

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6D. PER AN.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1844.

No. 38.—N. S. No. 32.

POETRY.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT ?

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Is it to go to church to day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And, ere to-morrow's sun goes down,
Be dealing slander through the town ?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace ?
Does not a phiz that crows at sin,
Oft veil hypocrisy within ?

Is it to make our daily walk,
And of our own good deeds to talk,
Yet often practise secret crime,
And thus mis-spend our precious time ?

Is it for sect and creed to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right,
When what we wish is at the best,
To see our church excel the rest ?

Is it to wear the Christian dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
To treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against you every door ?

Oh, no ! religion is not this :
Its fruit more sweet and fairer is—
Its precept this : to others do
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport—
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good or else keeps still.

And does religion this impart ?
Then may its influence fill my heart ;
Oh ! hark the blissful, joyful day,
When all the earth shall own its sway !

"I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

Thou art the Way—and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By thee must come, thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod ;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;
The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go ;
The word whose precious radiance sings
Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more ;
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day ;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven :—
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

THE CASKET.

THE BEST DEFENDER.

AFTER all, there is no better shield than a good conscience. How the weapons of the wicked break when they strike it ! How quiet he, who is thus protected, may be in the day of battle !

We say "may be." But some good men worry themselves exceedingly because their good is evil spoken of, their motives misunderstood, their actions maligned. They lie awake at night and get pale and thin, and sometimes they drop into the grave, under the pen or tongue of slander, when a little more grace or considerable philosophy would have taught them that bad men are seldom persecuted, and that fire is always needed to refine gold.

Very good men spend their time and their talents, and their money even, in defending themselves against the aspersions of their enemies ; and after they have fought the battle out and got the victory, they are not thought quite as well of by the public as they would have been had they suffered in peace the assaults of their foes. Controversy brings out the weak as well as the strong points of character, and thus a man sinks in the esteem of some while he rises in that of others.

But he, who knows he is right, and of whom the world knows he will not do wrong, never loses by keeping still while the small artillery of the jealous or malicious is playing at him.

This is a sublime advantage which right always has. It is better than a coat of mail or a giant's spear. It is both. It wards off the blow, and gives another. Silently but surely it does execution ; and the man that has it on his side is as sure of final victory as the returning conqueror.

We can understand, on this principle, how a philosopher can be a martyr rather than make a fool of himself by admitting that the sun moves around the earth. He knows he is right ; and while he will not quarrel with the ignorant for doubting his opinion, he will not abandon his opinions to please them. He knows he is right, and it is easier to be drawn and quartered than to say he is mistaken when he is not.

But if this quiet adherence to right is an honour to learning, how much more to a man of God. What loftier height can a good man wish to stand upon than on the consciousness of being right ? He is safe and admired, though hell roars at his feet. The acclamations of angels cheer him, and the smile of God, like sunshine, breaks through the clouds upon him.

Then let the good man, the pastor, the officer, the agent, all who are set to do work for others, as well as Christians in the noiseless walks of life, let them take heart when their names are cast out as evil, their virtues overlooked, their faults exaggerated, and their conduct censured. If they would escape such trials they must go to heaven. Short of it, they will have them. But when offences come, be not cast down or even ruffled. Perhaps you are to be blamed. Search and see. If you are wrong, repent and reform. If you are right, stick to it ; but do not get into a passion. Be quiet, and slander itself will die of its own venom, as the caught serpent pierces itself with its deadly sting.

We repeat it, there is no better shield than a good conscience. This is an excellent doctrine to preach ; and if all men would always practise upon it, the moral world would be saved the trouble of many a wordy war.

TO A MOTHER.

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is ? It is an immortal being ; destined to live for ever ! It is destined to be happy or miserable ! And who is to make it happy or

miserable ! You—the mother ! You who gave it birth, the mother of its body, are also the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided ; its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be ? That child may be a liar ; you can prevent it. It may be a drunkard ; you can prevent it. It may be a thief ; you can prevent it. It may be a murderer ; you can prevent it. It may be an atheist ; you can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and mischief to others ; you can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before ; you can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things. Will you or will you not ? Look at the innocent ! Tell me, will you save it ? Will you watch over it, will you teach it, warn it, discipline it, subdue it, pray for it ? Or will you, in the vain search of pleasure, or in idleness, or in fashion or folly, or in the chase of some other bauble, or even in household cares, neglect the soul of your child, and leave the little child, the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, to temptation, to ruin ? Look again at the infant ; Place your hand on its little heart ! Shall that heart be deserted by its mother, to beat perchance in sorrow, disappointment, wretchedness and despair ? Place your ear on its side, and hear that heart beat ! How rapid and vigorous the strokes ! How the blood is thrown through the little veins ! Think of it ; that heart, in its vigor now, is the emblem of a spirit that will work with ceaseless pulsation, for sorrow or joy for ever.

THE WORKERS OF INIQUITY.

"Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge, who eat up my people as they eat bread."—Ps. liii. 11.

BUT who are the workers of iniquity ? Answer. Those who eat up God's people, whether professor or non professor. Who have been the persecutors of God's people and troublers in Israel, in all ages ? Answer. Professors of religion, and those who claim to be the true Israel, the favorite children of God. Yes, it was this very class of persons who willfully put to death the Lord of Glory. They valued themselves on being the seed of Abraham, and in their sight the apostles were so vile that they deemed him unfit to live. Alas for poor fallen human nature, we find it ever the same. As it was in the days of Christ and his apostles, so it is now, only men are worse than ever. * * The apostle has said, that if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution. Who does not know that the keenest persecutions came from professors of religion, false brethren. It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom they come. It is only necessary for a child of God to awake and be active, to incur the jealousy, evil speeches and hate of all around him, especially of those who are known as troublers in Israel. Mankind cannot bear reproof. It is not the prayer of an un-renewed heart, to say like David "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness," &c. No, they prefer to be flattered with smooth things. The example of a devoted good man is the greatest reproof that a Laodicean church and a wicked world can receive. Nothing sooner excites jealousy & hatred among evil men than to see a man, and especially an obscure man, take a decided stand for God. Such a man may expect speedily to be devoured of men. And yet, you will hear these same wicked men saying, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Deluded souls, have you yet to learn, that religion consists in that fervent charity which will make you bridle your tongue, swift to hear, long suffering and kind, speaking evil of none, but forbearing one another, and forgiving one another in love. Have you forgotten that the apostle John has given you a rule whereby you may know whether your love of the brethren is of the right kind. Hear him, "By this we know that we love the children of God when we love God, and keep his commandments. For this is the love of God that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous." It may be you have forgotten some of the commandments, if so, you are not keeping them. David says, "Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto all thy commandments." Again, "Inkeeping the commands there is great reward." Christ says, "Then are ye my friends when ye do whatsoever I command you."

GENERAL LITERATURE.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT
GOOD MANNERS.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HALL.

You know very well, my brethren, that the order of the natural world is maintained by the operation of matter upon matter; and that the order of the moral world is maintained by the action of mind upon mind.—As the great revolutions of nature are carried on by the reciprocal action of the various parts of which the visible universe consist, upon each other, whether of smaller portions or of greater masses; so that mysterious order which the Divine Being maintains in the moral world is upheld and preserved by the mutual action of one mind upon another. This action is incessantly going on; and though it borrows for its instrumentality the organs of the body, yet the ultimate object is mind. The great medium through which this is maintained is the intercourse and conversation of man with man, which brings one mind into contact with another, and is perpetually modifying the mind which is thus drawn into union, and derives modification from that mind with which it converses. We are continually drawing and being drawn, impelling and resisting or yielding, assimilating ourselves to others, and others to ourselves; nor is it possible to go into any company and come from it exactly in the same state of mind. The moral modification is perpetually going on; and if we trace it exactly, we shall find that it is either evil or good; very seldom, if ever, entirely indifferent or neutral. It is one of the fundamental laws of nature, that our minds should be subject to perpetual modification from the minds of others; nor is it within the reach of our will to determine whether this influence shall be exercised or not. Yet we may determine to what influence we subject it: we may determine what society we will keep, but not what influence that society which we choose shall have upon us. It operates according to certain fixed and infallible laws, so that no person can, by any pretence of self-control, justify exposing himself to the action of a power the operation of which is determined by law quite independent of himself.

One of the first feelings of every person who goes into company is, to please and be pleased.—If he be a person of a benevolent and social spirit, he goes with the very design of assimilating his mind, as much as possible, to the minds of those with whom he converses. This is a silent compact, without which pleasures can neither be imparted nor received. Just in proportion to the delicacy and force of this sympathy is the pleasure derived from society; and they possess it in the most intense and vivid degree who can most imperceptibly slip into the feelings of others, so as to incorporate, for a time their sentiments, feelings, and dispositions with their own. Hence we plainly perceive that there is a preparation in the very nature of society, that society especially which is chosen and of a voluntary nature, for an assimilation of our minds to the views and principles, sentiments and dispositions, of those with whom we converse.

