

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6D. PER AN.]

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1844.

No. 48.—N. S. No. 42.

POETRY.

THE MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

Land of our fathers! in grief we forsake thee;
Land of our friends! may Jehovah protect thee;
Land of the Church! may the light shine around thee.
Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound thee.

God is thy God; thou shalt wake in His brightness!
Gird thee with joy! let thy robes be of whiteness!
God is thy God; let thy hills shout for gladness!
But ah! we must leave thee—we leave thee in sadness.

Dark is our path o'er the wild rolling ocean;
Dark are our hearts; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within;—and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of salvation.

Hail to the land of our toil and our sorrows!
Land of our rest! when a few more to-morrows
Pass o'er our heads, we shall seek our cold pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

Land where the bones of our fathers are sleeping!
Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping;
Land where the light of Jehovah is shining;
We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

THE CASKET.

CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND POOR.

What changes are wrought in a few years!—The young man, who, a short time since, had not a sixpence that he could call his own, is now the possessor of thousands; while he who was heir to unbounded wealth, is now so poor that he is dependant on charity for a living. We find very few rich men, who did not commence life in poverty, and who have not by degrees acquired their wealth, being prudent and industrious; while, on the other hand, the majority of those who are poor and destitute, were blest with rich parents and had every wish of their hearts gratified. Not being industrious, and brought up to extravagant habits, they soon fell through with their property, and are now miserably poor.

It is singular that people will not learn wisdom from the past. Those very men, who were so excessively poor, and were obliged at an early age to be put to trades, but who have acquired property, are bringing up their children in those extravagant habits which may eventually lead to poverty, if nothing worse. Instead of teaching them to be prudent and industrious, they indulge them in all their hearts' desire. They must not be put to trades; it is not genteel. A counting room or a lawyer's office is pitched upon for the sons, while the girls are taught to play upon the piano, and to exclude themselves almost entirely from the kitchen. A few years will show the lack of wisdom in such parents. Their children will inevitably be poor, and the third generation will begin where the grandparents commenced some fifty years before. If parents were wise, they would look less to the fashions of the day, and more to the future welfare of their children. There is nothing like teaching them to be industrious, and to be economical in their dress and mode of living.—*Portland Tribune.*

A SOLEMN APPEAL.

Were a messenger from the world of spirits now to enter this house, to announce your eternal doom—say, child of death and sin, could you

calmly hear your sentence? Say, thou who art walking in the dark, over a thousand apertures opening into eternity, are you prepared to hear your doom? Say, thou who hast a soul which must live to all eternity in heaven or hell, are you prepared to burst into eternity and know the worst? Poor, impenitent, prayerless sinner, are you ready to appear before God with all your guilt upon you, and to arm an infinite enemy against you? Consider, I beseech you, the end for which you were sent into the world. By all the love which a minister ought to bear to the people of his charge, with whom he expects soon to appear before God; by all the future sensibilities of your immortal souls, by all the mercy of a pleading Saviour, I do beseech you to awake out of sleep, and to fix your eager eyes on these specific points; for what end did God send you into the world? for what end did He endow you with these godlike faculties, and invest you with these heavenly privileges? what is the work which He assigns you on earth? Was it to pursue your own objects and forget Him? Can you believe that infinite munificence laid out so much expense and care upon a world, and placed immortal creatures in it, for no higher end than this? Your Bible tells you no; the conscience which God has placed in your breast tells you no; the very stones in the street almost tell you no; You were sent into the world as the servants of God. You received all these talents with a command to occupy till he shall come.

OUR OWN GARDEN.

We have a garden, and weeds often grow in it. One of these weeds is *Disobedience*. This makes us rebellious towards God and inattentive to his commands. Another weed is *Bad Temper*. It produces anger, passion, wilfulness, revenge. Then there is the weed of *Lying*. It begins with small perversions of the truth; but it grows fast, spreads its roots far and wide under ground, and injures many a fine flower and stately tree. And the weed of *Slander*; this is always associated with another called *Unkindness*, and together they make sad havoc among the fragrant plants of Love, Peace Good Will.

Who would like to have such weeds as these in his garden? Who would not root them up and plant useful seeds or fragrant flowers in their place? Take then the spade and the pruning-knife and set about it.

This garden is your own immortal mind. When you feel an angry passion rising, or an unholy thought taking root, go to God for grace to check it at once, before it gets possession of the ground. This is rooting up weeds. The soil will then be in a proper state for the cultivation of the fruits of the Spirit—such as love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness.

In Paradise, before our first parents fell, there were no weeds. Heaven is sometimes compared to a Garden where grows the *Tree of Life*, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and whose boughs are laden with "twelve manner of fruits." Without boliness no man shall see this *Garden of the Lord*. But who will not strive to become a plant of the Lord's planting, accepted of Him and through Christ our only Saviour, planted by the river of life, to flourish for ever in immortal beauty?

"Not Lebanon with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these."
—N. Y. Evangelist.

WORLDLY GRANDEUR.—To a Christian, living and walking as becomes his heavenly calling, how poor and creeping, how idle and vain, how foolish and wretched, is the common eager pursuit after high dis-

tinctions in the world! They not only come up, and are cut down, like the grass, withering into dust and oblivion; but while they appear, they are empty and fleeting shadows, or (if it can be conceived) the very "shadows of a shadow." If viewed at a distance, they seem solid as a mountain; if embraced closely, they are found but a cloud. Their possessors are poor, because ever in want. One blast of honour will not serve him that wishes for two: nor a thousand, him that can hope for more.

The real Christian is enabled to pity the anxious and vexatious vanity of those things, which are the great jet and concern of the worldly great and worldly wise. He looketh indeed for a name, but it is for "an everlasting name, which cannot be cut off." He is not content to be happy only for a few days or years, but desires to be blessed and joyful for thousands and millions of ages to come. He longs for a crown, but it is for "a crown of glory, that fadeth not away." He pants for a kingdom, but it is for the kingdom of Christ and of God. He is really a person of boundless ambition; for nothing less will serve him than the infinite realms of everlasting glory. Riches are much upon his heart; but they are the durable, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

O what is Earth, if Heaven be mine,
Or what its dying toys!
I seek, I burn for wealth divine,
For God's immortal joys.

SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.—Faith rolls the soul over on God, ventures it into his hand, and rests satisfied concerning it, being there. And there is no way but this to be quiet within, to be impregnable and immovable in all assaults, and fixed in all changes, believing in his free love. Therefore, be persuaded to resolve on that; not doubting and disputing, whether shall I believe or not? Shall I think he will suffer me to lay my soul upon him to keep, so unworthy, so guilty a soul? Were it not presumption? Oh, what sayest thou? Why dost thou thus dishonour him, and disquiet thyself? If thou hast a purpose to walk in any way of wickedness, indeed thou art not for him; yea, thou comest not near him to give him thy soul. But wouldest thou have it delivered from sin rather than from hell? Is that the chief safety thou seekest, to be kept from iniquity, from thine own iniquity, thy beloved sins? Dost thou desire to dwell in him, and walk with him? Then, whatsoever be thy guiltiness and unworthiness, come forward and give him thy soul to keep. If he should seem to refuse it, press it on him. If he stretch not forth his hand, lay it down at his foot, and leave it there, and resolve not to take it back. Say, Lord, thou hast made us these souls; thou callest for them again to be committed to thee: here is one. It is unworthy, but what soul is not so? It is most unworthy, but therein will the riches of thy grace appear most in receiving it. And thus leave it with him, and know he will make thee a good account of it. Now should you lose goods, or credit, or friends, or life itself, it imports not; the main concern is sure, if so be thy soul is out of hazard. "I suffer these things for the gospel," says the apostle; "nevertheless I am not ashamed."—Why?—"for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."—2 Tim. i. 12.

A GEM OF THOUGHT.—Religion is the final centre of repose; the goal to which all things tend, apart from which, man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the Sybil scattered in the wind.—*Robert Hall.*

Elegant dissertations upon virtue and vice, upon the evidences of revelation, or upon any other general subject, may entertain the prosperous and the gay; but they will not "mortify our members which are upon the earth;" they will not unstring calamity, nor feed the heart with an imperishable hope.

It is not our own ease and comfort, but our usefulness, that we should always have in view.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE YOUNG LAIRD.

(From the Halifax Guardian of the 2d inst.)

THE following striking and affecting narrative was selected by an unknown friend at sea, on the 12th of June, 1844, for publication in the Guardian, should it be acceptable to the editors. We think we can easily recognise in this communication, the well known and elegant pen, and the deep and ardent piety of an early and intimate associate, who repeatedly visited this station as a Medical Officer in the Fleet, and formed a pleasing and profitable acquaintance with a number of persons in this city.

