woman would like her husband to know that she had, for days, months, or years, been practising upon his credulity? If he discovers what he has been concealing, he will also discover, that often when the subject was alluded to, she artfully evaded his question, by introducing another; that sometimes she so managed her voice as to convey one idea while she expressed another, and that, at other times, she absolutely looked a lie. No; she cannot bear that he should look back and see all this, lest he should despise her; and, therefore, in some critical moment, when in that trying situation, in which she must either confess all, or deny, pronounce, at last, that fatal word which effectually breaks asunder the spiritual bond of married love. And now, it is scarcely possible to imagine a more melancholy situation than that of weak and helpless woman, separated by falsehood from all true fellowship, human or divine; for there is no fellowship in falsehood. The very soul of disunion might justly be said to be embodied in a lie. It is, in fact, the sudden breaking asunder of that great chain which binds together all spiritual influences; and she who is guilty of falsehood must necessarily be alone.

## LOST NANNY.

IN the parish of Glencoe, in Scotland, there lived a poor man, who was servant to a farmer. The man had a little daughter three years old, who had followed the cart to a potatoe-field, was allowed to play about till evening, which was then very near. The child amused herself by pulling wild flowers, for it was in the month of October, when there were many flowers still to be found; and seeing perhaps at a distance, a few tufts of pretty heath, she strayed away, without being seen, to a moor near at hand. A moor is a desolate place covered with heath; and this was a very great and wide moor, spreading over some miles of ground.

When the men at work in the field were about to go home for the night, they looked for the little girl, and called her; but she was not to be seen any where, and did not answer. Though it was growing dark, they began to look for her very earnestly, and the neighbours came to look for her too. It was in vain, and all went home at a late hour; but the little child's friends could not sleep, they were so unhappy about her. Early next morning, they set out again to look for her; and the next two days they went on seeking, but still with little hope they should find the child. She was lost on Wednesday evening, and it was not till ten o'clock on Saturday morning after, that she was found by her grandfather, lying upon a small heap of stones. The first night she was out the air was cold and frosty; the next night it never stopped raining; and on the last night, the wind blew sharp from the east; and all that time the poor little girl had been by herself in the wild without food or shelter.

Her grandfather knew all this, and when he lifted his little dear one in his arms, he thought he should find her stiff and dead. Only think of his joy when she opened her mild blue eyes, smiled in his face, and asked very gently, "Where is my father and mother?" It was too much for the old man; he said, "I tried to thank my Maker aloud, but words I had none; my hair I am sure stood up, and my heart was so sad at the time, that I sat myself down with Nanny in my arms and wept, and wept again, till the little thing asked what ailed me, and I was brought to myself by thinking I had become more of a child than she was."

But good care was taken of Nanny; she soon felt well again, and grew up a comfort to her parents.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## RESPECT TO OLD AGE.

A young gentleman, fresh from college, who had more knowledge of books than of men, was wending his way to the Rev. Dr. C—, of Ct. The Dr. was extensively known and respected for his energy of character, his learning and piety, and moral worth. But like the great apostle, he did not disdain to "labour with his own hands."

With a letter of introduction to the aged divine, whom he had known only by reputation, our genteel young friend was seeking the privilege of an acquaintance with him.

"Old daddy," said he to an aged labourer, in the field by the way side, whose flapped hat and coarse-looking over-coat, (it was a lowering day,) and his dark complexion and features, contrasted strongly with his own broadcloth and kid gloves and fair person:—"Old daddy, tell me where the Rev. Dr. C— lives." "In the house you see yonder," the old man modestly replied.

Without condescending to thank him for the information, the young man rode on, and soon found himself seated in the parlor of Dr. C.'s hospitable residence, at the invitation of the lady of the house, awaiting the expected arrival of the Doctor.

In due time the host appeared, having returned from the field, laid aside his wet garments, and adjusted his person. But to the surprise and confusion of the young guest, whom should he meet in the Reverend Dr., but the same old daddy he had so unceremoniously accosted on his way!

"It was very respectful in you," said the venerable divine, with an arch look, and in a pleasant tone,—for the aged person was not wanting in wit and humour,—"it was very respectful in you to call me old daddy; I always love to see young men show respect to old age."

The confusion and mortification of the young man were indescribable. He could have sunk

through the floor, and buried himself in the darkness of the cellar beneath him. With a countenance crimsoned with blushes, he began to stammer out an apology for his incivility.