We not only go into society unarmed, but we go with a preparation in favour of the action of the sentiments and the agency of the minds of others which is then operating upon us—go with the intention of being pleased with the sympathies which that intercourse excites, and lay our hearts and minds, as we experience or expect social pleasure, open as much as possible to the full and entire action of the social instinct. Let us suppose then, at least, that the society into which we enter is not positively vicious in any other sense than as it is distinguished by a total absence of religion; let

the persons with whom we associate be only characterized by an entire neglect of God, an absence of the fear of the Almighty; let their general conduct and deportment be such, and such only, as might be supposed to take place if the verities of religion were exploded, and the expectation of a future account entirely dismissed; it is not too much to say that this society itself will possess a very pernicious influence over any mind. It is dangerous to be accustomed to the absence of religion, and to be familiarized to the contemplation of the most solemn and important subjects in a state of disunion from God, and non-advertence to the prospect of eternity.

For a person, especially a young person, to be accustomed to hear life and death, judgment and eternity, and all the most serious and awful scenes of human existence spoken of, I will not say with unbecoming levity, but without advertence to religion, with regard only to physical causes and effects, is a dangerous process, and must be attended with the most serious peril.—Next to the infusion of positive impiety, the most evil element in which the mind can be placed is that out of which religion is expelled. To live without God in the world, and to converse with those who thus live, is, only in a lower degree than positive impiety, less dangerous to a creature who is in a state of probation, and whose everlasting interest depends on acquaintance with and obedience to his Maker.

I recollect, some years ago, that upon reading some very popular tales (Moral Tales they are styled), the talent of which is exceedingly great, but which are distinguished by the total absence of religion, and the want of all reference to it even in the scenes of death; the influence on my mind was such that, during the time devoted to that reading, it was with great difficulty and perplexity I was able to discharge my ministerial duties. It became, therefore, painfully evident to me, that to be conversant long together with trains of thought or associations of ideas from which religion is entirely excluded is of a dangerous tendency; for religion is a positive thing, and at the same time it requires to be brought into view; it must be realized by an effort of the mind; it addresses not itself to the senses, does not occur naturally in the paths of life; it lies in an invisible state, and can only be realized by a positive act of faith, and be made operative by a serious exertion of the mental faculties, by calling our attention to spiritual impressions, and thereby overpowering the mechanical and necessary operations of sensible objects.

To be continued.

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE NAVY.

Religion in the navy! Vital godliness on board ship! The supposition is absurd—the existence of such a thing impossible. Consider the usual recklessness of our seaman, the incalculable injury they have done to the Christian cause in other lands by their ungodliness. Visit our seaports: witness a ship paid off. Observe the licentious misuse of money; the triumph of vice; the hard-gained earnings of months, or even years, squandered in a very few days or hours. How can we look, then, for religion or godliness among men of such habits? (Of course these remarks do not apply to the officers, nor to any class indiscriminately.) And yet wherein consist the absurdity and the impossibility that religion and vital godliness should be found in the navy? Proofs innumerable may be attested of the bravest and most honoured of those who have fought their country's battles, who have been eminent for true piety, who have uniformly conducted themselves, even in an atmosphere confessedly little calculated to foster and cherish Christian feeling and principles, in a manner such as becometh the gospel of Christ. But as the state of our navy once was—and it is to be feared it is had enough still—it has, nevertheless, possessed its seven thousand who have not bowed

the knee to Baal; who have been enabled, boldly and unflinchingly, to confront vice, to resist temptation, and to set before others an example of beautiful consistency. And this among all ranks in the service from a Gambier to the lowest seaman in the fleet. Gambier—the name ever must be regarded as one of the noblest in Britain's peerage. Gambier—the foremost to fight the battles of his country, the foremost to fight the battles of his Lord. Long, long will that name be had in remembrance—and deservedly—in our navy; probably longer still by those who, through his instrumentality, were brought out of darkness into marvellous light.

It has appeared to me that the situation in the ministry which I should the most dislike to fill would be that of a chaplain in the navy; but this may be an unwarranted prejudice. It certainly may not afford so many comforts as a snug rectory; but it may, and possibly will, afford many more opportunities for usefulness. And if a man is really devoted to his work, and has conscientiously embarked in his Master's cause, for the setting forth of his glory and the good of his fellow-creatures, a naval appointment may be by no means ineligible. A seaman's soul is surely as valuable as a rustic's—the salvation of a commander as the salvation of a squire. If a naval chaplain finds few congenial souls with whom he could delight to hold converse, are not many of the clergy, in country districts especially, compelled with reluctance to admit the fact; for they are too often appointed to situations, which they are necessitated to fill, where the society is of a character with which no right feeling man would for a moment have a desire to mingle. The grand point is to follow the leadings of God's providence, so far as we think we can discover them, and then set about our work, in faith that if we be not weary in well doing, we shall in due season reap if we faint not.

I have often heard naval chaplains declare that they have uniformly met with the utmost respect to their ministerial office, as well as to themselves personally; that they have rarely witnessed, in their immediate presence, any thing gross or revolting; that, often in conversations with seamen, they have discovered a religious tone of feeling on which they had little calculated; and that they could number many with whom—though in widely different spheres of life—they could take sweet counsel together, and whom they trust at the last to meet in that sure and certain haven, when the din of war will be heard no more, and the raging of the tempest shall have sunk into a calm—quietness and assurance for ever.

There is a very common notion, in the world, that, the moment a man becomes seriously religious, he grows lax in the performance of his worldly duties. It is very true such instances may be adduced in vast numbers, but they will not bear the scrutiny of strict investigation. It will be found that erroneous views of religion and of human responsibility have been the cause of this; and that to the individual's weakness, and not to religious principles, his inconsistency is to be attributed. I have known a man, indeed, so fond of attending religious meetings, that he entirely neglected his business, and ruined his family—a man so fond of hunting after popular preachers, that the sabbath domestic arrangements of his family never occupied his thoughts. He would order his carriage to one church and then to another, without ever recollecting that his coachman or footman might, while he was spending the time in seeking to satisfy his itching ears which an apostle himself would not have satisfied, for he would have grumbled at the sermon-preacher on Mars hill, be worse than wasting that time in the next wine-vaults or pot-shop. The religious man lives above the world; but he recollects that he lives in the world, that he has worldly duties to perform according to the best energies, and that the very fact of the non-performance of those is an incontrovertible evidence that he has as yet learned nothing effectually of the true obligations of the Christian calling.

And is it not so in the navy? Is a man less courageous because he fights taking God for his shield? Is he necessarily a coward in an engagement, because he has entered it with prayer, and not with cursing? Does he fight his foe less resolutely, because he has been warring against the world and the flesh and the devil? Is he the more apt to flinch from the prospects of death, because he has been accustomed to meditate on

His almighty power who overcame the sharpness of death? Is he more likely to quail at the stormy wind and tempest, because he has "an anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast?" or that he will be dashed against the rock, because he has found everlasting security in the rock of ages? And yet we know that there is a very prevalent notion that, some how or other, cowardice and religion are allied.

The following narrative, from the pen of a naval officer of unimpeachable veracity, and which I have seen only in manuscript, may here be appropriately added:

TRUE COURAGE.

"During the winter of 1812, we were cruising in a frigate off the south coast of Spain, co-operating with the Spanish patriots, whenever we could find an opportunity, by supplying them with arms and ammunition, and occasionally landing and giving more substantial and personal proofs of our alliance by skirmishing with the French convoy guards, and, upon more than one occasion, capturing them. Our second lieutenant, Morton, was a zealous and correct officer, a good seaman, but wanting in what at that time English sailors delighted, and expected to see in their officers—mischief and devilry. Feats of activity and strength he was always the foremost to promote and the most ready to join; but being of a serious and religious disposition, he was considered a methodist, and although no one dared violate discipline by openly ridiculing him, still he was sneered at as one not likely to do any deed of daring, such as at that time was common in the naval service. It is true that no opportunity had as yet presented itself to give the crew and his brother officers means of judging how far their opinions were correct; but it had been whispered that Morton had upon more than one occasion, when a midshipman, given proof of high courage, in risking his life, not against the enemies of his country, but in rescuing fellow creatures from situations of imminent and deadly peril. His cool and seamanlike conduct in gales of wind was considered as the result of his experience and force of habit; and Morton himself felt that his religious and conscientious peculiarities (for peculiar they unhappily were at that time in the navy) placed him in an unpleasant point of view his messmates, who, although men of honour and gentlemen, had, from long neglect, acquired an habitual distaste to any thing serious or religious. Morton was anxious for opportunity to show that the gentlest courtesy and most serious manners were consistent with the bravest heart, and that, so far from piety dastardizing the feelings, it only added confidence to courage, and purified the motives of noble action. It was not long before this opportunity was afforded him. We had experienced a succession of heavy gales, which had obliged us to remain at sea for some weeks, when one morning, at daylight, a vessel was discovered close to leeward of us. She was soon ascertained to be an English brig, waterlogged and partially dismantled; the crew had taken to the rigging, to prolong their lives; for the sea was making a complete breach over the vessel, and throwing the spray far over the poor fellows in the rigging. On seeing us, they made every effort to attract our attention and excite our pity. The moment her perilous situation was discovered and reported, every man of the crew was soon on deck, anxiety and pity portrayed in every weather-beaten countenance. It was still blowing so hard that the frigate was lying to under her storm stay sails, and the character of the sea seemed to shut out all hope of being able to save these poor fellows, for it appeared impossible that a boat could live; but Morton, it appears, thought differently, for having come upon deck with the other officers, he had been carefully examining the vessel with his glass: at length, turning round, he stepped over to the captain, and requested he would allow him to have the whale boat from the stern. The captain was astonished, not only at the request, but more so from its being made by Morton.

