

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look, when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathered there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blessed.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wits are dearly bought;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

TRUE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

ELOQUENCE is not that ornate, pompous, gaudy, metreticous thing which it is often supposed to be. It is not declamation, however splendid. It is not multiplication of tropes and figures. It consists not, nor can it consist, in an effort to be eloquent. It is not found while sought; it is found when forgotten. Eloquence, especially on great and momentous interests, is simple; eloquence is direct; eloquence is condensed thought in condensed expression. It is a thrilling and absorbing sense of the subject, which makes us impatient to impart the like impressions to others, without respect to ourselves or our mode of doing it. Eloquence, therefore, in its sublimest forms, is brief, abrupt, impassioned—deeply impassioned. It finds its last and more perfect expression, perhaps, in a sentence—perhaps in a word; a word, but that word has a world of meaning—a word, but that word is a spark that inflames the soul—a word, but that word is "a nail fastened in a sure place by the Master of assemblies."

Resolve, it has been repeatedly said, to be a good preacher. Resolve, we would rather say, to be a useful preacher. The one will turn your attention on yourself, and will produce either despondency or self-complacency, the other will assist you to forget yourself, and to think only of your subject and your hearers. Choose the more excellent way. Have large sympathy with man in his misery; with God in his perfections; with Christ in his love; with eternity in its majesty; till yourself and all beside is forgotten. You shall then have hope in the fruit of your labours. Oh, believe it, grace is here; tone is here; power is here; life is here! Without this you may study your gestures at the mirror; regulate your voice to the best inflexions; and prepare your sermon after the most approved models; but, though a crowd may admire you, your words shall die away from the heart, and sinners shall not be converted unto God. In one word, be in earnest. Feel, and you shall be felt. What comes from the heart, goes to the heart.—Dr. A. Reed's *Advancement of Religion*.

FREENESS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE admission is free. I have often crossed a bridge, which none went over without paying so much passage-money. The penniless traveller pleads in vain for leave to cross. On this side there is no shelter for him—all is houseless & dreary. On that side there is a warm hearth, at which he would be welcome guest. But this gate, which only gold can unlock, keeps him back. There is no other way. Below there is nothing but the roar and the roll of the dark waters, deep, deep down, which the stoutest and the boldest tries at his peril. And across that bridge way he may not go; for he has nothing to pay. Alas, for the hapless wanderer! He cannot reach you kindly resting-place, whose cheerful light he sees twinkling pleasantly through the gloom, as if to invite him thither. Be glad, dear children, that you can enter the gate of heaven without money and without price. You have nothing to give. If anything were demanded, like the penniless beggar, you must be refused admission; for your best deeds would not pass current there. But the door which leads to heaven is free. Christ by his blood has purchased a free passage for you. Behold the gate flung open free. Come, ye that have no money, enter in.—Rev. A. Gregory.

THE CRADLE.

LITTLE Philip is laid aside to die, almost as soon as born; but the sheltering wing of Providence is spread over him, and he gains the cradle, that refuge of the weak, who cannot take care of themselves. He is nourished and cherished, trained and guided by his faithful mother, who associates the pleasures of the fireside with the acquisition of divine knowledge, and makes sure that her son never shall forget the "Dutch tiles." This woman bestows, in Doddridge, a gift on the Church of God inestimable and inconceivable. Could she have known what there was in embryo in that household cradle—how much pulpit eloquence—what strength of sacred emotion—what power of setting forth the excellence of Scripture—what sanctified poetry—what ability to delineate the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul—how would her maternal heart have leaped for joy! The fable of Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpent, like many other fables, points to a great truth. It is one of those truths of which no particular age can claim the honor of discovery, for it belongs to all.

It was said of Pindar, that, as he lay in the cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth," that is, he was to be a sweet poet. Pope says of himself, that he "slipped in numbers," and that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. Such is the power of infancy on maturity.

