

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL XII. 4. [7s. 6D. PER AN.

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POETRY.

THE CASTAWAY.

The following beautiful and affecting lines, by Cowper, the bard of freedom, morality, and religion, have not been generally printed in the edition of his works. They derive an increased interest from the fact, considered to be authentic, that they were written after one of those attacks that temporarily bereft him of reason, and with allusion to a similar and final catastrophe that might befall him:—

Obscurest night involved the sky ;
The Atlantic billows roar'd ;
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship, left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent ;
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine ;
—Expert to swim, he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so furious the blast prevail'd
That, pitiless per force,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford,
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow ;
But he, they knew, nor ship, nor shore,
Whatever they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that slight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour,
In ocean, self-upheld,
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd ;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—'Adieu !'

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then by toil subdued, he drank
The swelling wave, and then he sank.

PRAYER.

It is not the length, but the strength of prayer, that is required ; not the labour of the lip, but the travail of the heart, that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, "but full, and to the purpose."—Spencer.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

Oh ! what is life ? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms—and is gone :
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on :—
Death comes—and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

Oh ! what is life ?—'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky ;
We love to see its colors glow—
But while we look, they die,
Life fails as soon ; to-day 'tis here—
To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord what is life ?—If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care :
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"MAY YOU BE HAPPY."

Such were the words used by a mother, when she kissed her only son, and bade him take her blessing to go forth and preach the glad tidings in Zion, to bind up the broken hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captives—to put on the Christian armour, and become a soldier and follower of Christ. And although her tears fell on his bosom, to mingle with his own, she knew the eye of the Almighty, whose mission he went to perform, was over him to direct him for good. Yet she had a mother's heart, and there dwelt a mother's fondness. She breathed a prayer, that when trials should assail him, he might be enabled to look to heaven with patience and resignation ; and then she added, "May you be happy !"

O ! how joyous are those tears that flow from the source of good, or the hope of futurity ! And thus it was with the mother ; her tears were but a little shower before the bursting forth of a bright and beautiful sun. For time had numbered but a few years, when the missionary had laid down his load—had overcome the hardships he had to undergo, and surmounted the greatest difficulties of his Christian labor. While around him were gathered a congregation, anxious to hail him as their pastor and have the gospel preached to them by his mouth ; he had sought out the waste places in a distant land—he cried to them as the voice of one in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord !" and had pointed the people to seek that righteousness which is found only in Christ Jesus.—The few sheep that had before wandered in the desert, without a guide, were now led forward amidst the green pastures and beside the pleasant streams that guided them on, until they should reach the heaven of everlasting bliss, and partake the hope of their salvation. O ! happy Son—O ! mother blessed indeed ! for now are thy desires fulfilled, and Heaven hath answered thy supplication. But alas ! how uncertain is human nature. He that hath not extended his hopes beyond the limit of time, has nothing but briars in his pathway, and not one beam of gladness before him. Was it so with the mother, when tidings came that her son lay sick ? No ; a thorn indeed pierced her bosom, but it was not painful ; so bright and pure is the happiness of religion, that no affliction can lessen its conquering power. She knew that in the regions

above was laid up for them a crown of immortal glory ; and she murmured not. O how few there are, who, under such circumstances, find no cause for complaint. But such was not the case with the mother of that son, who had been the means of bringing a few souls to the Saviour ; for although she shortly heard of his death, it rejoiced her greatly to find that he had borne his sufferings with fortitude—with a quickened faith, firmly united to his Lord and Master ; and that his last words, when he left this frail world, responded to the prayer of his weeping mother—he had lived, and he died HAPPY.

GRATITUDE OF THE RESCUED.

Dr. Parker, in his interesting book, "INVITATIONS TO TRUE HAPPINESS," gives a beautiful illustration of fervent gratitude for Divine forbearance, so justly due from the hearts of all men, yet felt by comparatively so few, who are permitted to live on by its exercise, year after year, in impenitence.

During a sea voyage, a few years since, I was conversing with the mate of the vessel on this topic, when he concurred in the view presented, and observed that it called to mind one of the most thrilling scenes he had ever beheld. With this he related the following story.

"I was at sea, on the broad Atlantic, as we now are. It was just such a bright, moonlight night as this, and the sea was quite fough. The captain had turned in and I was upon watch when suddenly there was a cry of a man overboard. To go out in a boat was exceedingly dangerous. I could hardly make up my mind to command the hands to expose themselves. I volunteered to go myself, if two more would accompany me. Two generous fellows came forward, and in a few moments the boat was lowered, and we were tossed upon a most frightful sea.

"As we rode upon the mountain wave, we discovered the man upon a distant billow. We heard his cry and responded 'Coming.' As we descended into the trough of the sea, we lost sight of the man, and heard nothing but the roar of the ocean. As we rose on the next wave, we again saw him and distinctly heard his call. We gave him another word of encouragement, and called with all our strength. At the top of each successive wave, we saw and heard him, and our hearts were filled with encouragement. As often in the trough of the sea, we almost abandoned the hope of success. The time seemed long, and the struggle was such as men never make but for life. We reached him just as he was ready to sink with exhaustion. When we had drawn him into the boat, he was helpless and speechless. Our minds now turned towards the ship. She had rounded to. But exhausted as we were, the distance between us and the vessel was frightful. One false movement would have filled our boat and consigned us all to a watery grave. Yet we reached the vessel, and were drawn safely upon the deck. We were all exhausted, but the rescued man could neither speak nor walk ; he had a full sense of his condition. He clasped our feet and began to kiss them. We disengaged ourselves from his embrace. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back to avoid him he followed us, looking up at one moment smiles and tears, and then patting our wet foot-prints with his hand, he kissed them with an eager fondness. I never witnessed such a scene in my life. I suppose if he had been our greatest enemy he would have been perfectly subdued by our kindness. The man was a passenger. During the whole remaining part of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when we reached the port he loaded us with presents."

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM

It is not strange that such a man as Dr. Doddridge, who lived as every Christian ought to live, in a intimate communion with God, fully unite in the pleasures of heaven, and whose heart and soul was continually anticipating the joys of that glorious world, should have been the subject of the following remarkable dream:

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters a very favourite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendours around the throne of God. One evening, after conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject, discussed, and, in the "visions of the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form:—He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he exchanged the prison house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness.—Embodied in a splendid aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but no glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his change, but, by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and, as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air; their forms became more and more distant, and gradually melted away from his sight. Resting upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movement, and in whose countenance, he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that fitted across their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour he replied, that while on earth he had heard, that eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding the building so which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything he had ever before seen, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply—they were already at the door, and entered.

