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AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

PRAYER ANSWERED AFTER DEATH.

THE revival in ———, in 1840, was very powerful, and a very large number were hopefully converted to God. Indeed it was thought that nearly all those who were impenitent at its commencement, had found hope in Christ before its close. I cannot tell you in how many families the domestic altar was erected, on which was offered the morning and evening sacrifice. Many, many praying wives were made glad by the conversion of their husbands, and whole households, parents and children, were rejoicing together in hope of the glory of God. Indeed, ——— very much resembled heaven. 'All the air was love; and, as you passed through the beautiful little village on a fine moonlight evening, you would hear the voice of prayer from almost every habitation, or find little groups of happy spirits beneath the shady elms, rejoicing in a Saviour's love, and speaking his praises in the songs of Zion.

Yet there was one sad heart even in ———. It is true, that heart sympathized with the angels over repenting sinners; but it had "great heaviness" mingled with its holy joys. And it had a good reason for its sorrow. Mrs. Johnson's husband remained unmoved during the whole revival. All his neighbors and associates were converted, but he resisted every appeal from the sacred desk, and from the wife whom he tenderly loved; and against the most powerful exhibitions of truth from the lips of the most faithful ministers, as well as against all the mightier influences which were brought to bear upon his heart by the Holy Spirit, he persevered in his rebellion, and when the revival ceased he stood almost alone, like a solitary tree which has been girdled and left to wither and die in the open field. Mrs. Johnson's spirit sunk within her as she saw all her neighbors coming forward, and on a sacramental sabbath making a public profession of their faith in Christ, while her husband remained unmoved. She went to the communion table, the only one in her family, while her dear sisters in the church were surrounded by their *new born* husbands and children. Still she despaired not. Her faith in God yielded not to her discouraging circumstances. Oh, no. She had wrestled with the Angel of the covenant; and often had found secret relief in rolling her burdens upon the Lord. Her sisters sympathized with her, and "fulfilled the law of Christ" by uniting their prayers with hers at the throne of grace.

I know not what the reason was, but not long after the revival, some hidden and deeply concealed malady seemed to be preying upon the heart-strings of this pious woman. It may have been that it was caused by her excessive mental distress, and frequent fasting and sleepless solicitude for her husband; for it really seemed at times, and so she often said, that she *must die* unless her husband's soul was brought "from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God." Of-

ten did she say to God, on her knees, that if her death might be the means of bringing him to reflection and repentance, she would cheerfully yield up her life as the sacrifice,—and so it happened. By and by, the bright red spot upon her cheek revealed the sad truth that consumption was doing its work of destruction at the seat of life. Her husband watched it with deep anxiety, and employed the most skilful physicians, but death could not be bribed. She knew she must die, but her spirit was tranquil as a summer's eve. An unearthly fire shone in her eye, and unearthly joys inspired her bosom. She felt all the power of conjugal affection, and yearned over her little children with all the energy of a mother's love. But still every tear seemed to be illumined with a smile, as she committed her loved ones to the care of her covenant-keeping God. Indeed it seemed as if she had at last rested upon "Peniel," and received the name of "Israel," for she said to one of her confidential friends, before she fell asleep, 'I shall meet my husband and children in heaven—I die that he may live.' The parting hour came, and, having given her last advice to those she so tenderly loved, she exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," and fell asleep.

Her husband's heart was sad, but it felt not any compunction for sin. His was "the sorrow of the world, which worketh death," and not that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life." His heart was hard, even while lamenting his loss with tears. The hour of his redemption, however, was near. Night now drew her curtains around his gloomy habitation, and his children wished to retire. Taking their mother's place, he led them to their chamber, and undressing them, put them into bed. 'Father,' said his dear little daughter, about five years' old, 'father, will you not pray with us?' He made no answer. 'Father, mother used to pray with us when she was alive; will you not?' He evaded the question. 'Well, father, we may say the little prayers that mother taught us.' This was preaching such as he never heard before—preaching "in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." It was an "arrow, sharp in the heart of the king's enemy," and he felt. He left the room overwhelmed with a consciousness of guilt, and he spent the night in dreadful agony. On coming from his room, in the morning, he spoke to a pious young woman living in the family, and said, 'If you can do any thing to help me, do it now; pray for me; I am going to hell.' She replied that she had never prayed before any one, and urged him to pray for himself. 'I cannot,' he exclaimed; 'I do not know how: I am going to hell.' She bent her knee, and began to pray, but not being accustomed to it soon ceased. He, however, burst out in agonising supplication, as of one pleading for his life. Soon his heart broke in penitential sorrow, and he arose rejoicing in the hope of forgiven sin.

The funeral took place that day. After the remains of his dear wife were deposited in the silent grave, and the people had generally re-

tired, he went up to one of the members of the church, and taking him by the hand, thus addressed him: 'I ask your forgiveness: I have often said hard things about you; but God, I trust, has forgiven me, and I hope you will.' I need not tell you that Mr. Benton was astonished at this avowal of his interest in Christ. He continued, 'You must not think that my house is a house of sorrow. O no; it is a house of joy. The Lord hath taken my wife to heaven—she wanted to go—I am satisfied.'

He left the grave yard, and returned to bless his family and pray with his children. And do you not believe, my dear friends, that when there was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over the repenting sinner, his wife struck the highest note of praise to her faithful Redeemer?

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Mr. J. B., eighteen months ago, was a firm believer in the final salvation of all men. In the spring of 1841, his health began to fail, and soon there was great fear that he was going into a decline. Sometimes he was alarmed in view of death, judgment, and an eternal hell; and at other times, he would say that all would be well after death. I asked him if he had any conviction in view of his sins, or distress of soul while he thought that all would be saved; he said, "No; but when I doubt this doctrine, I am in such distress, that I can hardly live." I told him that so long as he believed that doctrine, he was resisting the Holy Spirit, and could never be born again, and therefore must be lost forever. Said the poor man, "I shall sink, if I give that up." "Well," said I, "you will sink if you keep it; for you must see that it blinds your eyes; hardens your heart; and baffles all efforts to save your poor soul." I told him that he must abandon that doctrine forever; and then his eyes might be opened, his heart softened, and he become penitent and prepared for the serenity of those who are saved by grace. Soon after, I visited him in company with several praying friends. We bowed, and offered fervent prayer for his soul. He then renounced that doctrine forever, and felt himself to be lost and undone. He saw his sins and cried for mercy; he saw the justice of the law in his eternal destruction; and wondered that he was out of hell. His former friends tried to comfort him with the old story, "there is no hell—all will be well after death;" but all in vain. He knew better, for he had awful forebodings of hell and destruction then in his soul. He continued to plead for mercy; and I and others pleaded for him, until the Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, gave him reason to hope that he had pardoned his sins, and adopted him into the family of the Saviour. He then appeared humble, and confessed his sins to his former friends, and warned them to abandon that dangerous doctrine, and fly to Christ for salvation. He lived for several months in the enjoyment of the presence of Christ, during which time he was baptized, joined the church, and brought his children into the covenant with

the God of Abraham. When he was dying in the triumph of faith, and after the sense of being had fled, he said, "Is there any Universalist in the house? I want to leave my testimony with them, and to warn them, for the last time, to abandon that dangerous doctrine; and to fly to the Lord Jesus Christ for refuge!"—*Pastor's Journal.*

THE TRAVELLER.

REMINISCENCE OF PALESTINE.

It was on a beautiful evening in April last, through God's mercy, that we approached the portals of Jerusalem. The first view of the holy city from the heights of the Convent of Mar Elias, was truly imposing; and so familiar did it appear to my senses, that it was with difficulty that I could realize this to be my first pilgrimage. The sun was fast receding in the distant horizon, which cast a shadow over the Mount of Olives, while the stately dome of the Mosque of Omar rose in splendor, to break the regularity of the quiet city.

With grateful hearts to that Almighty Power who had sustained and preserved us through the many dangers and perils of the dreary desert of Arabia, we approached the city; and after passing over the brook Kedron, and winding round the base of Mount Zion, we entered by the Jaffa, or Pilgrim's Gate. Admittance was refused us by the Turkish authorities, on the ground that we were recently from Egypt, where the plague usually prevails at this season, and consequently were subject to a quarantine of ten days.