Come with me into this dwelling. Here is the parlor. There is the cradle. The mother who is watching that infant son is impatient. He has never been consecrated to God, but the fire of genius is in his eye, the sweetness of eloquence is on his lips. As he lives and grows, he is all enthusiasm, all life and animation. Grace seeks him—Grace saves him. He preaches the grace he once scorned—and there is still the impatient Mother, proud of her high-minded and high-gifted son, whose presence and preaching in the pulpit throws a sort of enchantment over the mul-

titudes that hang on his lips. The little Chrysothom has become a mighty one. In the midst of all, he is unhappy for his mother. He weeps for her impatience. The repose of midnight is disturbed with the image of his lost mother. They meet, that was her cradled child bears the message to her heart. The convicted mother rushes into the arms of her son, and embracing him exclaims, "My son, my son, must your Mother come to you? My boy, pray, pray for me." It was a scene beyond the touch of a mortal pencil. That night witnessed the birth of this mother into the kingdom of Christ, and great was the joy of that house. The son of her love was her spiritual father. Why need we resort to fiction? Facts are more impressive. And that is a fact which I have just related. Mother, remember that no prayer offered in faith over that cradle is in vain. Thou wilt think so if thou shalt ere long be called to dress thy child for the coffin and the grave.—DANFORTH, *Mother's Magazine*.

GOODNESS OF THE DEITY DISPLAYED IN THE BEAUTY OF CREATION.

WERE all the interesting diversity of form and colour to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they occupy in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery, to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendour and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence: and amid all his gratification, would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooke and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyments of mankind, than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend without frequent and extensive investigation.

This beauty and splendour of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced, upon the general nature of the objects themselves; and in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.—DWIGHT.

HOW TO PRAY.—Many children think they cannot pray without being taught what to pray. The following little story will show them how to learn to pray:—

A little girl about six years old, came to her mother one evening and said to her,—Mother, I want to pray to the Lord for a new heart; what shall I say to him? "Why, ask him just as you would ask me for anything." She went away and appeared very sad—soon she began to cry. "Do tell her what to say," whispered a sister to her mother. "No, she will soon find out what to say." Directly she came and knelt by her little chair, and said, "O Lord, take away this hard and stony heart, and give me a heart of flesh." Having found access to the throne of grace, she then prayed for her little cousin, the family, her Sabbath School teacher, her playmates, and closed with the petition, "and O Lord, bless this whole town." Sometime after, her mother awoke in the night, and found little Jane's arms around her neck. "Mother," said she, "I love you, but I love the Lord far better."

LET parents read the following paragraph, and mark it well—"Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, covering it with rust no after scouring can efface."

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT JAMIESON.
(Continued from page 178.)

This voluntary surrender of property was very common in the early ages, and in the great majority of cases this step, doubtless, was dictated by a spirit of Christian sincerity and love. But many inconveniences were apt to result from these public bequests, to the families and friends of the generous donors, and hence the pastors, in their anxiety to prevent the least appearance of evil, and to countenance no proceeding, though tending to increase their treasury, but what was just, honest, and of good report, often refused to accept of estates that were offered them, or restored them again to the surviving relations of the testator, of which the following may be given as an instance:—A certain man, having no children, and no prospect of a family, destined his whole patrimony for the benefit of the poor, only reserving to himself the use of it so long as he lived. It happened that after this destination of his fortune he became the father of a numerous family, in consequence of which, the Bishop of Carthage generously restored to him the unconditional use of his estate, and gave up all right to it, in preference to the natural claims of the children.

Another story to the same effect may be subjoined, on the authority of Jerome, who had a personal knowledge of the circumstances he details. A Christian in Egypt made a public announcement that he purposed to dedicate his estate to the cause of Christian philanthropy. At his death, which happened not long after, it was discovered that he had secretly reserved a part of his fortune for his own private use; a reservation which, although he had perfect liberty to make if his intentions had been declared, became stamped with a character of moral guilt, after he had professed to dispose of the whole of his money for the support of the poor. Fame was not long in publishing this fraud to the world, and the Christians of the place, sensitively alive to the stain which such hypocrisy would cast on their name, resolved to give so strong and decided an expression of their sentiments as would prevent all imputations on the honor of Christian benevolence. A public meeting was held, at which about five thousand persons were present, to deliberate on what was best to be done in the circumstances; and while some proposed that the money so fraudulently hoarded should be remitted to the parents of the deceased, and a few suggested that it should be thrown into the treasury along with the rest he had formerly bequeathed, the voice of an immense majority prevailed, that it should be buried in the grave of the owner, and that their sentence should be recorded in these memorable words: "Thy money perish with thee." So far were the primitive Christians from proclaiming it to be a duty for the rich to part with their possessions, or from encouraging the transference of them to the treasury of the Church, that their pastors, most eminent for piety and zeal, often seized opportunities of restoring such as had been alienated, to the family and heirs of the owner;—so anxiously did they endeavour, at a time when the benevolence of some Christians was assuming a romantic character, and ambition was prompting others to signalize their names by deeds of splendid liberality, to discountenance all donations for benevolent and Christian purposes, except such as were proved to be honest and free-will offerings of faith and love.