The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and there he said he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that, during the interval before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas angels, though unseen, had ever been his family attendants, and sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from immediate peril. He beheld himself first as an infant just expiring when his life was prolonged by an angel, gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uncertainty. Among others he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable, had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force

of his descent.—These merciful interpositions of angels filled him with joy, and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he saw eye in person an exhibition of goodness and mercy that he had never before seen. All that he had imagined, such as his attention was arrested by a tap at the door.—The Lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened, and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and full of sublimity and beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the cup, and after having drank himself, he presented to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken, than all uneasy sensations vanished; Perfect joy had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of the summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labours are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward."—Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided into the very depth of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view.—The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks.—Long did lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

We believe one great and salutary result of the Free Church deputation to America, will be to open the eyes of the American Churches more fully to the essential evils of that system of slavery which has so long been tolerated, if not fostered, among them. When Christians in America learn the deep and painful impression created in this country, by the simple statement of those scenes, which are of daily occurrence in the south, and of which Dr. Burns gave a specimen the other night, in Renfield Church, from personal observation; their consciences must surely be quickened to entertain the serious inquiry, whether or not they have not hitherto sadly failed in their duty, in taking no vigorous and effective measures to get a period put to such a revolting system. Except when the news reached the Free Assembly, that Maria Joaquina had been condemned to death by the British Judge Conservator of Madeira for renouncing the error of Popery, we hardly remember an occasion on which such a profound and intense sensation was created, as when Dr. Burns stated, that he had himself seen intelligent men and women heads of families and members of Christian Churches, exposed to sale, and that by men professing Christianity in the slave market of Richmond. The feeling thus created was not at all the effect of impassioned oratory, but of the naked statement of facts that he himself had witnessed. And who that is not utterly dead to all right feeling, or prevented by the withering influence of debasing custom, could avoid feeling at once indignant and heart-broken at the thought, that the members of Christ are sold by his professed disciples with as little remorse as if they were so many sheep or oxen—that husbands are torn from their wives; children separated from their parents, and families rent asunder, to gratify the cupidity of the worshippers of mammon; the ministers of Christ all the while looking on with indifference or approbation.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, that has long manifested the most determined antipathy to abolition, has now taken some very decided steps in that direction. At the meeting of Conference in May last, it resolved the rule, which it adopted four years before, which declared the evidence of a coloured man against a white in all cases of discipline, in the slave states, to be inadmissible. After the same meeting it suspended from the office of the ministry, one of its preachers, who had married a lady, possessed of four or five slaves, for refusing to manumit them; and Bishop Andrews, for a similar offence, has by a large majority been found incapacitated for the exercise of his office. Considering the influence which the Methodists exercise in the southern states, this is a most auspicious commencement, and one which, though it may, in the first instance, bring upon them much obloquy, yet

ought not, the great Head of the Church will signify, and we trust will, regard to, and that those who, in some respects were formerly early states, the great teachers of the Old School, recently, and in such a manner, of improvement. The influence of slavery is still predominant in that body; and they still refuse, like the American Congress, even to receive petitions on the subject. "There is nothing, however," adds our correspondent, "surprising in that, when it is considered that in the branch of the Church, the slave-holding Churches constitute the majority." Let not Christian men, however, in this country, who feel deeply the dishonour done to Christianity by the abominations of American slavery, be deterred from using every means in their power to arouse the ministers and members in that connection to a sense of their duty to the unhappy slave. Remonstrances, couched in respectful and affectionate language, if addressed to them by the different evangelical bodies of Great Britain, though they might not be formally received and acknowledged, could not fail to have the most beneficial effect. It would be hardly possible for them to remain unmoved by a harmonious testimony from the evangelical British Churches against a line of conduct that is in itself so utterly indefensible. —Scottish Guardian.

MENTAL DELUSIONS.

AMONG all the marvellous works of God, the mind of man is the most fearfully and wonderfully made. And among all objects which can awaken feelings of compassion and painful interest, there is nothing like the human mind in ruins. It is great in its powers of enlargement; of enjoyment, of suffering—great in its destiny, and great in its ruins. And how touching to a benevolent heart, to gaze on a friend or fellow-man whose mind is thrown from its balance into the wild regions of insanity. The phenomena of minds in this condition are extremely varied, caprices of the human mind are inexplicable and indefinite. Mental delusions are of all kinds and degrees, from the slight shade of eccentricity, to the frenzied laugh, and uncontrollable rage of the confirmed maniac. The most furious maniacs have hours and days of apparent freedom from any unnatural excitement. Many persons are insane upon one subject only. A physician was once prosecuted by an insane man for confining him without cause in a mad house. The lunatic underwent the most rigid examination, and perfectly sustained his character for soundness of mind; until, some one asked him about a princess with whom he had corresponded in cherry juice. This touched the chord, which awoke all his latent delusions, and he exhibited himself to the court in a violent manner. Hence a man who is really sane, if once placed in a mad house by the machinations of others, finds it almost impossible to prove his sanity.

There is no end to the false impressions and delusion with which the mind may be affected. A physician was once called to see a man labouring under the fancy that he was converted into a tea-pot; and when the physician endeavoured to ridicule him out of the idea, he indignantly replied, "I am a tea-pot," and forming a semicircle with one arm by placing his hand upon his hip, he said, "there is the handle," and thrusting out the other arm, "there is the spout." Men have believed themselves converted into barrels rolled along the streets. One case is recorded of a man who believed himself a clock, and would stand for hours at the head of the stairs, clicking with his tongue. A respectable tradesman in England even fancied himself metamorphosed into a seven shilling piece, and took the precaution of requesting as a particular favour of his friends, that if his wife should present him in payment, they would not give change for him.—Some have supposed that many armed knights were engaged in battle within them. A sea-captain in Philadelphia believed for many years that he had a wolf in his liver. A madman in the Pennsylvania Hospital, believed that he was once a calf, and mentioned the name of the butcher who killed him, and the stall in Philadelphia market on which his death was sold, previously to his animating his present body. One man believes his legs to be made of butter, and with the greatest caution avoids the fire; another imagines them to be made of glass, and with extreme care wraps them up, and guards them in wooden boxes

when going out to ride. A prince of Honour often supposed himself to be a plant, and taking his stand in the garden, would insist on being watered in common with the plants around him. A French gentleman imagined himself to be dead, and refused to eat. To prevent his dying of starvation, two persons were introduced to him as illustrious dead like himself, and they invited him, after some conversation respecting the worth of shades, to dine with another distinguished—but deceased person, Marshall Turrene. The lunatic accepted this polite invitation and made a very hearty dinner. Every day while this fancy prevailed, it was necessary to invite him to the table of some ghost of rank and reputation. Yet in the other common affairs of life, the gentleman was not incapacitated from attending to his own interests.

Continued from the Christian Guardian.

RECENT METHODIST PUBLICATIONS.

We wish our readers, and especially those of them who are ministers of the Gospel, to make acquaintance, not only with the Religious, but with the Literary world. Some of them have such an acquaintance already, and have means of continuing that acquaintance without our help; but others will have no opportunity of knowing the position and doings of the world of Letters but through the medium of the *Christian Guardian*. So that should this weekly visitor say nothing on these subjects, the consequence will be that they will know nothing. We well know the gratification it affords a Methodist preacher to pull out of his pocket the *Christian Guardian* and to peruse its contents, while riding the lonely uninhabited road, or sailing in the canoe in the solitary river or lake. At such a time, if at no other, he will be glad to learn what the pens of the learned and the good are employed about, and the general state of the literary world. In addition to other ways of conducting this literary department of the paper, we design to give occasionally a list of the books which may be recently published, whether in Canada, the United Kingdom, or the United States. Methodist books, of course, will not be omitted on the list; next to which will be religious books in general; and, lastly, other useful publications, as far as our limits will allow, or our means of information shall extend. We hope to have, before long, larger resources than we possess at present, and then the literary department will become much richer. For this week, we shall confine the list to Works published at the Methodist Book Rooms in London and the Methodist Book Room at New York.

The following have been lately published by the Book Steward, Mr. Mason, London:
 * *Delineation of Roman Catholicism*, drawn from the abtheistic and acknowledged standards of the Church of Rome: namely, her Creeds, Catechisms, Decisions of Councils, Papal Bulls, Roman Catholic writers, the Records of History, etc., in which the peculiar doctrines, morals, government, and usages of the Church of Rome are stated, treated at large, and confuted, with a Comprehensive and Controversial Index. By the Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D. A new edition, corrected and revised throughout, with numerous important additions; by the Rev. John S. Stamp.
 * *Memoir of the Mission to Gibraltar and Spain*; with collateral notices of even's favouring religious liberty, and of the decline of Romish power in that country from the beginning of this century to the year 1842. By the Rev. W. H. Riles.