In the Parish of Abernethy, (Perthshire) about four miles from the mansion house of Kilfogie, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Moncrieff, there lived a wealthy young laird. He revered Mr. Moncrieff the Pastor, as every one did; but he rather feared than loved him. He had neglected his duties and misimproved his pious education. He had forsaken the ways of the God of his fathers and had gone on headlong in the career of vice and wickedness. He was an heritor of the Parish and the representative of a distinguished family, and as such he had occupied a conspicuous seat in the house of God. This was now deserted; and he sought by every means diligently to shun the presence of the Pastor at home and abroad, as well as that of his associates in the discipline of the Church. Every one said that the young man was hastening on to ruin. His amiable spouse was now neglected and broken-hearted. His very children seemed to be forgotten; and the peaceful and happy fire-side scenes of his former days were lost sight of and forsaken, for the revolting scenes of drunken companions and blasphemers; his fine estate was fast melting away as the snow before the summer's sun; and pious and prudent parents pointed him out and set him before the eyes of their sons, as a painful example of the utter ruin, which the vices of gambling and drunkenness fail not to bring on a young man. The young laird soon wasted and wore out the powers of nature and exhibited, like the rest of his reckless companions, the enfeebled energies of a wasted and broken down constitution. He in fact found himself deserted by all his companions, tormented in his conscience, oppressed by severe bodily pains, and as he thought nigh to death. The instructions of his father, the tears of a pious mother, the family devotions in which he had been reared with a gush of a parental emotions, now rushed on his busy memory and conscience, and especially these words often uttered in his father's prayers: "O good and merciful God, the God of our fathers, remember in thy love our dear child! O grant that the grace of the good Spirit may be lodged deep in his breast; and may he stand up in our stead, when we shall sleep in the silence of the grave!"

The first dawn of this young man's sensibilities and the awakenings of his conscience, appeared in a gush of tenderness of spirit, toward his long neglected and amiable spouse, and his sweet little children. They were all hanging around him: he took his wife gently by the hand and said with tears: "My dear, canst thou forgive me the wrongs I have done thee?" She could make no reply: She burst into tears, and when the first surprise of her long-sorrowful mind, unaccustomed to such words of tenderness, was over, she replied in silence by kissing first the one cheek and then the other of her long estranged husband, and shedding a flood of tears in his bosom; while the children melted by the new and unusual tenderness of a father's voice, drew nearer him and sobbing as if their hearts would burst, affectionately kissed their afflicted father. "My dear!" said his spouse, as she witnessed his pain and mental distress, "shall we send for our dear old minister, Kilfogie?"—He waved his hand in a very dubious expression of his will: he was evidently overwhelmed at the idea of meeting the minister. She however ventured on her own course and whispered to the servant in attendance to send an express for the Pastor, and give a hint to the good man not to lose any time in coming to the Laird's sick-bed.

Kilfogie heard with surprise and sorrow of the mournful condition of the son of his old friend; and calling an attendant who always accompanied him in his pastoral visitation, he ordered him to

have two horses forthwith saddled; and in less than forty minutes from the time of receiving the message he was sitting by the bed of the sick Laird. There was a long and distressing silence. None of the parties seemed disposed to break it. The Pastor on his part was anxious to ascertain the true condition of his parishioner's mind. He saw his agony; but did it proceed from bodily pain or from conscience. He took the Laird by the hand, and began to remind him of the example set before him, by the good old man his father, now in heaven,—of the religious instructions by which his parents, and he, his Pastor, had laboured long to impress the word of God upon his soul and heart. "And oh! young man," said he "what a return hast thou made! We sowed what: nothing has yet sprang up in thy wicked heart and life but tares—all tares! Thy Maker and Redeemer called on thee, saying to thee, O young man give me thine heart. Oh how tenderly this call was followed up, by every means calculated to enforce it! But thou didst turn away from him; and thou—thou didst sin still more and more. Oh! thou hast made thy brow as brass and thy neck as a sinew of iron! Thou wouldst not hear Him that made thee. He stretched out his hands to thee all the day long; thou hast dashed from thee the cup of mercy held out to thy lips. Ah! sinful young man, laden with iniquity, thou hast forsaken the Lord, thou hast provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger; and now that anger is burning hot against thee." The Pastor paused, for he was overcome with grief. The anguish of the Laird seemed now insupportable; he groaned and sobbed out, "wo is me for I am undone! mine iniquity is ever before me—against Thee, O God, against Thee only have I sinned; and in Thy sight done all these evils." The Pastor rose abruptly and casting a mournful glance on the afflicted man, hurried out of the room, mounted his horse and followed by his attendant, stooped not until he reached his own door. "My good John," said he, as he threw the reins into the hands of his groom who helped him to dismount, "let the horses remain saddled, and retire not to thy bed, be ready at a moment's notice to attend to my call. John afterwards stated that according to orders he remained in the anti-chamber,—incapable of penetrating his master's intentions. But he soon discerned his master's purpose. Mr. Moncrieff wished to be in a spot where he could enjoy perfect retirement, for the purpose of wrestling in prayer for the young Laird; and there was no place like his own study, for that purpose.

During the whole night, John heard Kilfogie engaged in prayer for the heart-stricken penitent. He could hear him, prostrate on the floor, pleading, with strong crying and tears, for the poor perishing son of his eminent friend. He heard him say, "Oh! for his sake, for his dear sake, who hung upon the tree, thine own well beloved Son's sake, O Lord have mercy on this sin-stricken soul. Spirit of all grace, O life-giving Spirit, come in thy love, revive and quicken him: he is broken in the place of dragons: let the bones which thou hast broken yet rejoice. O bind up that broken heart! Look on his diseases, and his pains, and forgive him all his sins!" Just as the early dawn began to break in the east, the Pastor summoned John, and, setting off at full speed, in forty minutes he was again in the sick man's chamber. The Pastor walked up with a smart benignant smile. He had been like Jacob wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant; and he felt a cheering assurance of hope animating his soul, in humble confidence that he had prevailed at the mercy-seat. "O Kilfogie, come away," cried the distracted Laird, the moment his eyes fell on him, "my heart has been broken by the terrors of your message and the law of God, and O how I have longed these slow-moving hours past to see your face again. In the hour of my overwhelming darkness, after you left me, dear Pastor, and after I tried again and again to call on the Deliverer, a beam of hope seemed to spring up in my distracted soul. Oh! said I, there is, there is One mighty to save; God of my fathers, surely thou wilt not leave me in my extreme necessity! And now sit down, dear Kilfogie, and preach to me this Saviour; and tell me if there be in the holy word one drop of comfort for this burning spirit of mine?" This was a joyful moment to the Pastor's heart. He sat down by the bed-side, as he secretly breathed a prayer for wisdom, that he might speak a word in season to

the broken-hearted man; and he took the Laird by the hand, as the delicious tears of joy stole down over his cheeks—the spouse and children the while clustering around the bed of their benevolent husband and father. Then he opened his mouth and preached Jesus Christ and him crucified. It was an hour, said one present, of the most thrilling joy to all. He spoke of the love of God—of Christ, as God and man, our Redeemer, the head of the everlasting covenant; he discoursed of the atonement, its necessity, truth and perfection; he made a free and formal offer of the Saviour, to the distressed man, and in the name of his Divine Master, he called upon him to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and declared to him officially that in doing this he would be accepted and saved. He next discoursed on the Holy Spirit—his divine person, his offices and work of grace on our souls, and the nature and necessity of a new heart; and he concluded by imploring in a fervent prayer, the plentiful effusion of the Spirit on the soul of his young friend, now coming up from the fearful pit, and from the miry clay! As he closed the address and the prayer, both of them wept some time in silence; the whole family were bathed in tears. The Laird first broke silence; he would no longer conceal his emotions. "O Lord" he exclaimed, "I believe, help thou mine unbelief. My Saviour, here I lay down my guilt and worthlessness at the foot of thy cross; and I accept thy blessed righteousness as freely offered and given to me. My Divine Teacher, thou blessed Spirit, O teach a poor wandering prodigal to come to Thee, O my God, and to walk in thy ways. Blessed and pitying Saviour accept a poor sinner, the vilest of the vile, who ventures at thy bidding to come in all his poverty and need to the foot of the cross; on thy atonement, and on that alone I rely. And O Redeemer, of poor perishing sinners, may I venture to call Thee my Redeemer. Then take this heart, it is thine; wash it in thy blood O my Saviour, to Thee I give it away, to Thee my God, I dedicate this body, this soul, and my all, O what a debtor to free grace! Thine I am now and evermore; for Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth."

By a kind providence the Laird recovered and lived to a good old age, and gave, during a life of active and benevolent piety, satisfactory evidence of having been born of God.

SUMMER.

(From the Ladies' Temperance Mirror.)