"Are you serious, Mr. Morton?" said the captain.

"Perfectly so, sir; and, I think, by careful management, the boat will live: at all events, I am ready and willing to make the attempt."

"I admire your courage and humanity, Mr. Morton," said the captain; "but I do not feel justified in desiring any man to accompany you on what appears to me a forlorn hope; and I feel

certain the undertaking would only increase the number of victims."

"Without answering the captain's objections, Morton bounded forward upon the fore-castle, and soon returned to the quarter deck, accompanied by a dozen men.

"These men, sir," said Morton, smiling, "and as many more, have volunteered to join me in my attempt to save those poor wretches from certain destruction."

"Several of the officers, ashamed of their previous unjust opinion of Morton's courage, now joined in his request, and volunteered to join him; but he refused all assistance but six men, and, after some more persuasion on his part and hesitation on the captain's, permission was granted. Placing the frigate as close upon the weather beam of the wreck as consistent with her own safety, and watching a favourable opportunity, the whale boat, with a line attached to her, was rapidly lowered. A few powerful strokes, aided by the sea, carried her a head and under the lee of the wreck, which was also under the lee of the frigate, and in a few minutes seven men and a boy were safe in the boat. But now came the critical moment of the boat's returning; for during this short interval of time, the frigate had of course fore reached and drawn a head of the wreck, and had drifted so as to bring her right astern: consequently, the frigate could no longer act as a breakwater for the protection of the loaded boat; and, when she cleared herself from the wreck, a heavy sea struck and half filled the boat: but, being prepared with buckets and having spare hands, she was soon baled out; and after many hairbreadth escapes, she reached the lee quarter of the frigate, and each man was soon securely slung in a rope and hastened on board the frigate. No attempt was made to hoist up the boat, as it would have been perfectly fruitless: she was, therefore, left to her fate; and, as the last man, Morton, reached the frigate's mizen chains, a heavy sea struck the boat and shivered her into a hundred fragments.

"Morton was warmly congratulated by his messmates, and publicly applauded by his captain, who remarked, that, but for his skill and daring, eight fellow creatures must have perished.

"No, sir," said Morton, modestly; "I was only the humble instrument in the hands and under the protection of a higher power."

"It will readily be believed that this courageous act of his operated in a very beneficial manner upon the feelings and manners of many of the crew, who had considered cowardice as inseparable from a tender conscience; but, having now a superior officer, who had distinguished himself so highly, for an example, they were no longer ashamed to give up their habits of profane swearing, and become, if not good Christians, at least better men."

CHRISTIANITY OF SLAVERY.

SLAVES are generally excessively ignorant of even the simplest elements of truth, and that too, I know, sometimes after many years membership in Christian churches. They are almost compelled to indulge in some peculiar vices. Lying, stealing and licentiousness are too common among them. Concubinage is universal, and is tolerated in churches. I have heard them relate their Christian experience. It was sometimes clear, simple and affecting, but oftener, a strange medley of dreams, visions and impressions. Indeed the slaves are constantly coming into, and going out of the churches. The Christianity of slavery is, therefore, a poor representative of the Christianity of the Bible. In the discipline of churches, the rules of the gospel have to be violated. Shall I give one instance? A slave-holding minister had whipped a colored brother, his slave, for some offence, who reported his grievance to the church of which they were both members. Such impertinence must be checked. The master told the slave, that he should present the matter to the church, and if they justified his course, should repeat the flogging to punish the presumption of questioning authority. So the brethren were called together, and after grave deliberation, it was decided—how do you think? in favor of the poor slave?—that the master had done perfectly right! Now comes the second part of this solemn farce, and mockery of justice. The master, true to his promise, summons the slave before him, gravely recites the ecclesiastical decision, and

then proceeds to administer a wholesome reprimand with a cowhide. This was church discipline with a vengeance.—I never read of any thing like it in the Ap-*ostles*. It must be found in the Southern gospel. I think the cowhide may be put in the same category with the Pope's bulls. It looks a little like penance and purgatory. I have never, if I remember well, found the use of it mentioned in the Bible, nor in any book of discipline, or church covenant among us. It must be a tradition of the elders, for it seems like making void the laws of God. This slaveholder is a man of character and influence, a professed minister of the gospel of Christ, and stands high in his own denomination. He was once an officer in the militia. To say may in part account for his military propensities in church government. I would advise him, however, to lay aside his carnal weapons, and wield the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and that would cut off every yoke, and sunder every fetter.

With another minister I was well acquainted, who on his return, one Sabbath evening, from preaching, a few miles from home, went around to the negro cabins in the neighbourhood, not to converse with their inmates upon the concerns of their souls, but with a cowhide in his hand, to whip such vagrant slaves as should chance to be away from their master's premises without a written passport. And one boy because he was found a quarter of a mile from his master's, he actually flogged on that holy Sabbath evening, for the edification of the children that gathered round, within a few yards of the house where I was then sitting, thus trying on the same day, the effect of moral and legal suasion. This man, also, is an accredited minister of the gospel.

Young men, too, candidates for the Ministry, have I known to be called out from the Seminary, perhaps on a Saturday night to do their duty on patrol, by visiting the different plantations in the vicinity to see that the negroes were at home, or to punish, as the law commands, such as should be found abroad. I wonder if any of the Apostles were drilled in such sort of discipline. Yet every man, yea every minister, is there compelled by law to engage in this kind of business. I never did it myself, however.

I will mention but one more incident. I knew a member of a Christian church, who told me, and if you believe me, without even a blush mantling his cheeks, that he once recovered a runaway girl by setting on her a bull-dog which mangled her flesh. This he told of his own accord, with all its disgusting details, and with perfect nonchalance, in the presence of several gentlemen, and yet he is regarded as a worthy and good man, and why should he not be, for he built the meetinghouse at almost his sole expense. I have slept beneath that man's roof, preached in his meetinghouse, and seen his bull-dog.

Such are a few specimens of what came under my own observation. They might be greatly multiplied.

But we are told that the slaves are happy. I doubt not that many are so. Kind nature has placed in the human soul a fountain of happy feeling which it is not easy to dry up. But after all, as a general thing, the life of the slave is a wretched one, (else, why is the road to British freedom so thronged of late?) His mind is undisciplined by science, uninspired by noble aims, unbled by the consciousness of a manly nature, or else, if he has stolen some intellectual fire from heaven's altar, he is harassed by that same dreadful consciousness that he is, after all, a man.—And is that happiness, for a being with a soul, which is little better than mere physical enjoyment! Is that happiness which springs from a degradation too deep to be conscious of its wrongs, which smiles in its dungeon and kisses its chains? Rather give us the stern cares and perplexities of personal responsibility, the doubts and strifes of intellectual enlargement, than the lazy, careless, stupid pleasures of dependence and servility. It is not enough to feed and clothe an immortal soul and drive away its cares. It craves intellectual food. It was made for responsibility. It does not truly live if its own personal identity is as it were lost, in another's will. It has an individual life to live. In acting out itself, in conformity with God's law untrammelled by other human beings, consists its true happiness. This is not indicated by the merry and thoughtless laugh, or the feeling of physical comfort, but by the higher and nobler

consciousness of its immortal nature, of its spiritual endowments, and of its being in the path of duty. And this a freeman may have, poor though he be, and a labourer. This happiness have thousands of New England's hardy sons, blessed with freedom, with education, and religion. And this the slave has not, cannot have, except so far as a holy religion has kindled up in his pathway, its blessed light, cheering him with its inspiring themes, and making him a freeman in Christ Jesus. But alas, even the happy influence of religion, when possessed, is greatly counteracted by amazing ignorance and superstition. For is not God's word a sealed book to hundreds of thousands. The light of science, secular and sacred, is shut out, and how then can Christian stability and consistence be expected, in which consist Christian dignity and happiness?