A distinguished feature in the social man-

ners of the primitive Christians was the love feast. It was a banquet at which persons of all classes in the Christian community sat down in familiar company,—the pastor and his deacons, the aged believer and the young disciple, the opulent professor and the poorest of the flock. No seats of honour were appropriated to those that were in office,—no invidious line of distinction separated the occupiers of the head from those who were placed at the bottom of the table. It was a feast of charity; not, however, in the common sense of the term, as if it were a splendid and public entertainment which the wealthy gave to their needier brethren, and which they condescended to countenance and grace with their presence, but in the literal acceptation of the word,—a perfect community of enjoyment, in which all met together as brethren, forgetting all other distinctions but their common union in the faith and service of Christ. And though it was not properly a religious festival, yet, celebrated as it generally was, after the close of public worship,—when the minds of all were fresh from the impression of its solemn services, it was sanctified and endeared by all that is sublime and interesting to the feelings of the religion of Jesus. The way of providing and conducting this supper was as follows:—The rich brought a supply of provisions with them, and when the solemnities of worship were over, they spread a table in the Church, on which the voluntary contributions of all were laid; and, after a fervent invocation of the divine blessing on their social meeting, the viands were distributed to the guests. Every one ate and drank at discretion, but the strictest temperance was observed. And indeed this simple repast was so regulated, that it was impossible, in early times, for any excesses to be committed. During the whole continuance of the festival, they joined in edifying and Christian conversation,—the richer and better educated kindly mingling with their poorer brethren, and encouraging them to state their sentiments freely on every subject. At a convenient part of the evening, some one gave a short exhortation to unity and brotherly love; and after others had entertained the company with the singing of a psalm, or some sacred piece of his own composition, and they had joined together in prayer, they all retired to their several places of abode. It was a beautiful practice, indicating not indeed a golden age of purity, but a state of society where, to a great extent, the disciples, acting in the character of their earliest predecessors, were of one mind and one spirit, and loved to proclaim to the world that the distinguishing badge and motto of their community was, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." But this interesting custom, in the hands of Christians that did not carry to its observance the pure and exalted feelings that influenced their ancestors, soon degenerated from its primitive character, and became the occasion of many excesses; so that, from being first prohibited to be held in Churches, it was afterwards found expedient to observe it only on rare occasions, till at length it fell totally into disuse, and is now associated almost exclusively with the memory of the age that gave it birth.

FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THE fashionable world in our large cities is composed of that class of society which claims an aristocratical superiority over the less pretending classes, from affluence, family connexions, or some presumed merit, not easily ascertained or described. Wealth hath great potency in elevating an individual from a lower to a superior grade, but it is not uni-

formly successful in doing this. Literary fame may, in some instances, give the upward impulse, but neither is it always successful in raising its possessor. Pedigree has most effect, but in some instances we find the oldest and most respectable families put under the ban, and those of mushroom growth occupying a place in the higher circles. So that we are still at a loss to ascertain the precise qualities which are essential to an admittance to the distinguished rank. Very certain are we, however, that virtue or personal merit are not the *sine qua non*, for we can easily instance many, who are all the *ton*, who have small pretensions in this way. Where there exists an hereditary nobility the nature of qualification may be easily determined, and the line of demarcation is already drawn; but in our Republican country, where no such distinctions are supposed to be recognised, the matter cannot be so nicely adjusted.

That there is, however, a fashionable world, is not to be disputed, of whatever materials constituted; and it is equally certain that whatever comes not up to its level is condemned as vulgar. It settles the laws of etiquette, being the self-constituted legislature in this matter, and is the supreme umpire in all concerns, from an article of dress to the right ordering of a ball. It was but as yesterday that the whole country was on the verge of bankruptcy and disaster, and ruin threatened every family; it was a signal Providence which addressed itself to the minds of men, and demanded of them consideration; but the pressure has been removed; the symptoms of returning prosperity are discoverable, and with them the evidences of a return to even greater extravagance and dissipation. Never, perhaps, has there been such a round of parties characterized by wasteful expenditure, frivolity, and devotion to fashion.