The spring season, at first dreary and forbidding but afterwards awakening joyous hope in the bosom of the husbandman, has now given place to an auspicious summer.—The earth is even now robed in her emerald mantle. Warming suns and refreshing showers, have fostered the fruits of the ground, and produced a more than ordinarily abundant vegetation. He who has promised that summer and winter shall not cease, is fulfilling his promise. He who has pledged his word, that seed time and harvest shall continue, in regular succession, till the end of the world, has given the former, and is encouraging us, with humble confidence, to look to the latter. "God knows our wants, and God is kind." The changes of the whole "revolving years," infinite wisdom and goodness have rendered subservient to the benefit and happiness of man. Stern winter, with his denuded branches, and wide barrenness, possesses advantages peculiar to himself, independently on preparing us for the enjoyment of opening Springs, and returning summer.

In summer, nature's landscape exhibits peculiar richness, beauty, and variety. Look we to the grove or mead, the well cultivated field, or the pasture land with its almost spontaneous treasures, all are full of richness. And what endless beauty and variety: "Behold, said our Saviour, the lilies of the field, they toil not, and neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." In the mingled colours of trees, and herbs, and flowers, what infinite combinations of loveliness! how admirably calculated to please the eye and to rejoice the heart of man.

In summer, the scenery of mountain and moor, of lake and sea, is unusually interesting. These objects, amid the coldness and desolation of winter, are too deeply clothed in gloom, to excite in the mind pleasurable emotions. We visit them not,

or we visit them reluctantly, and of necessity. But when summer joys once more beam upon the world, what object more beautiful than the sunlit mountain raising his summit to the sky, bare and bold,—and surrounded by fertile valley, with all the varied forms of woodland beauty! There is here a mighty contrast, which throws its spell of enchantment around the contemplative mind, and cause man to feel what he can never express. Nor is the interest diminished by the moon spreading far in the distance, and skirting the blue horizon. The magnificence of the scene receives fresh additions from the placid lake, reflecting in its limpid waters, the foliage which crowns its banks and cooling the sultry air which plays on its glassy surface. Wood and water, in a thousand real or imaginary relations, enter largely into those suns which we have been led to regard as most attractive, and with which we have the greatest number of pleasing associations. The head land, with its rocky precipices, surmounting the aged oak, or the waving pine, is perhaps sublime in itself; but more than half the deep emotions of the beholder is derived from the rolling billow, which washes its foundations. Inanimate nature seems itself to live in the radiance of the summer sun.

In summer nature teems with animal existence. How many forms of life start into activity and enjoyment—how many beings feast luxuriously at the table which God has every where furnished. At this season we witness a splendid illustration of the sacred penman's address to Jehovah,—“Thou openest thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.” His creatures are innumerable, and innumerable are the blessings he has provided for them. From the tiny insect to the “noblest work of God,” through orders of existence which imagination cannot conceive, all are indebted to the same liberal benefactor and are filled with goodness by him who diffuses goodness throughout creation.

Shall we then allow our minds to dwell on the gorgeous beauty of Summer's dress, the luxuriance of her fruits, and the delicate penciling of her flowers, without directing one solitary aspiration of piety to the God of Summer. Having all these things richly to enjoy, shall man blind his understanding, against the perception of the link connecting them with Deity; thus depriving his own soul of the purest and most elevated felicity, and denying to his God the tribute of grateful veneration?

Need we point to the calm summer evening, as a season for delightful and profitable meditation! The mind that is not torn by evil passions, but well regulated in its train of thought, and susceptible of holy emotion, will feel the influence which is then spread around. The Christian at such a season, when he looks to earth, or air, or sea,—to the setting sun, or the gathering shades of night, will learn many a useful lesson, whilst he contemplates the work of his Father in heaven.

He may perhaps be led to reflect on the summers that have past and gone, and the friends that are gone with them, and pensive and sad he may “love to embalm their memory with tears;” but as the sun that sets in gloom to night shall rise in glory on the morrow, so believers who have gone down to the darkness of the tomb, shall awake to everlasting light and life. Can the Christian entertain this hope about his departed friends? then all is well. But he is also stimulated to duty for himself, that he may not be associated at last with those who utter the distressing complaint—“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!”

This is the summer season, and it is the summer of life. Winter is coming, old age is approaching, death is perhaps, at hand; has provision been made for its arrival?

“But summer will return, in all her beauty dressed,
Nature shall rejoice again, and be by man caressed.

But ah! life's summer past away,
Can never, never hope return.
Cold winter comes with cheerless ray
To lean upon the dreary urn.
Then may I daily seek a mansion in the skies
Where summers never cease and glory never dies.”

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

The daughter of an English nobleman was brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and came to a saving knowledge of the

truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and travelling in foreign countries, and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from “things unseen and eternal.” But her “heart was fixed.” The God of Abraham had become “her shield and her exceeding great reward,” and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in Him, or displace Him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined, so far as her prospects in life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged, that during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and among others, this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano. If she complied, she parted with heaven and returned to the world. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation she arose, with calm and dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sang, accompanying her voice with notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:

No room for mirth, or trifling here.
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door.
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ;
A moment's misery or joy!
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days,
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

Jesus vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Oh! write the pardon on my heart!
And whenceso'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ. I would rather be an organ of communicating such thoughts in such circumstances, and aid in the production of such results; I would rather possess wisdom thus to speak as occasion requires, than to possess all that is finite besides. What hymn, what thought in the universe could be substituted for the one then uttered? The time, the occasion, the thought expressed, the hallowed and “sweet manner” of its utterance, present a full realization of all that is embraced in our idea of fitness. That, surely was “a word fitly spoken.”—*Baptist Advocate.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE OSTRICH.

The ostrich is the largest of the winged tribes, generally measuring seven feet in height from the top of the head to the foot, and when the neck is fully extended, seven feet from the head to the tail. It seems to be a connecting link between the quadruped and the fowl. “It presents,” says Dr. Roget, “of all birds, the greatest number of exceptions to the general rules which appear to regulate the conformation of birds, and in many

of its peculiarities of structure it makes some approach to that which characterizes the quadruped.” “The animal,” says Mr. Kirby (*Bridge-water Treatise*, 459), “whose external form approaches nearest to the ostrich, is the camel; a resemblance so striking, that, from a very early period, they have been designated by a name which connects them with this quadruped. In many particular points, besides general form, they also resemble it: the substance and form of their two toed feet, a callosity on their breast and at the os pubis, their flattened sternum, and their mode of reclining. It is singular that these birds associate with beasts, particularly the quagga and zebra. The new world, which has a representative of the camel in the lama, and of the hippopotamus in the tapir, has also a peculiar ostrich of its own, which is called the ‘handue’ (*Rhea Americana*); so that, in Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, there is a distinct genus of the present order—each, as at present known, consisting of a single species. With respect to their functions, not much has been observed.—They are said to live a good deal upon grain, fruit, and other vegetable substances, and the handue is fond of insects. Probably others of them may also assist in restraining the incessant multiplication of these little creatures. The ostrich may be said almost to graze, though it is very eager after grain; but its history is too well known to require any further enlargement upon it.”

The wings of the ostrich cannot raise it from the ground, still they greatly accelerate its flight; but its chief muscular power is in the legs, which are remarkably thick and strong, and well fitted for rapid progression. The feathers growing out of the small wings are all unwoven and decomposed, as are those of the tail. The ostrich has not various feathers—some soft and downy, next the skin; and others of a more firm and compact consistence, which cover the former; and others still longer and of greater strength, on which the movements of the animal depend: and the feathers are of one kind, bearded with detached hairs or filaments, of no utility in flying. Besides the peculiar structures of the wings, the ostrich is pressed down by its enormous size. Buffon calculates the weight of a living ostrich, in middling condition, at sixty five or eighty pounds; which would require an immense power in the wings and motive muscles of these members, to raise and support in the air so ponderous a mass. Thus, by her excessive weight and the loose texture of her feathers, she is condemned, like a quadruped, laboriously to run upon the surface of the earth, without being ever able to mount up into the air.

The ostrich is admirably fitted for running.—The greater part of the body is covered with hair, rather than feathers; the head and sides have little or no hair; and the legs are in like manner almost naked. The large sinewy and cloven feet, which have only two toes, of unequal size, resemble the horny feet of a camel. The wings are armed with two spikes, like those of a porcupine.

These feathers throw great light on a part of the description which Jehovah gives of the ostrich in the book of Job: “Gavest thou wings and feathers unto the ostrich?” Dr. Shaw translates it; “The wing of the ostrich is expanded; the very feathers and plumage of the stork.” According to Buffon, the ostrich is covered with feathers alternately white and black, and sometimes gray by the mixtures of these two colours. “They are shortest,” says he, “on the lower part of the neck, the rest being entirely naked. They become longer on the back and the belly; and are longest at the extremity of the tail and the wings.” Dr. Shaw says: “When the ostrich is full grown, the neck, particularly of the male, which before was almost naked, is now very beautifully covered with red feathers.—The plumage, likewise, upon the shoulders, the back, and some parts of the wings, from being hitherto of a dark grayish colour, becomes now as black as jet, whilst some of the feathers remain an exquisite whiteness. They are, as described in Job xxxix. 13, the very feathers and plumage of the stork; that is, they consist of such black and white feathers as the stork, called from thence *pelargos*, is known to have. But the belly, the thighs, and the breast do not partake of this covering, being usually naked; and when touched, are of the same warmth as the flesh of quadrupeds.”