And what shall we say of the slave's domestic pleasures? Does he know the full meaning of that sweetest of English words, *Home*? Has he the means, if he had the wish, of training up his family under the parental eye and control, in the ways of virtue and religion, or instructing them in even the rudest elements of knowledge? He is not the master of his own family, and then there is the liability of separation. You cannot find among the millions of slaves one well regulated, disciplined, and educated family. It is an insult to talk to a man of bodily comforts, while you imbrute his immortal soul, crush his manly spirit, quench the fire of intelligence, and sentence him to perpetual and profound ignorance. And is no guilt contracted by this degradation of millions of God's creatures in an enlightened and Christian land? Will not the God of the black man, who is also our God, remember these things against us? Well did Jefferson say, when speaking of this subject, "I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just."—*Christian Reflector*.

BARBARITIES OF THE CHASE.

Amongst those benevolent objects in the promotion of which a Christian journalist must feel it both a duty and a privilege to co-operate, we can have no hesitation in including the prevention of cruelty to animals, and, in order to this, the exposure to public censure of those unfeeling men who avail themselves of their superior knowledge and power to inflict unnecessary suffering on the dumb and defenceless creatures subjected to their sway. In the prosecution of this object, evenhanded justice demands that censure should be pronounced on offenders without respect of persons, or that, if there be any difference, the more severe reprehension should be directed against those whose elevated station renders misconduct on their part doubly culpable on account of the influence of their example on the classes beneath them. It was on this principle that when, a few weeks since, we exhibited the case of a brutal fellow named Burke, who, for a wager, drove an unfortunate pony to death, we, at the same time, called attention to the tortures inflicted on a stag by a party of persons in Kent whom the courtesy of society designated as *gentlemen*, while their own conduct proved them destitute of the feelings of men.

We indignantly deny that any men, whatever may be their rank, have a right to torture and kill innocent animals merely for the gratification they derive from the mode in which the cruelty is inflicted. Those who arrogate to themselves such a right, wickedly abuse the dominion over the inferior creation delegated by God to man. That dominion was originally vested in the hands of a being who was formed in the image of the Divine Creator, and that image is one of universal benevolence,—it is the image of a God who bends down from the ineffable glory of His throne even to "take care for oxen," and whose tender mercies are over all His works. We are no democratic levellees. We have no sympathy with those who bring into constant prominence the vices of individuals of the higher classes, with a view of casting odium upon those classes, collectively. But, in a question of humanity or morals we cannot give a license to men with "Lord" and "Colonel" prefixed to their names, which would be denied to those in the humblest station. We do not hesitate to characterise the practices of too many of the titled men of what is called the "Sporting World," as, in not a few instances inhuman and barbarous, immoral in themselves and demoralising in their influence on those a-

round. Relics of barbarism may and do exist in connection with the conventional refinements of highly artificial society; and it is our settled conviction that genuine and complete civilisation can only be produced by the operation of true Christianity. The teachings of the gospel would not, indeed, throw any light on the art and mystery of "making a book" for Ascot or Epsom: they would afford equally little aid in estimating the comparative merits of the pirouettes of rival opera dancers; but they would introduce principles of justice and kindness between man and man, and—to return to the point from which we have slightly wandered—they would quicken the sensibilities, soften the heart into mercy, and cultivate feelings that would not only shrink with abhorrence from the needless infliction of pain upon the lowest sentient creatures, but would stimulate the adoption of all means by which the inferior animals might be shielded from the tyranny of cruel men, and secured in the possession of all the enjoyment that their circumstances permitted them to experience.

We fear that the existing law affords no remedy for such a case as that which has called forth these remarks. And yet we should like to see the point tried by one of the Societies for the protection of animals. We should like to have it ascertained whether—even though the law may sanction hunting—the peculiarities of the present case do not constitute such an exception to the usages of the chase as to bring the offenders within the power of the Act of William IV. Surely, not a few cabmen and carters have been visited by the penalties of that Act for cruelties in no degree greater than those here developed. But the whole law on the subject needs to be revised and made more stringent, so as to include a greater number of cases, and to enact punishments more commensurate with the character of the offence. We shall be happy if our observations from time to time should in any degree contribute to awaken more general attention to the wrongs of the brute creation, and to promote such a state of public feeling as would imperatively demand efficient legislation for the redress of those wrongs.—*London Watchman*.

ORIGIN OF THE NAVAL ASYLUM.

On one fine afternoon on which a cutter arrived from England, bringing letters to the fleet, shortly after Lord St. Vincent had received his despatches, before they were answered or indeed all were read, his bell rang very violently, and the sentry was ordered to his secretary in haste. As soon as he entered, Mr. Tucker was desired to ascertain whether a good dinner for forty or fifty could be managed that day; and when that was answered affirmatively, Lord St. Vincent ordered the signals for the fleet to lie to, and to invite all the admirals and captains to dine; "for," said his Lordship, "the cutter must return this evening; they will all wish to send to England by her, this will enable them to do so; a dinner in good humour heals many a sore; besides it will bring them altogether, and I want to see them." The dinner was one of the largest he ever gave in a fleet. As soon as it was over, addressing his guests, Lord St. Vincent said, "that it then became him to make his apology for having invited them so abruptly; which was that he had that afternoon received a letter from England, which he was sure they would all feel it behoved him to answer without a night's delay, and that if he had replied before he had acquainted them with the communication, that would be an insult to them all." He then took out of his pocket a letter of that day's date, from a Mr. Thompson, to say that "he had an establishment at Paddington for the orphan children of seamen who had fallen in their country's service; that hitherto it had been maintained by voluntary contribution, but then the funds being completely exhausted, he was compelled to solicit his Lordship for a little assistance." Lord St. Vincent then reminded them, "that every individual, without exception, who was at the table, owed all his honors, his rank and his fortune, to the devoted gallantry of the brave men whose children were left destitute orphans. That he thought it was their and his bounden duty to contribute according to their means to the support of those whose fathers had sacrificed their lives in gathering honors, and fortunes, and comfort upon their officers. The sum collected was large—Lord St. Vincent closing the list with £1,000. His Lordship and his

Secretary retired for a short time and then the cutter was despatched.—*Life of Earl St. Vincent*.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

Avoid excess of food, as the principal cause of dyspepsia. Five or six hours should elapse between meals. Commercial and professional men should avoid long fasting. Do not hurry from dinner to business; rest an hour afterward. Never eat things out of season, nor much of dishes to which you are unaccustomed. Much liquid at dinner delays digestion. Avoid intemperance. Water is the most wholesome beverage. Fermented liquors are highly injurious. Useful exertion is indispensable to health and happiness. Muscular exercise, well regulated, is conducive to longevity. The sedentary should walk whenever they have an opportunity. Never continue exercise after it has become painful. Standing at a high desk to write, when fatigued with sitting, will be found highly beneficial to literary men. The constant use of soft stuffed seats is injurious. Rooms in which the sedentary are employed, should be warmed by fires in open grates, which assist ventilation; not by steam, hot water, gas, or close ovens. Never stand or sit with your back to the fire. Mental excitement is one of the most prevalent causes of disease, producing dyspepsia, monomania, and insanity. Few things tend more to the preservation of health and the prolongation of life, than the maintenance of a calm, cheerful, and contented state of mind, and the cultivation of feelings of affection. Mental inactivity is scarcely less injurious than excessive exercise, giving rise to hypochondriasis. In the choice of professions, the talents, disposition, and natural bent of mind of the individuals, ought to be studied.—*Curtis on Health*.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

I HAVE seen the finest morning soon become stormy, and the fairest flower soon withered. I have seen the little bird shot, when sweetly singing among the branches; and the pretty lamb taken away, when sporting by the side of his mother. Yes, and I have seen the healthiest child coming home from school, going to bed and lingering for a few days in great pain; her parents wept and wrung their hands, and prayed, and did every thing they could for their poor girl. Death was standing in the room; but he felt no pity, and he shed no tear. He was always drawing nearer to the bed of the child. At last he threw his arrow; it fled, and pierced her little heart, which then ceased to beat. The soul of the child flew to God who gave it; her rosy cheek grew as pale as that of death himself; and her warm hand became cold as his hand; and her sparkling eye was closed; and her prattling tongue silenced. Her body was, in a little time, laid in the grave; and the parents dried up their tears, and the name of the little girl is no longer mentioned.

I am almost sure that the dew-drops of spring will sparkle on the grave of some child who now reads these lines; that the grass of summer will grow over the head of another; that the leaves of harvest will be scattered over the lonely beds of a third; and the snow of next winter will cover the cold dwelling of a fourth. "They die in youth, and in a moment go down to the grave." Youthful reader, believe in Him, who is "the resurrection and the life," and thus be happy for ever.—*D. Grant*.

CHRISTIAN HONESTY.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party.—On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door: out came a Hurnhuter, (better known by the name of United Brethren) with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Hurnhuter. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley.—After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troops immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this says to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and

us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this."—"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine." This stroke, says the author who relates it, goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce anything like this. And surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principles of moral taste.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1844.

NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE.

THIS imposing and so'ern ceremony took place on Friday last, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. It will be remembered that the Wesleyans of this city, early in March last, held a meeting to devise means by which suitable church-accommodation might be provided for their increased and increasing congregations. At this meeting about £3,500 were subscribed for this purpose; and the arrangements necessary for its accomplishment being concluded, the above day was selected for the commencing ceremonial. Shortly before three o'clock, a numerous and respectable congregation assembled in the present Chapel, corner of St. James and St. Francis Xavier streets. The services were opened with singing and prayer by the Rev. MATTHEW LANG; the lesson was read by the Rev. JOHN B. BROWNELL; and, after an impressive and appropriate discourse by the Rev. WILLIAM SQUIRE, of Quebec, from Acts vii. 48, 49, the concluding prayer was offered up by the Rev. ROBERT COONEY.

The above services being concluded, a procession was formed under the direction of JAS. MATHEWSON and J. SPROSTON, Esqrs., which walked to the site of the contemplated edifice in the following order:—

The Architect, George L. Dickinson, Esquire; the Builder, Mr. David Brown.

The Trustees.

The Rev. W. M. Harvard, Chairman of the District; and the Rev. R. L. Lusher, ex-Chairman.

The Rev. Messrs. Lang, Brownell and Cooney—Ministers on the Station.

The Ministers of the District, according to seniority. The Local Preachers and Class-Leaders.

Private Members of the Church and Congregation.

The weather had been very unfavourable during the previous part of the day; but just after the procession had assembled upon the ground, and when the moment had arrived for performing the solemn act, which constitutes the title of this article, the sky began to brighten, and the sun, as if it wished to signify its approbation, shone forth with more than usual lustre.

The foundation of this new "House of prayer" was laid by Alderman FERRIER, supported by Alderman LUNN and Councillor MATHEWSON; after which, the first named gentleman delivered a short but appropriate speech. He expressed the high satisfaction he felt, in common with his auditory, in the pleasing fact of the great spread of Christianity in the city of Montreal within his own collection; giving indisputable proof, that the devoted men through whose instrumentality this enlargement of the fold of Christ was ef-

fectured, were of the true "Apostolical succession." In the course of his remarks, he stated, that twenty-years ago, when he first took his seat in the Chapel they had now left, there was ample accommodation for the congregation; but that for some years past it was found impracticable to accommodate the numerous applicants for pews. Hence the necessity for erecting a more commodious place of worship. He then announced the cheering intelligence, that in the building they now contemplated erecting, 500 free sittings would be secured for the poor, in addition to the requisite increase of regular pews.

A bottle containing a parchment scroll, inscribed with the names of our revered and beloved Queen, and his Excellency the Governor General, the architect and builders, the names of the trustees, the official members of the church, the subscribers to the building fund, and the Wesleyan Ministers of Canada East, was deposited in the stone. With this document there was also deposited some of the leading city papers, some of the current coin of the realm, and other memorials. A short, but very suitable, address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. HARVARD; and this formed the appropriate conclusion of services and ceremonies of a very impressive and beneficial character.

The above Chapel is to be built of stone, and in the pointed Gothic style of the second period. The total length of the interior, including the entrance, lobby, staircase, &c., will be 100 feet; width, 69 feet; height, 41 feet. The external dimensions are 111 feet in length, 73 feet in breadth, and 86 feet in height. There will be three class-rooms under the gallery, and beneath the Chapel will be a capacious school-room, 99 feet long and 54 feet wide, and connected with which there will be five additional class-rooms. This edifice, when completed, will be capable of containing about 2,500 persons, and is to be provided with 500 free sittings.

Missionaries.—There are already two Missionary Ships on the seas, and lately another has been launched, built at the Royal Navy Yard, in Harwich. As she moved from her place, the children of the Independent congregation on one side, commenced singing a beautiful hymn; and on the other side, the Wesleyan Sunday-School children sang—"And the work of the Lord shall revive." Her name is *John Williams*; the other two are called the *Triton* and the *Camden*.—*Christian Guardian*.

BENEVOLENCE.—On Sunday last, two sermons were preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, Stockton, by the Rev. J. Heaton, of Hartlepool. After the services collections were made in aid of the Benevolent Society, in connexion with the above chapel. The design of this society is to visit, pray with, and relieve the afflicted poor. It was commenced in 1795, and since that period 15,000 visits have been paid, and £900 distributed. Last year 600 visits were paid, and £30 distributed. The Society is supported by subscriptions and donations.—*Sunderland Herald*.

RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS.—The circulation of some works of this nature in England is now

very extensive. The *Evangelical Magazine*, which has for more than half a century advocated, in the most Catholic spirit, the principles indicated by its title, and the profits of which, amounting yearly to more than £1,300, are devoted to the support of widows of ministers, has a circulation monthly of 16,000 copies; while the *Christian Witness*, a work published at similar intervals, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, and intended to promote the success of Christianity, with an especial regard to the views entertained by the Congregational body, already circulates 30,000 copies, though the first number was issued only in January last. The profits of this periodical, (which may be considered an organ of the Congregational Union of England and Wales,) are to be applied to the support of aged ministers of the gospel.—*Leeds Mercury*.

THE BIBLE STUDENT AND FAMILY MONITOR.—This is the title of a new Periodical just published by E. H. WILCOX, No. 9, Spruce street, N. Y. This gentleman has for many years made himself eminently useful as an efficient agent for the different religious papers of this city. We are glad to see him appear as the publisher of a work which bids fair to succeed well and be a credit to our city. It is the only paper we know of whose leading object is to call attention to the Bible, a very timely effort indeed. Let it therefore receive that patronage which it deserves from every family.—*Correspondent of the N. Y. Enquirer*.

VEGETATION.—On every hand, hill, plain, and valley have partially put on the verdant robes of summer; the trees are gradually arraying themselves in foliage, and some of the earlier seeds have vegetated and sprung up, to cheer the hopes of the horticulturist and farmer. Six weeks ago the whole "vegetable kingdom" was apparently devoid of life; but sunshine and showers have done their work, and the effects are visible in the revival of "plant, and tree, and flowering shrub."—Ere autumnal frost and storms shall again chill and desolate our happy country, the earth will have brought forth abundantly, the harvest-hymn will have been sung, and sufficiency of food for man and beast will have been produced by the summer's vegetation, and secured for use. Some men are so forgetful of Providence as to attribute the annual productions of the earth to the laws of nature; but did not the Great Being, who established those laws, by his constant superintendence, regulate them, disorder and chaos would soon ensue, and the fruits of the earth cease to supply the wants of myriads of his creatures.—*Novascotian*.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

THE *Unicorn* arrived at Quebec on Tuesday the 4th, with the English Mail to the 19th May, per the *Caledonia*. She made the run to Halifax in ten days.

The political news is of little importance. Nothing has been done in the case of O'Connell.

The ten-hours factory bill has received its quietus.

Sir H. Hardings has been appointed Governor General of India.

On Friday, the 17th, the House went into committee on the Customs' Duties Bill, when Mr. Ewart endeavoured to persuade it to equalize the duties on foreign and colonial coffee. America was cited as imposing no duty on foreign coffee, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer met this by stating that America grew no coffee of its own. Ultimately, the motion for the equalization of the duties was rejected in a thin House by 39 to 28.

The cotton market has received a terrible reaction, in consequence of the news received in England by the Acadia. The market was desponding, and there had been a serious reduction in the sale of that staple.

Flour has fallen—an advance has taken place in the value of colonial built ships—the timber trade looks well—the provision market is dull.

Sir Henry Hardinge, the present Governor-General of India, was aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore at the battle of Coruna, January 10, 1809, and was close to the lamented General when a cannon-ball carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh.—*Globe*.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE POCKET BIBLE;

OR

"HIS LOVING KINDNESS CHANGETH NOT."

I was standing at the counter of a book-store some years since, when a lady entered and inquired for pocket Bibles. I knew her well. A few years before she had married a respectable young merchant, who, although possessed but of little, if any, capital himself, had been started in business by a gentleman of wealth, with every prospect of success. He was active, honest, and enterprising; and, although he had married early after commencing business for himself—perhaps too early—the lady whom he had selected as his companion was worthy his choice. She had more ambition, some of her friends thought, than commensurate with their circumstances; and, although she contrived to repress it, in consideration that her husband's income, for the present was small, it was apparent that her spirit was aspiring, and that she was looking forward with some impatience to the time when she should be the mistress of a fine house, with furniture corresponding. A friend of his, who was married about the same time, had at once entered upon the enjoyment of these objects of ambition, and had even a handsome carriage at her command. Quite possibly, Matilda Grant cherished the secret hope that she might one day be able to visit that friend in a similar establishment of her own.