To uninitiated readers, it may be a matter of curious intelligence, that at a fashionable party it is not expected that the guests should begin to assemble until ten o'clock, an hour of the night when honest citizens are retiring to their beds, and that after feasting and dancing, the company begin to retire at three o'clock in the morning. The roll of carriages is, until this hour, the music to which invalids are to listen, or by which the sleep of the healthful is to be disturbed. The halloo of an inebriate, at an unseasonable hour, is rewarded by a lock-up in the watch house, but for this great nuisance there is no abatement. The fashionable are not subject to ordinary laws.

It may, however, be some comfort to those not admitted within the pale, to know that these pleasures are not cheaply purchased.—What a loss of rest, what a world of trouble, how many an aching head and jaded feeling, what an exposure of health and life, are to be encountered by the devotees to such amusements! Where, too, is the domestic happiness of these people, who turn night into day? where the family order; the proper training of children and a long line of *et ceteras*? We do not say, where is their religion, their prayers, their hopes for eternity, their cultivation of those graces which are so essential for those who are to be the heirs of heaven! Alas! they live only for the present time; and for pleasures so tiresome and vapid they sacrifice their hopes for futurity.

The fashions of the world, so engrossing to those who devote themselves to them, deaden the sympathies of the heart, despoil social life of its purest enjoyments, produce such utter heartlessness, that they may be said to bring with them a present punishment, while at the same time they fatally interfere with, and defeat man's chief end in glorifying God, and prevent his ultimate happiness in enjoying

him fly ever. Be not conformed to the world, for its fashion passeth away; the sound of the viol, the laugh of the gay, and the voice of the beautiful, are soon to be silenced in the grave; generations of such are dead and forgotten, the present are following in their footsteps to the tomb, and soon a new and different scene will be ushered in, where those alone will shine, who have "done justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

THE PRESS—ITS POWER AND INFLUENCE.

We have talked of the press until it has become a threadbare topic; and yet, with all our talk, we have really no practical estimate of its importance. Time was when men's thoughts could be communicated only by being spoken; and some conjectured that even the works of Homer were originally committed only to the memories of men, and that generations passed before they were written on any material substance. You may sit in your closet now, and, without opening your lips, speak to those who dwell nearest the poles. You may multiply yourself in a single week into ten thousand agents either for good or evil. You may scarcely ever look into the world, and yet even thrones and principalities may feel the influence of your thoughts.

The simplest view of a subject is often the most impressive. Estimate, then, the power of the press, by the acknowledged influence of any great mind that has spoken through it. Do you see that man, in the eccentricity of his genius, prostrate upon the floor—labouring to recall one of the noblest efforts in the annals of intellect? It is Robert Hall, busy with his sermon on modern infidelity. His friends have asked him to publish it, and he will not decline; but as yet it has no existence except in his own mind; and though he loathes the labour of writing, he is turning his hand at intervals to the work. Wonder of the age as he was for modesty as well as for genius, he dreamed not of the influence which that sermon was destined to exert; but when it came forth the whole world recognized it as the masterpiece of a master-mind: it put itself into communion with the greatest intellects of the age; it threw around Christianity a new wall of fire; and infidelity, as she bent over its pages, resolved that silence was prudence. Turn now your eye to yonder villa on the shores of the Mediterranean, and see another mighty mind pouring out upon paper its principal thoughts, to be, ere long, in the printer's hand. It is Byron—the Heaven favoured, and yet foul-minded Byron—in the act of producing one of his licentious poems. Peradventure he is dreaming of nothing but his own fame; but he is really opening a new fountain of death upon the world; he is making provision to perpetuate his existence as the enemy of his race; he is rendering the splendours of his genius subservient to the wild and desperate purposes of his heart.—Both Hall and Byron are stars that must always shine; but in the beams of one there is life—in the beams of the other there is death.—*Dr. Sprague.*

From the Philadelphia Christian World.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

ONE of the most interesting specimens of the poetry of the holy book, is found in the lament of David over Saul and Jonathan. Hear its low dirge-like tones: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen? Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield

of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty."