"No apology," said the doctor, very pleasantly, "no apology,—I always love to see respect shown to old age." But the kindness and assiduity of the family could not relieve the unpleasantness of his situation; a sense of the mortifying blunder which he had committed, marred all his anticipated pleasure from the interview, and he was glad to take his leave as soon as he could do it with decency.

This item of his experience was, no doubt, a valuable lesson to him. And if our young readers will learn from this story, not to judge of a man's worth by the dress he has on, it will be a good lesson to them and save them from any mistakes. —*Western S. S. Magazine.*

**CHARACTER OF THE REV. DR. WOLFF.**—Wolf appears to me to be a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him at Syria, I heard of him at Malta; and when I supposed he had gone to England, he was riding like a ruling spirit on the whirlwinds to Antioch, or unappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo. A man who, at Rome, told the Pope "The dust of the earth," and tells the Jews at Jerusalem that "The Gemara is a lie!" who passes his days in disputation, and his nights in digging the Talmud; to whom a floor of bricks is a feather bed, and a box a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or present faith; who can conciliate a pacha or confute a patriarch; who travels without a guide, speaks without an interpreter, can live without food, and pay without money; forgiving all the insults he meets with, and forgetting all the flattery he has received; who knows little of worldly conduct, and yet accommodates himself to all men, without giving offence to any—such a man (and such and more is Wolf) must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country, and among a people, whose monotony of habits and manners has remained undisturbed for centuries. As a pioneer, I deem him matchless. "*Aut inveniet viam, aut faciet*;" but if order is to be established or arrangements made, trouble not Wolff. He knows of no church—(this was written before Dr. Wolff received holy orders, and while he was a missionary at large)—but his heart—no calling but that of zeal—no dispensation but that of preaching. He is devoid of enmity towards man, and full of the love of God. By such an instrument, whom no school hath taught, whom no college could hold, is the way of the Judean wilderness preparing. —*Rev. Lewis Way.*

**REV. HENRY TANNER.**—In the year 1743, the Rev. George Whitefield had resolved to go to America, and had engaged his passage in a ship that was to sail from Portsmouth; but, as the captain afterwards refused to take him, "for fear of his spoiling the sailors," he was obliged to go to Plymouth. While staying there he frequently preached, and an attempt having recently been made to murder him in his bed, much attention was excited, and many thousands flocked to hear him. While he was one day preaching, Mr. Tanner, who was at work as a ship builder at a distance, heard his voice, and resolved, with five or six of his companions, to go and drive him from the place where he stood; and, for this purpose, filled their pockets with stones. When, however, Mr. T. drew near, and heard Whitefield earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, he was filled with astonishment; his resolution failed him, and he went home with his mind deeply impressed. On the following evening he again attended, and heard Mr. Whitefield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had expatiated on their guilt, he appeared to look intently on Mr. Tanner, as he exclaimed with energy, "Thou art the man!" These words powerfully affected Mr. T.; he felt his iniquities to be awfully great, and in the agony of his soul, he cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The preacher then proceeded to proclaim the free and abundant grace of Jesus, which he commanded to be preached among the very people who had murdered him; a gleam of hope entered his heart, and he surrendered himself to Christ. This sermon was made eminently useful to many other persons.

**ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.**—The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling, year after year, into arrears of rent. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," said the Duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do; I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me and I will pay you your wages." Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure; at the proper time, seed and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and building. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things speedily assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and out-buildings were put into good order. In two or three rent days, it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way. The Duke on his next visit said, "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall be tenant once more; as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be enabled to keep it there." The Duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was, when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm just as it stood in its restored condition; I will venture to say, however, that the Duke himself was the happier man of the two.—*W. Howitt.*

## WHICH SHOULD BE THE MOST NUMEROUS CLASS, AGRICULTURISTS OR MANUFACTURERS?

BUT although these great callings are important to the country, and mutually beneficial to each other, to be productive of the greatest good, there should be a due proportion between them. Agriculture may be regarded as the parent calling. Upon the earth, as a nursing mother, the human family must mainly depend for sustenance. The agriculturists, therefore, should be the most numerous class. They are the foundation upon which all other labourers must rest.

It has sometimes been a matter of complaint by the farmers, that so many of our young men abandon agriculture, and engage in other employments. It may be truly a matter of regret, so far as the welfare of the young men is concerned, but the interests of agriculture are not impaired by this course. The profits of farming must depend mainly upon the price of produce, and this price will be regulated by the demand. Every one, therefore, who leave agriculture for some other employment, by ceasing to be a producer, and becoming a consumer, increases the demand for agricultural products, which tends to enhance the price. How then is the farmer injured? He sustains no pecuniary loss whatever. The injury, if any is sustained, is done to the calling into which they enter; for a surplus is there created, which to that calling may prove detrimental.