Memoir of Mrs. E. K. Mitchell, including Extracts from her Diary, Papers, and Correspondence. By her husband, the Rev. J. Mitchell. Second edition.

Necessity versus Prescience. A practical review of "An Inquiry into the popular notion of an unoriginated, infinite, and eternal Prescience." With illustrative notes, and an appendix. Anti-Empiricus.

A sketch of the life and christian character of the late Mrs. Mary Cryer, wife of the Rev. Thomas Cryer, Wesleyan Missionary in India. A discourse delivered in Oxford-Place Chapel, Leeds. By George Brown Macdonald.

Parental Duty urged and explained, of an earnest address to Parents on training up their children. By the Rev. John Brown.

The proper Names of the Bible; their Orthography, Pronunciation, and Signification. With

a brief account of the principal Persons, and a description of the principal Places. By John Farrar. Second edition.

Memoirs of Mrs. Eliza Ann Foster, wife of H. B. Foster, Wesleyan Missionary, Jamaica. Compiled from her diary and correspondence. By her husband.

Memoirs of the work of faith and labour of love of Mrs. Mary K. Lomas, of Manchester; for many years a successful class-leader in the Wesleyan Society. With extracts from her diary. By Alex. Bell.

The following books have been lately published by the Book Agents of the M. E. Church, New-York:—

A treatise on Infant Baptism. By Rev. F. G. Hibbard, of the Genesee Conference.

A History of the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. Robert Emory.

Appeal from Tradition to Scripture and Common Sense, or an answer to the question, What constitutes the divine rule of faith and practice? By Rev. Geo. Peck, D. D.

Pioneer: a narrative of the nativity, experience, travels, and ministerial labours of the Rev. Charles Giles, author of the "Triumph of Truth." With incidents, or a budget from the saddle-bag of a Superannuated Itinerant.

Notes, illustrative and explanatory, on the Holy Gospels, arranged according to Townsend's Chronological New Testament. By Joseph Longking.

The Life of the Rev. Robert R. Roberts, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By the Rev. Chas. Elliott, D. D.

The life of Luther. To which is prefixed an expository essay on the Lutheran reformation. By the Rev. George Cubitt. With an appendix, containing a chronological table of the principal events occurring during the period of Luther's life.

The above list of books lately issued from the English and American Book Rooms, shews that the pens of the Methodist preachers are not idle, and that they are able and willing to enrich the religious literature of their particular and the general church. Orders for these works will be attended to at the *Christian Guardian* Office.

THE TRAVELLER.

SUPERSTITION IN ANTIGUA.

There are also several mysterious rites current among the negroes, on which they rely to shield out a thief. One of these trials by ordeal is thus performed: They procure some of the leaves of the "flower-sence," or "Barbadoes' pride" (called by the negroes "doodle doo"), and lay them in a heap, in some peculiar manner, with a black dog (not a quadruped, but a small copper coin, of about three farthings sterling, current in this island a few years ago) in the middle. They do not tie the bundle together; but, by the manner in which it is placed, they are enabled to raise it to the neck of the suspected person without its falling to pieces. The accused is then to say (holding the bundle under their throat at the same time); "Doodle doo; doodle doo, if me tief de four dog (or whatever it may be that is missing) me wish me tongue may fall out of me mouth." If nothing takes place the person is innocent; and the charm is tried upon another; until the guilty one's turn comes, when immediately their tongue hangs out of their mouth against their will. There is another curious way by which the negroes endeavour to recover their stolen property. For example: if they lose a fowl or a pig, or indeed any other article, and they suspect it is stolen by their neighbours, they walk up and down the street, calling out, "Let go me fowl! let go me fowl! If you no let go me fowl, me tro grade dirty upon you. Let go me fowl, me say!" If the person who stole the fowl hears this denunciation, he immediately loses it, in terror of the consequences; but if the threat is not attended to, the owner of the lost biped takes a dog (the same copper coin I have before mentioned) and an egg, and proceeds to a burial ground. Here they look out for the grave of one of their friends, and, depositing the dog and the egg, make use of an incantation; and, taking up a little of the soft mould off the grave, depart. This mould, or "grave dirt," as they term it, they sprinkle all about in those streets where, they think the suspected parties are more likely to walk, believing that if the thief passes over it, it immediately causes his body to swell, and so medicine can give relief—death alone can end their misery. So terrible to the negroes is this denunciation, "Me tro grade dirty upon you," that, if possible they will restore the goods pilfered to the last particle. They have several other charms, all of which they deem infallible. When they fancy they are under the power of Obeah, they procure a snake, kill and skin it; when the skin is thoroughly dried, they bind it round their leg, and feel easier in mind, supposing the one charm will counteract the other. Again, if sent out on an errand, and they loiter about, to prevent any scolding from their employers they pick a blade of a peculiar species of grass, and place it under their tongue, which they believe has the power of preventing any angry words. This also is done when they wish to escape punishment or detection.

The following is the mode of their observing their funeral rites:—When the intelligence reaches them that one of their friends has departed to another world, many of them immediately flock to the residence of the defunct, and are very ready to assist in the melancholy but necessary offices which are required to be performed. The first consideration of the relatives is to procure a coffin, a decent shroud, and a suit of apparel to inter the corpse in. The coffin is made of deal boards, not over thick, and is covered with black or white cotton cloth, according to the age or state of the individual; those persons who cannot afford to purchase cotton for this purpose have the coffin painted black or white. Among the higher class of negroes the shroud is made of mull muslin; but those of less means purchase cotton cambric; while the very poor are enveloped in a sheet. If the deceased has a pretty good stock of clothes, the best among them are selected for the occasion. Should it be a man who is dead, he is arrayed in his "Sunday clothes," with the exception of coat, shoes, and hat; but if it is a female, her best white dress is used, a cap trimmed with white ribbon is placed upon her head, a white band round her waist, silk stockings, and white gloves. The warmth of the climate necessarily obliges the interment to take place soon after dissolution; for example, if a person dies one day, he is buried the next. The intervening night is called by the negroes "wake night;" and about seven or eight in the evening a great number of persons of both sexes meet at the house of death to assist in keeping the "wake." This is understood to mean the singing of psalms and hymns over the corpse; but, in most cases, while the females are so employed in one part of the house, the young men are laughing, talking, or playing off practical jokes upon some one whom they deem not quite so wise as themselves. It sounds very melancholy, should you chance to awake at the solemn hour of midnight, to hear these persons chanting forth their sacred lays; and, as the breeze sweeps its strain to and from your ear, memory "starts up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge looks down" upon a "fathomless abyss." But, in the midst of these thoughts, the heartless laugh breaks upon your ear like the voice of some scuffling demon; and "so dies in human hearts the thoughts of death;" for "all men think all men mortal but themselves." About five o'clock in the morning, coffee, bread, biscuits, and cheese are handed round; and then the company depart, until such hour as the funerals arranged to take place. Some of the nearest friends or relations, however, remain all the time, and of course partake of the different meals provided; for there is one thing worthy of note in these negro funerals—*grief never spoils their appetites.*

From two to four or five hundred persons invariably attend these mournful ceremonies; and, when in the country, a jovial dinner concludes the entertainment, where "all is mirth and joy, and the cup and the glass are so often replenished that many of the party return home in a state of intoxication."—*Church of England Magazine.*

SAFETY IN DUTY.

