

Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1843.

No. 17.

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

GEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

REV. MR. BURGESS, missionary in India, says in a letter to Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, "Did I possess an intimate acquaintance with geology and mineralogy, it would be of great use to me in going over the country. When we go out to evangelize, it is very pleasant to be able to *geologize* and *botanize*; as it renders our trips far more subservient to the preservation of health. There is now an individual connected with this mission, who has been raised from a state of great debility and weakness, by turning his attention to botany and mineralogy; at least such appears to be the means which God has used."

Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Persian mission, in a letter to the same professor, says that "Geology has peculiar claims on American missionaries. Visiting as they do all portions of the world, they enjoy opportunities of contributing to it, with almost no sacrifice of time or effort, which are possessed by no other class of American citizens. I request you, in my behalf, to urge upon missionary students, the high importance of their obtaining a good practical knowledge of geology and mineralogy. It is the combined light of ALL TRUTH, *scientific* as well as *religious*, which is to render so perfect and glorious the splendor of millennial day."

Rev. Dr. Thomson, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, now on his second visit to Mexico and S. America, has caused to be translated into Spanish some First Lessons on Geology, describing a "*Geological Cabinet*," a number of which he ordered from the Exchange Lyceum in this city, which are sent to the city of Mexico, and carried 300 miles on the back of a mule.

Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith says of geology: "It bears a peculiar application to the ministers of the Gospel. It would be a perilous state for the interests of religion, that 'precious jewel,' whose essential characters are wisdom, knowledge and joy, if its professional teachers

should be, in this respect, inferior to the young and inquiring members of their congregations. To those who preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ, a competent acquaintance with natural objects, is of signal importance for both safety and usefulness."

The late Mr. Hebbard, Principal of the Seminary at Beyroot, awakened an extensive desire for knowledge among men not in the school, by lectures on geology, mineralogy, and kindred sciences.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, missionary at Cyprus, now in this country, speaks with great interest of the happy results produced by directing the attention of the inhabitants of that island to geology and other natural sciences. On his return, he brought specimens, illustrating the natural productions of that and other islands in the vicinity, and among them "the husks which the swine did eat," which appears to be a sort of pod or bean of dark color, some six or seven inches long. The specimens mentioned have awakened a missionary spirit in Sabbath schools; also in week-day schools, where they have been exhibited.

Under so many and so urgent calls for lessons from the great and "Oldest Volume" of our Creator—and that too from almost every section of the globe—would it not be the part of wisdom for students in this country, from the members of Theological Seminaries down to primary schools, to answer these calls by taking lessons from the same volume themselves? especially, as by meeting the intellectual and moral wants of their brethren on the other side of the globe, they can best supply their own.

THE HERMIT OF LIVRY.

In the forest of Livry, three leagues distant from Paris, and not far from the site of an ancient abbey of the order of St. Augustine, lived a hermit, who having chanced in his wandering to fall in with some of the men of Maux, had received the truth of the Gospel into his heart. The poor hermit had felt himself rich indeed, that day in his solitary retreat, when, along with the scanty dole of bread which public charity had afforded him, he brought home Jesus Christ and his grace. He understood from that time how much better it was to give than to receive. He went from cottage to cottage in villages around, and as soon as he crossed the threshold, he began to speak to the poor peasants of the Gospel, and the free pardon which it offers to every burthened soul—a pardon infinitely more precious than any priestly absolution. The good hermit of Livry was soon widely known in the neighbourhood of Paris; many came to visit him at his poor hermitage; and he discharged the office of a kind and faithful missionary to the simple-minded in all the adjacent districts.

It was not long before the intelligence of what was doing by the new evangelist, reached the ears of the Sorbonne, and the magistrates of Paris. The hermit was seized, dragged from his hermitage—from his forest—from the fields he had daily traversed—thrown into a

dungeon in that great city which he had always shunned—brought to judgement—convicted, and sentenced to the "exemplary punishment of being burnt by a slow fire."

In order to render the example more striking, it was determined that he should be burnt in the close of Notre Dame: before that celebrated cathedral, which typifies the majesty of the Roman Catholic Church. The whole of the clergy were convened, and a degree of pomp was displayed equal to that of the most solemn festivals. A desire was shown to attract all Paris, if possible, to the place of execution,—"The great bell of the Church of Notre Dame swinging heavily," says an historian, "to rouse the people all over Paris." And accordingly from every surrounding avenue, the people came flocking to the spot. The deep toned reverberations of the bell made the workman quit his task, the student cast aside his books, the shopkeeper forsake his traffic, the soldier start from his guard-room bench—and already the close was filled with a dense crowd, which was continually increasing. The hermit, attired in the robe appropriated to obstinate heretics, bare headed, and with bare feet, was led out before the door of the cathedral. Tranquil, firm and collected, he replied to the exhortation of the confessors, who presented him with the crucifix, only by declaring that his hope rested solely on the mercy of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne who stood in the front rank of the spectators, observing the constancy, and the effect it produced on the people, cried aloud—"He is a man foredoomed to the fires of hell." The clang of the great bell, which all this while was rung with a rolling stroke, while it stunned the ears of the multitude, served to heighten the solemnity of that mournful spectacle. At length the bell was silent—and the martyr having answered the last interrogatory of his adversaries by saying that he was resolved to die in the faith of his Lord Jesus Christ, underwent his sentence of being burnt by a slow fire. And so, in the cathedral close of Notre Dame, beneath the stately towers erected by the piety of Louis the Younger, amidst the cries and tumultuous excitement of a vast population, died peaceably a man whose name history has not deigned to transmit to us—"the hermit of Livry."—*D'Aubigne*.

SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE.

It is cheering to the mind of the Christian to perceive how every new advance of science also serves to throw new light upon the Word of God. If there have been apparent exceptions to this remark,—if the progress of science has at any time seemed for a moment to dim the brightness of Holy Writ, or cast a doubt upon its conformity to the book of nature and truth,—that doubt has been but transient, and has resulted either in the purer illumination of the sacred pages, or in the correction and enlargement of our own views as to the nature and sphere of divine revelation. Thus when the Copernican system was introduced, it was thought by many to overthrow the truth of the Bible; and Galileo suffered

persecution in this behalf. But who now dreams of any conflict between the two? Science has here maintained its ground; and the Bible too has triumphed. And who does not feel that the contemplation of God, as the author of nature such as this system reveals it to our conceptions, imparts a grandeur and glory to our idea of the Jehovah of the Scriptures, to which without that system we could never have attained? Just so, we doubt not, will it be with geology, when that science shall have reached the exactness and certainty which Newton developed in respect to the system of the world.

Just so it is too with every new discovery respecting the ancient world—with every lifting of the veil which has settled down upon our knowledge of the past. In our own day, the mysterious arrow-headed inscriptions of Persepolis have been deciphered; and they clear up for us several points in the chronology and history of ancient Persia, which again reflect light upon the Bible. They reveal to us the Persian form of the name Ahasuerus; and thus go to show that the despot of the book of Esther was the same monarch as the Xerxes of the Greek historians. His name written in ancient Persian letters, was *Ah-say-r-sh-a*; from which the Hebrew made *Ahasaverosh* or Ahasuerus, and the Greeks *Xerxes*. In our own day too the curtain has been lifted from the mysteries concealed beneath the hieroglyphics of Egypt; and at every step the inquirer finds here a new illustration of Scripture. The triumph of Shishak over Rehoboam is sculptured upon the wall of the magnificent temple of Karnak; and the vast treasures of antiquity recently thus brought to light in the departments of painting, sculpture, and hieroglyphic writing, all serve to show that the sacred writers were not less exact in their minute allusions to manners and customs, and to historical events, than they were conscientious in their higher sphere as messengers of the divine will. The same is true of the topographical parts of the Bible; and the more Mount Sinai and Palestine are explored, the more wonderful does the minute accuracy of the divine book appear. The Old Testament is even now, after the lapse of nearly thirty centuries, by far the best guide-book which the traveller can take with him in those regions.

PRESENT STATE OF THE WALDENSES.

The following letter of a clergyman of the Scottish Church, describing the present state of the Waldensian churches, appeared in a recent number of the *Glasgow Guardian*; and will be read with interest by our readers.