The dispensations of God, however, not unfrequently intervene to thwart our plans and defeat our cherished hopes of worldly good. He has higher views respecting us than we ourselves entertain—the elevation of our souls, and those of our friends, to a crown of glory in his own blessed mansions—and a preparation therefore is necessary, which requires sorrow here in order to joy hereafter. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God.

For a few years Mr. Grant went on well in business. His purchases were made with judgment, and his goods were credited to those who, he thought, would be able to pay. But unfortunately, and unforeseen, his principal creditor failed, and in a single day Charles Grant was a bankrupt.

At the time of this sad reverse he was ill of a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from him; but the news had a still more unhappy effect upon him than was anticipated; and for that hour he continued to decline, and in a few weeks was carried to his long home. It was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to whom they tendered for herself and two children—a son and a daughter—all the kind assistance which their circumstances allowed.

On an investigation of Mr. Grant's affairs, his failure proved even worse than was feared; and although the gentleman who had advanced the capital was quite liberal in the settlement of the concern, the widow and her children had but a few hundred dollars, and for most of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought, to the generosity of her husband's friend.

This result, added to the loss of a fond and truly estimable man, made the shock more terrible. She felt the calamity keenly, and the more so, as she had no near relatives at hand to condole with her, and was ignorant of the divine consolations of religion. But there was mercy in her cup of sorrow. The Spirit of God came in to heal that troubled spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul. And at length she was enabled to bow in humble and quiet submission to the will of God, and betake herself to the support and education of her lovely children, now her solace and delight.

At the time I saw her in the book-store she was in pursuit of a pocket Bible for her son, named Charles, after his father. The purchase was soon made—it was a beautiful edition—not expensive—but just such as a fond and religious mother would wish to present to a son whom she loved, and which she hoped would prove a lamp unto his feet. A further circumstance about this Bible I knew in after years; on presenting it she turned the attention of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the beginning, on which, in a beautiful wreath, she had inscribed her own name, and under it the words, "To my son," followed by the appropriate and touching lines:

"A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—Remember, boy!"

And still a little below were printed, in small but beautiful capitals, words which a mother's faith might well appropriate:—"HIS LOVING-KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

At the age of seventeen, Charles Grant was a stout, strong, active youth. He was more than ordinarily ambitious, but as his ambition had not full scope, he was restless, and, I sometimes thought, unhappy. Had his mother, at this critical era of his life, been able to find him some employment suitable to his active and ambitious genius, it would have been fortunate indeed; but she knew of none; and, besides, she needed his aid—bus what was more than all, she was alone, and felt that she could not dispense with his company.

About this time a young sailor, by the name of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood, arrived home from a voyage. Charles naturally fell in his way, and was delighted with the story of his wonderful adventures. He listened long and intently. His age and circumstances combined to excite in his ambitious bosom the desire for similar exciting scenes. Without designing any special wrong, young Thornton at length proposed to Charles to accompany him on his next voyage, which he should commence in a few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather declined—his mother and Alice would never consent, and to leave them by stealth was more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did not urge him, as it afterwards appeared, but Charles was himself strongly inclined to go, while the young sailor was quite willing to have a friend and companion so bright and enterprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour the latter decided to go, and to go without the knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure Charles rose from his bed when all was still, and softly feeling his way to the door, opened it and escaped. It was a beautiful night; and as he proceeded round the corner of the house to get a small bundle of clothes which he had concealed the day before, his heart beat with unusual violence, and for a few moments a faintness came over him at the thought of leaving a mother and sister, the only objects on earth whom he had ever truly loved. He stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better resolution—and then proceeded to the gate, which he opened and went out. Here he again paused—turned—looked—lingered—hesitated—and even put his hand again on the latchet, half resolved to creep once more to his little bed-room. But at that moment the low call of Thornton, at some distance, reached his ear—he had lingered longer than he was aware, and now the moment had arrived when he must go, if at all—with a sort of desperation of feeling, he hastened away, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he bade adieu to the humble cottage which contained all he loved on earth. His bundle was still under his arm, and in that bundle, I am glad to say, was "a mother's gift," the pocket Bible. Charles felt that he could not go without that, and perhaps he felt that the discovery that had taken it might serve somewhat to assuage a mother's sorrow.

Before morning the young sailors were a long way towards the seaport whence they expected to sail, and a couple of days brought them quite there. The ship, it so happened, was ready, and Charles having been accepted on the recommendation of Thornton, took up his line of duty before the mast. Shortly after, the ship weighed anchor, and stretched forth on a far distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they are able, the surprise and even consternation of Mrs. Grant and Alice, the morning following Charles' departure, at not finding him in the house nor about the premises. What could it mean?—what errand could have called him away?—at what hour did he leave?—what accident could have befallen him? Search was made for him by the increasingly anxious and terrified mother and sister for an hour and more, before they ventured to make known their solicitude to their neighbors. My own residence was not far distant; and before I had finished my breakfast, a messenger in haste made known the truly distressing situation of Mrs. Grant and Alice. I hastened to the

house—other friends at no distant hour were there,—inquiries were instituted,—messengers were dispatched around the town; but not the slightest tidings could be obtained, and even conjecture was baffled. At length, however, Mrs. Grant made the discovery that his better suit was gone, and there was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she announced that his pocket Bible was also not in his chest. Some days passed—long days and long and gloomy nights, before any satisfactory intelligence was received; and then the amount of that intelligence was in a short but affectionate letter from Charles himself, just then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific Ocean. It runs thus:

MY DEAR MOTHER.—Can you, will you forgive me for the step I have taken without your knowledge or consent? My heart has smote me every hour since I left you. I am at ——— and on board the ship ———, which sails in an hour for the Pacific Ocean. Fondest—best of mothers—do not grieve, I will one day return to bless and comfort you and my dear Alice. I must do something for you and her. Kiss her for me. Mother, I can write no more, only that I hope I shall have your prayers. I have got my pocket Bible, and shall keep it next my heart. Farewell.

Your affectionate son,
CHARLES GRANT.

P. S. I have somewhere read, what I am sure will prove true in my own case:

"Where'er I rove—whatever realms to see,
"My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the post-office so soon as it should have done, and the uncertainty bore heavily on the heart of a mother and sister. The post-master on its arrival kindly sent it to me; and, hoping that it contained tidings of the lost child, I ventured to break the seal. The truth—sorrowful as it was—was great relief, and was felt to be so by Mrs. Grant & Alice. Yet for a season—and who can marvel?—their hearts were filled with a sadness which scarcely admitted of alleviation; it was a dark and mysterious providence; and when friends called in, as they often did, to mingle their tears with the weeping, and to administer consolation, the most they could do was to weep, and to say, "His ways are in the sea, and his judgments past finding out."

But time does something—religion does more. By degrees these sorrowful ones were able to pray, and as the Christian poet says, "Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

So it did for them. They did not, indeed, recover their wonted cheerfulness—but they were calm and subdued. No murmur escaped the mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have imbibed the spirit of a holy resignation, "Father, thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter anguish, and in those nights, when the storm swept its angry blasts across their humble dwelling, and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor-boy, far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps suffering the perils of the billowy tempest. But even at such times she was enabled to commit herself and her wandering child to the care and grace of a covenant-keeping God—uttering the language of holy confidence, "His faithfulness is as the everlasting mountains." "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

[To be continued.]

A CROWN GAINED.—A French officer, who was a prisoner on his parole at Reading, met with a Bible. He read it, and was so struck with its contents, that he was convinced as to the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said, in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old school-fellow, Bernadotte, who is become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associate, "to obtain a crown."—"My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place." The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden, mine to obtain one in Heaven."

DRESS.—There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes; none will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WALDENSES.

MR. SAWTELL, in his description of the Waldenses, whom he had visited, spoke of them as a people who appeared, from the youngest to the oldest, to be perfectly acquainted with their own history—and they hold that they are the regular descendants of the Apostolical churches known as the *Valenses*, or the inhabitants of the Vallies of Piedmont, until the twelfth century; when Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, having embraced the same primitive faith, and through whose instrumentality large numbers were brought to the knowledge of the truth, was subjected to bitter persecution from the Romish church. And seeking an asylum in the same mountainous regions, and uniting with the people already there, they were afterwards indiscriminately known as *Waldenses* or *Valenses*. And their familiarity, both with the Italian and French languages, was given as proof of the union formed between them. This fact may serve as evidence that we can trace our religion even through the darkest period of the Church, to the days of the Apostles.

Two other facts he mentioned without comment, as received from them, of some importance, as to ecclesiastical order and the sacraments of the Church. The first is, that when Mr. Sawtell stated to them the polity of our Church, they affirmed that it was also their own polity, and that they themselves had always been Presbyterian. The other fact is, that they had always admitted their children to the ordinance of baptism. If these things be so, they are adapted to confirm our own churches in the faith and order of the House of God. But still our chief appeal is to the law and the testimony—the Scriptures of divine truth—the all-sufficient rule of faith and practice.

SINGULAR FACT.