If we are in the path of duty, and if our help and our hope is in the name of the Lord, we may confidently expect that he will uphold us, how ever faint and enfeebled we may seem to be to ourselves and others.—*Newton.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE PLEDGE.

ONE Sabbath afternoon, as I was passing through one of the grave-yards, in the suburbs, of our city, my attention was arrested by one of our reformed drunkards who was seated near a grave, in a retired part of the cemetery. He was apparently unconscious of my approach, and sat gazing upon the grass-covered hillock that entombed the ashes of a departed one. The tears were coursing their way down his cheeks, while the heaving of his bosom indicated unathomable sorrow. I immediately recognized him as brother D—, a man who, two years ago, was regarded by all that knew him as one of stitute of every feeling, and unsusceptible of emotion—a lost and wretched drunkard. Unwilling to intrude upon his meditations I endeavoured to pass by unnoticed. But in this I was unsuccessful. He recognized me, and I drew near. He grasped my hand affectionately, but his heart was too full to permit him to speak for some moments. "There," said he, at length, "repose the mortal remains of my wife;" pointing to the grave before him; "often within the last two years have I made a pilgrimage to this spot." Not having been acquainted with his early history, and my curiosity being somewhat excited by what I had already seen and heard, I desired him to inform me as to his life. He related something like the following story:—

"I was born on the eastern shore of Maryland. My parents were in moderate circumstances, but highly respected. I was their only son, and they gave me every opportunity to render myself worthy of the affection lavished upon me. At an early age I was prepared for college, and left the paternal roof with a mother's blessing, and followed by a father's prayers, to enter upon a full course of study in a University. For a time, my success in my studies was gratifying to my friends. Before two years had passed, however, I had contracted a fondness for company, and a taste for the intoxicating cup, which has since been my ruin. Tired of a college life, I abandoned my books—became idle and dissipated, and was privately advised by the Professors that I had better go home. In obedience to their wishes, and my own inclinations, I returned once more to the theatre of my childhood, and the bosom of my parents. But I was not the same confiding, affectionate, and obedient son; but was passionate, headstrong, and wayward. The pocket-bible, which my mother gave me on my departure for college, and which I was careful, for the first few months, to read, had been neglected, and was no longer my counsellor. Well now, do I remember, the line traced on the first leaf by a mother's hand: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Soon after my return, my father sickened and died. As he was breathing his last, he laid his hand upon me and exclaimed: "May God bless thee, my son!" Now I can realize something of the value of that blessing, and the priceless excellence of the favour of God. Then it affected me but a short time; for a few months after the decease of my father, I banished every serious thought, and plunged headlong into the stream of guilty pleasure, and followed its rapid course downward towards the gulf of ruin. I was arrested temporarily in my downward progress, by the sudden death of my mother. This dispensation of Providence almost overwhelmed me. I felt that my all was gone—that I was left alone in the world. The thought that my waywardness had hastened her departure, imbittered every moment of my life. I resolved to live differently, and for some time attended Church, and read my Bible; and avoided the society of the intemperate and profane. I was not yet lost to every refined sentiment; my heart had not yet become hard as the nether millstone. At the age of twenty-four I married one of the most amiable and lovely of women—never was a husband more fondly loved, and never was affection more cordially reciprocated. For two years we lived in the bright sunshine of holy affection: each studied how to make the other more and more happy. But, alas! the demon of intemperance laid his hand upon me, and he converted our little heaven into the most gloomy hell. When I began again to drink, my appetite returned with tenfold more power than ever. I neglected my business, forsook the society of my companion, and very soon was fit only to associate with drunkards and devils. Rapidly I squandered the little patrimony left me by my parents, and was a poor, poverty-stricken, wretched drunkard. My wife saw and wept over my ruin, but she loved me still. The more the world shunned me, the closer she seemed to cling. Having lost my property, and, what was worse, my character, I determined elsewhere to seek a home. I then moved, with my wife and one child, (who is now, in heaven,) to the state of Pennsylvania. I fortunately obtained a situation to keep a small school, and for three months remained sober, and was much esteemed as a teacher. But I returned again to my cups, and was consequently compelled to seek employment in some other quarter of the world. We found our way to Pittsburg, and here I laboured and drank alternately, until I had performed almost every menial service.

At one time working in a furnace, at another in a livery stable, at a third, making a few cents on the wharf, loading and unloading steamboats. Thus I spent, or rather wasted; ten months! At the end of that time, we came to Cincinnati, and here too, I was soon known as a poor drunken exile and vagabond. Soon after our arrival in this city, our child died of scarlet fever, and was buried somewhere by the Township Trustees. Oh! that I knew the spot, that I might water it with my penitential tears. During the first year after I came to Cincinnati, I made three trips to New Orleans as a fireman. My wife laboured with her own hands to pay the rent of the small house we occupied, in — alley, and to procure her food and clothing. Five years ago last August, overcome by disappointment, her spirit broken, and her affections crushed, her bodily strength gave way, and she died; and here on this sacred spot, her ashes were entombed. Her path in life was strewn by me with briars and thorns, which should have been covered with flowers, to have been worthy of her loveliness and her virtues. In all my wandering and my departures from the path of rectitude, she never reproached me. Kind and forgiving in her disposition, and amiable in her temper, she seemed to love me more ardently as she found me cut off from the sympathies of the rest of the world. She commended her wretched husband to the forgiving mercy of God, and plunged into the stream that separated her from a bitter world, without a murmur. Since her decease, I have been in almost every city in the West and South. I am acquainted with most of the watch-houses, houses of refuge, and hospitals having been an inmate in all. Two years ago, a houseless wanderer, on the verge of the delirium tremens, I was conveyed to the reformed drunkard's asylum on Vine street, and, blessed be God, the blind received sight, the dead was made alive again. I am now free from the monster grasp. I am now a member of the Methodist Church, and have a hope that maketh not ashamed. I love, on Sabbath evening, to find my way to this sepulchre. It makes me feel sad, it is true; "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." My greatest desire is, to live in such a manner that, when I lay this body in the dust, I may be permitted, in yon bright abode, to join in full chorus with my father and mother, and wife and daughter, in celebrating the praise of Him who hath redeemed us, and bought us with his blood."

Such was the simple narrative of one "unknown to fame," who has been saved from ruin through the instrumentality of the Pledge.—*The Organ.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1844.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

If there be one Christian grace of more importance than another, it is that which forms the subject of this article. Brotherly love has reference not to man only—it has reference to God also; reference not only to time, but to eternity. Love to our Maker cannot exist without it: in an evangelical sense, they are inseparable. Hence it is written, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen; how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The absence, or, if you will, the small amount of this grace existing in persons professedly Christian, is a great drawback to the interests of true religion—as it leads to disunion, misunderstandings, complainings, and mistrust. These evils are calculated to make an unfavourable impression on the minds of worldly men respecting the practical working of the religion of the Bible—whereas all is to be attributed to the want of that religion.

There is such a discrepancy between the precepts of the Gospel and the practice of its professors in this matter, that some are led to doubt whether there be any true religion among men—or whether it be not, at the best, confined to comparatively few individuals. There is a narrow, contracted, selfish feeling too generally manifested by even professing Christians—which, instead of rendering the religion of the Saviour which they profess, amiable and desirable, greatly tends to multiply sceptics and mere formalists. This is not as it should be. We maintain, that no profession of religion, however high it may be, without this grace, will avail any thing in the

eyes of Him who, in the days of this flesh, delighted himself in relieving the sufferings of humanity, and whose latest command to his disciples, and through them to us, was, "Love one another, as I have loved you;—By this ye shall know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

We refrain from referring to numerous portions of both the Law and the Gospel bearing directly upon this duty—they will at once suggest themselves to the mind of every student of the Bible. But we do most earnestly hope, that a period will arrive in the history of the Church, when BROTHERLY LOVE will shine forth as the crowning grace of the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, and as the legitimate offspring of that love which every Christian professes to bear towards his Saviour.