Towards the latter end of September, I arrived at Turin, the capital of Sardinia, and immediately set out to visit the protestant valleys among the Alps, of which we have heard so much. For thirty miles, the road is one continued level, and kept in excellent repair, as far as Pinerolo, the chief town of that province, or district of Piedmont, in which "the valleys" are situated—the residence of a governor, who has much to do with the Waldenses, in carrying into effect the orders of Government—and the seat of the Popish bishop of the diocese. Nearly all the way from thence to La Tour, the chief town of "the valleys," the road scarcely deserves the name, for it is the very worst that can possibly be conceived, and positively dangerous, if attempted in a carriage—indeed it is worse than any cross-road in Scotland; and yet this is the only means of communication with three Protestant valleys, containing at least one-half of the population. It may appear incredible that in so trifling an affair as road-making, Popish persecution should show itself; yet it is a fact, that because "the Protestant limits" begin a little beyond the village of Bischerasco, Popish influence induced the Government to terminate the post-road at that village, that the *heretics* might not have the same facilities of communication af-

forded them which the faithful enjoy, though the Protestants (*qua* Protestants) are more heavily taxed for all such works than their Popish fellow countrymen. It is said that in the course of two years hence, it is the intention of the Government to carry on the road as far as La Tour; but that improvement is coupled with the opening of an immense Popish church and college now building there (on ground which a Protestant was *forced* to sell for that purpose,) by the rich order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus (of which the King is member,) for the accommodation of a fraternity of missionary priests, whose business it will be to proselytise and gain converts to Popery by every means in their power, however unscrupulous, from among the descendants of the Protestant inhabitants of these beautiful valleys; so that the improved communication with Pinerolo and the capital, so far from being a boon voluntarily granted to the Protestants, is, on the contrary, only an additional facility placed in the way of their persecutors.

Notwithstanding the badness of the roads, however, the scenery after passing Bischerasco is such as to afford the most vivid delight. Every inch of ground that can be brought under cultivation has been occupied, and every rocky eminence, where the spade or plough are useless, is covered with fruit trees. The vines are planted in rows, between ridges of wheat or maize, and hang in most graceful festoons, between the long poles that support them; and the quantities of walnut, mulberry, and sweet chestnut trees, with which the valleys abound, give them an air of surpassing richness and luxuriance—while the snow-clad Alps in front, whose summits are lost in the clouds, and the lower chain of hills which branch out from them, studded thick with oaks and *chalets* as high as vegetation reaches, add, by their striking contrast, a romantic beauty to the scene nowhere else to be witnessed. The walnut and sweet chestnut trees are found growing on the Alps, and all along the Italian side; but these vallies surpass all the rest, both for the number and the size of these trees, and this year, at least, the harvest of fruit gathered from them must have been prodigious. In remarking this, I was most forcibly struck with the wisdom and goodness of God, "who heareth even the young ravens when they cry, and feedeth them," in his providential arrangements for this poor afflicted people's support in these valleys, who, when under the ban of the priests, cannot purchase for money the necessaries of life from their bigoted countrymen. The fruit of these trees supplies them with some of the chief necessities of life—from the walnut they obtain excellent oil, both for food and for light, and the fruit of the sweet chestnut, roasted, is not only an article of food in daily use, but it is also ground into a kind of coarse meal, or exchanged (if they can do so) for flour or wheat with the inhabitants of the plains below—thus rendering them in a great measure independent of their Popish countrymen. The contrast between a Protestant and a Popish territory is perhaps still more strikingly visible here, in the superior cultivation of the land, the greater order and cleanliness of the houses, and the neatness of their attire, than even in Switzerland, where it has been so often remarked.

In ascending from the plains, the first Protestant hamlet at which the traveller arrives, is called St. Giovanni (St. John,) where, on opposite sides of a small rivulet, the Protestant and Popish churches face one another at the distance of about 3000 yards. To show what mean and petty annoyances the Protestants are subjected to from the Papists of St. Giovanni, a mere handful, having complained many years ago to the Government that they were disturbed by the singing of the psalms in the Protestant church, an order was instantly issued for Protestants to erect an immense wooden barricade before the door of their church, to impede the sound; and when, in course of time, board after board had rotted away, until the remnant was blown over by a storm three years ago, the cure actually travelled to Turin, to get the Government again to renew the order for its erection, although happily without success, the Governor of Pinerolo refusing to restore what time and the elements alone had undone! And yet it is said in many quarters that the persecuting spirit of Popery has long since died away! On reaching La Tour, which is situated nearly at the confluence of the rivers Po and Angrogna, the first object that strikes the

eye is the Popish church and college of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, already mentioned. The church is said to be large enough to contain, when finished, the whole adult population of the Val de Lucerna, in which La Tour is situated; and the people look on it with great dismay, and when questioned about it, shake their heads mournfully, as if uncertain what new misery may be inflicted on them next. Indeed, this new institution may be looked upon as one of the most cruel persecutions to which these suffering people have been subjected in modern times. It has been raised at the suggestion and under the influence at Court, who has *publicly sworn never to rest till he has exterminated finally the Waldenses*. While on the one hand it is intended as a residence for a set of missionary priests, who have authority to employ every means for proselytising in these valleys, while the Protestant friends of those whom they may inveigle, are strictly forbidden under pain of law to interfere for their rescue—it is intended, on the other, to serve as an institution for training up all Protestant children whom the priests can kidnap, for Popery. In connection with this, it is well that our countrymen should be aware, that in the case of mixed marriages between Protestants and Papists, the priests immediately take their children, whom they call illegitimate on that account, from the parents, baptize them according to the rites of the Romish Church, and then place them for security in some Roman Catholic Asylum, where they are trained up in the dogmas of Rome until they are ten, if girls, and thirteen, if boys—after which, by another cruel edict, the parents are forbidden to demand the restitution of their children if they have any inclination towards the Romish faith; so that this College of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus will afford such an asylum within the very limits of the Protestants, and allow the priests increased facility for carrying on this truly diabolical work, which is already in practice.

To be continued.

* The edict of 1602, now in force, prohibits protestants from offering any opposition to the conversion of a Protestant to the Romish faith.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMINISCENCE OF PALESTINE.

CONCLUDED.

In the evening we attended prayers at the bishop's house, and returned to our lodgings at a late hour.

Words are not sufficient to express my feelings on the occasion of this Sabbath day at Jerusalem.

Having mounted our mules, we proceeded by the Damascus Gate to visit some objects of interest without the walls of the city. We followed the valley of the children of Hinnom, round the base of Mount Zion, to the Upper Pool of Siloam, near which, connected by a subterranean passage, as the Pool itself. By a flight of stone steps, I descended to wash and taste of the water which, through our blessed Master's efficacy, healed the blind man. On leaving the pool, to the right is seen the tombs of the Patriarchs, in the valley of Jehosaphat, near which is the Hebrew burying ground; and to this day many aged and infirm journey to the holy city, to die and be buried with their forefathers in this ancient burial place.

On leaving this interesting valley, we passed at the base of Olivet, and went to Bethany, two miles distant, a miserable and wretched village, with few inhabitants, situated on the eastern side or base of the Mount of Olives. We descended into the tomb of Lazarus, cut out of the solid rock, by a staircase which conducted into a spacious chamber; from thence we again descended by a difficult passage into a tomb or sepulchre. "Here they lay him; and Jesus wept, and said unto Martha, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Turning our faces once more towards Jerusalem, we crossed the peak of the Mount of Olives, on which is a small mosque. The view from this summit was comprehensive and interesting beyond description. At our feet lay the holy city, without a murmur of voices, or busy din of an active multitude, almost lifeless and deserted. The best view is here obtained of the Mosque of Omar, with its beautiful garden around

it, so sacred to every Moslem, and to which no Christian is allowed admittance. To the east, is a view of the Dead Sea and sandy plains of Jericho, with the mountains of Moab in the rear; to the south, the quiet and small village of Bethlehem, with its convent; and to the north, the hill of Bethesda, which was formerly within the city walls. With feelings of gratitude, I praised God that through his infinite mercy I had been permitted to look upon scenes like these, and here to realize the truth of prophecy—"Verily I say unto you, that one stone shall not be left standing upon another. Zion shall be ploughed as a field." Still the site of the ancient city remains; and although prophecy has been literally fulfilled, there still remain fragments of the ancient wall, which carry us back many centuries. Calvary and other localities may give rise to much discussion, but the everlasting hills and valleys must remain to all eternity. It was enough that we were standing upon the true Olivet, and looking down upon the garden of Gethsemane and valley of Jehosaphat, whitened with the bones of the dead, to testify its reality. On descending half way down the mount, we were shown a small chapel or mosque, said to designate the spot where our Master wept over the fallen city. "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not. Behold your house is left desolate; for I say unto you that ye shall not see me henceforth, until ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." We now entered the small enclosure at the foot of the mount, in which are eight large and very old olive trees. "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." We ascended, after crossing the valley, and entered the city by St. Stephen's Gate. Passing by the pool of Bethesda, near the porch of the temple which is called Beautiful, we returned to our dwelling by the Dolorosa.