The ostrich is very sly. It betakes itself to flight on the first alarm and traverses the waste with such swiftness that the Arab is never able to overtake it, even when mounted on his horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." (Job xxxix. 18.) Nothing can be more beautiful than such a sight; the wings, by their continual though unwearied vibrations, serving at once for sails and oars, whilst the feet no less assisting in conveying the bird out of sight. The swiftness of the ostrich is confirmed by the writer of a voyage to Senegal, who says: "She sets off at a hand gallop; but, after being excited a little, she expands her wings as if to catch the wind, and abandons herself to a speed so great that she seems not to touch the ground." "I am persuaded," continues that writer, "she would leave far behind the swiftest English coursers." These testimonies illustrate the assertion of the inspired writer.

"When the Arab rouses an ostrich," says Buffon, "he follows her at a distance, without pressing her too hard, but sufficiently to prevent her from taking food, yet not to determine her to escape by a prompt flight." Here is an admission that the ostrich has in its power to escape if sufficiently alarmed. "It is the more easy," continues our author, "to follow her in this manner, because she does not proceed in a straight line, and because she describes almost always in her course a circle more or less extended." The Arabs, then, direct their pursuit in a concentric interior circle; and follow her always at a just distance, by passing over much less ground than she. When they have thus fatigued and starved her for a day or two, they rush upon her at full speed, leading her as much as possible against the wind, and kill her with their clubs, to prevent her blood from spoiling the whiteness of her feathers. In this account of Buffon nothing occurs to contradict the assertion of the inspired writer.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAVELLER.

A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

At about mid-day, on Wednesday, August 19, 1840, we embarked at the Tower stairs for Ostend. There was, of course, the usual bustle—the needful preparations—and, to one accustomed to country quiet, all appeared new, but not formidable. The day was fine, and we were much on deck: the cabin was certainly not as light and pleasant as the home parlour, nor was the berth as agreeable as the bed room; but the voyage was speedy and prosperous, and offered no incident of peculiar interest. A watchful Providence mercifully guarded us, and brought us safely to our desired haven. So you may fancy us fairly emerged from the steam packet, just as day was beginning to dawn, at about three in the morning. As our party moved on towards the inn at Ostend, we could just discern, by the twilight, that we were in a foreign town, by the number of large windows in every house; so that glass and frame-work seemed to contend with the masonry which should be of most importance in the building. After a speedy breakfast, we strolled out; and the early hour of five found us pacing up a church, where, for the first time, I saw something of Romish devotion. Another hour saw us whirled off by railroad on our way to Bruges. Here were old pictures to see, curious houses to notice; narrow winding streets; looking glasses, so arranged outside the windows, that the ladies within could see the passers up and down, and who came to the door—a convenient plan enough for some whose conscience and politeness are equally lax. Then the clean caps and faces of the women, their luxuriant hair, their long woollen or linen cloaks, and wooden shoes caught our attention; and an old priest in his strange dress, who, when he met our party, raised his hat and crossed his forehead, suggested a new thought. Half-past ten, and we were again on the railroad to Ghent (or Gand), and here our first step was to the cathedral. Much there was to admire, especially the elaborate design and carving of the pulpit; some fine paintings—one of St. Bavon, the patron saint; another of the assumption of the virgin. Thence

we proceeded to a large and choice collection of pictures belonging to a private gentleman. But now my eyes were tired and my limbs wearied, and I was unable to enjoy them, or to pay them the attention they so richly merited. A first dinner at the table d'hôte—dish after dish brought in and hastily removed, the succession of company, their animated gestures and foreign language—formed another new scene. One more railroad journey brought us to Brussels, and glad was I, at a late hour, having ascended seventy stairs, to find refuge from further fatigue. "To-morrow to new fields"—even the field of Waterloo. The traveller in vain seeks picturesque beauty here. The journey from Brussels, a distance of nine miles, is for the most part flat, and unfruitful but for the industry of the peasants, who labour hard to produce what crops the land will yield. A brighter sun than that glowing on the day when we surveyed on the plain never shone, and the harvest work was busily carried on. But, when once near the field of battle, the attention is concentrated on the spots where different memorable exploits were wrought; where Wellington gave his orders; where Napoleon stood; where brave men encountered brave men, and fell together. We ascend a large mound, artificially raised from the neighbouring plain, and surmounted by a column and colossal lion, with the simple inscription, "18th June, 1815;" and there are mingled the bones of men and horses—men of five different nations taking their last long sleep together. I could not follow the order of battle, nor enter into its science; but, as one slain after another was mentioned, I could turn my thoughts homeward, and think of the sisters weeping, and the parents' grief. One handsome pillar marks where Colonel Gordon fought and fell; the record tells of battles won, of honours obtained, of endeared friendship, of unforgotten respect for religion. On these words my eye rested again and again. The soldier was young and noble, exposed to temptations great and many. If then he set his heart to seek his God, if he rebuked vice and encouraged virtue, and that not seeking to himself merit, but resting all his hope upon his Saviour crucified, he found mercy in that day, and from the fatal field of strife entered that land of peace whence we shall go out no more. But the most touching grave was one simple stone in the form of a hillock, "John Lucie Blackman, 18th June, 1815." He had fought through the day, seen the field won, "and now," said he, as he passed through the orchard, "I may take a walk." One of the last flying shots of the retreating French laid him low, and there he lies—not forgotten, for two brothers lately visited his grave, and the wild flowers blow there, and the butterfly sports over it, and all around him is still and lone. How different from the scene where he fell! O war is a fearful thing. The peasant guide told us "the crops were looking well in the morning, but before evening the harvest was all ended." "The soldiers would come to us," he said, "demanding bread; we gave it at the peril of the sword; we fled for three days; when we returned to our houses the provisions were all gone, the furniture burned for firing, even the roofs of the houses stripped off and the rafters consumed for fire." I am glad I have seen that field of battle.

I did not enjoy my Sunday at Brussels. Some of our party went to the cathedral, but I did not feel justified in going to religious service merely as a spectator: I would wish "to worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord my maker;" and my protestant feelings could not brook what I must there have witnessed; the finer the music, the greater the pomp, the more intense the apparent devotion, the more pain should I feel that my fellow-sinners should prostrate themselves before any other mediator than Christ Jesus.—Meanwhile the street was full of busy passers to and fro, shops all open, carriages rolling along, the noise deafening, and the week-day din not for one little moment shut out. It is true we went twice to a French protestant church, where our own service was performed, and where, as with friends in England, we have worshipped and given thanks; but after that I walked with my party, at first unconsciously, and then unable to return, to the gayest promenades. Worn in body and mind I saw thousands of persons, till my eyes were tired of looking. It is justice to state that we witnessed great order, and not one look or action could we condemn; and I ought not severely to blame those who, labouring through

the week, enjoy their leisure walk on Sunday; but it is not for us, who have hours for recreation during the six days to swell the multitude and to increase the gaiety. The last visit we paid at Brussels was to the picture gallery; and spending two hours there enabled us to pay attention to the many pictures. I was particularly pleased with some modern paintings, of exquisite finish and good colouring. The cold, stiff pictures of the early part of the fifteenth century did not at all please or interest me. Some fine portraits arrested my attention, and many good historical and legendary paintings deserved a more particular notice than I can give. So farewell to Brussels. We had seen the cathedral, with its celebrated painted windows; hurried through the palace of the prince of Orange, and visited a famed manufacture of lace; we had, again and again, gazed on the picturesque architecture of the houses, with their tapering roofs and many windows, and pure white walls contrasting with the blue and cloudless sky. We had admired the neat appearance of the peasantry—the men in dark blue frocks, the women with their short, coloured gowns and clean white caps—nor had we failed to notice the chubby and healthy looks of the many good-tempered little ones, that were carried along by nurse or mother.

TEMPERANCE.

AN INCIDENT OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

When we were at college we had for a classmate a young gentleman from the south, an independent, generous high-souled, sociable, companionable fellow, whose bright eye, high intellectual brow and lofty bearing marked him for one of nature's noblemen. He was none of your mean and sordid souls who creep and cinge and beg their way through life; but one full of generous impulses and lofty aspirations, above all mean and sordid actions. We prophesied that the stand he would take would be high and commanding—that the impress he would leave upon the page of his country's history would be deep and abiding. Alas! we knew not that the viper had bitten him and entwined its cold and deadly coils around his heart.—A short time since, as we were inquiring about our early friend, of one that knew him well, and were expecting to hear that he was already a gentleman, of high respectability, of extensive influence and commanding intellectual and moral attainments, we learned that he was—a drunkard and a beggar!