WESLEYAN EDUCATION MOVEMENT.

We copy the following intelligence respecting this interesting movement, from the London *Watchman* of the 21st ult. It forms part of a report of the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, held in Birmingham during the last month.

On Monday evening, there was a very full attendance of the *Education Committee*, as well as of Preachers and other Friends. The Rev. JOHN SCOTT, President of the Conference, took the chair. An interesting report of the last year's proceedings was read by the Rev. JONATHAN CROWTHER, after which the Rev. J. C. PENGELLY furnished some valuable statistical details, and the Rev. R. WOOD gave a financial statement. It appeared that, including a grant from the Centenary Fund, above 12,000l. had been already contributed or promised. There had been 110 candidates for training, as masters or mistresses, 42 of whom had been accepted, and sent to the Glasgow Normal Seminary. Since August last, about 13 had finished their preparatory course, and had been sent out to different places, and there were a number of applications which would be met in the course of a few months. There had been an increase, during the year, (if we caught the number correctly,) of 143 Sunday Schools, and 15,672 Scholars. Of Week-Day and Infant Schools there were 183 for Boys, 109 for Girls, and 40 for Infants, containing 13,138 Boys, 8,776 Girls, and 3,349 Infants,—making a total of 25,463 and an increase of 4,659 children. A long and interesting discussion took place, before the reception of the Report, on the proposed junction of the General Chapel Fund, with the Education Fund, as recommended by the Select Committee of Ministers and Laymen which met in London towards the close of last year. This measure, which formed an essential and integral part of the plan, was moved by the Rev. R. REECE and seconded by the Rev. R. WADDY. It was opposed by the Rev. JOSEPH FOWLER, who, in a long and earnest speech, deprecated the proposal, not because he was indifferent to the educational movement, but because, for the reason which he assigned, he thought the union would operate injuriously on chapel interest. Dr. BUNTING replied, seriatim, to the arguments of Mr. Fowler. The other speakers were the Revs. C. PRIST EDWARD WALKER, and WM. VEVERS. The motion was finally carried with only one dissentient. Mr. ROBISON KAYE, Mr. YATES, the Rev. G. MARSDEN, and other Gentlemen, afterwards addressed the Meeting, on points connected with educational topics, or the raising of funds; and Mr. FOWLER took occasion to state, that, though he had unsuccessfully opposed one recommendation of the Committee, yet he should most ardently co-operate in carrying out the general plan. The resolutions of the Committee were finally commended to the consideration and adoption of the Conference.

THE SLANDERER.

Of all characters in society, the slanderer is the most dangerous. "His tongue," says the great Masillon, "is a devouring fire, which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain equally as on the chaff—on the profane as on the sacred; which, wherever it passes leaves only desolation and ruin; digs

even the bowels of the earth; turns into vile what was only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever in the time when it was apparently smothered up and almost extinct; which blackens what it cannot consume; and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys. It is an assemblage of iniquity, a secret pride, which discovers to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the beam which is in our own; a mean envy, which, hurt at the talents or prosperity of others, makes them the subject of its censures; and studies to dim the splendour of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds in its speeches the hidden venom of the heart; an unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face, and tears in pieces behind the back; a deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce an absent brother; a scandal, where we become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to us; an injustice, where we ravish from our brother what is dearest to him. It is a restless evil, which disturbs society—spreads dissension through cities and countries—disunites the strictest friendships—is the source of hatred and revenge—fills wherever it enters with disturbances and confusion—and everywhere is an enemy to peace, comfort, and Christian good breeding. Lastly, it is an evil full of deadly poison: whatever flows from it is infected, and poisons whatever it approaches; even its praises are poisoned; its applauses malicious; its silence criminal; its gestures, motions, and looks, have all their venom, and spread it each in their way. Still more dreadful is this evil when it is found amongst those who are the professed disciples of Jesus Christ. Ah! the Church formerly held in horror the exhibitions of gladiators, and denied that believers, brought up in the tenderness and benignity of Jesus Christ, could innocently feast their eyes with the blood and death of these unfortunate slaves, or form a harmless recreation of so inhuman a pleasure: but these renew more detestable shows; for they bring upon the stage—not infamous wretches devoted to death—but members of Jesus Christ, their brethren; and there they entertain the spectators with wounds which they inflict on persons who have devoted themselves to God.

Nothing can be more incongruous with the spirit of the Gospel, the example of Christ, the command of God, and the love of mankind, than a spirit of detraction; and yet there are many who never seem happy but when they are employed in this work: they feed and live upon the supposed infirmities of others; they allow excellence to none; they depreciate everything that is praiseworthy; and, possessed of no good themselves, they think all others are like them. "O! my soul, come thou not into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

DEATH OF DR. GRANT.

A letter was received by a gentleman of this city yesterday from Constantinople, containing the truly lamentable intelligence of the death of the world-renowned Missionary and devoted Christian, Rev. Dr. Grant. He died at Mosul, of typhus fever. He was the first foreigner and American who ever visited the Mountain Nestorians, a very remarkable people, whose reception of the Gospel, and whose recent sufferings and slaughter by persecution, have rendered them objects of great interest to all Christendom. Dr. Grant long laboured among them, and with great success. He was a man of indomitable energy and great talent, and has fallen a martyr in the

cause of truth. A great light has been quenched—a bright star in the Christian firmament has set.—*Albany paper.*

From the Christian Guardian.

A SOLEMN WARNING TO YOUTH.

"Youth, like the Spring, will soon be gone;
In rolling years, or sudden death."

On Sabbath morning, 21st July, Matthias Irvine, of the township of Brock, arose quite early, and, in company with two of his fellow-youths, went down to Mr. McCaskill's mill-pond, but a few rods from his father's house, to bathe. Young Irvine not being a good swimmer, was cautioned by his comrades against advancing too far into the water; but the declivity of the bank being steep, and the water deep, he ventured one step too far, and falling, sunk to the bottom. The alarm was immediately given, and the most strenuous exertions made to save the young man from so premature a death, but all in vain. In less than fifteen minutes life had become extinct, and the immortal spirit was called to appear before the righteous Judge. On the following day an inquest was held, and a verdict given in accordance with the circumstances above stated. The deceased was a youth of nineteen years and one month; universally respected and beloved by a large circle of relatives and acquaintance,—many of whom are respectable members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, who deeply sympathized with the bereaved parents and afflicted brothers and sisters.

G. MILLER.

Brock, July 24, 1844.