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions." Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle? O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places! I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished?"

Nothing in the whole range of elegiac literature can be compared to this most beautiful lament. Let us take an example or two of his species of composition, and compare them with that just read. We will present first the ode of Collins, on the memory of those who fell in the rebellion of 1745.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dowy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
Their honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit there."

We find in Collins' dirge, the purest and most perfect poetry, and all that excite admiration and elicit praise, but it cannot be placed beside David's lament. That energy of thought—that expressiveness of imagery—that strength of diction—that graceful boldness—that tenderness of feeling—that compressing of powerful emotion into few words, always the characteristic of intense passion, which appear in the lament, cannot be found in the dirge. Time has numbered many centuries since the poet of Israel breathed this sublime requiem over the departed Saul and Jonathan; but yet, it retains a solemn sweetness, to which nature easily responds. Its sentiments are engraved on tombstones; its words are sacred to the memory of the holy and the illustrious dead. As oft as we wander among the quiet graves of those who have fallen by our side—as oft as their glorified forms gather over us in twilight hours—we fail not to address each one of them in these touching words, "very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman!"

One more illustration of the poetry of the Bible may be given. It is the 137th Psalm. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For they that had carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us, required of us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Lord Byron has changed this Psalm into verse, but it is by no means equal to the original.

The patriotism of the Jew was a most elevated sentiment. It was associated with his religion, as well as his country. All the miracle that had signalized his national history—the memory of ancestral worth—the fondly-cherished hope of the Messiah, dearer than any memory, and brighter than any other hope—the exclusiveness of his national character—all conspired to awaken patriotic feelings. Imagine then his sufferings, when, a down-trodden exile, he hung his harp upon the willows of Babylon, and hushed his song in the profound silence of a burdened bosom!

If such be the poetic claims of this volume, it must be obvious that its literary merits are above all estimation. Did all literary men conform their writings to this divine model, how healthful an influence would be exerted! The time will come when this will be the case. Already some of the greatest works of human genius have been

imbued with its spirit: Milton's immortal poem "Paradise Lost"—Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts"—various pieces by Cowper—Polloc's "Course of Time," and other poems, have sprung from the Bible.

Let us not, however, in our contemplation of its literary excellence, forget that the great object of the inspired volume is to make us wise unto salvation. To teach us the path to heaven, and to lead us thither, is its chief end. For this its prophets fore-told events—its poets sung—its historians wrote. For this Jesus Christ, the Son of God, suffered and died. For this we live. Our destiny is Eternity! Shall we not then prize this blessed volume—so rich in its promises, so holy in its principles, so perfect in its revelations? Shall we not press it to our bosoms, as we walk to the grave?

HELPING MISSIONS.

SOMETHING may be done for this cause by each of the Missionaries of the Board. We believe it important, that every church should be taught and trained to something for the cause of Jesus Christ. The missionary is essential to the vitality of a church—no church can be in a prosperous state without it. If they can do but little, that little should be done; and in doing what they can, they will be strengthened to do more. Every church, that receives aid, we may believe, should do something for this cause. We trust all our missionaries will bear this in remembrance, and do what they can.

Females may render important aid to this cause. They can do much for any cause in which they embark; and it is our firm conviction, that, in aiding the cause of Domestic Missions, Christian females are acting eminently in their appropriate sphere. The want of religious privileges in our new and destitute settlements is felt most deeply and most keenly by females, and especially by mothers. We could relate numerous incidents of touching and thrilling interests in proof of this. How peculiarly appropriate, then, to our Christian females is the work of sending the Gospel, with all its holy influences and rich consolations, to their desolate sisters in the wilderness. Benevolent females, give us your aid in this good work!

We will only add—that the Children in our numerous Sabbath Schools may also, and appropriately, lend their aid to this cause. Our children cannot too early be taught the "divine art" of doing good; and to feel and act for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the thousands of little children in their own country who are growing up in ignorance and vice, will be of essential benefit, both to those who give and to those who receive.

The way seems fully open, and every thing in the providence of God invites to the most energetic prosecution of this great work. What is now needed is large resources, and in order to secure these a deeper and more general interest in the work with our Pastors and Churches. Let it be taken hold of, with a holy and devoted energy, by all our Pastors, and by every Church; and with God's blessing, which will not be withheld, the work will go forward, God will be honoured, his Church will be extended, our country will be blessed, and many, ready to perish, will be made to rejoice in the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.—*Report of Board of Missions, U. S.*

THE DARNEL, THE TARE OF SCRIPTURE.