## THE PROFANE DRIVER AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

As a driver on the Erie Canal passed, filling the air with oaths, a little girl, trembling with fear, modestly asked, "Will you please have a Tract, Sir?" He received it, read the title, and laid it in his chest. For a week he could not banish the title of the Tract from his mind. At length he said to himself, "I cannot live so. I will read the Tract and see what is in it." He read, and was convicted of sin. He sent for pious friends, and received their instructions and prayers; and at length he cast himself at the foot of the cross, and found joy and peace in believing. And that Tract—"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,"—presented by that child, was the means employed by the Spirit of God in his salvation. That once profane driver is now fitting for college, with a view to the Gospel ministry.

Every Sabbath-school child who is old enough to hand a Tract to another, is old enough to do good. God loves to employ such humble instru-

ments in doing good, to show that the "excellency of the power is of himself and not of us.—S. S. Visiter.

**INTERESTING INCIDENT.**—We mentioned recently the noble generosity of the Rev. Sydney Smith, in presenting the living of Edmonton to the son of Mr. Tate. The mode of presentation, we have been assured, was as follows: Mr. Smith called upon Mr. John Tate, with whom he was but slightly acquainted.—"I have thought it right to come and tell you that I have given away the living held by your late father." Mr. Tate bowed assent, looking, of course, rather rueful, and replied, "No doubt the appointment is a very proper one." "Yes, very proper; I have given it to a most deserving person. What is an odd coincidence, too, is that his name is Tate—John Tate." Mr. Tate coloured, and his sisters burst into tears. "And there," quietly added Mr. Smith, "he sits before me."—*Eng. paper.*

#### BUNYAN'S GRAVE.

John Bunyan's tombstone in Bunhill fields, being in a decayed condition and nearly illegible, a few gentlemen have determined to erect a new one in its place. A committee has been formed to collect subscriptions for this purpose; and small sums are solicited, it being desired that the pleasure of perpetuating this memorial of departed genius and piety should be enjoyed by many.

**THE SABBATH.**—King Edgar, in England, ordained that the Sabbath should begin on Saturday at three o'clock in the afternoon, and continue till day-break on Monday. These laws for the Sabbath of Alfred, Edgar, &c., were confirmed by Ethelred, and more fully by Canute.—*Barter on the Sabbath, Works, Vol. xiii. p. 384.*

#### WHITE ELEPHANTS.

In many of the eastern countries white elephants are regarded as the living *manes* of the Indian Emperors. Each of these animals has a palace, a number of domestics, golden vessels filled with the choicest food, magnificent garments, and they are absolved from all labour and servitude. The Emperor is the only personage before whom they bow the knee, and their salute is returned by the Monarch.

### CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

#### VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

*Hilo, (Sandwich Islands,) May 16, 1843.*

God is not only working wonders in the moral and civil, but also in the physical world around us.—You have heard of the great volcanic eruption near our station in 1840. Another scene of a similar kind has recently taken place about the same distance from us, but in a different direction, and directly in the rear of our station. On the 10th of January of the present year, just at the dawn of day, we discovered a rapid disgorge of liquid fire near the summit of Manna Loa, at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea. This eruption increased from day to day, for several weeks pouring out vast floods of fiery lava, which spread down the side of the mountain, and flowed off in broad and burning rivers, throwing a terrific glare upon the heavens, and filling those lofty mountainous regions with a sheet of light.

This spectacle continued from week to week, without any abatement, till the molten flood had progressed twenty or thirty miles down the side of the mountain and across a high plain which stretches between the bases of Manna Loa and Manna Kae. It was not till after many weeks that I was able to visit this scene of terror and of ubliquity. At length, in company with Mr. Paris, the missionary of Kan, (a situation south of Hilo,) I made the attempt. We penetrated through a deep fore stretching between Hilo and the mountain, and reached the molten stream as it flowed over those vast and high regions lying at the base of the mountain. Here we are able to approach the fiery stream and dip up and cool its burning fluid, as we approach the bank of a river and drink of its waters. From this we followed the stream to the top of the mountain, and found its sources in a vast crater, amidst the eternal snows of those wild and heaven-desolated regions. Down the sides of the mountain the lava had now ceased to flow upon its surface; but it formed for itself a

subterranean duct, at the depth of fifty or one hundred feet.

