

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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VOL. III.

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POETRY.

THE BOOK DIVINE.

Stanzas, composed by the Rev. Dr. Marsham, of Serampore, and sung with thrilling effect, on the occasion of the completion, by Dr. Carey, of the first translation of the New Testament into Bengali.

Hail precious book divine!
Illumed by thy rays,
We rise from death and sin,
To tune a Saviour's praise;
The Shades of error, dark as night,
Vanish before thy radiant light.

We bless the God of grace,
Who hath his word revealed
To this bewildered race,
So long in darkness held;
His Love designs, his people pray;
His providence prepares the way.

Now shall the Hindus learn
The glories of our King;
Nor to blind gurus turn,
Nor idol praises sing;
Diffusing heavenly light around,
This book their Shasters shall confound.

Deign, gracious Saviour, deign
To smile upon thy word;
Let millions now obtain
Salvation from the Lord;
Nor let its growing conquests stay,
Till earth exult to own its way.

THE SABBATH MORN.

THE morn, the Sabbath morn, is come. Alas!
And art thou welcome? Welcome! No, not so:
Not all, not half—nor even half of this,
Can welcome thee as all true Christians do.
The man of business may,—perchance, he may
Rejoice that thou art come; for what? That he
May worship God? Oh no: that he may cease
From toil,—his wearied limbs require some rest;
His mind too, 'cumbered with the bustling week,
Is tired,—looks forward to the Sabbath with
Delight, and thinks he welcomes it. Again,
Are there not times and seasons when this day
Of rest is irksome in th' extreme? Does he
Not wish it o'er before the noon arrives,
In order to add field to field or house
To house? And when at Church (to which
He never goes but once,) note how he sits
Or stands, when one would think 'twas favour e'en
To kneel in presence of Almighty God,
To have our prayers heard and answer'd too.
Well, so it is; good-natured Man, his own
Ill deeds can overlook; his neighbours, they
Are magnified—How easily to teach!
But here's the rub, 'to practise what we preach'
Now to return; this man has been at Church,—
On what has been his thoughts? God only knows.
Have they been lifted to the throne of Heaven,—
Has he implored that mercy for his sins
Which e'en the truly good requires?—has he
Been thankful for the good received? or was
It words, mere empty words,—both prayer and praise
Omitted? Yes, I fear it was. If so
Has not his thoughts been on the world employed;
How to increase his store, his wealth, his lands,
Or, perhaps, in what is worse, how to deceive
His fellow-men. Is this to worship God?
Is not this Idolatry, in modern shape,
Of which the Israelites were oft forewarned?
The only difference is, *THEY* God was wrought,—
OUR Gold was coined, and from Peru is brought.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER.

A YEAR had passed since the death of my best earthly friend, and three years since I had heard his kind words and salutary admonitions. Eighty-five winters had howled around his head—yet they had not whitened his locks; nor had multiplied sorrows obliterated that native energy of the soul, and produced that second childhood which is so common to age. He dropped away—he fell like the leaf, because he was ripened and the time of his gathering had come.

I stood by his grave—had traversed a long and tedious way for the sole purpose—and while all was hushed, a voice whispering from the sleeping dust seemed to say, "Child, have you come to bewail my dust with filial tears? Wipe them away—I am walking the streets of the New-Jerusalem. My robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb. Remember from your earliest childhood, I pointed you to the abodes of bliss—I told you of a place "where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick;" and "where all tears shall be wiped from all faces." I told you the world you inhabit was a vale of tears, and you must not expect to go through it singing. I told you temptations would lie in your path—and I told you to "cleanse your way by giving place thereto" to the words of eternal life. Listen then to the voice of instruction: return to your home—struggle a little longer with the maddening storms—the furious whirlwinds which have seemed to mark you for their prey—and then with me shall you be safely gathered in a healthier clime, where not a wave of sorrow shall roll over you, where kindred and friend, father and child, shall be lost—shall be swallowed up in the Father of all."

My soul was soothed; my tears had gone back to the fountain; I said it was enough! My Father yet liveth, and I shall see him when I die. The sun was setting upon the grave-yard—the long shadow of the steeple where with him I had often gone up to worship—the farm he had cultivated—the house he had inhabited—all lay in sight. I looked upon his grave for the last time; and as I bade farewell to the most loved spot on earth, I felt the last string was severed, and my connection to sublunary things for ever dissolved. I felt like an isolated being, inhabiting this bleak world alone; with none to care, with none to pity. I felt that the guide of my youth, the counsellor of my days, could no more drop the tear of parental tenderness on my hapless head, and I longed to mingle my dust with his—I longed again to talk with him of that heavenly world, he had while on earth so delightfully anticipated—and drink with him the pure river of the waters of life, and pluck from the tree on either side of the river, that fruit which grows alone in the paradise of God.

FEED MY SHEEP.

THERE is in his passage a peculiar meaning, and one full of the most exquisite tenderness, which I do not think is generally perceived; nor do I know how to describe it but by a comparison which may seem too like disparagement.

Suppose a mother lying upon her bed of death, surrounded by the little flock whom she was about to leave, turning her languid eyes towards him who had been the partner of her earthly sorrow, and saying, "O! if you have ever loved me, if that sorrow which you now evince be indeed sincere, and if those tears which you now shed be genuine tokens of affection, I beseech you by every tie that binds us, and by every hope of our reunion after death, that you take care of these little ones, these dear pledges of our love: Be now both father and mother to them; train them up for God, that we may all meet again, a family in heaven."

As a drop to the ocean so is such an exhibition to the emphatic tenderness of meaning which I would attribute to the words before us. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Well then, if it be so indeed, if I have that place in your heart which I lived and died to purchase, I beseech you by all that I have done and suffered for you; I beseech you by all the gentleness and patience with which I have borne with your infirmities and provocations! I

conjure you by those bitter tears which you shed when, in the palace of the high priest, you thrice denied me, when the crowing of the cock and that look which penetrated your inmost soul reminded you of all your broken promise and vows; I conjure you by my fasting and temptation, by my agony and bloody sweat, by my cross and passion, by my precious death and burial, by my glorious resurrection, by that ascension which will soon translate me to the right hand of God, if you have that love which you have so often and so ardently professed to me, your friend, your brother, your Saviour, and your God, then "feed my sheep," "feed my lambs," take heed to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you an overseer, to feed the church of God, which I have purchased with my own blood."—*London Christian Observer.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation, regarding themselves as only the creatures of time, endowed merely with the animal passions, and intellectual faculties; their projects, aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outline of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world, with all its pageantry and pomp and power, is crumbling to the dust—that the present life is scarcely deserving of a thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part, who frames his plans with a direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding and perverted the will, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit. Vain thought! How little they know of themselves! The soul is not of earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its glory changed, it will not always be a prisoner here. Send it forth as you will, to range the whole material universe, and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God!

A WISE MOTHER.

THE mother of a family was married to an infidel who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. One day asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father, whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question? did they perform any good action? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

HUMAN life is chequered with innumerable ills; and perhaps nothing, independent of Religion, so much fits us for their endurance as the sympathies and tenderness of connubial love. The frowns of the world may sicken us of intercourse with the multitude around us; but the endearments of home is a solace to our wounded spirits; and in the most discouraging circumstances, we may find enjoyment in the bosom of family affection.

MAN was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health of body and mind.

THE speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

RELIGION IN LAPLAND.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

The inhabitants of Lapland are nominally all Protestants, great pains having been taken for their religious improvement by Swedes and Danes; still superstition exists to a fearful extent among them, though there is good ground to hope that it is on the decline.—They have so far well escaped the corruptions of the Romish see. Among their superstitions is the divining drum, which is supposed to tell fortunes, to reveal secrets, or to detect criminals. This is simply a drum with a needle, somewhat like the handle of a clock, placed on its uppermost skin, acting in a magical manner in the estimation of the people, who do not perceive that the whole business is managed by the means of a piece of magnetised iron, which could guide the needle as the wizard chose; the people's own alarm, or their simplicity, soon betraying to the "cunning man" which way to shape its course. But indeed the magnet itself would have been to them as much an object of superstitious awe, could they have ascertained its share in the business.