Through the kindness of the British Consul and our missionary, the Rev. Mr. Whiting, who exerted themselves in our behalf, we were allowed to enter the gates. Here our difficulties did not cease; all the converts, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, refused us admission within their walls. We wandered through the dark and dirty lanes of the holy city, as strangers and travellers without a home or place to lay our weary heads. We soon found a small house, occupied by two interesting Turkish women, who volunteered to give up their abode for a small remuneration, which we gladly accepted; and after unloading the camels, and disposing of ourselves & luggage, the preparation for dinner was deemed of the first importance.

After a frugal though satisfactory repast upon the provisions remaining, I attempted to make arrangements for the still more pressing calls of sleep. Having placed my bedding upon my trunk and two water casks filled with water, which we had brought from Petra, I soon became insensible to everything about me, and only woke to realize that I was really in Jerusalem. On endeavoring to go out of the house we found that our gates and doors were guarded by Moslem soldiers, whose very appearance seemed to betray a secret satisfaction in thus holding "Christians dogs" in bondage. We consequently passed off our first day in prison at Jerusalem. The dreary desert, with all its monotony, was then sweet to our recollection; for there we breathed the air free, and did not venture to molest us. Evening arrived, and with it the cheering and grateful news of our liberation, which was obtained with some difficulty, through the exertions of our much esteemed and valued friends, the British Consul, Mr. Johns, and the Rev. Mr. Whiting.

On obtaining patric, the first object of my visit was to our kind friend Mr. Whiting, an able and worthy laborer of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. W. I found at home, with his wife and two very interesting young Armenian girls, who, with six others, were domesticated in Mrs. Whiting's family, and to whom she devoted the principal part of her time. It was delightful to hear the young children speaking our own language, and learning to praise God in spirit and in truth. Mr. Whiting has been thirteen years in that part of God's vineyard, labouring in the cause of Him who has expressly enjoined upon us to "Go and preach his Gospel to all nations; labor and faint not." Service is performed by Mr. W. every Sabbath, to a small congregation of Armenians and Greeks. To my great astonishment, I fortunately met with an old classmate in Sherman, a colleague of Mr. Whiting, with whom I passed some most agreeable and interesting hours, visiting scenes

of interest, the like I never expect to see again on earth. Mrs. S. a very intelligent and worthy lady, with her estimable husband, have since returned to their native land.

With Mr. Sherman as our cicerone, we visited the most important and interesting localities, both within and without the walls of the city. A part of the old Roman wall, connecting Mount Zion with Mount Moriah, extending across what is vulgarly called "Cheesmongers' Valley," still remains an interesting relic of antiquity. It is near the corner of the mosque at this spot, where to this day the Jews are seen weeping. Retracing our steps, we passed over Mount Zion by the Armenian Convent, with its beautiful garden, to the ancient Castle of Agrippa, taken by Titus, in which are seen remains of the old Roman wall which, according to Josephus, was spared by Titus, having admired the solidity of its construction.

The interior of the city is dark, with narrow and gloomy lanes, and bazars ill supplied, the principal trade being with the pilgrims who flock here in crowds before Easter, to perform their devotions at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

While at Jerusalem we visited the new Protestant Episcopal Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Alexander, a Prussian by birth, and a converted Jew, many years resident in England, a professor in the University of London. His family, six in number, bear the strong marks of Jewish extraction. We passed a very pleasant evening in the bishop's family, and the following Sunday attended divine service in a temporary chapel upon Mount Zion, near which they have commenced building a beautiful gothic church. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, one of the Bishop's honorary chaplains, a Dane by birth, and for many years a resident of Jerusalem; the bishop administered the communion, assisted by his domestic chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Williams; a solemn and blessed privilege, to commemorate the dying love of our Saviour at Jerusalem. The Rev. Mr. Ewald, also an honorary chaplain, preached a very appropriate and beautiful discourse from 1 Cor. i. 30, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

To be continued.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

CONCLUDED.

The volcano was spouting out fire and red hot stones to a prodigious height (fully twice as great as that of the cone, which is 1100 feet high), in a huge column, apparently of the size of a martello tower, at the mouth of the crater, and distending, as it rose, to an enormous bulk, till at its utmost height it burst into myriads of fiery fragments, these or the left being particularly conspicuous, because there was no lava there, and the red hot stones contrasted with the dark side of the mountain. As they fell they cast a bright glow on the snow, and each particular fiery fragment lighted up its own portion of the snowy surface, while a column of illuminated steam arose whenever the hissing balls of fire sank upon the ground.

From the crater slowly ascended a huge volume of smoke, black at the bottom, but whiter as it rose, which seemed to be lighted up as with thousands of torches from within the volcano, till from beneath the rush of fire dissipated every thing but its own bright flood, and burst into the air, with myriads of molten stones, at which the guides pointed, exclaiming, "behold the mouth of hell."

Below the crater (about a hundred yards beneath the summit of the cone) we could see (when the flame was not burning so fiercely) another body of smoke or steam, not so great as that at the top, but nearly as white as the snow itself. From the base of this column really rushed the lava; a part only of the stream of which we could then see (about half a mile long) looking like a chain of fire stretching down the mountain in a tolerable straight line. The higher we climbed the longer line we saw of lava; and after another hour and a half's ascent we reached a plain of seeming sand (being, in fact, pulverized scoria) of about a mile square in extent, and studded with genista or broom, the only plant that grows at this height which was above that of the Casadel Boaco. Here the guides required us to stop, as it would be highly dangerous to proceed farther during the night, because

the next thing to cross was a wild tract of ground thickly strewn with blocks of sciarra viva (live lava) which means not, like our live coal, burning lava, but moving blocks, that at a touch would topple over and crush one. Between these rocking stones were also deep fissures like the crevices in the glaciers of the Alps.

We were, however, well content to halt in the position we had now attained, as we enjoyed a complete view of the crater, and of the whole stream of lava from its source to the lowest depth it had yet reached. The crater thus seen resembled an enormous bowl brimming over with molten metal, such as one sees in the Carron foundries, which streamed down in cascades of living fire, and as it struck against some stupendous rock upon the mountain side, separated into various currents, twisting and winding into rivulets of fire, snakelike, along the surface of the mountain; so tortuous in its course that where the stream of lava was full ten miles long, no part of it had yet reached above two miles from its source in the volcano.

Along with the volume of flame incessantly vomited forth by the crater, we now heard at every burst a booming sound like the roaring of the sea against an iron-bound coast, gradually swelling louder and louder, as if beginning far down in the bowels of the earth, and bellowing more fearfully as it approached the outlet, whence it issued ever and anon with fresh explosions like terrific peals of thunder.

In the prodigious blaze of light we could not for some time perceive that the lava did not, as we had at first supposed, brim over the lip of the cup, but burst a passage through the side of the cone, some 300 feet below the top, when it gushed forth in an impetuous flood, and presently flowed in bubbling runnels of liquid fire, that ran along the ground, at first in narrow streams, sometimes as fine as chains of forked lightning linked together, flashing and darting along the snow, but these, as they descended, fell into one another and united in one wide meandering lava flood.

Another current swept down the hill-side with a stately march, the flood of fire occasionally overflowing its banks, and flinging a golden glare upon the surrounding snow, till at a distance of about two miles from its source it struck against a tall rock overhanging a heaving precipice, many hundred feet deep, and splitting itself on the rock into two divided torrents, like the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, it leaped in twin cascades of fiery flood sheer down into the gulph of desolation that yawned below. Occasionally we could see huge rocks spouted out from this fall of fire, and shot away in separate masses into the ravine, thundering along the blocks of old lava in the Val del Bove, into which this fresh stream poured, and stretching like strings of burning heads along the distant snow.

When the first excitement which this awful sight, "horribly beautiful," produced, had partially subsided, we began to feel the pinching cold insufferable. Our feet were stony, as if all circulation had departed, and on dismounting from our mules it was with great difficulty that we could stand. Indeed, no wonder, for we were within a few hundred feet of the line of perpetual snow, and the wind, though happily very moderate, cut through us like a razor, bringing water to our eyes, and freezing our ears and noses. But any temporary suffering, any toil would have been amply repaid by the splendor and magnificence of the majestic sight upon which we were gazing.