HOWAGA.

THE NORWAY PEASANT.

We had a very laborious walk to-day, and were glad enough to rest awhile, and to partake of some delicious milk, a large depot of which our guide discovered, high up in the hills. It was a mountain dairy, and consisted of a low log hut. We deposited a few shillings in a bowl in payment for what we had taken; but, as we were leaving the place, the old woman who had the care of the cows which graze on this high ground during the summer months, came up to us. She was full of gratitude for the small pittance which we had left for her, and said we were welcome at any time to as much milk as we pleased. This kind of hut is called a *sater*. One of our party, a few days since, whilst taking a solitary ramble in the midst of the wildest mountains in this neighbourhood, suddenly came upon a similar *sater*, the guardian of which was a lovely girl of sixteen, with fine full black eyes, a beautiful countenance, and one of the finest forms in nature; she tended the cattle with no other companions than a little boy of eight years old and a dog; and here the livelong day and night, unconscious alike of her beauty, or the danger to which it might expose her, did this artless unprotected child of nature pass the summer months. But, indeed, such is the virtue and simplicity of character in these remote, unsophisticated regions, that no instance has ever occurred of violence being offered to one of these lonely shepherdesses. It may be that the custom of thus leaving their daughters and sisters to the care of an all-watching Providence has tended to foster a feeling of honour in the men of Norway, and induced them to respect all unprotected females. But they are not unprotected; the invincible strength and charm of modesty are their safeguard.—*Milford's Norway and her Laplanders in 1841.*

WATER RUNNING UP HILL. Dr. Smith in a recent lecture on Geology at New York, mentioned a curious circumstance connected with the Mississippi river. It runs from north to south and its mouth is actually four miles higher than its source—a result due to the centrifugal motion of the earth. Thirteen miles is the difference between the equatorial and the polar radius; and

the river in flowing 2,000 miles has to rise one third of the distance—it being the height of the equator above the pole. If this centrifugal force then were not continued, the rivers would flow back and the ocean would overflow the land.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CAPTURE OF AN ALLIGATOR.
CONCLUDED.

A low spot, which separated the river from the lake, a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him; and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever came first to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and foaming with rage, rushed with open jaws, and gnashing his teeth, with a sound too ominous to be dispised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed, that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun. The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger, that it was necessary to drive them back with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength, and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed or carried with him into the lake about the whole population of the place.

It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene. The tremendous brute, galled with wounds, and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes, than rapidly ploughing up the stream, he grounded on the shallows, and turned back frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length maddened with suffering, and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair, for it looked as though his way at last was clear to the wide lake. But the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs got entangled in it. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with the lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon at the commencement of the attack, and found more effectual than guns. Entering a canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed growing from him, which moved violently above, while his body was concealed below. His endeavours to extricate himself lashed the water into foam, mingled with blood; and there seemed no end to his vitality, or decrease to his resistance, till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him, as he could catch an opportunity. My companion on the other side, now tried to haul him to the shore, by the nets, to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him. As I had more force with me, we managed, with the aid of the women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, where the river joined the lake, and giving him the "*coup de grace*," left him to grasp out the remnant of his life on the sand. I regret to say, that the measurement of the length of this animal was imperfect. It was night when the struggle ended, and our examination of him was made by torchlight. I measured the circumference, as did also my companion, and it was over eleven feet immediately behind the fore-leg. It was thirteen feet at the belly, which was distended by the immoderate meal made on the horse. As he was only partly out of the water, I stood with a line at his head, giving the other to the Indian, with directions to take it to the extremity of the tail. The length so measured was twenty-two feet, but at the time I doubted the good faith of my assistant, from the reluctance he manifested to enter the water, and the fears he expressed that the mate of the alligator might be in the vicinity. From the diameter of the animal, and the representation of these who examined him afterwards, we believed the length

to have been about thirty feet. As we intended to preserve the entire skeleton, with the skin, we were less particular than we otherwise should have been. On opening him, we found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, which he had swallowed whole, besides a large quantity of stones, some of them of several pounds weight.

The night, which had become very dark and stormy, prevented us from being minute in our investigation; and leaving directions to preserve the bones and skin, we took the head with us and returned home. This precaution was induced by the anxiety of the natives to secure the teeth; and I afterwards found that they attribute to them miraculous powers in the cure or prevention of diseases.

The head weighed near three hundred pounds; and so well was it covered with flesh and muscle, that we found balls quite flattened which had been discharged into the mouth, and at the back of the head, at only the distance of a few feet, and yet the bones had not a single mark to show that they had been touched.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

CHRIST PRE-EXISTENT, OR BEFORE THE WORLD WAS.

In making Christ our theme, we know not where to begin or where to end. Should we begin at the manger in Bethlehem, a voice would issue from the throne of the most excellent Majesty, saying, "Before Abraham was I AM." Or if we go back to the days of that Patriarch, and identify Christ with the Angel of the Covenant, we are still admonished that, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Before, therefore, we can properly delineate Christ in the several aspects and offices in which he is set forth in the Book of Revelation, it becomes us, as a suitable preliminary, to contemplate him as he was in the beginning, or before the foundation of the world.

The inquiry naturally arises, did (Christ) the Second Person in the Trinity exist before he entered upon the mediatorial work; and what rank did he then hold? Or were there no persons or distinctions in the Godhead till the commencement of the work of Redemption?

We have abundant proof that Christ is from eternity, as well as to eternity. "Before Abraham was I AM." He hesitates not here to appropriate to himself this peculiar name of Jehovah, I AM—the verb of existence. He that is, and was, and is to come—the Alpha and Omega—the first and the last—God from eternity. In his intercessory prayer, Christ prays, "Glorify thou me with the glory I had with thee before the world was." He was in the beginning; he was with God; he was God. Of this Prov. 8th chapter furnishes a more detailed account: "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or over the world was. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth. When he prepared the heavens—when he gave to the sea his decree—when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him—and my delights were with the sons of men." Speaking of the condensation and love of Christ, the Apostle Paul says: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor"—in allusion to the glory he had with the Father before the world was. Christ was the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person.

In the light of these declarations let us stop and contemplate Christ. Before the incarnation—before the foundations of the earth were laid, Christ was God, was king, was sovereign of the universe. He was coeternal with the Father, and shared with him all the honors and prerogatives of the eternal throne. Contemplate him here—enthroned in the centre of the universe. Moons revolve about planets, planets about suns, and suns with their countless systems revolve about the grand central power which holds them in their orbs. Call this power what you will—it is the Omnipotent arm—it is the governor of the material universe. It is the God of mind, too, who gives law to intelligent creatures, and takes cognizance of them as moral agents. It is the Divinity, the Supreme God. But here is Christ, the mighty God, the Father of an everlasting age. He is raised, above all principalities and powers—enthroned in the midst of dominions, attended by angels, honored by archangels. All creatures do him reverence. The "morning stars" sing before him, and the sons of God shout for joy. He is rich as all the universe can make him. All honor is his; all power, all glory, all felicity.

But what would you think to see such personage—one so honored, so rich, so happy, descend from his eternal throne, and lay aside the sceptre and the crown, and yield up the glory he had with the Father—what

would angels think of such unwonted transactions in heaven?