HORSE RACING.—We copy the following from a late number of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:—"Queen Victoria refused to go to the last Ascot races, because she does not approve of horse-racing on account of the immoralities always displayed on race-courses. Poor, modest creature! Does she want the horses to wear breeches? Does the editor of the *Enquirer* mean to insult the moral sense of the religious public? We know it to be a fact that all kinds—yes, the very worst—of immoralities are displayed on race-courses; and the conduct of Queen Victoria is entitled to the highest praise, and worthy the imitation of all virtuous females—regal, aristocratic, or republican. That a lady should be sneered at for scrupling to attend a place where drunkenness, gambling, lying swearing, murder, and all other evils, are perpetrated, is too bad. We have in one or two instances recently copied articles from the *Enquirer*, commending their good sense; and that a paper so extensively circulated, and wielding so vast an influence, should have given publicity to a paragraph so scurrilous, so vulgar, so wicked, as the above, pains us deeply.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PUBLIC RENUNCIATION OF POPERY BY THE REV. S. FROST.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Solomon Frost and two other respectable men publicly and solemnly renounced the apostasy of Rome in St. Audoen's Church, received the Holy Communion, and afterwards signed the parchment roll for the subscription of converts, in the vestry. The Rev. T. Scott preached on the occasion from the 53rd verse of the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel. When Mr. Frost was officiating as a Romish priest, he had the curiosity to break and crush the consecrated wafer to see if there was any change in its substance; and perceiving that it was exactly the same as before consecration, he consequently doubted, and finally abandoned, the doctrine of transubstantiation; and at length, on Sunday last, came out and separated for ever from *Papal Babylon*. Mr. Frost has been for upwards of ten years a priest of the Church of Rome, and was for some years of that time a faithful and devoted servant to her cause; he is a young man of no ordinary intellect and attainments. His character is unblemished and unexceptionable and the testimonials from his late bishop and priest are highly satisfactory and laudable.—*Dublin Statesman, May 6.*

OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

A deputation from the Society for promoting the due observance of the Lord's day, accompanied by several members of the House of Commons, and other gentlemen, had an interview with the President of the Board of Trade on Saturday last. The object of the deputation was to call the attention of Mr. Gladstone to the desecration of the Sabbath on railways, and its demoralizing effects, and to urge upon the Right Honorable Gentleman the propriety of introducing some clause to prevent the continuance of the evil, into the Bill now before Parliament for regulating railways. Mr. Gladstone received the deputation very courteously, and manifested no indifference to the subject, though he expressed doubts as to whether the House of Commons would entertain any such proposition. He at the same time stated, that with regard to the regulations to be proposed respecting third class trains, for the convenience of the poorer classes, respecting which certain advantages are to be given to railway companies in return for a certain control to be exercised by the Government, it was the intention of the Government only to extend those advantages and that control over the six working days of the week.—*London Record.*

EVANGELICAL PARTY IN THE ENGLISH EPISCOPAL ESTABLISHMENT.—A pamphlet has lately been published by Baptist Noel, entitled "the Case of the Free Church," in which, after justifying the course that body has pursued, he proceeds to apply the case to the Church of England. It may be asked, he says, whether if their principles are sound, and their conduct in leaving the Scotch Establishment merits our praise, those who espouse their principles and admire their conduct ought not to leave the English Establishment? Were the circumstances similar, Mr. Noel answers, "No doubt they ought;" but the circumstances, he says, are widely different. The neglect of the Church of England to achieve the two great principles of non-intrusion and spiritual independence, he looks upon as a fault much to be deplored, yet so long as they are permitted to maintain all truth, and to fulfil all duty, he thinks it is incumbent on the evangelical ministers to seek its improvement, not to desert its services. On these accounts, he looked upon the recent propositions, which have been anonymously made, to form a Free Episcopal Church in this country, as hasty and impatient. The conduct of the ministers of the Free Church gives a safer course, teaching the evangelical members of the Church of England to be neither frightened into silence by menaces, nor exasperated into bitterness by imputations, but to be united, and never to quit the Establishment till they are forced by the clearest necessity.

LIBERAL DONATION FOR CHARITABLE PURPOSES.

Mr. William Harvey, in Beedleston, parish of Dyce, in the county of Aberdeen, has, with singular liberality and benevolence, made arrangements for handing over, in his own life-time, no less a sum than £6500 for charitable purposes. The objects he has in view are the support and education of the poor deaf and dumb persons, and the protection and reformation of females who have been of dissolute habits, and who may be considered proper objects for admission into a penitentiary. The trustees are the Provost and Baillies of Aberdeen, the Professor of Divinity King's College, the Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, and the parochial Clergymen of the city of Aberdeen.

MOVEABLE CHAPEL.

The Wesleyan Methodists of the Bingham circuit have created a truly original and elegant moveable wooden chapel upon wheels, made by Mr. Clifton, builder, Bingham, at a cost of about £60 and capable of seating nearly one hundred and twenty persons. This chapel is for the accommodation of a group of small villages or hamlets in their circuit, where no site can be obtained, the land proprietors of a nobleman or other large land proprietors; it was opened for Divine worship on Monday last.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is not only a living principle of virtue in good men, but affords this further blessing to society—it restrains the vices of the bad. It is a tree of life, whose fruit is immortality, and whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.—*A. Fuller.*

METHODIST LIBERALITY.

The Rev. Andrew Stevens, will preach on Sabbath next, at 3 P.M., in the Wesleyan Chapel in this village—the Trustees of the Methodist Church in Saint Stephen, having kindly complied with the requisition of a Committee appointed for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Chapel could be obtained for that purpose, until a Temporary Building could be prepared for the Rev. Mr. Stevens's Congregation. In answer to the requisition the Trustees state, that "being desirous of cultivating the most friendly christian feeling towards our Presbyterian friends generally, are willing to accommodate them with the use of our Chapel as far as possible; consistently with the claims of our own services &c." It is truly gratifying to find such a feeling existing among Christian Denominations, and we trust to see the same spirit more generally manifested throughout the community.—St. Stephen's Courier, July 11.

THE JEWS IN FRANCE.

The Moniteur publishes a report to the King from the Minister of Justice and Public Worship, on the necessity of regulating the mode of establishing Jewish consistories in France, the election of their rabbies, &c. It is followed by a royal ordinance of great length, fixing the various points connected with this subject. By this ordinance a consistory is to be established in each department where the Jewish population amounts to two thousand; and where this is not the case, the number is to be made up from the adjoining department or departments. The central consistory is to be in Paris.—Presbyterian.

PROTESTANT DECLARATION.

The Marquis of Downshire on Saturday last attempted by appointment at the Home Office, and delivered to the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart. her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, the address, which originated in Belfast from the nobility, gentry, clergy and Protestant inhabitants of Ireland and others, declaratory of their determination to defend, in their several spheres and stations, the maintenance of the Holy Scriptures, as the standard of Christian faith and morals, preserve unshaken loyalty to the Queen, and defend the protestant succession to the crown of these realms; and further to declare to uphold with their lives and properties the integrity and security of the three kingdoms as established by the Act of Union.—London Standard

THE CASKET.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Ignorance must be a curse, not a blessing, to the Church; while unacquainted knowledge may prove the same, however specious the guise it wears. We desire to see the most gifted men employed in the work of God; provided their gifts be used, not for the purpose of display, or for gaining popular applause—not for the feeding of their own vanity or the gratification of others—but for the purpose of bringing souls to Christ, and rearing them to a beautiful immortality and a never-fading glory—for the purpose of diminishing human misery, and increasing human happiness—for the purpose of peopling the heavenly Canaan from the millions of this earth's inhabitants; and saving poor deluded sinners from plunging into the fiery gulf. Give us a holy, devoted, and useful, rather than a cold, formal, orthodox, or even a learned ministry. But, if we can have learning and piety combined, orthodoxy and energy, zeal and prudence, holy enthusiasm and heavenly wisdom, deep humility and undaunted courage, ardent love and inflexible integrity—then shall we have what the Church most needs, what God invariably requires, and what, under his blessing, will prove eminently conducive to the regeneration and salvation of the world. Where such a ministry is enjoyed, great must be the responsibility of the people.—But to expect that all who fill the sacred office will be possessed of the qualifications we have mentioned, is perhaps chimerical. Yet surely it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and earnestly to be prayed for.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

As to Sunday-school libraries, with whomsoever the idea originated, it is noble, it is blessed, it is from

above. Every good gift, every perfect gift, all holy counsels, all good works proceed thence. How many an idle hour has been improved, many an evening cheered, many a grovelling passion superceded, and youth trained up for God! More truth, perhaps in a single volume of this, than in all the far-famed library of Ptolemy Philadelphus, with the exception of the Septuagint. Then to the Bible-classes, these are springs of hope for our country. Let our youth grow up sound Bible-class scholars, habituated to read, think, reason for themselves out of the Scriptures, and I do not imagine Oxford or Rome can do them much harm. The weapons of a Pusey, Newman, or Sowell, will not pierce the armour of righteousness. They will go forth with the pebble from the brook, and defy all that come to them in the name of all the fathers and the councils of antiquity. Maintain Bible classes, and, under God's blessing, the Protestantism of our country is safe.