Alas! alas! how many of the beautiful and the high born, how many of the gifted and the amiable have fallen, fallen, to rise no more! fallen into the deepest pit of infamy and woe!—through the fascination of the wine cup. Young man, beware! "Dash down yon bowl of Samian wine!" Sip not of its intoxicating contents.—There swim within its sparkling depths all the woes of the Ciceronian cup—all the curses of earth.—You may love its delicious excitement—you may dream that you can drink with impunity.—You may say, I can take care of myself. So dreamed and so talked the young man we have mentioned. So have thought hundreds and hundreds, who have quaffed the fatal goblet, and then plunged from stations of respectability—of honour—of competence—of happiness, to the foulest depths of shame—dishonour—penury and woe!—*L. Washingtonian.*

YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE.—There is nothing which resembles the tempter of old so much, as the arch-deceiver Alcohol. It comes in beautiful form, and with an enticing mien, urging its victim to take; whispering all the while in his ears, "thou shalt not surely die." It holds out the fruit to him, and if perchance he sees some victim who has felt the sting of the viper, and has plunged into the vortex of intemperance, the tempter speaks to his pride, and tells him he need not become a drunkard, he has self-control enough to espy, "thus far thou shalt go and no farther." The bait is thrown out, and the future drunkard eagerly takes it—the gilded pill is swallowed, and deeper and deeper he plunges in, until retreat is at last almost impossible. No man, as has often been said, expects to become a drunkard; but believing that he has more self-control than those who have gone before him, proudly plunges into the stream, determined to swim at his pleasure—forgetting the deep under current that is all the time bearing him down to the precipice, over which he soon will plunge. The deceiver holds before his eyes a gilded phantom of pleasure, and hides from his victim the thousands

who are plunging over the precipice before him; keeps from sight the future miseries and degradation he must endure; blinds his faculties; blunts his conscience; makes him insensible to his change of circumstances; even cause him, in moments of intoxication, to believe himself rich and happy; and if, in a sober hour, conscience awakes, and a resolution to reform is on his mind, it sends the hellish thirst that leads the poor victim to renewed potations and deeper draughts of misery; and when almost the last round of the ladder is reached, still speaks the deceptive words, "Ye shall not surely die." The fault of the drunkard lies not in his continued drunkenness, in his bearing about him, without shame, the effects of intoxication, the bloated face, the blood-shot eye, staggering gait, and all the dread accompaniments of intemperance, it lies not in these, but in the first listening to the siren voice that tempts him from the paths of rectitude and virtue. The great evil consists in the first fall, in the first glass; it was the knowledge of this that caused the first reformers to inscribe on their banners "Beware of the first glass." They knew to what to trace their fall; they knew where the danger lay; and from what to warn their fellow-men. There is an enemy in rum so subtle, so delusive, that few men, once having commenced the downward course, know how fast they are going down, until they are plunged in almost irremediable ruin. Those who are now safe should take warning from the fate of those who are gone before them, and when the tempter comes, fly from his face; listen not to his words, but fix your eyes on the straight path of virtue and sobriety, and listen to the words that proceed from the mouth of wisdom, that tells man that so long as he shuns the intoxicating bowl, and acts the part that nature intended he should, "he shall not surely die."

—*Crystal Fount and Reachable Recorder.*

A MISSIONARY'S CHARGE TO HIS SON.—On Sabbath evening, 12th Nov., 1843, Mr. Henry M. Scudder, son of the Rev. J. Scudder, M. D., was ordained a Missionary at the Carmine Chapel, New York. In the father's address to his son occurs the following:

"I charge you in the most solemn manner, and with all the weight of parental authority, that you set an example of the strictest temperance before the heathen; let it be known on your first going among them that you are an enemy to intoxicating drink of all kinds. I would not allow a heathen to see me take a glass of wine for a kingdom. The influence of Europeans and others upon the heathen in the use of those drinks has been of a most distressing nature. It has brought a stigma upon christianity which will not be wiped off, it may be, for a century to come even though temperance principles should take deep root among them. The words drunkard and Christian have become synonymous terms in India. By way of reproach it has been said by the heathen that even the Brahmans were becoming christians, because they have begun to drink. After what I have said it will hardly be necessary for me to add, that you should turn a deaf ear to all those arguments with which you will be met by Europeans—arguments which would go to persuade you that your health cannot be preserved in a warm climate except in the use of these pernicious drinks."—*Congregational Magazine.*

ANECDOTE.—Now when the temperance anecdotes are in fashion, it may not be improper for us to relate one that has more truth than is usually found in the like, and illustrates well the proper relationship of selling and buying of spirituous liquors. A modern reformer, who had grown rich on the profits of a country store, and was now on the down hill of life, tried his hand at lecturing a besotted neighbour, erstwhile a man of respectability and one of his best customers.—"Tom," said the retired trader, "you are a fool for such work; if it had not been for rum and tobacco, you might have rolled along in your coach and four." "True, Mr.—" replied the toper, as he gathered up his muscles; "and if it had not been for the same, you might have been my coachman!"

The Government of the principality of Waldeck, in Germany, have given public notice that no license to marry will hereafter be granted to any individual who is addicted to drunkenness; or if having been so, he must exhibit full proofs that he is not longer a slave to this vice. The same government have also directed that in every report made by the ecclesiastical, municipal, and police authorities, upon petition for license to marry, the report shall distinctly state whether either of the parties desirous of entering into matrimonial connexion, is addicted to intemperance or otherwise.—*Boston Times.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1844.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

The subjects into which Divine Revelation is distributed are few; and these are repeatedly exhibited under as great a variety of aspects as is consistent with the maintenance of the truth. The paucity of their number, however, cannot be urged as an objection against them, and every attempt to multiply them involves a grave and dangerous consequence. The truths of Christianity bear the same relation to God himself, that streams do to the river from which they proceed; and for this reason they can derive no beauty from novelty of sentiment, and very little from variety of expression. Religion is the offspring of the Almighty; and its interest will be best promoted by presenting it as it is. The excellencies of sculpture appear more fully in a naked figure than in one partially covered with drapery; and in like manner, religion appears to greater advantage, when it is allowed to display its own quality, and to shine by its own light.

The defence of the opinions we have advanced lies in an appeal to the following facts; and if these facts are viewed in the proper light, it will be admitted that the subjects which form Christian theology are divine pearls, and that the various gifts and attainments which are developed, by Ministers that rightly divide the word of truth, are but the different kinds of settings in which these pearls are enclosed. The Supreme Being cannot be exalted—Infinity cannot be amplified—absolute perfection cannot be improved; the Gospel is too simple to propitiate eloquence, and too sacred to have any intercourse with fiction. The awful consequences that result from the neglect of religion, and the advantages which accrue from the enjoyment of it—the nature and character of God—the relation in which sinners stand to him—the impossibility of being saved without repentance, faith, and holiness,—and the unchangeable state into which death introduces us,—all these unite to declare that "religion is the one thing needful."

Religion being "the one thing needful," it is necessary at all times and seasons, and essential to "all ranks and conditions of men." The soul cannot be happy without religion, no more than the body can be well without health. Fame, honour, wealth, even learning itself, might be dispensed with—but religion is indispensably necessary. The man that enjoys it, though poor, possesses all things. He that is without it, though rich, is poor indeed. Ahasuerus, seated upon the throne of Persia, needs it as much as the slave that toils in the mill. Dives, clothed in purple and fine linen, needs it as much as the beggar that lies at his gate full of sores. In a word, Religion is the pardon of our sins—the sanctification of our nature—a meetness for the enjoyment of Heaven, and a title to the possession of it—and therefore it is "THE ONE THING NEEDFUL."

Love.—All the harmony of sweet sounds seems to be comprised in this word. It consists of but one syllable; but that syllable expresses more than could be uttered in a thousand homilies, or described in a thousand volumes. Grace issues from the lips when the word is spoken, yet Love consists not in word only, but in deed and in truth. Love—all its conceptions are full of humanity and tenderness; kindness, benevolence,—pity, gentleness, liberality, &c., are only modifications of its original essence. These are constantly is-

suing from it; but the quantity is never diminished. Love is constantly employed in performing these virtues; but its power is not impaired. Love is amiable in its deportment, for it doth not have itself unceremoniously; it is disinterested, for it seeketh not her own; nothing can exhaust its patience, for "it suffereth long and is kind." The gifts of tongues, eloquence, and the spirit of prophecy, are of no value without it; without love, the zeal of a martyr is the effect of obstinacy; but the possession of it, enables us to bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things. Many waters cannot quench love, nor even can the floods drown it. Prophecies will fail—tongues will cease—knowledge will vanish away—but Love will never fail. Love is the absorbing theme of the redeemed in heaven; and it is to the song of Moses and the Lamb, what the Greek chorus was to the ancient Pæns. Ask Paul what is Love? and he replies, "it is the fulfilling of the law." Ask Jesus what is love? and he points to his cross, that gratitude may teach us the definition. The promises are the expressions of its liberality; and the prophecies demonstrate its sincerity and prescience. Love commenced its public mission among men in a stable; and closed it upon a cross. The incarnation was the effect of its humility. The crucifixion was the result of its intensity; the resurrection was achieved by its power; and the wonders performed on the day of pentecost, were the result of its embassy. "Love is of God," and "every one that loveth is born of God." "Whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God; and God dwelleth in him."—In a word.—"God is Love."