Such things have taken place. He became the Babe of Bethlehem, though once he was the King of kings. He became the Man of Sorrows, though once in the bosom of the Father, in whose presence is joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore. How rich was he, but how poor did he become! How glorious, but how dishonoured was he made in the eyes of a fallen world! Here is a transaction which transcends the ken of angels fully to fathom. No wonder they desire to look into these things. To see the Sovereign of ten thousand worlds humble himself to become a man—to take on him the form of a servant, to submit to the infirmities and temptations of humanity, transcending the conception of the wisest angel. What think ye of Christ! Whose son is he? H. R.

A CURSE AND A BLESSING.

If there be one curse more bitter than another to man, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home; of a home where the voice of praise and prayer ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influence of religious feeling; of a home to which, if the cares or the sorrows of life shall bring religion to the heart in after-days, that heart cannot turn without bitterness of feeling, without anguish and vexation of spirit. If there be a curse to any country where the truths of religion are known, the deepest and bitterest curse which can be inflicted on it is a multitude of homes sending forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, unhallowed in their habits, and untaught to love God; the name and cross of Jesus Christ stamped perhaps upon their forehead, but not written in their hearts; and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and its destruction. But, on the other hand, there is a blessing in the religious home which no tongue can speak, no language can describe. The home where, in early years, the heart is trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and service, interweaves with the existence of man's holy affections, thoughts which die not with the circumstances that gave them birth; which last long, even though they may for a season be forgotten and neglected; and which exercise at least some check upon the evil of the human heart; and often, nay, commonly, recall it to hear again the voice of God, and to return to the paths of holiness and peace. How great, how unspeakable is the happiness of a land where homes like this are common!—Rose.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the Boston Mother's Assistant.

The object in publishing the following communication is to show parents the great importance of maintaining in their families, without interruption or cessation, and in the presence of strangers as well as their own household, *Family Prayer*. We are acquainted with the writer. He says, in a private note, "I have travelled the downward road which leads to death, twenty-two years. I sought and obtained what I imagined was real pleasure, but I can now say that the last year of my life has afforded me that sweet peace of mind to which this world is a stranger."—Ed.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

Never shall I forget the first time I bowed my knee at the "Family Altar." Being somewhat out of health last year, I left the city of New York to spend a few months in the country, by the advice of my physician. I visited a relative who resides a short distance from the city. I left home, a careless sinner. I had been, and was then, taking bread strides in the road which leads to death. I spent my precious time in devising plans for the comfort of my poor body, without thinking I had an immortal spirit to save, and fit for the sky. I was constantly treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

On the morning after my arrival, I arose as usual, without thanking God for preserving my worthless life during the night. I was soon assembled with the rest around the "Family Altar," and with them, for the first time, bowed my knee in prayer; but while they were offering up their morning sacrifice, I was thoughtless, unconcerned—merely an idle looker-on. In this manner I passed five months. When about returning to this wicked, but highly-favoured city, my kind relative offered up prayer in my behalf. O, how affectionately did he pray, that my defenceless head might be covered with the shadow of the great Jehovah's wing. He prayed that I might be snatched as a brand from the burning, and that I might know no rest till I found it in Jesus; that I might be induced to lay my weapons of rebellion at my Saviour's feet, and be resolved to

"Fight against my God no more."

His prayer was heard and answered. I returned to this city, an awakened, though not a converted sinner. I saw my lost and ruined condition while wandering far from God, but soon mixed again with the gay world. I left no means untried to drive from me the moun-

tain weight that oppressed me sorely. The "Family Altar" was ever present to my view. The prayers which had been offered in my behalf were ever ringing in my ears. My worldly associates—they who had been the happy and joyous companions of my boyhood hours—they who, like myself, had their affections set on the things of this world—they with whom I had passed many a festive night at the bacchanalian board, hailed my return with great pleasure, and threw their arms open to receive me. My feelings were indescribable! I dared not tell them what was passing in my breast. They soon however deceived me into their ranks; but "a thousand stings within my breast were depriving my soul of ease." I saw my lost and undone condition, while wandering from God, but was ashamed to acknowledge what I felt. I was ashamed to own Him whom angels delight to praise. I knew not what to do. The Holy Spirit strove with me day and night. I continually beheld the Saviour of mankind nailed to the accursed tree. I constantly heard his voice ringing in my ears, "This is the way, walk ye in it." My feelings at last became too powerful longer to stifle. I saw that, if ashamed to confess Jesus Christ and him crucified before man, he would be ashamed to acknowledge me before his Father which is in Heaven. I resolved to seek my soul's salvation; and on Thursday evening, January 6, 1842, I first bent my knee at the altar of God, in the character of an humble penitent, crying—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
"Tis all that I can do."

I found, on taking up what I considered a cross of mountain weight, that my Saviour bore the heaviest part. I also soon found peace and joy in believing. I found Him whom my soul desired to love. The Sun of Righteousness arose in my heart, and turned my darkness into day!

"My chains fell off, my soul was free."

I went forth, determined to follow my Saviour, through evil as well as good report. Although more than a year has passed, I am still happy in a Saviour's love. I have a hope in my heart, full of immortality and eternal life, and this hope I would not relinquish for ten thousand worlds.

I have sought pleasure in every form. I was nursed in the lap of plenty, having at my disposal almost all which this world can give. My associates were those who, like myself, imagined they were gathering honey "from every opening flower." But I have learned, and O that they might learn, that—

"Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

I now know true happiness is to be found, and I rejoice that, though unworthy, I feel that my name is registered in the Lamb's book of life, and that if the "earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." If my happy soul should be required of me this night, I could exclaim, "Thy will—not mine—Oh Lord, be done!" I know that I am an heir to an imperishable crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me in that day when he will come to make up his jewels; and not to me only, but to all those who walk uprightly.

New York City, January, 1843.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

NESTORIANS.—Dr. Grant writes from "Tiyary, the Ancient Assyria, Oct. 21," that he is making encouraging progress in his work. On the 7th of October, he went half way to Amadih, to meet Mr. Hinsdale; and the next day, being just three years from the time when he himself first entered the country, was enabled to introduce this, his first fellow laborer. Mr. Hinsdale had with him eight or nine mules, laden with Syriac Scriptures, household furniture, &c. The road by which he reached Ashita from Amadih, is much better than that formerly travelled by Dr. Grant, and is found perfectly practicable for loaded mules. A lady may ride the whole distance.

Oct. 28.—Dr. Grant writes that on the previous day, the Roman Catholic "Chaldean" Bishop of El-koosh, and an Italian priest, arrived at Ashita, and presented themselves to the patriarch. The patriarch, however, treated them with a cool civility, and professed to have no desire for their labors among his people. His friendship to the American mission appeared undiminished. These papists probably reasoned thus: "Dr. Grant and Mr. Hinsdale have entered the country. We can follow them; and if any evil befall us, we can assert that it was through their influence; and then France will have an excuse for interfering in our behalf, just as she has done at the Sandwich Islands." Their arrival shows the necessity of reinforcing this mission, even though the treasury be embarrassed.

JERUSALEM AND THE JEWS.—A letter from Mr. Whiting gives some account of an interesting movement among the Jews. In November, three Rabbies declared themselves in favor of Christianity, and took up their abode, temporarily, at the house of Mr. Ewald, a converted Jew who is laboring in connexion with Bishop Alexander. The excitement among the unbelieving Jews was great. The Rabbies were induced to return to their friends. They said, however, that their faith was still unshaken, and that, after settling some secular affairs, they would come back. They were taken to the synagogue, abused, and even beaten. Two of them escaped, and returned to Mr. Ewald's. Subsequently, however, they again returned to the Jews. The English missionaries knew not what to think of them. It appeared evident that it was difficult even for a true believer, to break away from Rabbinical influence at Jerusalem, and become a visible Christian. It was reported that many Jews had become secretly believers in Christ, and had been waiting for these three Rabbies to declare themselves. The unbelieving Rabbies commenced an investigation, and found thirty-six Jews favourably disposed towards Christianity.

Some, who have had much to do with missions to the Jews, believe that their present bitter hostility to Christianity is mostly the result of the cruel persecution which they have endured, and will disappear under the influence of kinder treatment from Christian powers. Dr. Anderson said that he had seen a letter from a Hindoo, which stated that it was reported among the Jews in India, that one of the monarchs of Europe had joined with the Queen of England, to establish an independent community of converted Jews in Palestine, and to compel the Turks to respect their independence. The London Jews Society has a mission at Smyrna, and two missionaries at Constantinople; where Mr. Schaffner is also laboring among the Jews.