IN the last Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, the following interesting fact is stated. A patient, advanced in life, of athletic frame and extraordinary activity and ingenuity, was regarded as particularly dangerous, from the violence of his mental exertions. He required constant watching, and in despite of all precautions, he availed himself of every opportunity of concealing during the day, articles which he would spend the night in fabricating into dangerous weapons. He was eventually discovered picking up in his daily work materials which he formed into rough tools with which he was found repairing old shoes. This afforded a hint to his attending physician, and having exacted a promise from the patient that he would not use them for the injury of any person, he furnished him with a complete set of shoemakers' tools, knives, awls, hammers, &c. He seemed delighted with the privilege, and with the confidence reposed in his promise, and immediately set to work, having two or three of the patients as his assistants, and from the strict decorum which he afterwards evinced, never in a single instance gave reason for regret at the indulgence allowed him. The regular employment had a most wholesome influence on his mental disease, and he is now in the bosom of his family, fully restored to reason, after being deranged for three years. This example may serve to show the judgment with which the insane are treated in this admirable institution. They are not regarded as madmen to be dreaded, but in a kind and sympathizing spirit they are dealt with, and few are so bereft of reason, as not to be sensible of such treatment. The patients are furnished with the means of riding, amusing themselves in several ways, have musical entertainments, a good library, and during the last year originated among themselves a weekly newspaper, containing original articles, many of which, says the physician, "would compare favourably with much of the periodical literature of the day."

How must it gladden the heart of every philanthropist to see these humane changes in the treatment of persons labouring under so dreadful a malady! The effect of it has been proved in the increased number of radical cures.—*Presbyterian*.

THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.—The face of the country is mountainous; the elevation of the celebrated Blue Mountains at the Peak is 7150 feet (some authorities assert that it is 8000 feet in the highest point.) What are termed the Blue Moun-

tains cross the country from east to west, and are intersected themselves by other ridges running from north to south. The mountains are covered by many kinds of trees. Jamaica is watered by numerous streams, none of them, however, navigable, except for boats; the vallies fertile. Great numbers of wild fowl are met with, and rice-birds, esteemed great delicacies. In the vallies are such a variety of fruit trees, as to make the country look like a paradise. Of the 4,000,000 acres given to the island, Jamaica is stated to contain only 1,900,089 acres held under grants from the crown in 1789; and of this extent only 1,059,000 were under culture, of which 639,000,710 were occupied with sugar plantations; 280,000 taken up by cattle-breeding farms, and 140,000 in cotton, indigo, coffee, pimento, ginger, &c. The parliamentary report of 1839 states, that 1,402,356 acres have been granted by the crown. The recent emancipation of the negroes has tended to subdivide the land, and few estates now comprise more than 1200 acres.—*Fisher's Colonial Magazine*.

A KENTUCKIAN.

"An old man in Kentucky some years ago embraced religion. Thinking it wrong to hold slaves, and having it in his power, he liberated all that he had. From that time forward, he was a stern opposer of slavery and fine dressing, although he could distil and sell whiskey. One day he happened to hear a blunt, old-fashioned preacher, who was in the habit of striking with his might at what he thought to be wrong in professors of religion. In his discourse he assailed the fashionable professors. 'Amen,' says our slavery-opposing brother. From thence the preacher passed over to the slave-holders, and gave them a portion. Better still, thought our old brother. 'Amen' and 'amen,' was the response. But from the slaveholder the preacher passed on to the distiller, and gave him a bear-blow. Before our old brother could follow the preacher in the transition, he responded, 'amen'; but in an instant he recollected himself, and exclaimed, 'Och! O!' as much as to say, 'I said 'amen' in the wrong place and I take it back.'—*Northern Advocate*.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

WE extract from the Romish newspaper, the *Tablet*, the following "Address," which would be ludicrous in the extreme, if it were not so revoltingly profane.

Address of the Chaplain, Council, and Members of the Holy Guild of St. Joseph and our Blessed Lady, to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., on the Occasion of his Investiture.

Illustrious Sir and well-beloved Brother.—Your presence amongst us this day imparts a peculiar joy to our hearts, and is a source of the highest gratification. The eminence to which your virtues, piety, and patriotism have raised you in the estimation of all wise and good men is more honourable than the possession of kingdoms, crowns, and sceptres. Every wise man esteems you, every good man loves you, every Catholic exults in you. We esteem you as a chosen servant of God, a mighty instrument in his hand for the accomplishment of the designs of his providence, and as a second Constantine in the history of the Catholic Church; for as the great Constantine emancipated the Church from Pagan tyranny, the catacombs of Rome, the cruelties of the Colosseum, so in these kingdoms have you delivered her from the thralldom of religious bigotry and the bonds of penal enactments. Like another Moses, you have rescued her from her worse than Egyptian bondage and led her through the Red Sea and the wilderness; and like Joshua, you have brought her through the Jordan, and placed her in the Canaan of freedom and prosperity. (Loud cheering, and cries of "God bless him; we'll die for him!") Yet notwithstanding these immortal triumphs, and the brightness of the glory with which they surround you, you have yet, like Joshua, to combat with the enemies of God and His Church in all the varied forms of attack; but we feel assured, and we rejoice in the reflection, that you may enjoy the special approbation and protection of the God of heaven as did all those mighty men, whose characters and achievements are renewed and concentrated in your own person. Yes, around you are spread the celestial armies to protect you, and to succour you, that, when human skill and valour fail,

the divine may interpose, for your deliverance. (Tremendous cheering.) Honourable and beloved brother, Religion has chosen this hour of your sufferings, to testify to the world, and in the face of your enemies, and the enemies of justice—(burst of applause)—how much she esteems you. She this day invests you with the sacred insignia of the Holy Guild of St. Joseph and our Blessed Lady, and receives you as a most endeared brother of that holy society, deeming this solemnity only as an image of that glorious festival, when you will, by God's grace and your own perseverance in your illustrious course, be robed with saints, and crowned with confessors in the Heavenly Paradise and triumphant Church. (Cheering for several seconds.) May the Almighty God of Heaven and Earth make you victorious over all your enemies, and successful in your glorious labours for the emancipation of your country, the spread of civil and religious liberty, and the establishment of the reign of justice, benevolence and peace! (Prolonged cheering.) Signed on the part of the Holy Guild, John Moore, Chaplain. (Cheers.)—*Watchman*.

DR. WOLFF.—Letters have been received from Dr. Wolff, dated Tehran, Feb. 12. He has been received with great distinction by the King of Persia. He visited the Ambassador, recently arrived from Bokhara, who denied in toto the fact of the execution of our friends. The doctor was to leave Tehran on the 14th of February, accompanied by an escort ordered by the King and Rajah, who had been a servant to both Stoddart and Conolly. The doctor has seen the ambassador of the King of Khiva, an enemy of the King of Bokhara, and he could give no information whatever concerning the death of the captives. "Therefore," says the doctor, "while I beg you not to be too sanguine of my success, I also beg of you not to despair of it, for, as all the Persians I have hitherto seen tell me, 'Maloom neest—nothing is certain about it.'"

SLAVERY.—That diabolical traffic continues, however, to be carried on. Notwithstanding all our exertions and sacrifices, slaveships leave the coast of Africa, and elude the utmost vigilance of our cruisers. More efficient means are required to render their escape increasingly difficult, if not altogether impracticable. We cannot fully sympathise on this point with those of our peace loving "Friends" of the Anti-Slavery Society, who deprecate all employment of force, and would confine the efforts of philanthropy to attempts to abolish the institution of slavery itself. We would do the one, but we would not leave the other undone. We are ready to co-operate to the very utmost of our power, with all who strive by moral or political influence to procure an abolition of the institution of slavery over the whole world; but we maintain, at the same time, the duty and expediency of employing our naval power to arrest the slave-trade itself. In what manner this should be done is a question deserving the most serious deliberation. We may not be prepared to adopt all the views of Colonel Nicolls, ardent and energetic friend of Africa though we know him to be,—but we think, that respectful consideration is due to his suggestion that the British vessels should be ordered to go into the different rivers and storing stations, destroying the barracoons, the places of the traffic, and setting the slaves at liberty,—provided it could be accomplished without involving us in war with other nations. We are gratified to learn from Sir R. Peel's speech on Mr. Labouchere's motion that the attention of the government is turned to the subject generally and that an augmented force is to be employed, according to Capt. Denmon's plan, in blockading that portion of the African coast from which slaves are usually exported. We know it to be the opinion of some who have devoted much thought to African affairs that one of the most effectual modes of checking the trade would be by a blockade, conducted as that particular officers should continue on particular stations so long as to become fully acquainted with all the outlets by which the slavers could attempt to escape. The whole question however still demands the best consideration and the most active efforts of the wise and good. After all that has been accomplished, much, very much yet remains to be done before the negro shall be universally recognised and treated as "a man and a brother."—*Watchman*.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, June 5, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	0	a	1 6
Wheat, "	5	6	6	0
Barley, "	2	0	-	2 9
Pease, "	2	0	-	2 9
Lint Seed, "	4	6	-	5 6
Buckwheat, "	2	0	-	2 3
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	-	6 0
Fowls, "	1	8	-	2 6
Geese, "	4	0	-	5 6
Ducks, "	2	0	-	3 0
Chickens, "	1	0	-	1 6
Patridges, "	2	6	-	3 4
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	4	-	0 5
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	7	-	0 9
" Salt, "	0	6	-	0 7
Pork, per hund.	22	4	-	27 0
Beef, "	25	9	-	30 0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	-	14 0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	3	-	0 5
Pork, "	0	2	-	0 5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	-	12 6
Mutton, "	1	6	-	10 0
Lamb, per qr.	2	0	-	4 0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	-	0 6
Potatoes, per bushel	0	10	-	1 3
Corn, "	2	0	-	2 9
Rye, "	2	6	-	3 0
Beans, "	4	6	-	6 8
Honey, per lb.	0	4	-	0 5
Hay, per 100 lbs.	25	0	-	30 0