We laughed at all our petty discomfort—our numbed feet, iced noses, and sore bones—sore from riding without saddles over the long tract of rolling stones and slippery scoria, which we had just surmounted, stumbling through them by the faint glimmer of the moon and the glare of the distant crater—to say nothing of the previous thirty-eight hours' incessant posting from Palermo to Catania, a distance of a hundred and sixty something miles, and crossing a multitude of simare in a hired carriage of the country—one of the springs of which carriage broke by the way.

It is pleasant to know that the eruption has not ceased, and is not likely to cease, much damage, by reason of the desolate soil over which the lava has this time directed its course. It is not expected to last much longer.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—live for it.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CAPTURE OF AN ALLIGATOR.

In Silliman's Journal of Science and the Arts, is the following very interesting account of the capture and death of a large alligator, at Manilla, in the island of Luconia, one of the Philippines, the details of which confirm several of the astounding stories related of this stupendous creature.

In the course of the year 1831, the proprietor of Halabala, at Manilla, in the island of Luconia, informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows on a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator, who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations.

All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian, who attempted to ford the river on horseback, although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place higher up, and reached the centre of the stream, and was laughing at the others for their prudence, when the alligator came upon him. His teeth encircled the saddle, which he tore from the horse, while the rider tumbled on the other side into the water and made for the shore. The horse, too terrified to move, stood trembling when the attack was made. The alligator, disregarding him, pursued the man, who safely reached the bank, which he could easily have ascended, but, rendered foolhardy by his escape, he placed himself behind a tree which had fallen partly into the water, and drawing his heavy knife, leaned over the tree, and, on the approach of his enemy, struck him on the nose. The animal repeated his assault, and the Indian his blows, until the former exasperated at the resistance, rushed on the man, and seizing him by the middle of the body, which was at once enclosed and crushed in his capacious jaws, swam into the lake. His friends hastened to the rescue; but the alligator slowly left the shore, while the poor wretch, writhing and shrieking in his agony, with his knife uplifted in his clasped hands, seemed, as the others expressed it, "held out as a man would carry a torch." His sufferings were not long continued, for the monster sank to the bottom, and soon after re-appearing alone on the surface, and calmly basking in the sun, gave to the horror-stricken spectators the fullest confirmation of the death and burial of their comrade.

A short time after this event, I made a visit to Halabala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been a few days before, with his head and one of his fore feet resting on the bank, and his eyes following the motion of some cows which were grazing near. Our informer likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey, when it should come within his reach.

Hearing that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house. It was a tranquil spot, and one of singular beauty, even in that land. The stream, which a few hundred feet from the lake, narrowed to a brook, with its green banks fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest, spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes than the familiar haunt of the huge creature that had appropriated it to himself. A few cane huts were situated a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained, who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbour. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets, upright, across its mouth, three feet deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets, which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of the wild buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns on either side of the stream, while the Indians, with long bamboos, felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed, and we began to fear that he was not within our limits, when a spiral motion of the water under

the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it, and the creature slowly moved on the bottom towards the nets, which he no sooner touched, than he quietly turned back, and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the enclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank.—On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog, and plunged into the water, crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks, but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and feeling that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him.

To be continued.

"THE LION DOING HOMAGE TO 'PEACE PRINCIPLES.—A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen's congregation at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course, in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and, opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt; but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand.

"His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot, that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose, and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as he went, lest the man should move; and, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was at the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but, on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his 'toes roasted' and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he resolved to send the contents of the gun through his head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes and was a cripple for life."

FOSSIL REMAINS OF THE MASTADON.—The skeleton of one of these monsters has been found by some miners who were digging for lead ore near Elnsinwa Mound in the north of Iowa, at the depth of sixty feet in the earth. The enamel of the tusks was as perfect as when the huge animal roamed the earth, though the skeleton had probably been imbedded in the rock and clay for ages. The skeleton was found in a crevice, and the Hawkeye says, "the position of the bones would seem to indicate a precipitous pitch head downwards of this monster, by some sudden opening of the earth."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

EMILY and Jane were the daughters of a landed gentleman, the possessor of a small but valuable estate in the north of Scotland. He and their mother being themselves decidedly pious, had trained up their daughters in the fear of God from their earliest years, and the exertions they had made for that purpose were amply repaid by the success attending them. Their children were both pious and dutiful. Their mother having in early life enjoyed the advantage of a very superior education in one of our larger towns, and having no children but one son, the oldest of the family, and themselves, was both qualified to be their teacher and had leisure to attend to the improvement of their minds; and under her careful tuition they grew up not only amiable but accomplished young ladies. It is one incident connected with the history of this family we are now about to relate, as told to us many years ago by him who once ministered to them in holy things.

Jane, the youngest, had reached her seventeenth year. Though rather under the middle size, she was finely proportioned—bright hair flowed in graceful curls over a fair and noble forehead, and the leading expression of her countenance was sweetness. Emily was in her nineteenth year; taller than the generality of her sex, a gentle bend marked the contour of her figure, which seemed to remind the attentive beholder of the yielding of a beautiful, but fragile flower; dark eye-lashes shaded her deep blue eyes, and her countenance was expressively beautiful. The affection of the sisters towards each other was proverbial in the country side. Their tempers were gentle, their tastes similar, and both, as we have said, were truly pious; but there was something still more sublime in the religious feelings of Emily than in those of Jane; she seemed to breathe much of the air of heaven while yet she trod the green earth—sensibly felt herself continually in the presence of God—received every thing as a gift from him, and she was happy.

Such, said our aged informant, was Emily, when I received a hint from her mother that ere long my services would be required to officiate at her wedding. The goings of the adjacent village had for some time conjectured that such an event was at hand; and indeed there were circumstances occurring about her father's house which gave ample probability to their surmises. Large parcels had been known to arrive from the neighbouring borough town—the industrious seamstress was busy there, and it was noticed, that some of the articles on which she was employed were quickly hid from the view of neighbours when they unexpectedly entered—hid, from that delicate feeling of innate modesty which leads our Scottish maidens so often to wish the concealment of approaching marriage till the proclamation of banns told to all the time is at hand.

Her intended husband, Robert K——, was an amiable young man, comfortable as to his worldly circumstances, and residing about two miles from her father's house. He was the proprietor of about forty acres of valuable land; his parents were both dead, and for some years he had been carefully improving his property. On his paternal inheritance stood a neat cottage; it was indeed straw-roofed, but its walls were covered in some parts with ivy, and in others with various kinds of climbing plants, through which, in their season, might be conspicuously seen the bright orange-coloured flowers of the Indian creeper. Before the cottage there was a beautiful sloping field, part of which, immediately in front of the dwelling, had been partitioned off with neatly dressed privet hedges to form a garden, laid out with gravelled walks, box edging, and flower borders; while a few clumps of ornamental trees, tastefully disposed over the remainder, rendered the appearance of the whole beautifully picturesque, in whatever direction it was viewed. Such was the married residence of Emily.

In due time the marriage took place; the simple but impressive presbyterian ceremony was performed in the house of her parents by her own minister, who loved her as a daughter, and to whom she had been a frequent visitor; for though he had long known the bitterness of sorrow, and sorrows of frequent recurrence, yet still he could participate by sympathy in the joy of the young of his flock, and loved to have them frequently with him. Heartfelt indeed were his wishes for the happiness of the newly married pair, for both were much and sincerely esteemed by him. As they thought their own house was the proper place wherein to spend the earlier, as they hoped to do the remaining, days of their married life, thither, accompanied by a few friends, they repaired in the evening, and Emily was duly received as its mistress. Happy was she as she entered it, and doubted not of passing many happy days within it. But the fairest earthly prospects are often deceitful, and those of this young married pair proved themselves to be.