DECISION OF A CONVERTED HEATHEN.

Dr. Prince relates the following anecdote of a native of Cape Coast, by name J. W. Christian.

"He lately exemplified a firmness and chariness of conduct which I question not was of heavenly inspiration, and the lack of which so often disfigures the form of Christianity, assumed by more experienced professors. He was invited to a feast, where it was probable sinful practices might be adopted,—it was on the occasion of a wedding of one of his intimate associates,—a person of chief importance in their rank. Christian, dressed in his best apparel, went at the appointed hour; but his heart smote as he reached the scene of festivity, and suggested, 'If I stay, I may say something sinful, or do something to grieve the Lord Jesus; I'll therefore return home.' He did so, and in spite of his wife's remonstrance, put off his visiting attire; and though solicited by repeated messages from the bridegroom, stood for a long time firm to his resolve. For a moment there was a little vacillation, caused by his wife's urging that he would offend his friend; but then conscience prevailed; and by way of removing himself still further from the temptation, undressed and went to bed. There was an interval, however, before this last means of defence was adopted, which he employed in reading the word of God, and in kneeling to thank him for having given him the power to refrain. I questioned him narrowly at the time he incidentally related this anecdote, during a conversation upon the danger from ungodly society, to discover the nature of his motive, and whether it had been free from that taint. I said to him, 'Christian, after all that you have told me had passed, did you feel pleased with yourself, and think that God was better pleased with you?' 'No, sir,' he replied, 'I only thank God that he put it into my heart, not to sin against him.'"

ROBERT HALDANE, Esq.—The decease of Robert Haldane, Esq. is just announced in our London papers. Mr. H. was on many accounts one of the most remarkable men of his age. The heir of a large estate, and one of the most beautiful in Scotland, he freely parted with it, in order that he might use the proceeds in advancing the cause of Christ. He first suggested the noble scheme of evangelizing India; and it was with a view to this that he sold his property. Thwarted in this, by the interdict of the Government and the selfishness of the East India Company, his attention

was turned to the spiritual destitution of Scotland into this field of usefulness he and his still surviving brother, Mr. J. A. Haldane, entered, and their influence was largely and blessedly felt. After this, Mr. R. Haldane resided for some years on the Continent, and at Montauban and Geneva was the instrument of revival, of which the Malans, the D'Aubignes, and Monods are the fruits. During his residence abroad, Mr. H. published in French a Comment on the Romans, which is said to have exerted a most wholesome influence in the revival of evangelical truth. After his return to Scotland, he was induced to give it an English dress, and in an enlarged form. Just before his death, (in his 79th year,) he was engaged in revising the third edition. Besides his personal exertions in Britain and on the Continent, which were almost incessant, probably no man in this age has given so large an amount of money for the promotion of the cause of Christ, as Mr. H. So early as 1810 his gifts had reached the very large sum of £56,000. There were two doctrines (not that he overlooked others,) to which he was intensely attached—the doctrine of justification through faith in the righteousness of the Redeemer, and that of the verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1843.

"Great is the truth, and it must prevail."—"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Such were our thoughts, after perusing various documents, which bear ocular proof, that the spirit of popery is making rapid strides in our beloved country, and also in North America. We do not, however, fear the result; satisfied that the divine records clearly shew that the church alluded to must ultimately decline—to prove at once the power of Jehovah and the futility of superstition. We are not amongst those who indulge fear as to the efforts now put forth so strenuously. No, we have staked our present and future welfare on the cause of the Gospel; and believing, as we do, that that Gospel must ultimately prevail and encircle the globe, we are ready to fall with our Christianity, and expire when our hope vanishes away. The truly humble and devout Christian, living in the spirit of his religion, has nothing to fear; the lightning may flash, the winds may roar, the tempest may howl, the earth may quake—but in the midst of them all, the promise assures him, that though heaven and earth pass away, the word of God must and shall be fulfilled.

We are reminded by these observations of a certain minister, once an ornament of the Established Church of our country, whom we have often heard preach with the greatest pleasure, and we trust with profit; but by some unaccountable obtuseness of mind, was led to forsake that Church, and unite himself to the Roman Catholic faith. We pitied him then, and we pity him now, and we call upon all our readers, young and old, to profit by such a beacon presented as a warning to them. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Let the Christian look well to his steps—ponder his goings—examine his Christianity—and examine too the evidences of it in his own character, and by the exhibition of his daily temper and conduct. Let his prayer be, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." Many a minister, and many a devoted and exemplary layman have fallen, who once thought themselves perfectly safe. It is well for us, at all times, to suspect our own strength, and to trust alone in the mighty arm of Jehovah.

We have above referred to the progress of popery. We are strengthened in the opinions we there assert, by the perusal of several articles, which want of room prevents our inserting today, but

which will appear in our next. Truly the "signs of the times" are portentous, and it would be well for every minister of the Gospel in the city of Montreal, and in Canada at large, to examine well, and watch closely, the progress of that system, which, to say the least, is an avowed enemy to that fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the salvation of men exclusively by the atonement of Jesus Christ. Without openly attacking the strong holds of this enemy of the Gospel, we most respectfully recommend our evangelical ministers to dwell, in their discourses, on this grand subject, and on the absolute necessity of repentance in all who come unto God through Christ.

We have calmly, dispassionately and prayerfully examined Popery from its own books, and by conversations with its own votaries, and again we say, we see reason to question the truth of its doctrines. Yet among the number who rank with its professors, we admit with pleasure, that there are many who are well known as men of integrity, urbanity and uprightness: men whose amiable dispositions, whose domestic virtues, and sterling moral worth would do credit to a far nobler and better cause. Would that they were but convinced of the folly of endeavouring to find happiness in a system which leaves them in greater darkness by its very efforts to point out the way of life.

Should these lines meet the eye of such, we earnestly and affectionately beg of them to consider their position, and calmly and dispassionately to weigh their solemn responsibility.

We shall return to the subject in a future number.

CHALLENGE.—The last number of the *Harbinger* contains a translation from the *Melanges Religieuses*, (a Roman Catholic publication) in which the Editor acknowledges the fact of the recent burning of Bibles at the Corbeau, to which we have already alluded, and denounces the Protestant Bible as "falsified," "profane," and "the word of impostors." The *Harbinger*, after replying to these calumnies, concludes with the following challenge from six Protestant Ministers residing in Montreal:—

The undersigned are anxious that the faith of the public "should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God;" and if the conductors of the "*Melanges*" sincerely believe that the English version of the Holy Scriptures in use among Protestants is "falsified," and "profane," and the "word of impostors," we the undersigned Ministers of the Gospel residing in this city, offer to defend this translation made from the originals, and to prove its superiority to the Douay version made from the Latin, and we publicly call upon these gentlemen to meet us in argument, or to retract a charge which cannot be sustained.

HENRY WILKES,
W. TAYLOR,
BENJ. DAVIES,
JOHN GRIDWOOD,
J. J. CARRUTHERS,
CALEB STRONG.

Montreal, March 6, 1843.

ANOTHER.—The Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Roman Bishop of Arath and Coadjutor of the Roman Bishop of Philadelphia, has addressed a letter to the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, inviting their return to the Roman Church. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, has addressed a letter to the Roman Prelate, in which he "denies utterly that there is any disposition on the part of the Episcopal Church or her Bishops to go back in one single feature to the corruption of Rome." As evidence of this, he gives the whole Roman Hierarchy the following challenge:

"I hereby in vite you, together with as many of your episcopal brethren as you may think fit, to a PUBLIC DISCUSSION of the whole controversy between our respective Churches, in which it may be shown whether we have, in a single article,

shifted our theological position from the ground which our forefathers defended; and in what respects, if any, the relative aspects of our several communions have been changed."

THE UNION OF CHRISTIANS AND CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.—"Behold, how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—If it was so in the time of the Psalmist, under a comparatively dark dispensation, how much more so is its desirableness under this, the brightest, the most glorious of all dispensations.