Superstitious notions of a very similar character are not unknown in our own country, where certain supposed wizards or cunning men are consulted by the weak and credulous, under the silly notion that they can give information as to lost property, those who have been guilty of theft, &c.

There are many relics of heathen idolatry in Lapland—the deities of which are represented as of much the same character as those of the northern nations in general—which they imagine to be extraordinary charms in many of the diseases; and they held in strange and fearful veneration the places where ancient sacrifices had been offered.—These places are still marked by heaps of decayed rein-deer's horns; and still, when they pass that way, the natives shrink with horror.

The worship of many of the Teutonic deities is still retained among them. They frequently worship the trunk of a tree, which they cut into the rude resemblance of a human face. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and set apart certain festivals for the worship of aerial spirits, and to invoke the dead.

It was once believed that there were necromancers in Lapland who had power to sell fortunate winds; and, what was worse, to send adverse ones after those who gave them offence. So late as 1653, a French traveller in that country gives an account of going on shore with the captain of a Danish vessel to purchase a wind, in compliance with the wishes of his crew. A wizard was easily met with; for of course, as they found it a profitable business, there were always a sufficient number who pretended to this supernatural skill. They managed, as in the affair of the drum, to keep up their credit by diligently studying natural effects; in the wind case by attention to the signs of the sky, by which they could, with tolerable certainty, promise from what quarter the wind should blow for the next few hours after they had sold their charm, or muttered their curse. Meanwhile their fellow countrymen were as much gulled as their customers.—Thus in the old adage:—

"In Iceland and in Denmark both
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapped,
Shall blow him to what coast he will."

Even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth witches and wizards were accused of dominion not only over the destinies of men and cattle, but over the elements themselves. If

the wind or a storm arose, the cry was "Ring the bells and burn the witches."

The places of worship are generally very rude buildings of logs of wood, laid transversely together, and often in very bad repair. The following is an interesting account of that part of Lapland which belongs to Norway. The clergyman was a Norwegian.—His dwelling was not very much more comfortable than a common tent; it was built, like the church, of logs of wood, and consisted of two rooms, and a small closet with a bed in it. The furniture merely a stove, a few wooden tables and benches, and a very scanty supply of other necessary articles. He had a couple of tame pigs; but these were kept more as curiosities than as a part of his stock of provisions. No poultry is to be found throughout the country, but in its stead they have an astonishing quantity of game. The black cock, the ptarmigan, wild ducks, teal, becassines, and fish of various kinds, were always to be had. Potatoes could not be preserved through the winter; and it was with great difficulty that even a few were saved for planting. In the summer the clergyman, in whose garden they were cultivated as a luxury, not only ate the root, but boiled the tops of the plants, which, for want I should suppose of better, he considered a very delicate vegetable. These potato-tops, and also nettles, helped to make out a soup, with the addition of rein-deer's tongues.

He had, besides, rye-biscuit for bread; but this was obtained from Sweden. A little barley is generally the only species of grain sown. Sometimes the crop does not ripen at all; at others, according to the favourableness of the season, it is housed in seven or eight weeks from the time the seed is committed to the ground.

As a Lapland parish often extends some hundred miles, it may be imagined the clergyman's life is subject to much fatigue and hardship. In the depth of winter he is usually settled near his church; and here his parishioners assemble from their distant homes every Sunday, some arriving the day before if they have a very long way to travel, and taking up their quarters for the night in the church, or in one of the few log-houses close by.

Here, too, their marriages take place. On one occasion a son of one of Niel's old friends took unto himself a wife, and Karin was delighted to see the grand presents that were bestowed as bridal offerings. There were rings, and silver spoons, and a cup of silver gilt; a silver girdle for the lady's waist; one silk and two cotton kerchiefs for her neck. All her friends gave some slight token of good will. The bridegroom himself made ready a great feast of rein-deer flesh, brandy, and a brewing of malt for the occasion, with plenty of tobacco for smoking. The desire for ardent spirits is almost insatiable in Lapland.

After the wedding-dinner a collection in money was made for the new married pair from all the guests. The father bestowed on his son, to begin the world with, some of his precious silver cups and dollars, and a fine herd of eighty rein-deer. The guests also, many of them, promised to contribute a few more to his stock, on condition that he would come to demand them, and bring with him a present of brandy in exchange.

Round the clergyman's hut there were several others of the same kind, inhabited by the merchants who came to deal with the Laplanders for the furs they got in hunting.

A Laplander's funeral is conducted somewhat in the following manner, and is on the authority of an eye-witness:—"Coming to

the house of the deceased, we saw the corpse taken from the bear skins on which it lay, and removed into a wooden coffin by six of his most intimate friends, after being first wrapped in linen, the face and hands alone being bare. In one hand they put a purse with some money to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of paradise; in the other a certificate, signed by the priest, directed to St. Peter, to witness that the defunct was a good Christian, and deserved admission into heaven. At the head of the coffin was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, a saint greatly revered in all parts of Russia on account of his supposed friendship for the dead. They also put into the coffin some brandy, dried fish, and venison, that he might not starve on the road. This being done, they lighted some fir-tree roots, piled up at a convenient distance from the coffin, and then wept, howled, and exhibited a variety of strange gestures and contortions, expressive of the violence of their grief. When they were fatigued with gesticulations they made several processions round the corps, asked the deceased why he died? whether he was angry with his wife? whether he was in want of food or raiment? if he had been unsuccessful in hunting and fishing? After these interrogatories they renewed their howling. One of the priests frequently sprinkled holy water on the corps, as well as the mourners. The sepulchre is no other than an old sledge, which is turned bottom upwards over the spot where the body lies buried. Before their conversion to Christianity they used to place an axe, with a tinder box, by the side of the corpse if it was a man; and if a woman's, her scissors and needles, supposing that these implements might be of use to them in the other world. With the axe the deceased is supposed to hew down the bushes or houghs that may obstruct his passage to the other world; the tinder box is for the purpose of striking a light, should he find himself in the dark at the day of judgment. For the first three years after the decease of a friend or relation, they were accustomed from time to time to dig holes by the side of the grave, and to deposit in them either a small quantity of tobacco or something that the deceased was fondest of when living. They suppose that the felicity of a future state would consist in smoking, drinking brandy, &c.; and that the rein-deer and other animals would be equal partakers of their joys."

Dr. Clarke relates in effect the following extraordinary scene in a Lapland church of Enontakis:—"The whole church," he says, "was crowded, and even the gallery full; many of the wild Nomade Laplanders being present in their strange dresses. The sermon appeared to us the most remarkable part of the ceremony. According to the custom of the country, it was an extemporaneous harangue; that is, preached without being previously written down. It was delivered in a tone of voice so elevated that the worthy pastor seemed to labour as if he would burst a blood-vessel. He continued exerting his lungs in this manner during one hour and twenty minutes, as if his audience had been stationed on the top of a distant mountain.—Afterwards he was so hoarse he could hardly articulate another syllable.

"One would have thought it impossible to dose during a discourse that made our ears ring; yet some of the Lapps were fast asleep, and would have snored, but that a sexton, habited like themselves, walked about with a long stout pole, with which he continued to strike the floor; and if this did not rouse them, he drove it forcibly against their ribs, or suffered it to fall with all its weight upon their skulls.

"After the sermon singing commenced; it consisted of a selection of some verses from the psalms, which, notwithstanding what has been said of the vocal music of Lapland, were devoutly and harmoniously chanted.—It was impossible to listen to the loud and full chorus of a rude people, thus celebrating the triumph of religion over the most wretched ignorance and superstition, without calling to mind the sublime language of ancient prophecy: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing.'