Four short weeks had but barely passed when the fair young wife was laid on a sick bed. Her complaint was at first deemed a cold, though attended with a slight degree of fever; a restless night was passed; on the morrow she was worse, and the mor-

ical practitioner of the neighbouring village was called on to visit her. Unfortunately he was a mere pretender—a conceited fop, who had been fonder of adorning his person and gauding silly girls, than of attending to the studies requisite to fit him for the profession which he adopted. He came—spoke of the illness as a mere trifle, which a night's rest and a little medicine would quickly remove—he walked away, and sent the medicine.

Another day came—the disorder had greatly increased in severity. The surgeon again called; ignorant as he was, he could not help perceiving she was indeed worse. He had recourse to other means and other medicines; but unacquainted with her constitutional tendencies, and completely mistaking the symptoms of the disease, both were the very reverse of what was right. A week passed away, and every day she became more enfeebled, and the appearances more unfavourable. Her husband and friends now became alarmed; and notwithstanding the violent opposition of the village surgeon (who dragged the exposure of his ignorance and consequent serious mistake,) a practitioner of experience and celebrity from a distance was sent for. He came: and after a minute inquiry into all the circumstances of the case, did not conceal his fears that he was too late in being called. He, however, did every thing that could be done for her relief, and in order to her restoration; and while he did not wish to agitate his patient unnecessarily, he at the same time did not conceal from her the danger of her state, for he was well aware that the disease had made such an inroad on her frame, that there was but the slightest possibility of her recovery. For a week or two hope and fear alternated in the breasts of her husband and her friends. Her new medical attendant, though at some considerable distance, was regular in his visits. All had been done that human skill could devise to mitigate the symptoms and check the disease; but alas! all that art could do was vain; and he thought it his duty to cease from all appliances except some simple medicine to keep her as easy as possible, while at the same time he warned those that loved her to prepare for witnessing her dissolution at no distant date.

From the commencement of her illness, Emily herself viewed her trouble as deadly, and had, when unseen by her husband and sister, (who were her principal attendants,) amid many tears often prayed for resignation to the will of God, and she had not prayed in vain. She felt support given her according to her day; cheerfully she submitted to whatever was proposed, and took what was prescribed. Her conversations with her husband, parents and sister, were of the most pleasing and animating character, evincing her full belief in the promises of God, her humble dependence on the merits of her Saviour, and the hope of a blessed meeting with these so much loved on earth in a deathless world, while it was well known to those who were occasionally attendant on her that she was frequently holding converse by prayer with her Father in heaven.

The third month of her married life was now drawing to a close. Every day she was sinking, and ere its last week had ended she was become so feeble that it was only for a few moments that she could be lifted and laid on a couch while her bed was smoothed for her. Her conversation now became still more heavenly; and though she indeed felt it a trial to part from life so young and with such prospects of happiness before her, and from him too the object of her warmest earthly affection, yet she was enabled to speak with great composure on the subject of the approaching change, and though at times a tear was seen to steal from her, still she seemed rather to comfort those around her than to need their support. A day or two before her death, while her husband and sister were sitting by her bed side, he was reading some passages to her from a favourite author; she said, "O yes, man's words may be very good, but I would wish you would read me occasionally a verse or two of the Bible, for all other books appear to me cold and lifeless compared to that."—Her request was complied with, and from that time till her death, the one or the other from time to time read to her a few sentences from the word of God suited to her state; and sweetly refreshing to her soul did she find them. The last day of the month now dawned on her, and it was destined to be her last day on earth. The night preceding it had been a feverish and a restless one.—At six o'clock in the morning she requested the opportunity of engaging in family worship, and pointed out the hymn she wished to be sung; it was that sweet one of Watts', found in all selections, beginning,

Father of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

She tried to join in singing it, and succeeded, but in a voice scarcely audible. It was her last song on earth. About nine she asked her husband to pray for her, and on his concluding it she said, Robert, raise me up a little, which being done,

"Gently she dried her husband's falling tears,
And breathed her spirit forth upon his breast."

I think it better to draw a veil over the grief of her parents, her sister, and especially his sorrow who had been for a little time her happy husband, than to attempt any description of it. Those only who have been placed in similar circumstances can comprehend their feelings, and to them description is unnecessary. Time moderated their sorrow, while religion, that lovely matron, that kind nursing mother, enabled them to rejoice in the lively hope of that blissful meeting which awaits them in a world where sorrow is unknown. Her husband still remains a widower for her sake who had been so dear to him, calmly cherishing her remembrance, and carefully preserving every thing in which she took pleasure. Dear to him in life—in death she is not forgotten—but

"He bends not o'er the ashes of the dead,
Where loveliness and grace in ruins lie;
In sure and certain hope he lifts his head,
And faith presents her in her native sky."

From this affecting incident should not we learn the necessity of endeavouring that the intimate connections which we form in this life have a stronger bond to cement them than mere earthly love, which, however sweet it may be, cools with advancing years, and passes away in death, nay, which the more ardent it has been, if it have nothing else associated with it, makes the anguish of parting more bitter, and the grief of the survivor more severe. Let us seek to have our unions sanctified by religion, then there will be a bond of attachment which death cannot sever, and a blissful future meeting without a separation.—Then while we may be called to water with our tears the graves of our best loved ones, we shall do so in the exercise of a blessed hope that in a few short years we shall meet them again, and find them more amiable, more lovely, more worthy of our love than ever they could have been here below.

Let married persons endeavour to cherish in their own breasts, and excite in each other still deeper feelings of religion. This will give delightfulness to their union while it continues, and will increase their attachment to each other when the ardency of first love has cooled down into feelings of the surest friendship.

In a word, let us all learn while our earthly unions are continued, to live as those who know that death will interrupt them; let us be careful to guard against their ensnaring influence, lest they steal our hearts from God, and for our punishment God remove from us the idol to which we had given that place in our affections which he claims as his alone, and, oh let us bear constantly impressed on our memory the solemn warning of the apostle,—“The time is short; it remaineth therefore that both they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they that buy as though they possessed not, and they that use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.”

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PIOUS BOY AND HIS NURSE.

An extract from the Rev. Dr. Reed's history of a little boy, who died about 11 years of age.

The following is an account of his attempt to assist a poor widow who was sent to take care of him on his sick bed. The boy's name was Rolls Plumble.

"He soon learned that his nurse was not only poor, but ignorant and unhappy; that she was so ignorant as not to have a bible, and so unhappy as to have a disobedient and ungrateful son. Rolls immediately set himself to cure a part of this evil. He applied to his mamma, and requested that she would purchase a bible with his pocket money. She readily did as he wished; and when the bible was received, he inquired of her whether she thought, as he was so young, and the nurse so old, there would be any thing wrong in his offering to pray with her when he gave it. His mamma removed his fears on that subject. In the evening of the day he begged that the nurse might be sent up stairs to him. On her entering the room, he requested her to close the door. She came to his bedside, and inquired, what he pleased to want.

"I wish," said Rolls, "to speak with you. I wish to present you with the bible. I have found it to be a very precious book to my soul; its promises have been my support on a bed of sickness. You and I are fast going to an eternal world; and this book alone can show us the way to heaven. I was very anxious that you might have it; and if you read it, with the help of God's Spirit, it will make you wise to salvation."

The poor woman was astonished and overcome.

"And now," said he to his nurse, "will you promise me to keep this book for my sake?"

"O yes, that I will," she said.

"And will you promise me to go to a place of worship as often as you can?"

"Yes, I will," she said again, with emotion.

"And I have one more thing to ask you. Will you permit me to pray with you?"

The poor woman was in a humour to comply with any thing; but this request a little confused her. She hardly knew what he meant by praying with her. She could not think he was capable of it, either with a book or without one; and she did not know whether to stand or kneel, or what. However the child soon set her right, and removed her doubts and difficulties, by modestly begging her to kneel down.

She knelt down at his side. He lifted up his feeble voice to heaven, and wept and prayed for her; and he prayed also for her son in a most affectionate and suitable manner, imploring those things for each of them which they seemed most to need.