Accounts from all parts of the country represent the grain crop as good. We have had so much rain in Lower Canada that it is to be feared the hay crop will barely be an average one. We spoke, this morning, to a practical farmer, who has visited several of the districts in this neighbourhood, and who informs us that he has seen a quantity of grass rotting in the fields. Potatoes, it is also feared, will be injured by the frequent rains, and oats are not said to be very thriving. We have had but one day this month exempt from rain.—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE MORMONS.—The two Laws, who are seceders from the Mormons, commenced a settlement near Rock Island, Illinois, and large numbers of the Mormons are quitting Nauvoo and joining the Laws. The Alton Telegraph thinks that the division among them is a happy circumstance for themselves as well as for the community in which they are located.—*N. Y. paper.*

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—On Wednesday Justice Bennet committed to prison two girls, or rather children, of the most depraved character. One is about 14, the other 17 years of age. The eldest has been twice in prison in New York, and this is her third commitment there. She told Justice Matsell of New York, who had the opportunity to advise with her, that she was "determined to live as she then did, and he could not prevent it." She reiterated the same thing to Mr. Bennet. This is the second time the younger one has been sent up. It is only about three weeks since they were discharged; since which they have lived in out houses, barns, &c. When arrested they were found in a barn on the outskirts of the city, where they had passed the night. The elder has no parents.—She is said to be rather good looking and of good intellect. The younger has parents living in this city, who will be compelled to look after her. It is seldom we hear of such complete, wilful juvenile depravity.—*New Haven Courier.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WEST INDIES.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held in London on the 29th April last, the following missionary intelligence was given by the Rev. Robert Young, who lately returned from Jamaica:—

Twenty-three years ago, I entered upon the work of a Missionary in Jamaica: and, after labouring there for several years, the state of my family's health required my removal to a more congenial climate in America, where I continued for some time, and then returned to this country. At the commencement of the last winter, I was deputed by our Missionary Committee to visit the scene of my early labours; and, as their representative, I arrived on the 31st of December, in the city of Kingston, after an absence of more than seventeen years. It was the holy Sabbath, and I went straightway from the vessel to one of our large chapels, where I found the people had just assembled for worship. I had not been many minutes in the place before I was recognized; and one person, with peculiar emotion, exclaimed, "O, my spiritual father!" In a moment I was surrounded. Some grasped my hands, others embraced my feet, some stroked my head, others patted my back, some stood upon their seats, others fell upon their knees, some wept, and others literally shouted for joy. As the excitement increased, and the whole congregation caught the contagion, I found it necessary, in self-defence, to get into the pulpit. I accordingly entered, and commenced the public service; and a more interesting occasion I do not expect to witness whilst in this probationary state. To see what I then saw, and to hear what I then heard, was an ample compensation for the risk of health, and the sacrifice of domestic comfort, which my mission to that country necessarily involved. The next day my lodgings were beset, from morning till night. Many of my old friends, with whom I had formerly taken sweet counsel, came to see me. Time had altered their appearance, but not their principles. I had not long been in the country before I was much impressed with the delightful change which had been effected in the circumstances of the Negro population. The holidays of Christmas and the New Year, which were formerly spent in noisy revelry; drumming, dancing, drunkenness, and debauchery of almost every kind, now passed off with the utmost quiet and good order. Scarcely was a drum heard in any part of the city, and not a solitary dancer was seen parading the streets. It is true that, at the termination of the old year, many songs were heard in different parts of the city, but they were the sweet songs of Zion; and crowds were seen moving along the streets, but they were not turbulent Negroes in midnight revels, but servants of the Lord with grateful hearts, returning from their respective places of worship. According to the testimony of the "Morning Journal," a most respectable newspaper of Kingston, not a solitary individual was seen drunk in that city during the Christmas holidays. Other changes equally delighted me. The holy Sabbath, formerly so much desecrated there, is now observed with as much Christian decorum as it is in any city or town of Europe. The tone of moral feeling among the Negro population, too, is greatly elevated; as their conversation, style of dress, and general deportment, abundantly testify. The great experiment of Negro emancipation has, as a whole, worked well, and much better than its most ardent advocates dared to anticipate; and I assert this, not merely as the conviction of my own mind, but as the opinion of the most respectable planters who were formerly opposed to the measure. If the Negroes do not perform the same amount of labour as when they were goaded to it by the cruel lash, it is only what might be expected. Besides, many of them now wish to save their wives from the severe and wasting toils of the field; and what Christian husband, who is bound to "love his wife even as Christ also loved the Church," can blame them for so doing? The boon of emancipation is unquestionably a great one, and they are not insensible of the blessings which they have received from the bestowment of that boon. Whilst I was passing through the country, I met a Negro, who told me he had

now no owner at the "great house," but that God, the Missionary, and the Queen had made him free; that he had thanked God and the Missionary for what they had done for him; and he wished me to be so good as to inform Her gracious Majesty the Queen that his heart was "grateful too much;" that is to say, it was grateful in the superlative degree. I very much rejoice that Queen Victoria is loudly and deservedly cheered at home wherever she presents herself; but such a loud acclaim as our popular Sovereign never heard before would burst from a grateful population were she to visit that beautiful isle of the West. She is so great a favourite with the Negro peasantry that, though they are not generally obtrusive, yet their joy would be so unbounded, had they the opportunity of seeing her, that they would break through every form of courtly etiquette, and, I verily believe, endanger her precious life by their very caresses. Nor are the names of individuals who have distinguished themselves by their advocacy of Negro claims allowed to be forgotten. In a mountain district, where I had engaged to preach, I was also requested to publish the bans of marriage between "Joseph Gurney" and Ellen Gordon, between "Joseph Sturge" and Jane Gordon, between "Fowel Buxton" and Emma Burton.—Thus are these illustrious names gratefully transmitted to posterity, in connexion with the noble scheme of Negro emancipation. Another happy change has taken place in the state of society in that country; I was greatly delighted to find the prejudice arising from colour almost entirely removed. A few days after my arrival, I was invited to dine with the Admiral, the Receiver-General, and other distinguished individuals, at the house of a coloured gentleman; and, before I left, I had the honour of being invited by Lord Elgin, the Governor, to meet at the Government House, a dinner-party, composed partly of gentlemen of colour; and frequently did I meet, in the social circle, the deep-shaded African, and the light European, as well as all the intermediate shades of colour. During the period of my former residence in that country, persons of different hues never met in the social circle, and in many places of worship they never mingled at the table of the Lord. In my visit to St. Andrew's Mountain, I was greatly impressed with the change which had been effected since I commenced that Mission twenty years before. It is true, the hills and dales about this Jerusalem were still the same; but their silence was no longer broken by the shrieks of the tortured Negro. The seeds deposited by the hand of my wife had vegetated into large and beautiful trees, whilst many a lovely shrub, just emblem of human life, had survived its beauty, or entirely disappeared. At the appointed time, the bell was rung, and the tribes came up to worship; amongst whom I at once recognized several as the first-fruits of that Mission. The chapel was crowded to excess, and many could not get admittance. After I had finished the service, many of the people rushed forward to shake hands with me assigning several reasons for so doing;—some, because I had baptized them; others, because I had married them; some, because I had settled differences between them as husbands and wives; and others, because I had saved them from severe floggings when they were in a state of slavery; some because I visited them in sickness, and gave them medicines; and others because I had committed some dear relative of theirs to the tomb; some because I had counselled them in seasons of perplexity; and many because, as they said, I had made them see. I am certainly not soon excited; but I should have suspected the genuineness of Christianity if I could have passed through that scene without emotion. . . . I would, Sir, recommend to this Society, that, as soon as possible, a Theological Institution be established on the island of Jamaica, for the training of Native Missionaries. This measure would be a great benefit to that country, as well as to Africa. Perhaps religion in Jamaica has most to fear, at the present period, from ignorant teachers. . . . It is true, as yet, we have not many candidates for the ministry among the natives of Jamaica. We had two last year, and we have not a larger number this year; but I am sure the Meeting will be delighted to learn, that there is a prospect of several excellent young men being speedily raised up in that district for this important service; and as some of the other West India districts would doubtless supply candidates, I

beginning might at once be made on a humble scale. At all events, it is worth serious consideration. There are men in the West Indies burning with zeal for Africa, and exclaiming, "Here are we,—send us." Perhaps the chief, if not the only difficulty, in the way of accomplishing this object, resolves itself into a question of finance. . . . I had intended saying much more, but my time is gone. I will therefore conclude by merely stating, that in the course of fourteen weeks, I visited Madeira, Barbadoes, Grenada, Bermuda, St. Thomas's, Porto-Rico, St. Domingo, and Jamaica; that I travelled upwards of ten thousand miles; that I saw much, suffered much, enjoyed much; and, by "strength made perfect in weakness," was enabled not only to accomplish every object for which I was sent out, but many others, also tending to the saving of our funds, and the spread of our glorious Christianity.