"As we accompanied the minister to his house, we ventured to ask the reason of the very loud tone of voice he had used in preaching. He said he was aware that it must appear extraordinary to a stranger, but that if he were to address the Laplanders in a lower key they would consider him as a feeble and powerless missionary, wholly unfit for his office, and would never come to church; for the merit and abilities of the preacher are always estimated amongst them by the strength of his voice."

Still, when we compare the condition of the Laplanders with that of the nations who have never heard the doctrines of the bible, we shall find that, though rude, the advantage is greatly on their side.

The population is estimated at sixty thousand souls; yet there are no annual wars amongst them, such as Franklin, in his "Journey to the Polar Seas," speaks of as constant among the northern Indians of America. Murders are seldom perpetrated. They are comparatively industrious. They work as far as is necessary to provide honestly for their moderate wants. Their mode of life seems in many respects dreary and comfortless certainly; but we know, from repeated instances, that so dearly do they "love their mountains and enjoy their storms," that, whenever any of them are induced to leave their native land for any length of time, they pine and sicken, and probably would die if they could not once more breathe their keen air.

THOSE TEARS!

THEY were a mother's. A wicked son's perversity caused them. They were many. They were bitter. Bereavement causes tears. Loss of property makes them fall.—Anguish of the body will wet the cheek. Oppression causes weeping. But more bitter than these are the tears of that heart-broken mother. Sweetest, fondest anticipations were dashed. Expectations, that had shot their cheering radiance through the dark clouds of long years of adversity, were at an end. She wept, for it was the funeral day of her hopes.

Those tears—how eloquent! Every drop uttered a volume of terrible truth. What language they uttered!

1. Concerning the *depth of that son's guilt*. That he should cause them for whom had been endured all the pangs of maternal solicitude since the hour of his birth—that he should cause them, whose most tender care it should have been to shield the parental bosom from every sorrow—this was most unnatural. What obligation could have been in force upon him, that was not to make the author of his being happy, and prevent, by all the forms of tenderest kindness, that any tears should ever fall on his account. But he trod down and trampled on all these obligations. And those tears, started by his guilt—what a tale they told of its amount!

2. Spake they not too of his *danger*? It was not simple maternal love that made that being a mourner. She was allied to the Sa-

viour and Judge of the world by a living faith. Those tears were shed over God's broken law, and redeeming love lightly esteemed, and the Spirit of grace grieved. Those tears were the more bitter, because she that wept, wept over God's dishonour as well as her own withered hopes. God saw those tears! Was there not an alliance of his holy mind with the mourner, and deep displeasure in that mind at the guilty cause of her tears?

That wicked son saw them. Fast and free they fell. But he steeled his heart against them. There was thrilling eloquence in them, but they pleaded in vain for his repentance and return. He rushed into the arms of temptation. He linked his soul with the vicious and vile. It is long since he has trodden the threshold of his home. From her he wandered. Parental love and tenderness asks—"Where?" but hears only the lonely echo of its own voice.

Those tears! Perhaps that son will yet remember them. The stern mood of a guilty mind is somewhat strangely relaxed. He who had braced his nerves against every tender and solemn appeal, finds stealing over him thoughts and reflections that makes the giant frame of his depravity shake like an aspen leaf. Those tears—the terrific handwriting on the wall—may yet startle him as memory retraces the picture before him. He saw them once. Again he may see them. They may have redeeming power. They may prove the last, yet the successful appeal of eternal mercy. The remembrance of them may touch the only remaining chord whose vibration could arrest steps that were taking hold on hell!

Those tears! If they reclaim not, what will they not say to that son in eternity? Holy parental love shed them in vain. What a spectre to enter the world of despair and thrust itself on the vision of guilt! Who shall fathom the ocean of his woe that shall meet it then?—*New York Evangelist*.

THE PENITENT OF LAUSANNE.*

DURING a visit at Lausanne, in the year 1832, a story was related to me, of so interesting a nature, that I committed it to writing. It is as follows:—A young man made his appearance in that town some years ago, as a German clergyman. He presented certificates, signed in the most regular manner, of his having attended the lectures on divinity, which are demanded of theological students, and of his having been subsequently consecrated to the ministerial office. So little suspicion was entertained of deception, that he not only entered on the discharge of the ministerial functions in the Lutheran congregation at Lausanne, but he even contracted marriage with a young lady of a most respectable family. And yet he was from first to last a deceiver. It appeared, in the sequel, that even his certificates of ordination were forgeries. For some time he lived in a very dishonest manner, buying goods on credit, and then selling them at a low rate to Jews for ready money. But what openly developed his character, was his forging a bill to a considerable amount. The fraud was soon detected, and he was pursued to Berne, and arrested. What surprise seized the town of Lausanne! What shame, sorrow, and indignation, his connections! What ruin, himself! But though he was now forsaken by the world, a gentleman of Christian character, who himself related to me these circumstances, determined to visit him. He found him in his prison, insensible, to appearance, in the highest degree, to every right feeling. My friend, who felt most deeply for him, though he seemed not to feel for himself, addressed him on the awfulness of his situation and character, and presenting him with a Bible, exhorted him to employ his time in the perusal of it. An effect the most sudden and extraordi-

* This narrative and poem are extracted from a very interesting and beautiful little work, entitled "Poems of a Traveller," by the Rev. John Hartley, M.A., author of "Researches in Greece and the Levant."

nary attended this visit. From having previously displayed a degree of obduracy of the most repulsive character, he suddenly seemed to comprehend the full nature of his criminality and misery. He dissolved into a flood of tears, confessed his guilt in all its aggravation, and manifested the utmost gratitude for the visit that was paid him. At subsequent visits he not only confessed anew the crime for which he was then in duration, but laid open the whole system of deception on which his life had for years been conducted, and expressed the deepest abhorrence of it. It is worthy of serious attention, that he traced the origin of his life of fraud and falsehood to the lectures on divinity which he had heard from the rationalist professors of Germany; and if my memory does not deceive me, from Eighon in particular. These professors, by awakening in his mind universal doubt on the divine authority of Christianity, had undermined all his moral, as well as religious, principles. Such, according to his own confession, was the source of his misfortunes. When the delinquent was brought to trial, his guilt was of course apparent, and he was sentenced to many years' imprisonment in the Maison de Force. Here he had an opportunity afforded him of evincing the sincerity of his conversion. He not only lived in the most Christian and exemplary manner in this institution, according to the testimony of the pious chaplain, but he displayed that zeal to do good to his fellow-criminals which ever accompanies real religion. After three years' confinement, an accident brought on his death. A plank fell on his back, which produced an injury of the spine, ending in dissolution. His death-bed was edifying and affecting in the highest degree. He preached from it, to his fellow-criminals, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." His last words were to this effect: "I seem to have forgotten every thing in my past life. I cannot recollect my friends or any thing besides. I only remember life as something very dark and distressing. But I cannot forget Him who saved me, and was crucified for me?"

"Ah! dark the path of life I trade,
And sinful each passing hour;
I spurn'd thy mercy's call, my God,
I spurn'd thy ruling power.
But now, though forgotten all beside,
I ne'er forget the Crucified."

Thus spake the youth in the convict-cell,
When death was hovering near;
There was nought around to cheer him well,
Yet nought could give him fear,
For now, though forgotten all beside,
He ne'er forgets the Crucified.

He had dar'd to tell the Saviour's name
In the temple's solemn chair;
He had sought to hide the impious shame
Of a liar and traitor there.
Ah! how deeply in heart to his Lord he lied,
Though his lips proclaimed the Crucified!

Where German schools insult the light
For man's best wisdom given,
He lost the love of truth, of right,
Then lost was earth, was heaven;
Alas! the learn'd pedant's pride,
Which afresh can pierce the Crucified!