The nurse, as you will suppose, was very much affected; and, though she had lived till now without prayer, there is reason to hope that she offered sincere prayer to God. But still she was as much astonished as she was softened. When she found that the prayers offered were all about herself, and her son; and when she saw that Rolls had no book, and that he needed none, she could not understand it. She spoke of him rather as a little angel than a little child. And then again, when she felt all this awe and reverence for him, and considered that he was the very poor sick child that she helped in his weakness, and carried in her arms, she was puzzled afresh, and could not understand it! We need not, however, wonder at this, for many better informed persons would, at least, have been surprised at observing the conduct of this remarkable child.

Rolls, without any wonder on his part, but with much simplicity and modesty, continued his attention to this widow and her son, and, there was reason to hope, not without benefit."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Boston, Feb. 6, 1843.

Messrs. Editors,—At the Monthly Concert at Park street last evening, we had news from almost all the world, beginning with

WESTERN AFRICA.—Rev. J. L. Wilson writes from the new station at the Gaboon river, July 26, that all things indicate a promising field of labor. The water was good, the climate healthy for that part of the world, his own health unimpaired, after a residence there of six weeks, and the natives civil and friendly. He had a school of 15 boys, and the young men were impatient for him to open a school for them. The language proved to be radically different from any that he had before known. This mission, your readers will remember, is situated but a few miles north of the equator. 700 or 800 miles in advance of other missions, and on a part of the coast known only to a few traders.

SYRIA.—Mr. Whiting writes from Jerusalem, Sept. 29, expressing the opinion that the mission of Bishop Alexander will not interfere with ours. That mission is to the Jews; and if it was at first expected to operate on the various Christian sects, that hope must have been effectually extinguished by this time. Those sects indeed received the bishop very courteously on his arrival; but their subsequent conduct shows that there is no prospect of a cordial co-operation between him and them. They know that, notwithstanding the Episcopal forms, his Protestantism is essentially different from their religion; and he, on the other hand, is no Puseyite, and will make no compromise with the corruptions of the Greek and other Oriental churches. His whole deportment towards our mission has been marked by kindness and urbanity.

GREECE.—Dr. King, writing from Athens, Nov. 30, mentions an extraordinary mortality among the Greek Bishops. Six or seven of them have died within three or four months, and another is said to be dangerously sick. Dr. King continues to preach, as usual, without disturbance; and is more than usually encouraged with his prospects of usefulness.

NESTORIANS.—Letters have been received from Dr. Grant, to Sept. 28. He was still at A-shita, among the Tiyary Nestorians, and intending to spend the winter there. He had opened a school, with 20 scholars, purchased a lot, and laid the foundation of a mission house. He was also about fitting up a mission house and opening a school at Lezan. The Patriarch was extremely busy in settling his political relations with the Turks and the Koords.

Mr. Perkins expects to embark on his return, March 1, in the Emma Isidora, with his wife, and two new missionaries and their wives.

CEYLON.—The general letter of the mission states, that the practice of heathenism in their vicinity now rests, for its support, on the fact that such is the custom of the country. The heathen expect their children will be Christians.

The state of feeling around both these Tamil missions indicates the near approach of a vast and simultaneous coming over to nominal Christianity—the inevitable consequence of which will be, an unprecedented demand for Christian instruction.

CHINA.—Sept. 18, Dr. Parker had arrived safely at Angier, in Java, on his return.

Sept. 22, Dr. Bridgman wrote his first letter from Hongkong. He believes that the Chinese now intend to fulfil their late treaty with England, to the letter; but will, in the end, avoid the fulfilment just so far as they think they can with safety. He cannot say whether the families of consuls will be allowed to reside at the free ports, or whether travel over land from one to another will be permitted. He urges that the foundations of missionary operations should be laid broad and deep at Hong-kong, as the Papists are doing. They have erected a large dwelling house, and are erecting a large church, at the expense of \$20,000. The English are doing nothing for religion at Hong-kong. They have not even provided themselves with a chapel, or a chaplain. They have thus far been dependant for the means of grace on the American Baptist mission, which, like that of the American Board, is crippled for want of funds.

BORNEO.—A journal of an extensive and interesting tour among the Dyaks has been received. The Dyaks are found to be very much scattered; but their number is large, and their language every where much the same. The inland country is elevated, pleasant, and apparently favorable to health. The results of the exploration are so favorable as to give new interest to that mission.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1843.

WE took occasion, some time ago, in alluding to the efforts of the French Canadian Missionary Society, to remark, that we conceived the time had arrived when the Protestant Churches were called upon to awake to a sense of their duty in reference to that class of the community to whom the everlasting Gospel has never yet fully been preached in its purity and simplicity.

It is matter for devout gratitude, that the attempts of the Bible Society's Agents to disseminate the Word of God amongst the French Canadians have been, in an encouraging degree, successful. But, however important the circulation of the Sacred Volume is in itself, we believe that greater exertions still are called for; and we are happy to know that such exertions are now being made. In addition to the Swiss Mission at Grande Ligne, which is in a flourishing state, there are other instrumentalities at work in the Province—whose object is not to proselytize to any particular section of the Protestant Church, but to teach the simple plan of salvation to their perishing fellow-men, calling upon them earnestly and

affectionately to repent and believe the Gospel, relying upon Christ alone for acceptance.

In looking over a late number of the Halifax *Guardian*, we were very agreeably surprised by seeing a "Report of the Committee of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, (in connection with the Established Church of Scotland,) appointed to conduct the French Protestant Mission in Canada east, July, 1842," embodying the Rev. Emile Lapelleterie's "Report of the French Evangelical Mission, Montreal." This document has been drawn up and published by the Rev. A. Mathieson, D.D., of this city, and contains a very forcible appeal to that section of the Church under whose auspices this interesting mission has been established; together with some interesting facts relating to the labours of the Rev. E. Lapelleterie. But its principal object is to recommend the propriety of erecting a suitable place of worship, which the Rev. Mr. L., in his Report, declares to be "absolutely necessary to the success of the cause." We believe that exertions are now being made to carry this important object into effect—which we have no doubt will meet with the hearty concurrence and support of Protestant Christians generally.

We regret, that owing to the length of the document, we are unable to publish it entire. We have only room for the following extract, with which the Rev. Doctor concludes his admirable Report; earnestly recommending it to the serious attention of our readers, under the firm persuasion that they will fully concur in the sentiments therein contained, and thus be prepared heartily to respond to any future call that may be made upon them for their assistance and co-operation in the important enterprise of the evangelisation of our Canadian fellow subjects.

After alluding to the origin and progress of this infant church, and the indefatigable labours of its pastor, the Reverend Doctor proceeds:—

"It is interesting to observe the various ways by which Providence appears to be preparing the minds of the spiritually-enthralled Canadians for a vigorous and extensive application of evangelical truths. There is manifested among many of them a willingness to receive that word which giveth light and liberty. Some call in question the dogmas of their church, and demand Divine authority as the ground of their Faith. Even some of their public journals with much freedom discuss topics affecting the temporal power and authority of the Pope. Let us avail ourselves of the advantage that offers for preaching among them, that 'there is but one Mediator, even Jesus Christ,' and that sinners are 'justified, through faith in his blood alone.' A nobler field for Christian exertion than that which now presents itself to our Church, has seldom been offered to any other. 'A great door, and effectual, is opened unto (us); but there are many adversaries.'—Against these it becomes us to buckle on the 'armour of light'—it is our glory to contend 'for the faith delivered to the saints' in opposition to the vain traditions and fatal errors that have usurped authority over the consciences of man. It is our duty to press forward as Providence, enlightened by Christian charity and prayer, may direct. If the Synod has already been blessed by God, as the humble instrument of calling into existence a French Protestant Church in Canada, the nurturing of that Church in its infancy 'with the sincere milk of the word'—the gathering within its pale, from the surrounding wastes of ignorance and error 'such as shall be saved'—is assuredly not only a sacred duty, but

a privilege of the highest kind; for it will not fail to call down on the congregations of the fostering churches the best blessing of the Almighty God. They may meet with discouragements and disappointments—this should only stimulate them to greater exertion, and not induce despair. Much of the good seed they scatter may fall by the way-side, or upon rocks or among thorns; but much will find root, 'and bring forth fruit to the praise and glory of God.'