And it is truly exhilarating and delightful to hope, that all Christians are aiming at such a desired period, when "Ephraim shall no longer vex Judah, nor Judah envy Ephraim." Oh, how truly soul-refreshing it would be to see those excellent men, our Baptist brethren, putting aside their water prejudices, and embracing within their fold all Christians of all denominations. How pleasing it would be to see the adherents of the venerable John Wesley taking by the hand Baptists, Congregationalists and Churchmen; and to see those following the same example. These would be times of holy joy, real satisfaction, and would be, too, big with importance, and rich in expectation.

But how is this to be accomplished? Simply thus:—Let each sect admit that there is a possibility of others being Christians beside those in their own fold. Ah, the name of Baptist is not known in heaven, neither is that of Wesleyan, or Congregationalist, or Churchman. There are there only CHRISTIANS; and, in fact, they are all Christians on earth—but, alas! too often prefer sectarian names to this, the brightest and noblest of all designations. If, then, they are all Christians on earth, and are called such, and only such, in heaven,—surely they ought to be now one in affection, esteem and regard. Perish, for ever perish, these unhappy distinctions, and let us have "one faith, one hope, one baptism," and, at length, one everlasting home.

To encourage and stimulate our friends to the attainment of this delightful object, we extract the following from the *Wesleyan* of March 8, which we think will be deeply interesting to our readers; and we earnestly beg that each Christian will observe the importance, and, indeed, absolute necessity for each to do his or her part in this glorious movement.

"A public meeting of ministers and members of different churches was lately held in the metropolis of the empire, "as declarative of their fellowship in Christ, on the ground of their common faith in the fundamental truths of the Christian religion." The spacious building (Craven Chapel) in which the meeting took place, was densely filled. After prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Cox, leading clergymen of the various bodies addressed the assemblage. The address delivered by the Rev. William Bunting, son of the senior Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, exhibited in a style at once lucid, logical and eloquent, the scriptural basis on which may and ought to be superinduced the manifested unity of the Spirit among all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. We can only present our readers with the animated peroration; and we envy not the man whose bosom thrills not with an accordant response:—

Behold, then, the simple ground, and the general purport, of our present and proposed alliance. It ought not to be misunderstood, and it need not. It is not a fitful and flighty profession of indifference to all ecclesiastical forms and cognizances; nor yet an avowal of misgiving, or of lukewarmness, about our own. Neither is it, on the other hand, an idle essay, in the present jarring state of that wonderful world of mind which surrounds us, towards incorporation under some one theory of Church-Order; nor is it the prelude of a solemn Synod for the settlement of doctrinal questions; nor is it a pledge of denominational unity, among brethren who have actually

attained one judgment, as on essential principles, so likewise on many important points, within either category; nor, least of all, is it a junction, for some political or philanthropic purpose, between parties who stand aloof on spiritual grounds, but who have found out some affinities of opinion on matters of temporal moment. No! our union, as we desire it to be, might almost be described as the precise reverse of this last. It is an union of those who are spiritually and vitally one; though externally, on account of some lingering differences of belief, worship and church-procedure, constrained for very peace's sake to divide. It speaks them undivided in, and for God. It is formed on the ground of the Christian Confession, under the attractions of the Spirit, beneath the shadow of our Saviour's Cross; it is formed that we may cherish His mind, maintain His honours, and feel after His further will. Whatever may be its ulterior views, it certainly has none, and, from the composition of this pattern-meeting, can have none, beyond the theatre of a Scriptural Catholicity. For the present, and in itself, it is simply "Declarative of our Fellowship in Christ." It is to be interpreted as the not unhumble, nor unanxious, assertion on the part of each church-fessing believers, whose representatives are present, of a claim of membership in His mystical Body; and as a most cordial recognition of that claim by all the rest,—a recognition, which we respectfully extend to all, in every place, and of every name, who, as the Apostle exhorted the church at Philippi, "Mind the one thing." Solemnly and joyfully believing in One Holy Ghost, not only as the Lord, but as the giver of spiritual life,—and in One Catholic and Apostolic Church, which His inspiration created and which His grace sustains, in Christ,—we would show forth the Communion of Saints. Amen!

ON MARRIAGE.—The institution of marriage originated with the Governor of the universe; and it is designed to administer to man's comfort, as well as to propagate our species. Marriage forms a union mysterious as it is beneficial—an alliance which, when formed in the fear of the Lord, blends two souls into one, and harmonises all the hopes, fears, joys and sympathies of the individuals who are its subjects. An unhappy marriage is, perhaps, one of the most severe afflictions an individual can suffer in this life, because it may be protracted for years, and only ends with the reformation or death of one of the parties—it is emphatically a curse. If there be one change in life which more than another requires prudence, consideration and prayer, it is the change from a single to a married state. The Christian especially should be cautious in choosing a partner for life; no circumstances or considerations can justify a departure from the apostolic command, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." That person is indeed to be pitied who allows passion or avarice to influence him in making a choice, on which so much of felicity or infelicity depends.

Nor is it sufficient to be guided by moral and religious considerations alone. The natural constitution of him or her who is chosen as a companion for life, should receive attention; the neglect of this has frequently entailed much sickness in families, and, what is worse, has transmitted hereditary diseases down through many generations.

These hints are thrown out in the hope that they may prevent, though it should be but in one instance, the unhappy consequences attending a hasty matrimonial alliance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We beg respectfully to inform our readers, that Chap. 5 of "The Saviour's Bright Example," will appear in our next—press of matter compelling us to omit its insertion in this number.

"Twilight Musings, No. 1," (poetry) is also unavoidably deferred till our next.

* * * Communications, Letters on Theological Subjects, and Books for Review, may be addressed (post paid) to the care of Mr. C. GORBELL, Post Office, Montreal—who has kindly consented to act as Agent for the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MEMOIR OF SIR CHARLES METCALFE, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CANADA.

(Written for the Christian Mirror.)

We believe, firmly believe, in the doctrine of a Divine providence—that providence extends not only to the affairs of humanity generally, but to each and every specific individual. And in this light we view the much lamented indisposition of His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot, and his intended return, if spared, to our native land. Whatever may be the diversity of opinions among our readers, of the policy of Sir Charles Bagot, all will, assuredly, give him credit for integrity of motives, uprightness of character, and sterling honesty in the discharge of unusually responsible duties. The political horizon is somewhat gloomy, but the darkened clouds have not arisen from the policy, the measures, or the judgment of his late Excellency. There have been other and various causes—the depression of mercantile pursuits in the old country—the stagnation of all kinds of business, and, consequently, in this colony, the unusually low prices of produce—prices, which all but ruin the industrious farmer, and do not by any means benefit the intelligent and enterprising merchant. It is a matter, too, of deep regret that the recent severe (but we hope now amended) ill health of his late Excellency has retarded the progress of measures intended by him to promote the welfare of this colony. Every rightly constituted mind will have felt deeply grieved, not only on account of the Governor himself, but for the retardment of the progress of measures which, to say the least, might have claimed a fair trial amongst the colonists. Sincerely do we desire and earnestly do we pray that the God of Heaven will watch over and perfect the health of His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot, that he may be spared to see his native land in safety and renewed strength; and that, if he must for the future, walk amid the envious scenes of domestic privacy, he may there exemplify virtues and excellencies which exalt character, whether humble or elevated in society.

We have extracted the following from the *Colonial Gazette*, to which we beg to call the attention of all our readers, especially those who are young men, inasmuch as we shall presently have to observe, that the character of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the newly elected Governor, is important specially to them and to their future interests.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart., G.C.B., is the second son of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the first baronet, who was in the military service of the East India Company, and who became a Director of the Company on his return to this country.

Sir Charles was educated at Eton, from which school he brought away a strong relish for classical literature; and he entered at a very early age, about 1801, into the civil service of the East India Company. His promising qualifications for the public service immediately attracted the attention of Lord Wellesley, who employed him, in the first instance confidentially, in what was called his "private office;" and shortly afterwards attached him, as his agent, to Lord Lake's army in the field,—a distinction greater, perhaps, than was ever conferred, even in India, upon one so young in years. But his conduct in this delicate office proved Lord Wellesley's sagacity in selecting him for it. He was shortly afterwards appointed Resident at Delhi, with extensive powers in relation to the states on our North-western frontier. In this capacity he negotiated the first treaty of the British Government with the late Runjeet Singh, the sovereign of the Punjab. That able and ambitious monarch had at-

tempted to bring under his power some petty independent States on the banks of the Sutlej, lying between his boundary and that of British India. Mr. Metcalfe was sent by Lord Minto to apprise him that he must either withdraw his troops within his own territory, and cease to meddle with the States under our protection, or prepare for immediate conflict with the British power.