This duct was encased with vitrification as smooth as glass, and down this fearful channel a river of fire was rushing at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, from the summit to the foot of the mountain. This subterranean stream, we saw distinctly through several large apertures in the side of the mountain, while the burning flood rushed fearfully beneath our feet. Our standing above it was like standing upon ice upon a river while the liquid flood flows under your feet. Our visit was attended with peril and inconceivable fatigue, but we never regretted having made it, and we returned deeply affected with the majesty, the sublimity, the power and love of God, who "looketh on the earth and it trembleth, who toucheth the hills and they smoke;" whose presence melts the bill, and whose look causes the mountains to flow down.

**THE QUEEN.**—*A Sketch.*—The last time I saw the fair Queen of our blessed Isles, she was returning in her state-carriage from the late autumnal prorogation of Parliament. I had seen her proceed to that ceremony with a calm, serious, decided air. She acknowledged, indeed, with dignity and grace, the homage of the people, but her mind was in another spot. She was pale, thoughtful, determined. "O'Connell will have no loop-hole left," I remarked to a friend by my side. "The speech will be decisive, and treason will be abashed." Slowly moved the procession, and I was glad it did so, for I was glad to see the royal pair, young, free, confiding, proceeding to meet the national representatives, and the not less national peerage. It was a charming sight, and my memory occupied itself during her absence by recalling the scenes of her childhood, and the changes of her still youthful years. In about three quarters of an hour the procession returned. The Queen was pale and thoughtful no longer. Her face was flushed, her eyes were brilliant, her animation was great. She was conversing with her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch with extraordinary vivacity. She was at ease; her mind had been relieved of a burden; her face was lighted up with blushes, smiles, and the satisfaction which a Queen will feel when she has done a good deed and maintained right principles. Yes, she had said to faction, "I love liberty; but I love order; I love the free institutions of my country; but I love the union of England and Ireland. I love the natural and easy progress of a constitutional government, and I would be the last to desire that Ireland should suffer from her connexion with England; but I will transmit to my children and my children's children, the sceptre and the crown, undiminished in splendour and untarnished by submission to treason or to traitors. I love Ireland, too, the birthplace of so many of my best subjects, soldiers, and sailors; but I will—yes, I will maintain the legislative as well as the territorial union. I love the wild cry of the Irish mountaineer and the Irish peasant; I love the hospitality of the Irish heart, the frankness of the Irish character, and the bravery of the Irish soul; but I love, also, union and peace, harmony, loyalty and obedience, with hospitality, frankness, and bravery. I am resolved, therefore, cost what it may—tears, sighs, opposition, factious clamour, and desperate effort—I am resolved, for the sake of those who are deluded into the belief that the repeal of that Union would be for the benefit, instead of for the ruin of Ireland,—yes, I am resolved, Queen of these Isles as I am, to maintain unimpaired and untarnished the Union of Great Britain and Ireland!"

**SOURCES OF THE NILE.**—An account was laid before the members of the French Academy of Sciences of the second journey of Messrs. d'Arnaud and Sabatier to the sources of the Nile, in 1841 and 1842, by the western branch, of White Nile. The voyage on the Nile from Kartoun was to a distance of 500 leagues. The travellers attained the 4th degree 42 minutes of latitude, almost under the meridian of Cairo, showing the error of accounts as to the direction of the White Nile. They saw no mountains, although what are called the Mountains of the Moon are traced on all the maps from the 5th to the 7th degree of latitude. The bifurcations found by these gentlemen are formed by islands only, and there are immense marshes. The inhabitants are reported to be very numerous, of a pacific character, vary-

ing in race, language, and physiognomy. Some are of a bronze colour, with soft hair. In one of the tribes the men are armed with lances of more than 12 feet in length, the iron heads forming nearly a fourth of this measure. In another tribe the moon is their deity; if engaged in combat they leave off the moment that the moon rises. Messrs. d'Arnaud and Sabatier, when in the dominion of the King of the Behrs, found there various articles of the merchandise of India. This chief, say they, has his palace on the water, and it can only be approached by swimming. His guards are two battalions of women.