"The Committee have occasionally been met with the objections, that it is impolitic to interfere with the religion of the French Canadians; and that the attempt to change their belief is chimerical. We cannot have sympathy either with the policy, or with the Christianity, that would leave men undisturbed in the profession of falsehood, or unenlightened respecting what most deeply interests them as men and as immortal beings. What is wrong in principle, it cannot be wise policy to pursue; and a fatal issue would soon demonstrate the folly of human expedients, when opposed to the counsels of heaven. But without discussing the question, the Committee would give but one answer as to the impolicy of the mission, and it is—that as 'ministers of the word of life,' we are bound, by the most sacred obligations, 'to preach the gospel to every creature,' and to watch over and care for the spiritual interests of those, whose hearts the word we preach has pierced with conviction, and who have put themselves under our spiritual superintendance and care. With respect to the second objection, that the scheme is chimerical and hopeless, it must be admitted that as men, contemplating the dark mass of surrounding superstition and ignorance, and the prejudices behind which error is entrenched, and depending on human agency alone, the conclusion is natural and just. But such objections have continually been made by the godless to every effort that has been made to reclaim the waste places of the earth, and make them as 'a garden which the Lord hath blessed, planted with the trees of righteousness.' They are the objections of those who know not the value of an immortal soul—of those in whose cold hearts there is not a spark of Christian affection—of those who either distrust or deny the sovereign power and grace of God. They who contemplate the subject with Christian faith—who recal to mind the promises to God—and who rely upon his grace, find no room for despondency or fear. The field of labour, it is true, is a moral waste of frightful extent; and the individual efforts of the Synod may be compared to that of a single woodsman in clearing our forest. But if the work is God's—which we believe it to be—it will be accomplished, whether He will honour us with his agency or not. If we are remiss, He will reject us, and call others into His vineyard. But if we are active, He will bless our labours and augment the means of our usefulness. He who turneth the hearts of men whithersoever he will, will raise up well-qualified missionaries for the field, and prepare, by his Spirit, that field for the 'good seed of the word' which they sow. 'The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,' and all that is requisite for his own purposes will most assuredly be found in the free and liberal contributions of his people. Only let the conviction, that God's own hand is in the work, be cherished, and an humble reliance on his aid be encouraged, and there will be no need to appeal to the benevolent sympathies of the heart. It would spontaneously dictate the line of duty—it would impel to action—a generous support of the mission, actuated by the conviction that they were 'fellow-workers with God,' would be the characteristic of all our churches.

"If one sinner is turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, it cannot be said that the result is disproportioned to the means employed, for in the sight of God, and in the sight of his people, one soul is more valuable than the wealth of the world. Our success may not be equal to our hopes; but let us remember, it is not on account of any deficiency in the ultimate agency. 'The Lord's hand is not shortened.' He may, for the wisest purposes—purposes inscrutable by us—restrain its power, yet the promises of a copious outpouring of his Spirit, and a plentiful ingathering of the fruits of righteousness, should encourage to persevering exertion. The earnestness of his favour, which God from time to time bestows, are so many testimonies that the work is his own, and that he will carry it forward to perfection."

The Anniversary of the Montreal Branch Wesleyan Missionary Society, was held in the Wesleyan Chapel on the evening of the 27th ult. Never, we believe, on any former occasion, was this building so densely crowded. Hundreds of persons were unable to procure seats, and the aisles were almost impassable during the entire evening. Several Ministers belonging to other churches addressed the meeting, and two converted ladies appeared upon the platform, to testify to that Divine grace by which they had been emancipated from the grossest idolatry and superstition, to the enjoyment of the favour and love of God. The speeches delivered were of a most eloquent and spirited character; and, upon the whole, we may safely say, that this Anniversary was one of the most interesting we have ever had the pleasure of attending.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the first of a series of interesting "Chapters for the Young," entitled, "The Eternal God the Guide of Youth," which may be expected in our next number.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE SAVIOUR'S BRIGHT EXAMPLE A MODEL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS,

CHAP. IV.—EMINENT PIETY.

"Christians should be another Christ."

—Saying of the Fathers.

"Lord! I would be a child of thine,
And thy blest image ever bear;
Deeply impress this heart of mine,
With glories which I cannot share.

But where I can resemble thee,
And in thy god-like nature share;
Thy humble follower let me be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear."

BROWN.

There is something deeply interesting and delightful in the contemplation of human character, associated, however, as it may be, with pain, regret, and lamentation. Who does not fire at the name of a Nelson, a Wolfe, or a Wellington? Who does not feel animated by the recollection of a Martyr, a Brainerd, a Wesley, a Whitfield, or a Howard—especially, when regarded in connection with Christian principles and heaven-born dispositions? Wickliffe and Luther, Melancthon and Latimer, and Williams and Moffatt, (of later times,) impress us with sacred and deep veneration. But, there is in the contemplation of all human characters, even the brightest and the best, a feeling of melancholy in the painful recollection, that they are imperfect. Oh, how often have we wept over some of the most devoted of men, who, nevertheless, by their unlovely temper, haughty disposition, and selfish conduct, have injured the cause they, perhaps, sincerely desired to advance, and thus shrouded many an excellence, and shrouded many a moral and Christian virtue, which otherwise adorned and beautified their characters:—

"But still a soul thus touched can never cease,
Whoc'er threatens war, to speak of peace.
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:
She makes excuses where she might condemn;
Reviled by those that hate her; prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;
She rather waves than will dispute her right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.
Such was the portrait an apostle drew;
The bright original was one he knew;
Heaven held his hand, the likeness must be true;"

Let us, my dear fellow laborers, leave human character, and contemplate perfection in that of Him "who was holy, harmless, and undefiled." We have, in the previous chapter, feebly and imperfectly, attempted to pourtray his unquestionable piety. Let us now meditate upon that unquestionable piety in its eminence of strength and beauty. There could not, by possibility, be a question as to the principles which

actuated our dear Redeemer; and it is manifest, they were of the highest degree and the greatest excellence. He was not only benevolent, kind, disinterested; but these were exhibited in their highest strength, and were in him as perfection personified. He was not only persevering, patient, zealous; but these were manifested through his whole career in the most conspicuous and eminent a manner. There was in him a degree of piety eminently great, dignified and ennobling.

"Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright."

To illustrate this feature of the example of Christ our Saviour;—do we speak of zeal, where was ever zeal like his: "I must work while it is called to day, the night cometh when none can work." Do we speak of fortitude and heroism, where was ever exhibited, in any character, such fortitude, such heroism—"I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askedst thou me? Ask them which heard me what I have said unto them. Behold they know what I said." Do we speak of gentleness, sympathy, affection, where was ever manifested such affection, such sympathy? Hear his appeal to his disciples, the most touching, and affecting—"Little children, yet a little while I am with you, ye shall seek me, and as I said unto the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come; so now I say to you. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Contemplate we Him in his resignation; where was resignation ever displayed like his—"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Do we speak of prayer and watchfulness, where was there ever such prayer—such incessant watchfulness.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

Not to enlarge, do we contemplate self consecration, eminent piety, a glowing love to his heavenly Father, where was there ever exhibited such piety, devotedness, and self consecration—"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." And, if other illustrations were necessary, let us go to the garden of Gethsemane—linger there; and from thence to the hill of Calvary, and hear our Exemplar's voice, "Father, forgive them for they know what they do," as an example to us of forgiveness and forbearance.

My dear fellow laborers—the subject grows in interest, in importance, as we proceed. Oh, tell me, are you under the influence of a visible and operative piety? Tell me not of your long and vociferous prayers—of your diligent attendance in the house of God—of your accustomed place at the table of the Lord—of your preaching the Gospel of the Saviour—all these may exist, have existed, where the heart has been untouched and the soul unrenewed. But tell me of your deep humility, of your conscious sense of your nothingness, of your sincere and contrite heart—of your consistent walk and conversation—these are evidences of deep-toned piety, and devotedness to your Saviour; they may indeed be associated with conscious imperfection; the tear of penitence may often run down your cheek, and the heart may often agonize with a feeling of its deep unworthiness, but here is piety, unfeigned, love unfeigned. Methinks, as you pass along the rugged path of life, amid its toils, temptations, and trials, I hear you say,—
"Since the dear hour that brought me to thy feet,
And cut up all my follies by the root,

I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine:
My prayers and aims imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
How'er performed, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart,
Cleansed in thine all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea—
Is what it was, dependence on thee;
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now."