But, guilt! how brief thy hurried days!
No peace to thy frantic mind;
The tribunal's doom his guilt displays,
To dungeons 'tis consign'd.
What solace? say, where in this world so wide,
If we madly betray the Crucified?

Thou, Saviour! whose love no lips can tell,
We trust thee; we know no fear;
Thy pardon once sav'd from the opening hell
A thief, when despair was near;
And now, when such traitor has Jesus denied,
That traitor is saved by the Crucified.

Should the scorner mock at my simple verse,
And say that it lures to sin;
Ah, no! reply, God's love rehearse,
And thus will man's love begin;
Sin is then forsaken, and all beside,
When the love is told of the Crucified.

Thou, lake! I love thy calm and storm,
And the power of thy noon and night!
Ye mountains! I bow to your monarch-form;
Hail! land of my chief delight.
But gladly I leave you and all beside,
To love and adore the Crucified!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND vs. PUSEYISM.

At a meeting of the Clergy of the diocese of Derry, the following address was unanimously agreed on, and presented by the Archdeacon to the Lord Bishop of Derry.

"TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF DERRY.

"My Lord,—It could not be supposed that we, who have been placed by the providence of God, in the offices which we hold in the sacred ministry, could have been unconcerned spectators of that grievous controversy which has of late so deeply vexed and agitated the Church.

"We have seen, with painful alarm, the great principles of the reformation seriously questioned by members of our own body, who, labouring with learned, but perverse ingenuity, have endeavoured to prove, that, even in the most objectionable doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome, there was, after all, but little against which, in fact, our formularies and Articles had protested.

"We witnessed, with feelings of grief and mortification, the ungrateful obliquy cast on the memories of these blessed martyrs, who, at the restoration of pure Christianity, bore witness, by their constancy even unto death, to the sustaining power of our holy faith, in like manner as did the primitive martyrs at its first promulgation.

"We knew, my Lord, that this movement must discredit the character and weaken the influence of the church as a witness for the truth; that it proceeded from a vain and delusive compromise with error, far from the simplicity of Christ, and was to be upheld only by an inconstant, not to say deceitful, handling of God's word.

"We have seen the laity of our Church dispirited and perplexed; a few weak and misguided members of the clerical body making shipwreck of their faith by uniting with the church of Rome; nor could we be blind to the result, namely, that some of our brethren would be exposed to unjust suspicion, and weakened in their ministerial labours—that the imperfectly informed would be tempted to undervalue our edifying formularies and scriptural offices, through a secret suspicion that these must, in some way, give countenance to doctrines the tendency of which was but too obvious, and that the enemies of the Church, taking advantage of such a state of things, would represent, as the fixed principles of our ecclesiastical system, or as sentiments widely prevalent, the error and perversions of a few.

"We therefore rejoiced when from time to time we read the warnings and the censures pronounced against certain tenets in the 'Tracts for the Times,' by members of the episcopal order, more especially in that clear and convincing primary charge of the Lord Bishop of Ossory, which your Lordship has so justly commended to our careful study."

"It is then, with heightened satisfaction, calling for renewed gratitude to God, that we now respond to the salutary and decided testimony lately borne by your Lordship in your visitation charge against Tractarian error, and in favour of the pure doctrines of reformed faith.

"Ours will be the grateful duty to obey 'with glad mind and will' the admonition of your Lordship, 'to guard the inestimable treasure handed down to us by our Church,' in our Articles and rituals. And we beg to assure your Lordship, of our steadfast and immovable resolution, in the strength of the Lord, and with His blessing, to inculcate among our flocks the principles contained therein, and 'in the true, usual, and literal meaning' of our Articles, to maintain the sole authority of Scripture as the canon of truth; justification before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works and deservings; as well as the right and duty of every Christian man, in humble dependence on the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit, to 'hear, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,' that revelation of his will which God hath vouchsafed to all; and of our determination to stand against every artifice to extenuate, or make light of, as not directly opposed to Scripture truth and our reformed faith, those practical corruptions which Rome has introduced into her doctrine, her discipline, and her worship.

"Such a course we hold as not only conformable to the indispensable duties of our calling, but

best calculated to uphold the character and to enlarge the borders of our Church.

"It is our earnest prayer that all divisions among the members of the Church may speedily be healed; that under the teaching of the blessed Spirit we may all be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and all may speak the same thing; and for your Lordship, that you may be directed and sustained in the arduous duties of your exalted office, by God's abundant blessing.

[Signed by the Dean, the Archdeacon, the Vicar-General, and eighty-seven of the clergy of the Diocese.]

The Lord Bishop, with much feeling, read the following answer:—

"Rev. Brethren,—I receive with much satisfaction your address, responding to the views and opinions which I felt myself imperatively called upon recently to promulgate. I have had good grounds for believing that not merely my own principles have been misconceived and misrepresented, but that many of the clergy connected with this diocese have been looked upon as favourable to the movement which originated in a celebrated seat of learning in the sister country. For myself, I deemed it my bounden duty to embrace the public opportunity presented at the late visitation to avow my sentiments, as they regarded this important subject; and it affords me sincere gratification to find that you have considered this as a fitting occasion to make a full and explicit declaration of your unalterable adherence to the doctrines of our true and Scriptural Church, as they have been handed down to us from the days of the reformation. We cannot disguise from ourselves the dangers to which the Established Church in this country is menaced from without; but it is consolatory to reflect that among her ministers (so far as I can learn) there are few, if any, openly professed adherents to so dangerous a system of innovation. May God, in his perpetual mercy, keep and defend this Church—may He bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived—may He be graciously pleased to illuminate the ministers and stewards of his mysteries with true knowledge and understanding of His word, so that finally they may obtain that eternal recompense for those who labour 'to turn many unto righteousness.' That each of you may be permitted to enjoy hereafter this inestimable blessing, is the earnest and fervent prayer, of your sincerely attached friend and brother, who has now the honour to address you.

"R. DERRY AND RAPHOE."

REV. MR. SIBTHORP.—A correspondent says that the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp is meditating, if he have not already decided, upon another move into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Since his recent alienation, or, as some assert, his abjuration, of the errors of Popery, an active correspondence has been carried on between the Rev. Gentleman and Dr. Wiseman, and other priests at Oscott College, where Mr. Sibthorp is expected in a few days. He denies in his letter that he ever left the Roman Catholic Church, although he pleads guilty to having been absent "without leave," and to having given cause of great scandal to the enemies of the "true faith."—*Morning Chronicle*.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT NEW YORK.—The salary of the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, of the Episcopal Church, is five thousand dollars. At a recent meeting of the Vestry of Trinity church, the Bishop laid before the Vestry the absolute necessity he was under of an addition to his salary, of fifteen hundred dollars. Twelve hundred were finally added. At the same meeting, a coloured Episcopal church, which had been struggling with great difficulties, asked for a donation of one hundred dollars, and were denied!—*Journal of Commerce*.

CHINA.—Communications to the Directors of the London Missionary Society announce, that a very encouraging commencement has been made at Ningpo, one of the five ports to which free access has been secured to our countrymen by the treaty of peace: and there, under the guidance and favour of Him whose kingdom rules over all, it may be confidently anticipated that a permanent footing for the Christian missionary will be obtained. It is also stated that a general

meeting of the missionaries of the Society was about to be held at Hong Kong, for the purpose of deliberating on the further measures to be adopted, in order to improve, to the utmost practicable extent, the present facilities and opportunities for the extension of the Gospel in China.—*Missionary Magazine*.