**WARNING TO SWEARERS.**—On Thursday evening, about ten o'clock, several lads, apparently much intoxicated, were proceeding along Gallowgate, disturbing and insulting passers-by,—when a lady, who chanced to pass at the time, was assailed with a most revolting oath by one of the party: who had no sooner emitted the fulsome and shocking epithet, than he suddenly dropped down. He was carried into a surgeon's shop adjoining; but we understand that, on examination, life was found extinct.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

**Remarkable Death of a Pious Man.**—Having occasion lately to visit Newport, Monmouthshire, the following striking occurrence (writes a correspondent) was related to me. A man of the name of John Thomas, who was a member of a Christian church, meeting at Charles-street Chapel, attended a prayer-meeting there on the 20th October last, as he was accustomed to do; and whenever he was called upon to pray in public, a portion of his supplication was, "Lord, keep me with thy work until death." At this opportunity he was asked to engage in prayer; and after occupying a short time in earnestly soliciting the blessings of his heavenly Father, he uttered his particular request, "Lord, keep me with thy work until death," he suddenly stopped, and, without one word more, breathed his last, and with that expression on his lips, expired on his knees.

**THE POPULATION OF RUSSIA.**—The last official census of Russia gives the following as the population of the chief towns of the empire:—St. Petersburg, 470,202 souls; Moscow, 349,068; Odessa, 60,055; Cronstadt, 54,717; Wilna, 54,499; Toulou, 51,735; Kiev, 47,424; Astracan, 45,938; Casan, 41,304; Sebastopol, 31,155; Darpat, 12,203; Abo, 13,050; Helsingfors, 12,725. Warsaw has 140,571 inhabitants.

**GREAT FIRE IN CANTON!**—The ship *Ann McKim*, which arrived at New-York a few days ago from Canton, brings accounts of a great fire in that city. It has consumed from 1200 to 1500 houses, and other property to a large amount. The Danish Factory, Turner's Factory, and part of the French, were consumed. The British Consulate was burned out, but the papers saved. A number of British seamen and marines landed from the war ships, and were very instrumental in subduing the flames, and protecting the property from the Chinese thieves.

From a report to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, it seems that, out of a population of 3,000,000, 723 children are accidentally burnt to death in a single year, giving an average of 3,500 for the whole kingdom. To check this waste of life, the society recommends children to be clothed in woollen or stuff pinafores, which, whilst it would promote health and comfort, would protect them from fire, to which cotton is peculiarly liable, and is the cause of the greater number of the deaths.

A dreadful storm has destroyed Porte Leon, in Florida, with twenty lives, and an immense amount of property in the surrounding country, and at St. Mark's.

A letter from Graetz (Styria) states that a vulture lately pounced down on an infant, ten months old, which a woman had left for a moment on the grass, in a field near Waiz. It carried up its prey, and alighting fifty yards off began to devour it. Some farmer's men ran up and frightened it away; but the child was so dreadfully torn that it died immediately.

Paper for newspapers, pamphlets, and writing, is now made of the mulberry leaf, smooth, strong, and delicate, and answering every purpose of the cotton and linen article.

It is said that Lord Eglinton, Lord G. Bentinck, and other patrons of the turf, are to be prosecuted for gambling—i. e., winning money by bets on horse racing, to the tune of £300,000.

**MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.**

WEDNESDAY, March 6, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	0	1	3
Wheat, "	5	6	5	10
Barley, "	2	0	2	5
Pease, "	2	0	2	6
Lint Seed, "	4	0	5	0
Huckwheat, "	1	8	2	0
Turkeys, per couple	4	0	6	0
Fowls, "	2	6	3	9
Geese, "	3	4	5	6
Ducks, "	2	0	3	0
Chickens, "	1	0	2	6
Partridges, "	2	6	3	4
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	1	0	1	3
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	9	0	10
" Salt	0	6	0	6 1/2
Pork, per hund.	22	6	26	3
Beef, "	15	0	22	6
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	11	6
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.	0	2	0	5
Pork, "	0	3	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	10	0
Mutton, "	1	6	4	0
Lamb, per qr.	2	6	3	0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
Corn, "	2	0	2	6
Rye, "	2	6	3	0
Beans, "	4	6	6	8
Honey, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Hay, per 10 lbs.	25	0	30	0

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**THE POOR.**

There never was a time when distress and suffering was felt by the poor to a greater extent in Montreal than at the present moment, owing to the different sources of relief for the poor in winter being in a great measure closed (especially that excellent provision, the Soup Kitchen).—The Committee of the Strangers' Friend Society appeal to a benevolent public, and request their charitable aid, either in money, fire-wood, potatoes, oatmeal, or food of any description, cast-off clothes, blankets, or wearing apparel, &c.—which would be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

The report for the last year, and any other information relative to the Society's operations, may be obtained from the Treasurer, Mr. R. YATES, at H. BENSON & Co.'s, 178, Notre Dame Street,—to whom all donations are to be given.

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