Oh, who that writes himself a Christian and a philanthropist, does not deeply feel that the times in which we live, when error, duplicity and unfaithfulness too much abound, and the "love of many are waxing cold," demand, nay, is imperative on us to seek to be eminently devoted to God. My dear friends, dare to be singular in your Saviour's cause, though you may be stigmatised as a hypocrite, a saint, fanatic and enthusiast. Dare to be singular in your devotedness to the best of friends, though all around may deride you, and your enemies persecute. Oh, dare to be singular in the manifestation of eminent piety—in the imitation of your Saviour's example, even at the loss of worldly character, and all that is dear and desirable on earth. "He that loveth father and mother (said our great Exemplar) more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me: he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it." Let your piety stand out to the church and the world, and then will men know—every man will know—that there is a reality in religion—that there is an importance in Divine truth, compared with which, every other object sinks into the shade. Infidelity, superstition, and crime, will sink and scowl away beneath the brightness of the rays of the sun of righteousness. Bigotry, selfishness and envy, no more be known; and the world be brought, in humility, at the foot of the cross. Oh see to it that you do justice to your religion—that you honor your Saviour—that you test the strength of religious principle, and ever act in the full perception and impression of eternal truth.

Thus acting, what delightful effects will result from your labors. The children of your charge observing your deep seriousness—your intense earnestness—impertunate prayers—consistent conduct—will take knowledge of you that "you have been with Jesus," and learned of him; they will catch the hallowed flame—follow your example: and thus teachers and children rejoice together.

I may, perhaps, be forgiven if I venture to address Christian females, as instructors of the young. Permit me to say, with humility, yet with Christian fidelity and affection, that your character is unutterably important. From very infancy our association with you is so frequent, and your influence so interwoven with our daily history—that in the providence of God you are calculated to exercise a benign and all-important influence. Such being the fact, how truly solemn is your responsibility. The sister may, and does in a great degree, influence the brother, the mother her son, the wife the husband, the friend her companion; and, by her words, actions, and whole example, is either a real good or a real evil to all around her. This is not a romantic, fanciful idea—nor an assertion without a foundation; it is an every day occurrence, and a fact which meets us in every society, and in all our intercourse through life.

O who that possesses an engaging, winning, captivating deportment, will not, at once, be prepared to use it for the promotion of virtue and religion; the advancement of right principles and the glory of our Redeemer. True beauty does not consist only in the outward exterior, nor in the arranged and heat attire, nor in the attractive and engaging features. Oh no, it consists in the harmony of mind—in consistency of conduct—in a right view of our character in the scale of creation, and a solemn impression of our accountability to God. This is beauty—a beauty which shall live when the penetrating eye shall be dimmed—when the winning smile shall cease to play—when the bloom of youth shall grow languid and fade—this shall live to expire, never!

My dear female friends, let me implore you to have a just impression of the importance of your character—sacrifice it not, for the empty flattery, the foolish adulation—the glittering toy—the short-lived pleasure; but recollect your character on earth is intimately and closely connected with eternity, and that your actions here will be the commencement, the introduction, of buds and blossoms, which shall endure as long as Jehovah; and run parallel with heaven and immortality.

"Jesus! thy choice shall be my aim—
Inspire of that holy flame,
Which must for ever blaze!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise."

JUNIOS.

McGill Street, Montreal, Feb. 27, 1843.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SMITHFIELD.—Rev. Dr. TYNG, in one of his letters respecting England, published in the *Episcopal Recorder*, says:

My walk to Mr. Goode's took me through the midst of Smithfield, the honored place of Protestant martyrdom, now occupied and crowded as a cattle and sheep market. But here is the spot, still open to the light of day, where the first English Protestant martyr, John Rogers, gave his body to the flames, rather than yield his soul to Satan, and where other and numerous sacrifices of a similar kind followed him. I stopped, and looked around and meditated upon the scene. The same sun was shining upon me, which saw that day of earthly and suffering,—I was on the very spot where the triumphant conflict with Satan was waged by the suffering saints of God. Nay, the very flocks which were crowded around me, seemed fit emblems of those holy men who were led like "lamb to the slaughter, and like sheep dumb before their shearers;"—and as I thought of the actual rising again of this horrible power of cruelty and darkness in England, the very England whose soil has thus marked and stained with the blood of martyrs, I could not but look around and say still farther, "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but England doth not know, this people doth not consider." But the same Living God was above me, and looking down upon me, that gave the victory then to his suffering saints,—and he will yet purify his chosen Church, that it may be without spot or wrinkle before him. I doubt not, there is a providence yet to be explained, which has thus kept this place open these three hundred years, when London has been so covetous of every inch of ground. It stands here solemnly to testify against the declining spirit of the Reformation. Does it stand to be the scene of chastisement and purifying of the Church again?

NEW STYLE OF TRAVELLING TO THE EAST.—Extract from a letter from Suez, dated Nov. 30:—The new Suez Hotel and Transit Ware is now actively progressing, a great number of laborers being employed. It certainly shows Mehemet Ali's taste for the magnificent, being planned on a very extensive scale—in my opinion, much too large for the probable requirements of travellers or traffic at this place. The line of telegraph between this and Cairo is also well advanced. An experiment of some importance to the improvement of the transit of passengers has just been made, to try the capability of dromedaries for draught. One of the carriages lately sent out by the Oriental Company was brought over here from Cairo with some difficulty, four horses being scarcely sufficient to draw it on the heavier or sandy part of the road. It was here determined to try two dromedaries in it, and though the experiment was made under disadvantage, for what of proper harness, breast-plates, &c., it proved completely successful, showing that the dromedary is much more valuable for draught than the horse in this country. Drawn by dromedarian properly harnessed, the new carriages will form a vast improvement, being far more commodious and easy than the clumsy vans hitherto used.

ENGLISH REFORMERS.—For the memory of no unpaired men have we a more sincere veneration than for that of the English Reformers. They were generally not very remarkable for power of

understanding, perhaps; but they were so simple and so meek, and generally so intrepid for the fundamental truths of the Gospel, that we love to think of them. They could not argue like Calvin, nor thunder like Luther, but they could speak plain truth, and die for the testimony of Jesus.

When Bishop Hooper, the night before his martyrdom, was besought by his friend Sir Anthony Kingston to "consider that life was sweet & death bitter, and life may be had," the holy man thus by his living faith met the snare of the enemy,— "True it is, Master Kingston, that death is bitter, and life is sweet; but alas! consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. Therefore for the desire and love I have to the one, and the terror and fear of the other, I do not so much regret this death, nor esteem this life; but have settled myself, through the strength of God's Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through the torments and extremities of the fire now prepared for me, rather than deny the truth of his word."

AN EXAMPLE.—"I asked a Sunday school teacher, if he expected to continue his efforts of that kind during life. 'Certainly,' said he, 'unless Satan's kingdom is destroyed first;—I have enlisted during the war.' A good example for others." In the spirit of the above resolution, a faithful teacher in London attended school forty years, and was absent only three Sabbaths.

POWER OF GOD.—The sun is as large as three hundred and thirty-seven thousands of our worlds. Jupiter is as large as one thousand two hundred and eighty-one of our worlds. Mercury flies along, in its path, at the rate of twenty miles in a second. Uranus is seventeen times as large as our world, one billion eight hundred millions of miles from the sun, and flies along at the rate of two hundred and forty miles every minute! Here, then, is the power of God! A world, with all its mountains, and oceans, and kingdoms, is but a pebble in the hands of the Almighty!

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A SLANDER.—"My dear friend, that woman has been talking about you so again! She has been telling the awfulest lies you ever heard; why she railed away at you for a whole hour!" "And you heard it all, did you?" "Yes." "Well, after this, just bear in mind that it takes two to make a slander—one to tell it, and one to listen to it."