IRELAND.

At the late anniversary of the Colonial Society, Mr. King, of Cork, presented the ensuing delineation of his labours in Ireland:—

Whatever may be the doubts and apprehensions of some, and whatever may be the fears of others, however timidity may calculate upon discomfiture, and however unbelief may prepare itself for defeat, I hold that all who recognise the truth, and the faithfulness of that God who has given us his promise of success, need not fear for the eventual triumph of those principles, in the belief and reception of which we look forward with confidence to the salvation of the world. I was first asked to support the resolution that is to be presented in the latter stage of the proceedings,—one that speaks of the colonies and the dependencies of Britain; and you may be sure that I was anxious to know how I could slip in Ireland. I began to think whether Ireland is one of those colonies; but I quieted my own mind, by remembering, that if I could not tell you what it is, or where it is, yet I could tell you something about how it is. . . . I had been engaged with much encouragement in a peculiar sort of missionary work in Ireland, and had preached in the open air in most of the large Roman Catholic towns in the south-western and midland districts of Ireland. Having returned from one of these missionary tours, I mentioned, to a considerable assembly in Dublin, the acceptance and usefulness that had marked these outdoor itinerating labours. One lady in the audience was peculiarly struck with the mention of some things connected with the distribution of tracts, and wished to speak with me after the meeting. She inquired whether I had seen a tract consisting of a portion of one of the Epistles of Peter? to which I replied in the negative. She said that she had seen it recently, and it had struck her as being suitable for distribution in Roman Catholic districts in connexion with open-air preaching; and she offered me a bundle of them. I took them with me on my next missionary trip. On the Sunday, I preached in a Roman Catholic town to a large number of Irish; and I may mention for your encouragement, that while so engaged a number of Roman priests and a Roman bishop passed by sufficiently near to be within the sound of my voice. Not one of the people flinched from their standing, but turned round and listened to the proclamation of the Gospel from my lips. The time was, when, at the sight of a Roman priest, Paddy would have taken leg-bail, and have been off—(laughter)—or would have felt the lash of the priest's whip for listening to a Protestant preacher. But that is not the case now. These men stood their ground, and listened with great interest. On the following day I proposed preaching in the open air in a small town at some distance off, intending afterwards to go to a still further distant town in the evening. I took with me a large number of the tracts, stuffed them in all my pockets, and was truly an interesting figure. When ascending the steps of the Court-house—for it was market-day—the people were leaving, and I saw several very uninteresting looking fellows gathered around the rails, who had furnished themselves, not with cards and pencils to take notes, but cabbage-leaves and brick-bats, which they had picked up in the streets, and with which they seemed to be prepared for adding notes of emphasis of a very peculiar character. I looked at them with both my eyes. I said; "Now, boys, some of you know, I dare say—and if you don't

know I'll tell you—that I preached in Carlow yesterday, and there was a great crowd. I had to speak loud. I know you are kind fellows, and if you come inside the rails, I shall not have to speak quite so loud now as will be necessary if you remain where you are." They did not expect such an invitation, and they contrived to come within the rails. Some three or four females, who knew what I was going to do, came and stood with me on the steps of the Court-house, and were prepared to assist me in singing. I said, "Now, boys, if you will be very quiet, we will sing;" and I then commenced by giving out two verses of that beautiful hymn—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died."

We sang the verses, and then said, "We are going to offer up prayer, and I wish you all to remain quiet." They did so; at its close, I told them I was going to give them a sermon of St. Peter's.—A sermon of St. Peter's? They knew not what to do. I read parts of the 3rd and 4th chapter of the Acts or the Apostles, and expounded them. I showed them that here was one of Peter's sermons, one that there was no mistake about its being correctly reported, that it had infallible authority, though it was written before the time of the Pope. I went on to expound the sermon and apply it. I commenced by showing them, that the religion of Peter was the preaching of salvation through the blood of Christ, and that its object was to turn them away from their iniquities. I recommended this as Peter's religion, and assured them I hoped that it would be theirs. Before I had gone on very far, the cabbage-leaves and brickbats had gone to their appropriate places—and the crowd listened with great attention. Prior to the congregation dispersing I announced that I had some portions of a letter of Peter's, and, if they would allow me, I would give them a few. "Letters of St. Peter," said one, "where did you get them?" "Well, wherever I got them, would you not like to read them?" They responded, "We would." I then distributed a bundle of tracts amongst them, and as I passed through the crowd, and drew them from my pockets, I was growing,

"Small by degrees and beautifully less."

till my pockets were emptied. I had then two miles to walk to meet the coach, and one of them asked to carry my coat. When I got to the coach-office, having been mistaken first for a physician, and secondly for a priest—by going to a house where there was a poor man who had been taken ill, though by—and by the mistake was discovered; I was thus saluted, "A tract, y'r reverence." This arose from the idea that, at the coach-office, where my travelling-bag was waiting me I might have more tracts. Several had arrived before me, and were waiting to apply for them. There was a fair being held at the end of the town, and some of those to whom I have given an additional tract, went and held up the treasure they had received. The subject having excited great interest, a crowd was collected, and as the coach left I was sent away with their hearty blessing and three cheers for St. Peter's preacher! Some time afterwards, in a distant part of the country, I was asked whether I was Mr. King, who preached in such a place? when on replying yes, a lady told me that a friend of hers had applied to her, requesting her to interest her female friends in order to raise money to furnish a large number of Roman Catholics with copies of the Scriptures, saying that they had been busily and industriously seeking for the Word of God to read, ever since I had preached "St. Peter's sermon;" that Christian females had taken the thing up, and were endeavouring to procure copies of the Scriptures without applying to a Society, for the purpose of averting inquisitorial interference, and that they might not be prevented from exercising their right to inquire into the study of the Word of God. So far for the results of preaching in the open air, and the effort to distribute tracts, and this expedient of a gracious female, in suggesting a way by which her and her friends might be most useful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following graphic sketch is from the very able and interesting Report of the Rev. G. D. Abbott, on the influence of the press:—

"No reflecting mind can contemplate the present position of the United States, without a full conviction that it is without a parallel in the history of nations; that we live in an era pregnant with great events; that the press has for us yet undeveloped energies; that it may in our land, as it has already done in others, work reformation or revolution. The whole land is a vast school. The rail-car, the steamboat, the manufactory, the work-shop, and the farm-yard, the mines of the Schuylkill and of Galena, are all schools. The printer is the daily teacher. Cunard's mail to-day brings the 'latest' from London and Liverpool, Paris and Canton; all night the presses of Boston and New York groan with their labour, and to-morrow the car and the steamer are bearing every description of news, and of moral or immoral influence toward every point of the compass. The iron horse, whose sinews are steel, and whose provender is fire, 'is off' for Washington and Buffalo, St. Louis, and New Orleans. His unceasing thunder, louder than that of the 'war-horse,' echoes among our hills all day, and his fiery train illumines our valleys at night. In less time than it once took to go from London to John O'Groats, the news from the other hemisphere is borne over one-half of this. The mail-bag with its teeming sheets is dropped in every city and village of a territory 1500 miles square! The columns of the 'Chronicle' and the 'Times,' read at Monday's breakfast in London, have but one intervening Sabbath before they enliven the offices and parlours of Boston and New-York; and ere the Acadia sees Holyhead again, they are 1500 miles further on, in the saloons and verandahs of Louisiana. Everything seems to conspire to arouse and excite the public mind, and reading it will have."

How immeasurably important then is it, that the reading furnished be of the right kind; such as may contribute to purify, enlarge, and elevate the soul; rather than to dissipate, pervert, and degrade its immortal powers. The public mind is indeed alive, and eager in its curiosity, and open for any impression which the pen of the ready writer may enstamp upon it. Probably newspapers are sought after and read much more than all other writings. Through these the true patriot or philanthropist may give the impress of his own pure spirit to many thousands at once. And when it is considered that a paragraph committed to one of those winged messengers may, in the course of a fortnight, tell throughout the United States and throughout Europe, and in a few weeks more throughout the civilized world; it can surely be regarded as no mean privilege thus to give utterance to a word of truth and love to mankind. That word or that paragraph may contain but one idea; but that idea will continue to expand, it may be hoped with happy influences, "beyond the bounds of earth and time."

"The sun is but a spark of fire;
A meteor of the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Can never, never die."