TRUE FEMALE NOBILITY.

THE woman, poor and ill clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditure—who toils and sweats in unrepining mood among her well-trained children, and precepts them morning and evening, as offerings of love, to her husband, in good health and cheerful cleanliness; is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow her jewelled head, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her for ever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one yet more likely to head the proud, and inspire the broken-hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door, with his host of happy children. How it stizes up the tired blood of an exhausted man, when he hears a rush of many feet upon the staircase—when the crow and eaglet of their young voices mix in glad confusion, and the smallest mounts or sinks into his arms amidst a mighty shout. Oh! it was a hollow from every countenance that beamed around the group! There was joy and a blessing there.—Chambers' London Journal.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AFFECTIONS OF ANIMALS.

AFFECTION—that wonderful instinct by which an animated being increases its own happiness by caring for that of another—is partaken of by the lower animals, only less conspicuously than by the human family. Amongst them, as with us, existence could not, apparently, be conducted without this generous feeling, and there accordingly we find it, the need being with the Divine Author, ever a sufficient cause for the endowment. Not is there a limited show of the affections in the humbler species; on the contrary, there is hardly an affection of our nature which is not to be plainly traced in some of these our lower fellow creatures. In one sense, indeed, there is a limitation: some of the affections are not required by the lower animals, in consequence of peculiarities in their economy, and there accordingly these affections are wanting. In some of the very humblest tribes, there is perhaps no kind of affection whatever. It is surprising, however, how far down in the scale we find this beautiful principle operating, and how many of our finest affections are to be observed in a considerable number of species.

Attachments between individuals of the same species, but indifferent sex—that is to say, attachments in which it can be said that any sentiment exists—are not widely spread throughout the animal world. The pairing arrangement, which forms the natural basis for the matrimonial alliance amongst ourselves, is only practised where the aid of both parties is necessary for the sustentation of the young—the final cause, obviously, of the arrangement. It is particularly conspicuous among the birds, the pairs of which usually present in spring a delightful reflection of the fondness, tenderness, and unselfishness which fill the bosom of a newly wed pair of our own species. She male exhibits himself to obtain food for the female while she is engaged in the duty of sitting upon her eggs, with a gallantry, recalling that of the troubadour, he sits upon a neighbouring bush for hours, pouring forth his lively song to cheer her under the sedum of her situa-

tion. In the exclusiveness of his regard, he might form a pattern for the most virtuous of husbands. The mixture, indeed, of kindness and faithfulness shown by the humblest fieldfare to his mate, is no ways externally distinguishable from those traits of human character which we are accustomed to applaud as moral. In some particular species, this attachment lasts throughout life, and the death of one of the pair is almost sure to prove fatal to the other. There is a species of parrot called the love-bird, in which the passion is of this kind. A pair being confined in a cage, the male is seen to sit fondly beside his mate, feeding her with his bill, and exhibiting the greatest gentleness and tenderness in all his conduct towards her. Bonnet gives a description of a pair the female of which falling sick, the other attended her with unremitting care till her death; when he went round and round her in the greatest agitation, trying occasionally to open her bill and give her nourishment. He then gradually languished, and survived her death only a few months.

Mr. S. Bowditch gives two interesting anecdotes of this affection faithful till and beyond death. When he lived in Paris, he says, there were two remarkably fine ostiches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The skylight over their heads having been broken the glaziers proceeded to repair it; and in the course of their work let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty; but naught availed, and he literally pined to death.

A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes; one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large mirror into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely: the crane recovered his health and spirits, and passed almost all his time before the looking glass, and lived many years after; at length dying from an accidental injury.

The conjugal feeling, however, sinks far below the parental in intensity among the lower animals. Once a mother, the female has for the time no other feeling than that of devoted affection to her offspring, for whose sake she seems cheerfully to sacrifice her own convenience, and to give up all her wonted habits. Wonderful and beautiful it is to contemplate this parental self-devotion in some poor bird, or other humble creature; reflective as it is of what we never fail to acknowledge as amongst the most pure and holy of all the emotions that animate our own species. The wildest and fiercest tribes are equally remarkable as the gentlest for their affection for their young; provided only that this affection is needed for their protection and nurture. It would even appear as if the felix were amongst the most remarkable for the philoprogenative sentiment; the lioness is proverbially devoted to her cubs, and we rarely witness more intense examples of the feelings than in the common cat. This latter animal, during the early days of her progeny, gives herself entirely up to them, and then only leaves them for the sake of food. If apprehensive of danger to them, she brings them forth or keeps them in some obscure place, where she will remain unknown to the family till she thinks the lives of her young ones may be safe. Not long ago, a young cat became the mother of a set of kittens, all of which had been destroyed but one, which was missed from home. When she had been absent two days it was concluded that she was lost, or had met some fatal accident, and her sole surviving kitten was taken from the nest and drowned. Soon after the poor mother made her appearance, with one of her feet cut nearly to pieces by a rat trap, which had closed upon and

confided her to a neighbour's granary. Miserable as she was from this accident, she wanted about the house incessantly for a day in search of her lost kitten, manifesting such an anxiety about it, as could neither be mistaken nor beheld without sympathy. Some cats provide for the family they are about to have by storing up mice for them, and when they have lost their kittens, it is not unusual for them to continue collecting provisions in the hope of their returning. One instance is mentioned of one, which, for more than a fortnight after the loss of her young ones, would come in with a mouse, search out the house to give it to them, making a complaining noise.

The extremity of this parental feeling has a remarkable effect of making the most timid animals bold for the time in protecting their young, or in seeking for food where with to support them. The quiet hen is seen, in a new character of courage and determination when she is surrounded by her brood. Even feeble birds will then fly fiercely at men or other animals which may have given them any alarm on account of their progeny. It is a well known fact, says Mr. Swainson, that a pair of ravens which dwell in a cavity of a rock, of Gibraltar, would never suffer a vulture or eagle to approach the nest, but would drive them away with every appearance of fury. The missile thrush, during the breeding season, will fight over the magpie or jay; and the female Mandrake will frequently allow herself to be made a prisoner, rather than quit her nest; or, if she herself escape, she will speedily return, menacing the invaders by hisses like a snake, and biting all who approach her; this we have ourselves noticed. The artifices employed by the partridge; the lapwing, the ring plover, the pewee, and numerous other land birds, to blind the vigilance and divert the attention of those who may come near her little ones, are equally curious. The partridge, both male and female, conceal their young out to feed, and carefully assist them in their search for food; but if disturbed in the midst of this employment, the male, after first giving the alarm, by uttering a peculiar cry of distress, throws himself directly in the way of danger, and endeavours, by feigning lameness or inability to fly, to distract the attention, and mislead the effort of the enemy, thus giving his mate time to conduct her little brood to a place of safety.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SUNDAY SCHOOL FACTS

Mr. Knill, lately a missionary to Russia, narrated the following facts at one of the London Anniversaries, in May, 1844.