COST OF A TULIP.—The sum of 640l., or more than \$2,000, says the London Record, has lately been given for the bulb of a new tulip called the "Citadel of Antwerp." This sum would have supported for a year six or seven missionaries and their families at the Sandwich Islands. Whether the money would have been better employed in the one way or the other, men reputed to be good and wise will differ.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HEALTH. We regret to learn that His Excellency's health is not improving. The *British Whig* of the 28th ult. says:—"The Governor General still remains very unwell, although in no immediate danger. The impossibility of getting a Land Dead signed shows that no public business is transacted by him as yet." The following is the last bulletin issued:

His Excellency the Governor General spent a restless night, and his present condition is, on the whole, less satisfactory than when last reported.

W. C. GWYNNE,
W. HOME.

Government House, Feb. 27.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE Imperial Parliament was opened by Commission on the 2d ult., on which occasion the speech from the throne was read by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Drummond, the private Secretary of Sir Robert Peel, was assassinated on the 20th ultimo. The assassin mistook the unfortunate gentleman for Sir Robert himself.

Sir Charles Metcalf, the late Governor of Jamaica, has been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Bagot as Governor General of Canada; and it was expected he would sail from England on the 4th instant, in the Royal Mail Steamer *Columbia*.

The changes to be made in the corn laws at the present session of Parliament, will not be made. Sir Robert Peel is said to have signified his intention of not meddling with the corn laws, a good deal of excitement among the advocates of free trade in corn has been the result.

The Syrian question had been settled according to the wishes of the Five powers, on the terms set forth in a note to their representatives by the Reis Effendi:—

"The Sublime Porte hereby informs the representatives of the Five Powers, that it is willing to make a trial in Syria of the following administrative system: the faculty of electing a Christian Kaimakann, to be charged with the administrative government of the Christian populations, shall be accorded to the Maronites; and the faculty of electing a Moslem Kaimakann, to govern the remaining populations, (of the Lebanon,) shall be accorded to the Druses; but to the exclusion of the Emir Beschir, and of all members of the Shehab family. So soon as proper dispositions can be made, the Ottoman garrisons under the orders of his Excellency Omer Pasha, shall be withdrawn from Betedin, and other places of the Mountains; and the safe keeping and tranquility of those districts confided to the respective chiefs, subordinate, in case of need, to his Excellency the Pasha Saïda."

It had been definitively settled, that Russia and Great Britain should mediate between Turkey and Persia, in a conference to be held at Erzeroum.

Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he would, on an early day, move an address to Her Majesty, praying that free pardon might be extended to all persons who had been transported from Upper and Lower Canada for political offences.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—We are commanded by her Majesty to acquaint you that her Majesty receives from all Princes and States assurances of a friendly disposition towards this country, and of an earnest desire to co-operate with her Majesty in the maintenance of general peace.

By the treaty which her Majesty has concluded with the United States of America, and by the adjustment of those differences which, from their long continuance, had endangered the preservation of peace, her Majesty trusts that the amicable relations of the two countries have been confirmed.

The increased exertions which, by the liberality of Parliament, her Majesty was enabled to make for the termination of hostilities with China have been eminently successful. The skill, valor, and discipline of the naval and military forces employed upon this service have been most conspicuous, and have led to the conclusion of peace upon terms proposed by her Majesty.

Her Majesty rejoices in the prospect that by the free access which will be opened to the principal marts of that populous and extensive empire, encouragement will be given to the commercial energies of her people.

[The establishment of an administration for the Christian population of Syria, at Jerusalem; the recent operations on and negotiations in India, Turkey, &c.; and the last year's disturbances in the manufacturing districts, the laws proved efficacious to repress; the loyal reception of the Royal family in Scotland, and the decrease in the Revenue, constitute the other themes of the speech.]

The Duke of Wellington had given notice that he should move votes of thanks to the officers in China and India.

Dreadful Hurricane—Great loss of Life.—A storm, with one exception, perhaps, the most destructive as regards life and property that has swept over the British Islands during the present generation occurred on the 13th ult. The greater part of Western Europe experienced, more or less, its ravages. Upwards of 60 vessels were wrecked in this conflict of the elements, and hundreds of lives have been lost. The London papers contain an account of the disaster, one of the most tragic of which occurred off Boulogne, where a homeward bound vessel from India, the *Conqueror*, went to pieces, and all on board, numbering upwards of seventy souls—save one, a boy—were engulfed by the storm. The same locality, only six weeks before, proved the grave of all on board another vessel from the East. These disasters have induced the Committee of Lloyd's to direct the attention of the Government to the erection of lights, on that part of the French coast, which will probably be carried into effect.

Frightful loss of Life in Ireland.—The most sweeping loss of life occurred on the coast of county Down, in Dundrum Bay, among the shipping craft which belong to New Castle and Annalong, (a little fishing village near Killeel.) No fewer than 46 fishermen, belonging to Newcastle, perished in the storm. A few miles further up the coast, at Annalong, 27 other individuals were lost, making an aggregate of 73. About 20 of the poor creatures have left wives and children; many others were the chief support of aged parents; and 60 children have been left fatherless.

POETRY.

LAST WORDS OF MRS. SMITH,
OF THE SYRIA MISSION.

"I am not sorry that I came to Syria, though it
be but to die."

THE voices of her early home
Were not around her there,
She heard no mother's gentle tone,
She knew no sister's care.
Yet on the bed of death she lay,
Calm, as when to the sea,
A deep stream in its hidden way,
Glides onward silently.

A ruined shrine her mind had been,
Wandering in sadness back
To the fresh hopes and rainbow dreams
That graced her childhood's track.
Her mother's low, hushed vesper hymn,
Sweet as an air-harp's strains,
Was mingling with the memory dim,
Of Syria's vine-wreathed plains.

But the long-tangled chain of thought
Was clear, and to her now
The fearful consciousness was brought,
That death had marked her brow.
But the bright wings that came to bear
Her spirit to its rest,
A holy light threw o'er her there,
And thus her lot she blest:

"No terror dwells within the grave,
No shadows o'er it lie,
Though I have come across the wave,
Away from friends to die.

No bitter anguish here hath part,
No sorrow that I laid
Upon the altar-shrine, my heart,
For I have been repaid.

In the blest hope that Bethlehem's star,
Which rose in eastern skies,
When I am in the sepulchre,
Again shall brightly rise
In the far east, and men shall come
To worship here again,
As when, above the shepherd's home,
That star shone o'er the plain.

In heathen darkness now it lies—
But if our souls is won,
Though my life be the sacrifice,
It is a glorious boon.
And now farewell; it is the last,
The last adieu: I know
The valley dark will soon be past,
That I am entering now.

When the last tribute ye shall pay,
That sorrowing love can show,
Before ye bear me hence away,
Unto my dwelling low,
Take thou in faith this infant charge,
Which God to us hath given,
And consecrate him unto Christ,
And train him up for heaven."

The low voice ceased, yet lingered there
A heavenly radiance still—
A smile that angel faces wear,
When lip and brow are chill—
And, by her words of holy trust,
Shall other hearts be fed
To seek the land where she hath found
Her dwelling with the dead.

Not with the dead, the spirit dwells,
Of that devoted one,
For where the seraph's anthem swells
Through heaven's eternal dome,
Her soul hath found the place of rest
It ne'er might find below;
O, was not hers an errand blest,
The way of life to show!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The subscriptions of our country friends are
respectfully yet earnestly solicited, with as little
delay as possible. Do not wait, friends, to be cal-
led upon—save us this expense. The amount
from each is small—and a slight exertion will se-
cure its prompt payment.

Christian Mirror Office,
March 9th, 1843.

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ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND
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and colour.

Fac Similes, Circulars, Plaques, Views, &c. &c. &c.
on the most liberal terms.

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Montreal, November 3, 1842. 7

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Montreal, December 1, 1842. 1

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August, 12, 1841.

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Rates.
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Charges very moderate.

JOHN E. L. MILLER.
Montreal, May 5, 1842.

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Transcript*, will have one insertion gratis in the
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lifax, 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 reli-
gious 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
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the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

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