REV. DR. BELCHER.—This gentleman, well known to the religious world, as having for ten years sustained the office of Secretary to the Baptist Union, and as the author of many useful works, and the editor of Ward's "Library of Standard Divinity," being about to emigrate to the United States, several of the leading Dissenting Ministers of the metropolis were invited, by Messrs. Ward & Co., to meet Dr. Belcher at a farewell dinner given him in token of their high esteem, a few days ago. The Rev. Dr. Harris presided, and delivered an appropriate and affecting address to his friends on the occasion. The Rev. Dr. Styles, Messrs. Smith, of Poplar; Green, of Walworth; and Carlile, of Hackney, also severally expressed their sentiments of cordial respect and sympathy. Dr. B., we understand, sails with his family for New York to-morrow, by the Mediator.—*London Patriot*.

LEOTA, THE SAMOAN CHIEF.—On Thursday week, a public service in connexion with the funeral of this interesting chief was held in the chapel of Dr. Burder, at Hackney. It was very numerous attended, and honour was done to the lamented foreigner by the presence of several Directors and officers of the London Missionary Society (in whose ship he was brought from Tutuila to this country) and of several other well known friends of missions. The Rev. Thomas Heath, and Apuramo, the native teacher and his fellow countryman, were the chief mourners.—*Leeds Mercury*.

THE Rev. Dr Baird has again arrived in the States, and informs his friends he has lately received an elegant silver teapot, with a suitable inscription, from the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society,—as a mark of esteem and gratitude for services rendered by him to the Society in Europe.—*Chr. Guar*.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1844.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

In consequence of the change in the regulations of the Post-office department, one half-penny will be required to be paid for each copy of the *Mirror*, on its being taken from the post-office. We hope that none of our country friends will object to this small additional charge. It is well known that the *Christian Mirror* is the only paper in Canada which has been furnished to subscribers in the country without any additional charge for postage. But the extremely low price at which our paper is published, and the difficulty and expense attending the collection of subscriptions in country parts, oblige us respectfully to request that our friends will cheerfully agree to this arrangement.

In order, however, to encourage prompt payment, and to put it in the power of all to save the postage, we have concluded to deduct one shilling and threepence from the annual subscriptions of all who may feel disposed to pay for one year in advance, say within a month from the time of subscribing.

A similar deduction will be made to all those subscribers in arrears who shall, within one month from this date, forward to us, free of expense, the amount of their respective

accounts, including the current year's subscription to the New Series in advance.

In every other case, we shall be compelled to charge 7s. 6d. per annum, half in advance, the postage (one halfpenny per number) to be paid on delivery at the post-office.

The severe losses we have sustained by collecting and neglect of payment, obliges us to adopt this course; and we are persuaded that no real friend to the paper will discontinue his patronage in consequence—especially as he has the opportunity of saving the greatest part of the expense of postage, by paying one year's subscription in advance.

Postmasters are respectfully requested to act as agents.

We perceive by an advertisement in the columns of several of our city contemporaries, that a series of Lectures on the subject of Temperance are being delivered in the Congregational Church, St. Maurice Street, every Tuesday evening, at half-past seven o'clock. Three addresses have already been delivered, by the Rev. Messrs. Bosworth, Howard, and Strong; and five more remain, which will be taken place as follows:—

Tuesday, January 23, Rev. J. J. Carruthers, "The use of Intoxicating Drinks in relation to personal piety and the public efforts of the Christian Church."

Tuesday, January 30, Rev. M. Lang, "On the best means of reforming Drunkards and preventing the sober (especially the young) from intemperance."

Tuesday, February 6, Rev. H. Wilkes, "The duty of the Church and influential Members of Society generally towards the Temperance Reformation."

Tuesday, February 13, Rev. W. Taylor, "Alcohol and the Decalogue."

Tuesday, February 20, Rev. R. Cooney.

It is truly pleasing to see the union and harmony prevailing among ministers of different religious bodies, on the important subject of temperance. We earnestly recommend these lectures to the public generally.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

It will be seen by the following notice, that those interesting anniversaries, which are always so attractive, will commence on Tuesday evening next, and be continued the three following evenings, in the American Presbyterian Church. We need not say one word by way of recommendation.

THE Annual Meetings of the following Religious Societies will be held this year in the American Presbyterian Church, in the following order, viz:—

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, on Tuesday evening, January 16, 1844.

AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY, on Wednesday evening, January 17.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, on Thursday evening, January 18.

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, on Friday evening, January 19.

The Churches in the city are respectfully requested to give up for that week, any of their ordinary meetings usually held on either of the above mentioned evenings, to insure greater unanimity and a more general attendance.

It is expected that some Ministers from a distance will be present, and take part in the proceedings.

The chair will be taken each evening precisely at half-past six o'clock.

Collections will be taken up at each of the Meetings in aid of the funds of the respective Societies.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the "Eighteenth Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada." It contains full and interesting details of the labours of that body among our North American Indians, and others. The Report announces the death of that eminent man, the Rev. GEORGE MORLEY, in the following manner:—

"The later publication of the Report, this year, by direction of the Conference, affords the Committee a painful opportunity of recording the recent death of the Rev. George Morley, for half a century a respectable and useful Minister of the English Conference, and once its President, among whose last words were these:—"I gave myself to God, and to God's people, three-score years ago; and He has never left me. He is with me now." His highest eulogy is this—"he was the originator of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in its present form of home operations." This was in 1813, when, in the month of October, the first Methodist Missionary Meeting was held in Leeds, and Mr. Watson delivered his lofty sermon from "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Prior to this period Dr. Coke—who crossed the Atlantic eighteen times on errands of love for souls, and whose very life-blood was Missionary—had done much for foreign lands; and since then the plan which a Morley's benevolent skill devised, has, by a potency unparalleled since Apostolic time, blessed all the countries of our globe."

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

In our last we had barely time to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this very interesting little work. On glancing over its pages, we were much pleased with the admirable style and excellent variety of its contents; and, we have no doubt, that the enterprising publishers will experience the countenance and patronage of all who have the spiritual welfare of the rising generation at heart. This little work is peculiarly adapted for Sunday Schools; and we know of no better way to recommend it to Christian parents and guardians generally, than by copying from its pages the following notice of its nature and design:—

"The object of the *Missionary Record* is—just to gather into one little book all the interesting portions of missionary intelligence; and present it, from time to time, to the friends of the Saviour, that they may be stirred up to work and pray without ceasing for the perishing souls of poor heathens.

And such, dear children, will be your *Missionary Record*.

It will be, in short, a Missionary Newspaper. Its news will come from every quarter of the world,—from every country, and nation and tongue,—from the ice-clad mountains of Greenland, and "from India's coral strand,"—and from every spot where a Missionary husbandman is planting and watering the seed, and God is giving it the increase.

And this will be the nature of its news:—

It will speak of Missionaries,—telling their many trials, their many dangers, and their many deliverances; and proving how true is the Bible promise, that "as our day is so shall our strength be."

It will speak of the Heathen,—showing the awful depths of sin into which they have sunk, and their unspeakable wretchedness in the life that now is, and that which is to come; and proving how true is the Bible declaration, that "the wages of sin is death."

It will speak of Wars,—not those bloody wars that wicked men wage against each other; but spiritual wars, waged against the Prince of

Darkness and the powers of Hell. Of victories, too, it will speak—bloodless victories—won by the peace-speaking blood of Jesus.

It will speak of wonders,—wonders far more wonderful than any ever told in nursery story or tale of fancy—wonders that God himself hath wrought; how blind souls have received sight,—how dead souls have been raised to life,—how wicked hearts have been taken away, and new hearts given instead,—children of the Devil have become children of God,—the blood-thirsty savage has become the meek and lowly Christian,—and, as the prophet Isaiah foretells, the lion has become like the lamb.