☞ To our Country Readers.—The very low price at which our paper is published, obliges us earnestly to request, that all our friends at a distance will make an effort, as speedily as possible, to remit us, through our agents, (or by post, in bills,) the amount of their respective subscriptions—the expense of sending round a collector (20 per cent.) being more than the charge for the paper will warrant our incurring.

Six months have now elapsed since the commencement of the New Series of the MIRROR; and the large additional outlay consequent upon a weekly issue, renders it extremely desirable that all our friends should attend strictly to our terms, viz: payment half-yearly in advance. Those who have not yet paid for the last half-year, are respectfully requested to do so without delay.

REMOVAL AND CO-PARTNERSHIP.

ROBERT MILLER, BOOKBINDER, grateful for that liberal patronage which he has received from his friends and the public since his commencement in business, begs to inform them that he has REMOVED his BINDING ESTABLISHMENT from the Nuns' Buildings, Notre Dame Street, to the PLACE D'ARMES HILL, next door to Mr. ROLLO CAMPBELL, Printer; and that he has entered into PARTNERSHIP with his Brother, ADAM MILLER.

R. & A. MILLER,
BOOK-BINDERS,

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
PLACE D'ARMES HILL,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public, that they have established themselves as above—where they confidently anticipate a liberal share of public patronage.

PAPER RULED and BOUND to any pattern; and every description of BINDING executed with neatness and despatch, on the most reasonable terms.

A general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., kept constantly on hand.
May 9, 1844.

DR. ROBINSON

HAS REMOVED

TO SAINT RADEGONDE STREET,
opposite the New Weigh House, near Beaver Hall.

November 9.

4w

J. & J. SLOAN,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,
No. 14, St. JOSEPH STREET,
Nearly opposite St. George's Church,
MONTREAL.
August 11, 1843.

THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN, published in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is devoted to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and contains, in addition to the intelligence concerning the Church, a great variety of interesting religious articles, selected from the religious periodicals of the day.
The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 15s. per annum, when paid in advance, and 17s. 6d. on credit, exclusive of postage.
The Guardian contains 8 large 4to. pages, each page containing 4 columns. It may be seen at the office of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

J. H. TAAFFE,
GENERAL GROCER,
No. 85, Notre Dame Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,
MONTREAL.

J. G. DAILY,
CABINET-MAKER, UPHOLSTERER,
AND
UNDERTAKER,
ST. GERMAIN STREET,
Off Bleury Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.
Montreal, December 1, 1842.

MR. HAMBY F. CAIRNS,
ADVOCATE,
NO. 3, SAINT LOUIS STREET,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
QUEBEC.
September 7.

PROSPECTUS.

NOW IN PRESS, and will shortly be published,

INDIAN RESEARCHES;

OR,

FACTS CONCERNING THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS:

Including Notices of their present State of Improvement, in their Social, Civil and Religious Condition; and Hints for their Future Advancement.

BY BENJAMIN SLIGHT,
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

PRICE ABOUT 2s. 6d. OR 3s.

This Work, the result of personal observation, will contain a variety of remarks on the State and Character of the Indians, before and after their conversion to Christianity—refutations of various calumnies, which have been published concerning them—and the success of the Missionary enterprise among them.

Subscribers' names will be received by Mr. J. E. L. MILLER, Office of the Christian Mirror, 158, Notre Dame Street; Messrs. R. & A. MILLER, Place d'Armes Hill; and Mr. R. D. WADSWORTH, Temperance Depot, St. Francois Xavier Street.

Also, by the Wesleyan Ministers, on their various circuits.

Montreal, April 4, 1844. 23.D

NEW GILDING ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 14, St. JOSEPH STREET,
Fifth house from M^r Gill Street.

FREDK. CARLISLE, GILDER, LOOKING GLASS & PICTURE FRAME MAKER, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will make to order Portrait and Picture Frames of various patterns. Needle Work neatly framed; Glasses Enamelled, oval or circle, and Lettered; old Frames regilt; Maps Mounted and Varnished.—All orders thankfully received, and executed with punctuality.

Montreal, May 9, 1844.

J. E. L. MILLER'S
PRINTING ESTABLISMENT,
NOTRE DAME STREET,
Near St. Francois Xavier Street, over Mr. D. Milligan's Dry Goods Store.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for sale at the Bible Depository, M^r Gill street,
FIVE DISCOURSES
ON THE MORAL OBLIGATION AND THE PARTICULAR DUTIES OF
THE SABBATH.

BY A. O. HUBBARD, A. M.,
PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN HARDWICK, VT.
Montreal, February 22, 1844.

W. & J. TREVERTON,
ORNAMENTAL HOUSE & SIGN PAINTERS,
GLAZIERS,
PAPER HANGERS, &c. &c. &c..
No. 169, Notre Dame street.

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND
COPPERPLATE PRINTER,
SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

COMMERCIAL BLANKS, (in a variety of forms,) Bill Heads; Business, Visiting, Invitation, and Society Cards; Druggists', Grocers', Confectioners', and other Labels—of every design and colour.

Fac Similes, Circulars, Plans, Views, &c. &c. &c. on the most liberal terms.
N.B.—Funeral Circulars on the shortest notice.

JOSEPH HORNER,
SILK-DYER,
Notre Dame Street.
MONTREAL.

JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.
St. Paul Street.
HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—TERMS LIBERAL.
August, 12, 1841.

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

- Mr. ROBERT PATTON, . . . Post Office, Quebec.
- " WM. GINNIS, . . . Three Rivers.
- " ABRAHAM M^rINTYRE, Ceau-du-Lac
- " B. J. KENNEDY, . . . Philipsburgh.
- " E. CHURCH, . . . Terrebonne.
- " T. VAN VLEIT, P.M. Lacolle.
- " W. VAN VLEIT, . . . Odell Town.
- " E. BAKER, P M . . . Dunham.
- " A BISSETT, . . . Lachine.
- " T B MACKIE, P M . . . Saint Sylvester.
- " C A RICHARDSON, " . . . Lennoxville.
- " A W KENDRICK, " . . . Compton.
- " A DELMAGE, . . . Naperville.
- " A B JOHNSON, . . . East Bolton.
- " A AMSDEN, . . . Sherbrooke.
- " H HAZELTINE, . . . Halley.
- " R MORE, P M . . . Durham.
- " WM. SCRIVER, . . . Hemmingford.
- " G. SUTTON, . . . Carillon.
- " E H ADAMS, . . . Woonsocket, (R. I.)
- " DEWAR, . . . St. Andrews, (Ott.)
- " JOHN BRODIE, . . . Bytown.
- " CAMERON, . . . Lochaber.
- " WM. ANGLIN, . . . Kingston.
- " JAS. CARSON, . . . Buckingham.
- " R. HARPER, . . . Smith's Falls.
- Capt. SCHAGEL, . . . Chatham.
- Hon. JOHN M^rDONALD, . . . Gananoque.
- Jas. MAITLAND, Esq. . . . Kilmarnock.
- H. JONES, Esq. . . . Brockville.
- D. DICKINSON, Esq. . . . Prescott.
- R. LESLIE, Esq. . . . Kemptville.
- DR. STEIGER, P.M. . . . St. Elizabeth.
- Mr. N. RUSTON, . . . Huntingdon.
- " H. LYMAN, P.M. . . . Granby.
- " J. GRISDALE, . . . Faudrevil.
- " BAINBOROUGH, . . . St. Johns.
- " WM. NEWTH, . . . Chambly.
- " R. C. PORTER, P.M. . . . New Ireland.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,

Is printed and published at Montreal, every Thursday, by J. E. L. MILLER, at his Office, Notre Dame Street, near St. Francois Xavier Street, next door to Mr. Fleming, Merchant Tailor—to whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.
Terms.—Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum in town and country, payable yearly or half yearly in advance.