The declaration of the resolution of the British Government evidently excited him extremely. He flung out of the room, and presently Mr. Metcalfe beheld him careering on the plain below, at the head of a small band of horsemen. After galloping about for some time, he returned to the conference, and announced his unwilling determination to withdraw his troops. Mr. Metcalfe remained at Delhi till he was called down to Calcutta as Secretary to the Supreme Government in the political department, and private secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, about the year 1818. In 1821 he went as Resident to Hyderabad, and returned to Delhi with the charge of Rajpootana, and the whole North-western frontier, on the retirement of Sir David Ochterlony, about 1827. Thence he was summoned to Calcutta, to take his seat in the Supreme Council; his term of service in which was specially extended, in consideration of his eminent usefulness, from five to seven years. For a considerable part of this time he was Vice-President of the Council, during Lord William Bentinck's absence from Calcutta. On the constitution of a new Presidency in the North-western provinces by the Charter Act of 1834, Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed the first Governor of Agra, and, provisionally, Governor-General on the death or resignation of Lord William Bentinck. In March, 1835, that nobleman resigned the Government to Sir Charles Metcalfe (who succeeded to the Baronetcy on his brother's death, about 1823). Sir Charles filled this high office till the arrival of Lord Auckland, in March, 1836, when he resumed the Government of Agra, which he resigned, and returned to England in 1838. In 1839 Lord Melbourne's Administration selected him, at a very critical moment, for the Governor-Generalship of Jamaica, from which he returned to England last year. The Grand Cross of the Bath was conferred upon him when he made over the Governor-Generalship of India to Lord Auckland, and he was appointed a member of the Privy Council on his accepting the Governor-Generalship of Jamaica.

To be concluded in our next.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. CHAPTERS FOR THE YOUNG.

NO. I.—THE ETERNAL GOD THE GUIDE OF YOUTH.*

"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father be thou the guide of my youth."—JER. iii. 4.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have been requested by your kind instructor, to address a few words to you; and I do so, the more cheerfully, because it reminds me, very forcibly, of the period when I listened, like you, Sabbath after Sabbath, to a kind and affectionate teacher. O that I could tell you how anxious he was for our eternal salvation. Well do I remember his looks, his voice, his kind expressions, his earnest entreaties, his persuasive arguments, and his intense anxiety for our best interests. And, surely, there are some of you at least who are concerned that your kind teachers' instructions may be a lasting blessing as they are of infinite importance to you.—Will you, then, kindly listen to me while I attempt to talk to you as a friend, a sincere friend, who desires your present and everlasting welfare. And I would commend to you, a subject the most interesting, and at the same time of unspeakable solemnity and importance. "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

This world is one of danger, perplexity, and trial. You are all seeking for happiness. Oh, how you toil and labor and pant for it, and doubtless, many of you are looking forward to it as an object to be possessed at a distant period in your history; but let me undeceive you—this is fallacious; if you are happy at all, now is the season, now is the period—you have now the least care and anxiety—you have now the best opportunities of receiving instruction, and of retaining the knowledge which you have so received. Be-

* The subject of this paper was addressed to an interesting band of youth at a Bible class in this city. The writer has desired its appearance in print, under the fervent hope and earnest prayer that it may be useful to his young friends; and if permitted, intends occasionally to continue a series of papers specially prepared for them.

sider, the present world is not capable of imparting real happiness. Ask it, at the hand of pleasure, it says, it is not in me. Ask it in the din and bustle of business, it replies, it is not in me. Ask it in the domestic circle, it says, it is not in me. Ask it in the stores of knowledge and science, and they say, it is not in me. Nay, ask where you may, search how you may, and you will find that only religion can impart it.

As a traveller in this dangerous world—danger arising from the fascinations of life, from the deceitfulness of your own hearts—from the enemy of souls, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour; and from evil companions and ungodly associates,—oh wilt thou not, under a conviction, a deep sense of your danger, cry out: "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

Youth are very prone to think themselves wise, and are too often self sufficient, and arrogant—and these thoughts prove them very foolish. Search your own hearts—examine your own characters, and you will see what ignorance, folly, pride and prejudice, is attached to you. Almost every step you take with such dispositions is a wrong one; and tends no less to your present injury than it militates against your future welfare. How little you know of God—how ignorant you are of yourselves—how prejudiced against divine truth—how awfully mistaken as to a personal interest in the Saviour of mankind. Will you not then, under a conviction of all this, cry out, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth."

"How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
This dang'rous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread.

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
And walk with sinners there."

Did you ever, my dear young friends, watch the looks of your kind and affectionate father; did you ever see the pearly tear run down the cheeks of an anxious mother, interested for your present and eternal welfare; how intense her affection, how earnest her prayers. Oh I pity the youth, who has been unmoved by the love of his father, or unaffected by the affection of his mother; but the *Eternal God* is kinder than the kindest father, more anxious for your welfare than the most tender mother. He stoops from heaven to notice you, he condescends to address you, he is your Father, your heavenly Father: for, he has created you, watched over you through the whole of your past history—provided for you, and guarded you every moment you have lived; he has, moreover, sent his own Son, the Son of his love, his "well beloved Son," to die for you. Was there ever love like this? Was there ever kindness equal to this? He has, too, given his word, that holy and blessed volume of inspired truth, for your perusal; he has given you kind teachers, and assiduous instructors; and all these develop his amazing love, and his unbounded goodness. Will you not, therefore, cry unto him, "My Father, my Father, be thou the guide of my youth."

Yes, he will be your guide. Are you in perplexity, he will direct your path. Are you sorrowful—(and who does not feel oftentimes sorrow along the path of life?)—he will cheer and encourage you. Are you conscious of aggravated sins and transgressions, he will whisper peace to your conscience, and impart joy to your spirit. Are you feeling the need, the absolute need, of divine wisdom as you tread life's thorny way, hear the language of his inspired word, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth it all liberally and upbraideth not."—Oh, is there a single friend on earth so kind—a friend so entirely devoted to your interests, so anxious for your welfare. I have a brother, an affectionate and endeared brother, who has often said, he could cheerfully lay down his life for me, and I believe his intense affection would prompt him to do so; but "God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This Divine Friend is waiting to be gracious to you. He has omnipotent power—everlasting strength—to help you; and a heart abounding

with love to bless you, and do you good. Cry unto him, dear youth, "Be thou the guide of my youth."

"Art thou my Father, I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend,
And only do and wish to be
Whatever seemeth best to thee."

Religion is often viewed by the young in most unkind and ungenerous a manner. It is by them said to be a gloomy subject: *but it is a libel upon its character. It is in the very reverse. Though religious persons are not always happy, it does not arise from the religion they profess, but from themselves, their fretful dispositions, their ruffled tempers, and their selfish feelings. Sometimes too from unexpected troubles which they deeply feel, and from malignant slander and uncalled for reproach; but religion can and does make its possessor really happy. "I never yet saw the man who was happy," said a gentleman to me one day, while sitting in his parlour. To which I replied mockingly and cheerfully, "Yes, there is one before you; religion, and only religion, makes him happy." He answered not a word,—oh may he try the religion thus commended to him, and he will be really contented, happy and useful, wherever providence calls him to tread.*

"Religion, what treasures untold
Resides in that heavenly word;
More precious than jewels of gold,
Or all that this earth can afford!

O had I a thousand tongues, I would use them all in telling you of the superior happiness there is in religion—it calms the spirit—it soothes the sorrowful mind—it gives resignation under trial and difficulties—it enables us to perform conscientiously the duties of our worldly vocation; and it daily fits us for a nobler, a better, a glorious life, beyond the grave.