And then, last of all, what it speaks will never pass away. Its news will never grow old; for it will not speak of these idle vanities of time, which fly away as quickly as time itself; but of those great realities which shall endure forever. It will record the doings of that Kingdom, which is an Everlasting Kingdom; and write in its pages the histories of those whose names shall be written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Dear children, we would like to teach you some of those wondrous doings of the Lord; and we would like to introduce you to some of those dear Lambs of His little flock; that so, when you meet them in the fold above, as we fondly hope you will, you may know them and love them there. And, therefore, we do now, with an earnest prayer for your everlasting welfare, affectionately inscribe to you, this little MISSIONARY RECORD."

HOW THE CHURCH MAY BECOME GLORIOUS.

"I HAVE thus endeavoured to bring together, without encumbering the subject with numerous observations, such particulars as are essentially comprehended in a revived state of the church. Could there be such conviction of defect and sin; such penitential humiliation on its account; such solemn and renewed engagements with God; such determined union among the saints; such sympathy with the living ministry; and such believing prayer for the presence and glory of God; apart from an advanced state of religious life and enjoyment?

"Such a church would at one be most blessed in herself, and the prepared instrument of blessedness to others. All the sources of weakness and sorrow should be dried up; and all the graces of the Spirit should find their richest manifestation. Heavenly light, cordial piety, and devoted action, should equally prepare her for Divine fellowship and benevolent service.—Every excellence would be there; and, as the parts of one body, each should fulfil its separate and united function, under the impulse of one principle of vigorous life. The church should sit as a queen; her eye knowledge, her voice melody, her hand charity, and her bosom the dwelling-place of purity and love. Her rule should be righteousness; her subjects innumerable; truth, mercy, and peace should wait at her feet; and her praise should be in the gates.—Many should come to gaze on her beauty, and glory, and riches; and, bowing down in her presence, should confess that the half had not been told. The Lord of heaven, for her sake, should once more revisit our world; and saints and angels should unite in the one acclamation, 'The tabernacle of God is with men on the earth, and He will dwell with them!'

"Oh, that the day—the day on which all things wait—were come!"—Dr. A. Rees's *Advancement of Religion*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT IN GOD'S WORD.

DR. BUCHANAN, the author of "Christian Researches in the East," in a conversation he had with a friend a short time before his death, was describing the minute pains he had been taking with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye five times before it was finally sent to press. He said "he had expected before-hand that this process would have proved irksome to him, but no," he added, "every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties." Here he stopped and burst into tears. "Do not be alarmed," said he to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself, "I could not suppress the emotion I felt as I recollected the delight it had pleased God to afford me in the reading of his Word."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION AMID POVERTY AND WRETCHEDNESS.

ONE case of peculiar interest which has engaged much of my attention, (says the agent for visiting the Scottish poor in Liverpool,) during a considerable part of the past year, was that of an Englishwoman, the widow of a Scotchman. On the death of her husband, she became entirely dependent upon her own exertions in a business to which she had been regularly brought up, and at which she was remarkably expert. What principally interested me in her behalf was, her being a Roman Catholic, and that she was slighted, and actually forsaken by her nearest relatives, because she had permitted the influence of her Protestant husband to detach her from the leading rites of the Romish Church. She had distant relatives, who were kind to her for a time, but they were poor. Her very earnest wish, therefore, and my first object, was to get her into employment. I was thoroughly prepared to do this, from the knowledge I obtained of her superior mind and character, through a very protracted period of severe affliction, which bereaved her of her children, and left her a widow. A simple recommendation of her case to several ladies of active benevolence, procured her employment to a certain extent in her peculiar line of work; but not sufficient, as I afterwards found, to prevent her from selling piece after piece of her little furniture. She was a woman of unusual observation, and of strong but chastened feeling, and her very dependent and destitute situation appeared to be sinking deep into her heart. Her chief consolation at this period was calling at my office, as the only place where she could "speak her mind;" and though the conversations usually began with passing occurrences, or going over present grievances, to which she was able to impart a peculiar interest, they sometimes went far and delightfully beyond it. The hope in death which the Gospel discloses—the ground of a sinner's justification before God—the necessity of repentance, and the place which good works hold in the Gospel scheme—God's abounding love to the world—and, what was a favourite theme of hers, the amiable character of the Saviour, as exhibited in the narratives of the Evangelists,—these, and such like subjects, now and again passed before us in conversation. I could not perceive that the soul withering peculiarities of Popery at all affected her mind; if they did so once, as I have no doubt they did, their evil influence was mastered. She listened with reverence, and evidently with much interest, to any declaration or announcement of Gospel truth; and when it went beyond that, though only contrasting the truth as declared in Scripture with existing error, if it trenchanted upon the errors of Popery, which it sometimes did, and often inadvertently, she showed that she noticed it only by a smile, which was always received as meant, and kept most strictly to the purpose I had most at heart; namely, to lay before her eager desire the sense of Scripture on the vital points of the Gospel. There was a remarkable nobility of mind about her. She felt keenly and deeply any act of meanness or injury done either to herself or others, but was as ready to forgive, and seemed above being angry. It was this superiority of mind, perhaps, which gave her that sympathy with the character of the Saviour just noticed; or may we not hope, that it was the fruit rather of an acquaintance with the suffering, gentle, and forgiving character which He exhibited? Certain it is, that she found, on many trying occasions, an ample consolation, and a complete triumph over her sharpest feelings, by an instant reference to some trial in His life, who, though "tempted like as we are," was "without sin." Her complaint was lingering consumption. As her weakness increased, she was unable to take her accustomed walk, and I was sent for. It was then, and not till then, that I fully knew of her perfect destitution, having parted with every thing she once possessed, by sale, not pawn, to the poor, very poor bed on which she then lay. She had, the day before, sent for her brother; she thought he might do something for her, if it should be ever so little; but, able or not, and I rather think he was not all, he refused. His manner of doing so appeared to have cut her deeply; and again she was upbraided with de-

serting her religion. She had now nothing before her but the workhouse. Often had she spoken of this, when she was more able to bear it; but now that the reality was inevitable, she became excessively agitated—the first, but not the last time I had seen her fairly overcome. She had begun to fear that her landlady, though a very distant relative, but dependent herself on her daily labour, was about to order her away, and, if I deserted her, then she had not a friend on earth. The arrangements, however, made with her, though nothing more than what is usual in cases like hers, if it did not completely set her mind at rest, considerably relieved her as to the future; but Providence, (and how she marked this!) God's good providence, just then brought other friends to her aid, who, each in their own way, relieved her so, that she afterwards wanted for nothing. And what seemed to be as a balm to her spirit, a comfort to which she continually resorted throughout her illness, was the kindness of one lady, in not calling herself, but sending her servant almost daily to inquire after her. This was "Christian"—it was "such a kindness"—"little does she know the good it does this poor broken heart," were her words. In the midst of these attentions, she rallied so far as to walk about the house; and the hope of recovery again, and it may be said, even "against hope," took possession of her mind, but only, and very suddenly, to meet a sad reverse. One evening, soon after, a little messenger came, to say she was worse, and wanted to see me, stating to my surprise that she had gone to other lodgings. I called, and found her by the fireside, listlessly struck down, and greatly afflicted. What she feared had occurred. Her increasing illness, combining with an accident which occurred in the family, produced the excuse for her requiring her to look for other lodgings, and a neighbour, a few doors off, took her in. She never recovered the shock this gave her. "It is the hardest stroke of all," she said; "but there is something here (putting her hand to her heart) which tells me it will be the last." A few days more brought a Sabbath of intense cold, and getting much worse towards the evening of that day, she was asked by a kind neighbour, who knew her well, and esteemed her much, if she would send for the friend she so often spoke of. The reply was, that "she knew he was always particularly engaged on that evening, (alluding to the Sabbath school) and would not disturb him; but the boy would call in the morning in passing, and she would send a message then." That morning came, but it was the dawn of eternity to her. She was buried by the parish; but oh! how far above being a pauper was her spirit!

VIVIA PERPETUA, THE CARTHAGINIAN MARTYR.