I. "God never shines upon indolence; but if we put forth the feeblest effort to glorify him, he will shine upon us; and make us shine. You have two thousand Sunday School teachers—whom shall we dismiss? Sunday School teachers are some of the most interesting people in the world. They take hold of infant minds, and direct little children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. What blessedness has been connected with our Sunday Schools! I was a Sunday-school teacher, and I look back to those days as amongst the finest and the happiest of my life. I was anxious that the children should be converted. I was a young disciple when I began to be a Sunday-school teacher; and it is a fine thing when youthful piety is devoted to teaching. Youthful piety fills the heart with love to, and zeal for, God. I did not see the fruits of my exertions at the time, but after I had been abroad twenty-three years, I was preaching in London. At the close of the service, a man, dressed as a sailor, came into the vestry and spoke to me. His face was burnt with the beams of the sun, and his cheeks were weather-beaten with the storm. Do you not know me? No; I never saw you to my knowledge. I was one of the boys in your Sunday-school. Oh! you have grown a great deal since that—what was your name? He told me. I remarked, There were two brothers; one was Sammy, and the other was Johnny. I am Johnny. I am glad to see you—what is your occupation? I am occupied in the sea—fishing. I am captain of a vessel and captain of my own vessel. Well, captain, I am glad to see you. How are you going on with regard to your voyage to eternity? The tears gushed from his eyes, and he

said, I hope I am going on well. I carry a Bethel flag with me, and when we come to a strange port I hoist it; to see if there are any praying sailors there; and if so, we have a bit of a prayer meeting; and sometimes I say a word or two to them. I inquired, Where did that good word begin? I can trace up my religion to the school. It was the interrogatory system, and I mean to keep it. Do you know of any other boys that were in the class? Yes; two; one is a Baptist, and the other a Churchman. We have been comparing log-books, and we find we can trace up all our views of religion to the Sunday School.

H. I went to Bideford, the place where I laboured as a Sunday-school teacher, to preach. At the close, I said, If any of the boys that were in my class are living, I shall be glad to see them at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If they are going on well, they will be glad to see me; and if not, they will be ashamed. Oh! what a dreadful thing it is when one man cannot look another in the face! A few minutes before nine o'clock, a very respectable man came and requested to see me, saying, You invited me to come and see you. Are you one of the boys that were in my class? I am. How are you going on? I am local preacher amongst the Methodists. I am telling them every Sunday what you used to tell me in the corner-pew. To give a Methodist some good thoughts is a good thing. I believe that, by this time, we should have been half heathens if John Wesley had never been born. Then came another, Were you one of my boys? Yes. What business are you? A sail-maker. How are you going on? Oh, I ran very far away from God after I grew up; but amidst my most depraved nights and days the conviction would often come to my mind which I received in the Sunday-school. It was a book fixed in my nose. At last the Lord laid me on a bed of sickness. When I was there my companions all forsook me. Ah! the world always goes out when the Christian comes in. I hope, he added, that for about four years I have been able to walk with God; and I find the Sunday-school coming up when I am at work. While he was speaking another came; he was dressed more smartly. Were you one of my boys? Yes, I have often thought of you. I used to read the Magazine to see whether you were living or dead. I often said I should like to see Mr. Knill. I am a prosperous man, and I owe all to my religion. I should like to give you some token of my love. I should like to have it. What will you give me? I am a tailor, and will give you a new coat. I used to put it on when I preached for Sunday-schools, to tell the teachers what they might expect. After this, will you break up your Sunday-schools? No; enlarge them, till every boy in the empire shall read his Bible.

To be continued.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The following touching incident is from the New-York Mirror.—An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation; and a wonder was expressed that he was never married. That wonder, said Miss Porter, was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my hearing; and he told a story in answer, which will tell you, and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and as delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as the service was over; and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was not written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sunday; but the weeks slipped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never mustered resolution enough to ask her name or seek to speak with her. By those silent steps, how-

ever, love had worked into his heart, and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her if possible; when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and apologized for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that, said the clergyman in question, my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only to the time when I shall speak to her in Heaven.

PRINTERS.—We cut out the following paragraph from an American paper, and insert it in our own, to give honour and commendation to a class of the community, to which all are under obligation. The observation that a college education is not to be compared with an education at the case, provided the opportunities are turned to advantage by the young compositor, is true to no small extent.

No trade sends into the world smarter and more active men than that of printing. Look to officers of trust and honour—where talent and energy are required—and you will be most likely to find them filled by printers. Who make our best editors, lawyers, preachers, mayors and congressmen? PRINTERS. Printing is a glorious business, thus to fit men for honour and usefulness. A college education is not to be compared with an education at the case. One of the greatest lawyers England ever produced was a printer. The greatest philosopher of America was a printer. Who is the Mayor of London? A printer. Who are Mayors of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Perth? Printers. So also are the Mayors of New-York, Washington and Savannah, printers by trade. The recent Mayor of Boston was a printer. There are something like a dozen printers in Congress—all of them honours to their profession. Printers are looking up. Who wouldn't be a printer? To the young apprentices at the case or the roller-stand, with amuted faces or dirty fingers, we would say, don't be discouraged. A few years ago, all the distinguished men we have named above, were employed. Stick to your business, and every leisure hour ye have, employ in the perusal of useful books and in the cultivation of your minds. Then the day will not be far distant, when, if you are true to yourselves and contract no bad habits, you will become useful and honourable citizens—exercing a wide and healthful influence.

To encourage farther the printing youth of Canada, and to stimulate them to endeavours after eminency in their honourable calling; we urge them to read lives of learned, eminent, and successful printers. Let them read the lives of the English printers, as Wm. Bowyers, Cave Baskerville, and John Nichols. Let them read the lives of the eminent Scotch printers, John and Andrew Foulis, and Smellie, and the learned French family of the Stephens. Other printers are also worthy of acquaintance. There is Jerome Commelin, the Frenchman, of great abilities, as a scholar and printer; the Sardinian printer, John Baptist Bodoni, one of the most noted printers of the 18th century; the Italian, Aldo Manuzio, who surpassed all other printers of his age for correctness; and the celebrated Dutch printers and publishers, the family of the Elzevirs. There are some eminent and learned printers in the present day. Why should not some rise up in Canada?

The Printers of Toronto have formed themselves into a Typographical Society for the purpose of promoting the interests of Printers as a body, in all their various grades, and to uphold the respectability of the members of the printing profession. With such objects, we cannot but wish the Society much success.

THE POPK AND BIBLE SOCIETIES.

The Journal des Debats publishes a long rescript addressed by the Pope to the Roman Catholic Clergy against Bible Societies. "We recommend you," says his Holiness, "to announce and to explain in proper time and place, to the people confided to your efforts, to withdraw your

faithful flock from any connection with those Bible Societies. It will be your duty to take from their hands any Bibles translated into the vulgar tongue, or published contrary to the sanction of the Roman Pontiffs."

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.—A letter dated Constantinople, June 19, says,—"The Turkish Government has given an order to forbid the building of the Protestant Church at Jerusalem. The Porte had merely tolerated the construction of that edifice, but it had never granted a firman authorising the establishment of a Protestant Church in the Holy City."

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