Am I addressing any who, after all the kind advice given, are determined to refuse and neglect the Eternal God as their Guide. My dear young friends, I adjure you by all that is solemn, sacred, and important on earth, by all that is glorious, great, and majestic in heaven; by all that is awful, terrific, and despairing in hell—by the kindness and affection of your fond and devoted parents, by the friendship and love of your instructors, by the appeals and persuasions reiterated from time to time in your ears by your faithful minister; by the friendship I entertain sincerely and disinterestedly for each of you, I entreat you, nay, I demand of you, in the name of my Saviour and my Master, that you neglect not these solemn truths. Religion is a reality; it is not a cunningly devised fable; the scoffer may scorn, the hypocrite may be unfaithful and deceptive—the formalist may be wavering and undecided—the young may neglect their immortal souls; but religion is still "the power of God to the salvation of those who truly believe." Oh, let me persuade you to be decided on the Lord's side. Break away, for ever discard, every thing which keeps you in doubt and indecision. Let the spell, the charm, which binds you to worldly objects and earthly pursuits, be broken, and be prepared at once and for ever to give up your youthful hearts to the Saviour of sinners. Study daily divine truth, attend diligently the means of grace, try the consolations and joys of the religion of the Saviour—a religion which has landed millions already, safely and securely, in the eternal world, and the reception of which will make you happy in life, calm and tranquil in death, and eternally secure throughout the ages of a glorious immortality. Even so, Amen.

C. J. G.

Montreal, 6th March, 1843.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."—A Welch parson, preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation, that in kind and respectable treatment to our fellow-creatures we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted one instance of two goats in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you; one goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him."

JUST SENTIMENTS.—The following is an extract from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, N. J., to the Secretary of the Board of Missions, and published in the Domestic Missionary Chronicle. After showing that "we shall be held responsible at the tribunal of Jesus Christ, for the communication of the gospel to our contemporaries," he says:

"The time will come, and I cannot but hope that it is near at hand, when all the difficulty about funds for the spread of the gospel will be done away—when Christians will learn a lesson which hitherto they have been very slow to learn, that the richest enjoyment of wealth, is to give its increase to the treasury of the Lord; and that the sweetest of incentives to labor, is the hope of gaining something, that we may aid in furthering the cause of God. The excuses for our want of liberality are utterly futile—they are worse, they are often impious. If we are Christians, let us act like Christians, and not dishonor the sacred name, by a base, selfish, avaricious spirit, which keeps back from the treasury of the Lord what is due. If we are Christians indeed, we owe not our wealth, but ourselves to the Redeemer, who has bought us with a price. Was he willing to purchase our salvation, by pouring out his blood, and shall we be unwilling to give liberally what he has given us, to promote his cause? The very heathen will rise up in judgement against narrow-hearted Christians; for they expend ten times as much on their idols, as these do in supporting and propagating a religion which is truly divine, and which is the only hope of salvation. O that men would remember that they are but stewards, and that God will require a strict account of the manner in which they dispense what has been committed to them!"

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

It is again stated that the new Governor General of Canada, family and suite, were to leave on the 4th inst., in the steamer Columbia, for Halifax.

In the House of Commons, on the 7th ult., Mr. Roebuck's motion for "the pardon of the persons who suffered transportation during the late outbreak in Canada," was strongly opposed by Lord Stanley, and condemned by Mr. C. Buller, who accompanied Lord Durham to Canada. Mr. Roebuck was obliged to withdraw his motion.

A reduction is about to take place in the British forces in Canada, to the extent of three regiments, which are to return immediately to this country. The King's Dragoon Guards will be one; the other two will be selected from those regiments whose length of Colonial duty will give them the preference. Other reductions are either decided on, or in progress, in accordance with the intimation conveyed in the Royal Speech.—*United Service Gazette.*

It is generally believed in the commercial circles, that the government will propose to do something with the sugar duties, and to regulate the admission of American agricultural produce, through Canada, into British ports upon a more liberal basis.

DEATH OF MR. RICHARD CARLILE.—Mr. Richard Carlile died on the 10th of February, at 4, at his residence Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. He was born at Ashburton, Devon, December 8, 1890.

He was at one time notorious for his infidel professions and practice, but recanted, some years ago, and made a public declaration of his sincere belief in Christianity.

CASUALTIES AT SEA.—The storm of the 4th inst., which prevented the Acadia from sailing on her appointed day, has been attended with serious disasters in various parts of the country. Upwards of thirty vessels have been wrecked or driven on shore, and it is said that no less than five hundred persons have been lost in the late gales. For many years there has not been seen so frightful a catalogue of disasters at sea.

WEST INDIES.

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A St. Croix paper of February 17th, contains accounts from all or nearly all the islands at which the shocks were felt. At Point a Pitre, Guadeloupe, 6000 persons had "disappeared;" the bodies of 4000 had been dug out of the ruins and taken out to sea, to prevent a pestilence.—Of 800 soldiers forming the regiment quartered there, only 40 remained. The massive fortifications were a heap of ruins, and the mouth of the harbour was completely choked up by rocks forced from the bottom of the sea. It was feared that the vessels in port would never be got out.

At Saint Bart's the church and several other buildings were thrown down, and the earth opened in the

centre of a street to a width of a foot, the fissure extending six hundred yds. in length.

Only ten lives were lost at St. John's, although almost every building in St. John's was brown down.

At Saint Eustatia the damage was confined mainly to buildings, some being very badly injured.

At St. Christopher's several of the public buildings were utterly destroyed. Only one person lost her life, but some others were badly hurt.

At Movia and St. Bartholomew's the earth opened, and water with a sulphurous smell issued from the crevices.

Nothing farther had been heard from Montserrat. When last seen the island was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke or dust. The sea around was violently agitated.

At Saint Vincent the shock was felt but slightly. We learn from Capt Knowles, of the Schr. Ellen, arrived this morning from St. Thomas, that the United States Consul at Point a Petre, had been so much injured that he survived but a short time. The town and harbour had been put under martial law to prevent plundering.

OBITUARY.

DECEASED.—At St. Armand, L. C., on the 23d February, Miss Virtue Adams, only daughter of Abel Adams, Esq. She was a young lady eminently distinguished by amiable disposition and literary taste. And what "perfected all the rest," she possessed an intelligent and heartfelt piety. She was made a subject of the converting grace of God a little better than two years since, at a protracted meeting held by myself and my beloved colleague, the Rev. M. McDonald, in the Wesleyan Chapel near her father's residence. Soon after she received Christian baptism, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist church, of which she continued an ornament, till she "passed through death triumphant home." She bore her last sickness, which was six weeks in continuance, with exemplary patience and Christian magnanimity. And, in the twenty-first year of her age leaving the scenes of earth, she sweetly "fell asleep in Jesus," "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," at the termination of the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days, when Daniel and all the dead in Christ, shall come forth from their graves and stand in their lot in the "everlasting possession" of the spiritual Israel. It is hoped that this mysterious dispensation of Providence will have a salutary effect on her very numerous acquaintances both in Canada and the United States. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." R. H.

POETRY.

ARISE, BLOW THE TRUMPET!

BY THE REV. W. M'GOWAN.

ARISE! blow the trumpet, the jubilee hailing;
O Zion! proclaim what Jehovah hath wrought!
Let gratitude, over each rival prevailing,
Give fire to each word and give life to each thought,
Exalt thy Redeemer; break forth into singing;
Like dew drops in number thy converts appear;
The isles of the west with salvation are ringing;
The negro re-echoes our jubilee year!

Arise! blow the trumpet, for slavery banished;
The negro is ransomed in body and mind;
For fetters, and scourge, and tortures are vanished,
And of their existence no wreck left behind.
See Africa, taking her harp from the willows,
Her children to welcome once more to her strand;
Who weep tears of joy, as they fly o'er the billows,
To plant the "true vine" in their own fatherland.

Arise, blow the trumpet!—the East and her sages
The Shaster reject, and the Bible receive;
The darkness is past that deceived them for ages,
The true light now shines, and on Christ they believe.

O India, rejoice;—for thy suttee has fallen,
And Juggernaut, bending, shall soon kiss the ground;

These horrid delusions, so cruel, appalling,—
The Gospel of Christ shall for ever confound,

Arise, blow the trumpet!—God's promise, unshaken,
Assures us all nations his glory shall see;
O, Zion! thy tribes and thy watchmen awaken,
And soon we shall welcome the grand jubilee.
And see while we sing how the heavens are bowing,
And Jesus descends, o'er the nations to reign;
While Gentiles and Jews to his temple are flowing,
With joy to appear in his glorious train!

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