VIVIA Perpetua was a lady only twenty-two years of age. She was married, and had a little child. I believe her mother was a Christian woman, but her father was a Pagan, that is, a worshipper of false gods. Vivian was a person of quality, and exceedingly beloved by her father. She was a Christian, as was also her brother. In the time of persecution, Vivian was seized, along with four other Christians of Carthage. They were kept under guard for some time, but not thrown into prison at first. While thus confined, her father came to her, and not knowing the faith that actuated her conduct, he advised her to forsake the Christian religion, and again return to peace and safety. When he found she was not so easily persuaded to do so, he began to represent all the dangers and sufferings she would be exposed to, if she persisted in maintaining her faith; and finding this too would not succeed, he thought entreaties might: but seeing her still unmoved by all his affectionate persuasions, he became very angry. This treatment from a father she loved, was, of course, worse to poor Vivian than all the malice and threats of her persecutors; but the love of Christ was her consolation, and that supported her under every trial, and His peace enabled her to stand fast in the faith. After her father had left her, Vivian, with her four companions, were baptized; for, though Christians, they had not as yet attended to that ordinance. After they had secretly contrived to receive this visible sign of admittance into the Church of Christ, they were put into a dark prison, where they were left in extreme outward misery, without one of the com-

forts of life. But still poor Vivian felt the trials of her situation more keenly than her companions did, who were less accustomed to ease and delicacy. She had, besides, a darling child; and, Oh! how her heart must have bled when she thought of leaving her dear little one in this cold world—alone—without a mother's care, a mother's love,—without, perhaps, one to guide him in the right way, to lead him to Jesus, to pray that he might be made one of his lambs, which it is declared the Lord shall carry in his bosom! The day of her trial came, and on it she witnessed a good confession. But during the trial, poor Vivian suffered more, far more, from the well-meant, but mistaken, kindness of her friends, than from the cruelty of her enemies: her father could not yet resign the hope of saving his darling daughter; he thought to move her fond heart by a sight of her helpless child. The Roman governor joined in the request; but when Vivian had firmness enough to resist the silent language of her dear little child, you may suppose all their arguments could have no effect. She remained steadfast in her profession of Christianity, and her poor distracted father, seeing his last hope had failed, seized his daughter, and vainly endeavoured to draw her away with him. The magistrate, offended at this, ordered him to be struck with a staff; and I dare say the blow she saw given to her fond old parent was as much felt by poor Vivian as any of the cruelties shown towards herself. The day arrived on which they were to be exposed to the cruel gaze of the people. Vivian walked calmly on, holding down her eyes, but quite undismayed by the thought of what she was to undergo. After being scourged, the martyrs were exposed to a wild bull; even the cruel multitude was shocked at seeing a lovely and delicate female thus barbarously used: but the faith of the sufferers did not fail; they sang praises to Him who had counted them worthy to suffer for his name; and Vivian, calling her brother, said to him and another youth, "Continue firm in the faith, love one another, and be neither frightened nor offended at our sufferings;" and after saying this she was murdered by the gladiator, who was one of those people employed by the Romans to put each other to death at the public games for their amusement.—*The Burning Bush.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

No man ever had stronger views than Mr. Rowland Hill of the true nature of the ministerial work, and of the necessity of a humble dependence on the Lord's assistance for a blessing in it. One of his remarks was, "If favoured at any time with what is called a good opportunity, I am too apt to find myself saying, 'Well done I,' when I should lie in the dust, and give God all the glory." Another was, "Lord, make me distrustful of myself, that I may confide in thee alone—self-dependence is the Pharisee's high road to destruction." He was accustomed strongly to urge, on all who entered the sacred office, the necessity of maintaining Christian and heavenly tempers among their people. "Some folks," he would say, "appear as if they had been bathed in crab verjuice in their infancy, which penetrated through their skins, and has made them sour-blooded ever since; but this will not do for a messenger of the Gospel; as he bears a message, so he must manifest a spirit of love." He used to like Dr. Ryland's advice to his young academicians, "Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it.—Ruin by the fall—Redemption by Christ—Regeneration by the Holy Spirit." Of himself he remarked, "My aim in every sermon, is a stout and lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be made a universal blessing to all." It was a favourite saying with him, "The nearer we live to God, the better are we enabled to serve him. O how I hate my own noise, when I have nothing to make a noise about! Heavenly wisdom creates heavenly utterance." In a letter to Mr. Jones he observes, "There is something in preaching the Gospel, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I long to get at. At times, I think I feel something like it, and then I bawl almost as mad as the Welshman. If we deal with divine realities, we ought to feel them such, and the people will in general feel with us, and acknow-

ledge the power that does wonders on the earth while dry, formal, discussional preaching, leaves the hearers just where it found them. Still they who are thus favoured, had need to be favoured with a deal of humility. We are too apt to be proud of that which is not our own. O humility, humility, humility!" It is no wonder, with such impressions as to the nature of his work, and the state of his mind, that Mr. Rowland Hill's preaching was so honoured, and blessed of God. "Lord, help!" was his constant and earnest prayer, and it was heard.

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

MANY of our readers are acquainted with the beautiful tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." The substance of this narrative is a correct account of David Saunders, of Wester Lavington, who died about the period of its publication. The conversation represented as passing between the shepherd and a Mr. Johnson, really took place with Dr. Stonehouse, a neighbouring clergyman, who afterwards befriended the shepherd on many occasions. Dr. Stonehouse, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow. "It will be such weather as pleases me," answered the shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and civillest tone that could be imagined, Dr. S. thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall please God, and whatever pleases him always pleases me." Dr. S. was quite satisfied with this reply, and entered into conversation with the shepherd in the following manner:—"Yours is a troublesome life, honest friend," said he. "To be sure, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis not a very lazy life, but 'tis not near so toilsome as that which my great Master led for my sake, and he had every state and condition of life at his choice, and chose a hard one, while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." "You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. "True, sir," said the shepherd; "but then I am not exposed to great temptations: and so throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we poor ignorant, short-sighted creatures are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep on such a plain as this, and singing some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was when he became king of Israel and Judah. And, I dare say, we should never have had some of the most beautiful texts in all those fine psalms if he had not been a shepherd, which enabled him to make so many fine comparisons and similitudes, as one may say, from a country life, flocks of sheep, hills and valleys, and fountains of water." "You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one?" "I do, sir, and more especially so, as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If king Saul had continued a poor laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death in his bed at last, which you know, sir, was more than he did. But I speak with reverence, for it was divine Providence overruled all that, you know, sir, and I do not presume to make comparisons. Besides, sir, my employment was particularly honoured. Moses was a shepherd in the plains of Midian. It was to shepherds keeping their flocks by night, that the angels appeared in Bethlehem, to tell the best news—the gladdest tidings that were ever revealed to poor sinful men: often and often has the thought warmed my heart in the coldest night, and filled me with more joy and thankfulness than the best supper could have done."

A CHRISTIAN SHOULD GET GOOD FROM EVERYTHING.

One day, as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw at a distance a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned, Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years afterwards, a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying, he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff bid not

recognize the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, asking him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I; your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are all continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out upon a journey, is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return, is, "What opportunities have I lost?"

OLIVE TREES.

ONE of the principal fruits cultivated by the Jews was the olive. It was particularly valuable, on account of the oil which it yielded when ripe; and, when cultivated with care, the fruit is much finer than on the wild trees. This is beautifully alluded to in Rom. xi., where St. Paul reminds the Gentiles of the inestimable benefits they receive from being admitted into the Church of Christ. The olives were cultivated in gardens separately: this explains what was said by Elisha, 2 Kings v. 26. Nehemiah complained of the wealthy Jews, who withheld the olive-yards belonging to their poorer brethren, Neh. v. 11; also 1 Sam. viii. 14. But olive-gardens are particularly to be remembered, as our Lord often went to one of them, and prayed with his disciples. It was in that place he suffered much anguish of mind for poor sinners, as is recorded by the evangelists, particularly in St. Luke's Gospel, chap. xxii. 39-46.