—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

JEWISH TRADITION ABOUT THEIR RESTORATION AND TEMPLE.—The Jews have a tradition which is preserved in the *Gemera*—that in latter days when the covenant shall be completed by their restoration, the temple will be re-built on Mount Moriah, in a style and magnificence which shall greatly exceed that of the temple of Solomon; and instead of hewn stone, its walls will be constructed of jasper, amethyst, carbuncle, onyx, topaz, crysolite, sardonyx and other precious stones; with gates of pearl, walls of jasper, and ornamented decorations of gold and ivory, and enlightened by the glory of God. At the dedication of this gorgeous edifice a grand banquet will be prepared, consisting of every delicacy the world can produce.—A levithan, purposely fattened for the occasion—a female behemoth, of exquisite flavour—and the bird harinche, a species now extinct, if ever it had an existence, whose wings are of such extent as to obstruct the sun's rays—are named amongst the provisions of the august feast. Wine from the vaults of Adam and Enoch, preserved miraculously, from the time of those patriarchs, so that its flavour increases in richness every age, will be produced in quantities which cannot be exhausted; and all virtuous and worthy Jews, from the time of the deliverance of their fore-

fathers from Egyptian bondage, will be summoned from their graves to be present at the dedication of the temple, and to partake of the feast, which will be attended with a worship more pure and spiritual than any thing that has been practised under any dispensation from the creation of the world.—Rev. G. Oliver. D. D.—*Freemasons' Quarterly Review*.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACTS FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

AMAZING STRENGTH OF THE SWORD FISH.—It was stated that the barque *Royal Archer*, which arrived at Massport the other day, from Ichaboe, with a cargo of guano, had been pierced on her passage, near the starboard bow, by a sword fish, and that the monster had left a considerable portion of its formidable weapon sticking in the timbers of the ship. The vessel has since been hauled up for repairs, and the *Cumberland Pacquet* furnishes the following additional particulars:—After some time had been spent in cutting out the plank that had been pierced, it was eventually removed, along with the sword, when it was ascertained that the monster had left about sixteen inches of that formidable weapon sticking in the timbers of the ship, independent of about three inches and a half which projected from the outside of the vessel, but had by some means or other been broken off; so that altogether the fierce assailant of the vessel had lost about nineteen inches and a half of its weapon in this attack on the *Royal Archer*, which it had, no doubt, mistaken for a whale, or some other large fish with which it had determined to wage war. On examination it was ascertained that the sword had penetrated through two sheathings of copper, through an oak plank 3½ inches thick, and striking against one of the timbers, which was also oak, and eight inches thick, penetrated it to the depth of two inches, when it split, and the weapon passed onwards through the ceiling, which consisted at the place of plank of above two inches in thickness! It will thus be seen that the sword, or weapon, had passed through two thicknesses of copper, the bolt, at three-and-a-half inch oak plank, penetrated one of the timbers to the depth of two inches (at which point it split), and passing onwards finally perforated the ceiling, consisting of a plank above two inches thick, the end protruding nearly an inch into the hold of the vessel! Had not this singular circumstance been witnessed, it might have been considered utterly impossible for any marine monster, however bulky or rapid might be its motions in its native element, to drive its weapon with such force as must have been required to pierce the copper, plank, and timbers in the manner we have described. Indeed, it was allowed by those who beheld the operation, that no ball discharged from a gun at ever so small a distance would have pierced the vessel to the same extent as this fish had done by a single stroke! The weapon consisted of bone, and was of an oval form, being two inches across on the upper and lower side, and about one inch and a half thick, making the circumference about seven inches. The weapon tapered gradually towards its extremity, but was not particularly sharp at the point.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

CURIOUS EGG.—Mr. Thos. Hanretty, of Upper Milkstreet, has a fine hen of the English breed, which regularly lays large double-yolked eggs. One day last week she laid a singular-looking egg, evidently having two yolks, but small in circumference, and resembling a figure 8 in appearance. The curious may see this egg in our office window.—*Id.*

GUANO.—On Monday last two cargoes of this manure was offered for sale at the Commercial Sales-room, Old-hall-street. The first cargo consisted of fifty lots of five tons each, per the Commodore, from Ichaboe. It was put up by Mr. Harold Littledale, for Mr. Thos. O'Grady, broker. The bidding started at £5, and rose to £6 10s., where it stood. The lots were then withdrawn, £7 being stated as the reserved bid. The next was a cargo of 400 tons, per the Gordon, which was put up by Hall and Gordon. This lot was also withdrawn, the bidding only reaching £6 5s., and £8 being the reserved bid.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—On Wednesday week a boy, of humble parentage, who is connected with a mercantile office in Exchange-alley West, found a purse, containing four sovereigns, in the throng of the passengers in Church-street. A carter, who was passing, and who saw him lift it, remarked that he should advertise it. The boy reached the office, and immediately, with the assistance of another lad, wrote out an advertisement for one of the newspapers. In the meantime the lady of one of the gentlemen connected with the office was making inquiry for a lost purse, which, by a singular coincidence, was the one found; and the employees of the boy knew nothing either of his good fortune or his integrity till they read the advertisement, and made inquiry in the usual way. There was evidently no wish or intention on the part of the boy to recommend himself by the act: but it was of such a nature that we can say to every one in similar circumstances, "Go thou and do likewise."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—The *Courier Francais* states, that "an experiment calculated to excite the greatest interest was made in Paris, in that part of the river opposite to the Quai d'Orsai. Towards five o'clock in the evening recently, Dr. Payerne, placed in an enormous metal bell, weighing several hundred kilogrammes, descended under this apparatus, to the bottom of the river. The Doctor remained more than half an hour under water. He had under his bell a chemical apparatus, with the assistance of which he absorbed the carbonic acid gas, and produced oxygen and azote to render the air fit for respiration. The experiment succeeded completely, and we are assured that with this bell, of a new construction, a person may remain under water for an indefinite period at a depth of 50 yards. An instrument of a similar construction placed in the hand of our pearl and coral fishers would be of vast importance."

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, August 14, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	3	1	4
Wheat	5	6	6	0
Barley	2	0	2	4
Pease	2	6	3	9
Lint Seed	5	0	5	6
Buckwheat	1	8	2	1
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	6	0
Fowls	1	3	2	0
Geese	1	6	2	0
Ducks	1	6	2	0
Chickens	1	8	2	0
Partridges	1	0	1	3
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	5	0	6
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	7½	0	9
" Salt "	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	25	0	30	0
Beef	25	9	30	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	14	0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2½	0	5
Pork "	0	2	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	10	0
Mutton "	1	3	5	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	2	6
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
" new "	2	0	2	6
Corn	2	0	2	9
Rye	2	6	3	0
Beans	4	6	6	8
Honey, per lb.	4	0	5	
Hay, per 100 bds.	25	0	30	0
Apples, American, per barrel	15	0	17	6

MRS. BEAL'S

COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE,
No. 13, Saint Joseph Street,
OFF M'GILL STREET,
MONTREAL.

The Travelling Community will find this a very comfortable resort.

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

R. & A. MILLER,
BOOK-BINDERS,
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
PLACE D'ARMES HILL,
RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public, that they have established themselves as above—where they confidently anticipate a liberal share of public patronage.

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

A general assortment of SCHOOL and other BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., kept constantly on hand, and for sale, wholesale and retail, comprising: Bibles and Testaments, Prayer Books, Wesley's and Watt's Hymns, Walker's Dictionary, Mavor's and Carpenter's Spelling Books, Murray's English Reader, Murray's and Lennie's Grammar, Walkingame's, Ingram's, and Gough's Arithmetic, Table Books, Goldsmith's England, Enfield's Speaker, Mangnall's Questions, Geographies, Reading Made Easy, Primers, various, Toy Books, Paper of all kinds, Slates and Slate Pencils, Lead Pencils, Black and Red Black and Red Ink, Steel Pens of all kinds, and Quills, Pen Holders, Initial Seals and Wafer Stamps, Blotting Paper, Sealing Wax, Wafers, &c. &c. &c.

R. & A. M. having been appointed AGENTS for the PUBLICATIONS of BLACKIE & SON, of GLASGOW, beg to notify to the Public that they have now on hand, many valuable Standard Works; and any of their Publications ordered, (a Catalogue of which may be seen at any time,) will be imported with the least possible delay. Montreal, August 1, 1844.

PROSPECTUS.

NOW IN PRESS, and will shortly be published,

INDIAN RESEARCHES;

OR,

FACTS CONCERNING THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS:

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

BY BENJAMIN SLIGHT,
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

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

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

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

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

Montreal, April 4, 1844. 23. D

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

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

DR. ROBINSON
HAS REMOVED
TO SAINT RADEGONDE STREET,
opposite the New Weigh House, near Beaver Hall.
November 9. 4w

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

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

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

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND
COPPERPLATE PRINTER,
SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.
COMMERCIAL BLANKS, (in a variety of forms,) Bill Heads; Business, Visiting, Invitation, and Society Cards; Druggists', Grocers', Confectioners', and other Labels—of every design and colour.
Fac Similes, Circulars, Plans, Views, &c. &c. &c. on the most liberal terms.
N.B.—Funeral Circulars on the shortest notice.

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

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

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,

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

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