A CAVE OF WALDENSES.

THE following description of one of the caverns into which the Waldenses fled for safety from their persecutors, may give some idea of the ingenuity which these afflicted people were compelled to exert for their own safety, as well as the natural asylums of many of the mountains which were afforded them by divine Providence. Near the lofty and projecting crag which soars above Mount Vaudelin, there was a natural cavern, which the inhabitants of the *commune* (department or district) of La Torre contrived to make a secret hiding-place. This cavern, in which three or four hundred might conceal themselves, was vaulted, and shaped not unlike an oven, with clefts in the rock, which served for windows, and even for loop-holes; and prepared with recesses, which answered the purpose of watch-houses, from whence they might observe the motions of their assailants. There were also several chambers within this vast cave, accommodations for cooking meat, and a large fountain-well supplied with water. It was impossible to enter it, except by one hole at the top; and those who were in the secret, could only let themselves down one at a time, and by a very slow and gradual process, with the assistance of steps or foot holes cut in the rock. In fact, it was like descending into a mine; and one or two resolute men might easily defend the entrance against the assault of any force that could be brought against them.

ORIGIN OF WINE.

JEMSHED, the founder of Persepolis, is by Persian writers, said to have been the first who invented wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desiring to preserve some, they were placed for this purpose in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented; and their juice in this state was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it and "poison" written upon each, they were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite ladies was affected with a nervous headache, (hyphas), and the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a vessel with "poison" written on it, she took it and swallowed the contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down in a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the dose so often that the monarch's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of

wine was made, and Jemshed and all his court drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is this day known in Persia by the name of Zebere-Kochshon, the delightful poison.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.—Died on 1st inst., at his residence in Cavendish-square, Charles Legoldshy Burroughs Paulet, 13th Marquis of Winchester, Earl of Wiltshire and Baron St. John of Basing, Premier Marquis of England.

BANQUET OF THE DISSENTING MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—The Lord Mayor gave a splendid entertainment on Tue-day, 7th ult., to upwards of fifty of the leading Dissenting clergymen of the metropolis, together with some of the most influential laymen of the several denominations.

DR. WOLF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA.—The Rev. Dr. Wolf reached Constantinople, on the 3d ult., on his way to Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Lt. Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly. The object of his mission meets with general sympathy in that city.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE.—On Sunday week, sixty-nine fishermen, who had been saved from shipwreck, during the awful storm on the 18th ult., publicly returned thanks to Almighty God, in Cromer Church, Norfolk. They all arose when their names were called over by the officiating ministers, and then, on their knees, joined in the beautiful form of thanksgiving in our church service.—*Times*.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—Her Majesty has granted a pension of £200 per annum to Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Astronomy, and President of the Royal Irish Academy.

We understand that Alex. Matheson, Esq., of Ardintoul, has purchased the beautiful Highland property of Inverriarie, in the county of Ross, at the price of £30,000, from Thomas Mackenzie, Esq., of Applecross, M. P.—*Edinburgh Paper*.

From an official return just presented to the Government, it appears since the year 1829, no less than forty-five thousand new houses, forming seven hundred and fifty new streets and squares, have been erected, or are in the course of building in London, and its suburbs.

A garrison order was issued on Saturday at Chatham, forbidding soldiers, excepting orderlies, walking with switches or sticks of any kind, such a habit being deemed unsoldier-like and injurious to the carriage of the men.

IRELAND.

Extensive fortifications are now in course of erection in Portobello and Richmond barracks, adjacent to Dublin.

The *Evening Post* of this afternoon states that "arrangements are in progress for resisting a street insurrection in Dublin: the Castle yard is impeded with sand bags, and *chevaux de frise* have been prepared to assist the operations of the military in the streets, in case of an *emeute*."

The *Dublin Evening Mail* publishes a number of letters, which show that much alarm prevails among the Protestants at rumours of an intent of insurrection. Some of the writers boast that they would resist attacks on their houses. The alarm appears to be genuine, whatever the cause may be. At Sligo, Castlebar, and Ballintra, military precautions were redoubled last week; it is supposed on account of similar rumours.

In two places, Castletomer and Mayo, Catholic priests have indulged during Divine service in violent attacks on the Executive Government; troops stationed in the towns being present: the soldiers were in each case marched out of chapel, by the commanding officer.

Mr. Waller, whose house at Finnee was so ferociously attacked, is dead. He seemed to be recovering; but the bad symptoms suddenly recurred, and he expired on Wednesday morning. The shock to Mrs. Waller was so severe that her life also is said to be in danger. Mr. Waller leaves a daughter and two sons. Both the sons are barristers and one of them acted as Assessor in Dublin at the memorable election of 1841.

Government have offered an increased reward, £150, for the apprehension of the men who attacked Mr. Waller's house; and Mr. Brereton, a Magistrate, has offered £500 for their conviction, and £100 for private information of each person concerned.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, January 10, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	0	11	a	1 0
Wheat, "	5	0	5	1
Barley "	2	0	-	2 3
Pease "	2	0	-	2 1
Lint Seed "	4	0	-	4 6
Buckwheat "	1	8	-	1 10
Turkeys, per couple	4	0	-	6 0
Fowls "	1	3	-	1 8
Geese "	4	0	-	6 0
Ducks "	1	3	-	2 6
Chickens "	0	7	-	1 0
Patridges "	2	0	-	2 6
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	7	-	0 10
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	8	-	0 9
" " Salt "	0	5	-	0 6
Pork, per hund.	22	6	-	25 0
Beef "	12	6	-	21 3
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	-	13 4
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	-	0 5
Pork "	0	3	-	0 5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	-	10 0
Mutton "	1	6	-	4 0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	-	2 0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	-	0 6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	-	1 6
Corn, "	2	0	-	2 6
Rye, "	2	6	-	2 9
Beans, "	4	6	-	6 0
Honey, per lb.	0	5	-	0 6
Hay, per 100 lbs.	25	0	-	30 0

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of the orthodox faith, in enabling him, by subscription
to the above, or by donations to the nearly exhausted
building fund, to carry a much required object into
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Reference to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg;
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mondville; the Rev. Mr. Lonsdell, Danville; the
Rev. Mr. King, Robinson, C. E. The Postmaster
of Kingsey will receive Subscribers' names, and will
thankfully acknowledge any contributions addressed
to him.

Editors of Religious Publications are requested
to notice the above.
December, 1843.

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lical Churches believe to be essential to salvation.

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to whatever section of the Christian Church he may
belong, has quite enough to do in combating with his
enemies, "the world, the flesh, and the devil," with-
out disputing, or in any wise interfering, with his
fellow pilgrims on their way to the promised rest.

Believing these views to be scripturally correct, and
with an ardent desire to be made instrumental, in some
small degree, in promoting love and harmony between
Christians of different names,—the conductor of the
Christian Mirror commenced its publication—under a
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desideratum in Canada: a publication in which the
most fastidious Christian should find nothing to inter-
fere, in the most remote manner, with his peculiar pre-
dilections, but much that might contribute to his
edification and instruction. The fact that the Mirror
is now patronized by nearly all denominations of
Christians in this Province, is to the publisher a grati-
fying proof that he was not mistaken. The Chris-
tian Mirror has been published for upwards of
two years; and it is pleasing to be able to say, that
it now enjoys so large a share of patronage, as to in-
duce the Proprietor, at the earnest solicitation of a
large number of the subscribers and friends, to issue
the present Prospectus—intending, should a sufficient
number of names be obtained, to publish it WEEKLY,
at the close of the present quarter, (say November
next.)

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quainted with the character of the Mirror, it has been
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