THIS is the darnel (*Lolium temulentum*), a rather large grass furnished with broad leaves, a stout stem, and growing as high as wheat, among which it is generally to be found. Instances have been known where the seeds of this plant, which possess peculiarly noxious properties, have accidentally been mixed with wheat, and both being nearly of the same size, it is almost impossible to separate one from the other by the ordinary process of sifting; consequently, whenever this has happened the result has been very serious. Persons who have partaken of bread made from this pernicious mixture, have suffered effects similar to those produced by other active poisons. I have been more especially induced to mention this baneful plant, because it is supposed to be the Tare of Scripture, with the account of which in the parable its character closely agrees. It is evident that the plant there alluded to is possessed of noxious qualities, or it would not

have been said that it was sown by an enemy; and it is also very likely that it closely resembled wheat, or there would have been no difficulty in discriminating between the two; were the two plants very dissimilar it might have been rooted up while the corn was young, in the same way that cherlock, and some other weeds, are frequently eradicated from our fields during spring and early summer. It is very probable, then, that our Saviour, who, in order that he might be better understood by his hearers, was accustomed to illustrate his meaning by referring to objects with which they were familiar, had this plant in view when he compared the end of the world to the harvest—the children of the kingdom being represented by the good seed, the children of the wicked One by the tares. What renders this the more probable is, that the latter only appeared when the blade of the wheat had sprung up and brought forth fruit. This description exactly agrees with the darnel, the leaves of which are so like the corn among which they grow, as not to be distinguished from it until the ear is formed. I was one day walking through a wheat-field in one of the western counties of England, just before harvest, when I observed a considerable quantity of darnel growing among the corn, and stopped to gather some. While I was thus occupied the owner of the field came up to me, and asked what I was gathering; I said that I was merely collecting a few specimens of a peculiar kind of grass which I showed to him. “Ah!” said he, that is a very bad sort of weed to grow among corn. I assented, and after mentioning to him what the properties of the plant were, said, that “some people supposed it to be the same with the tares of Scripture.” The farmer, however, appeared to know very little about the parable to which I alluded, but went on to say, that he found it a very troublesome weed; “for,” added he, “I am obliged to employ a number of women, at harvest-time, to pick it out from the wheat, and to tie it up in bundles.” No doubt, when thus “tied up in bundles,” it is usually burnt; for every prudent farmer would adopt such measures as he thought best calculated to prevent it from springing again from seed, which it would most likely do if the straw coming from it were converted into litter; for in this case, although the stems should rot, yet the seeds would be carried out into fields among manure, and he would thus perpetuate the evil which he had taken pains to extirpate. This incident, trifling as it was interested me very much. If it had taken place in Palestine, it would not have been so much to be wondered at, for there the face of nature is but little altered from what it was at the time when our Saviour appeared on earth. There the same plants and animals are still to be found which are mentioned in the sacred writings, and there man himself, prone as he is in other parts of the world to change his habits according to the whim of the day, retains the customs, and even the dress of his forefathers, who lived two thousand years before him. But when in a country like England, so far removed from the scene of the events recorded in the Bible, such an occurrence takes place, and that in the course of a country ramble, we are indeed, led “from nature, up to nature’s God.” Not only can we see how closely natural religion is connected with the revealed Word of God, but we can learn the same lesson (written in characters of the present day) which is contained in Holy Writ, namely, that the teaching of Christ is for all nations. “Go ye and teach all nations,” was Christ’s command to his apostles. They went and taught; and if we commune with the earth, the earth teaches the same doctrine.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A PREMONITION OF ETERNITY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

“And yet, sister, it was nothing but a dream; therefore do not look so sad about it.” “I know, Mary, it was nothing more; yet it was such a dream as might rationally make any one melancholy, and you will think so when you hear it.” “Tell it, then, and if there be a cause of grief, I will mourn with you.” “Well, then,” returned Adeline, “it was this. I thought my white satin dress was all completed, and we went to the party as we are now preparing to do: the scene was very splendid, and very bright around was bright and joyful; still I was

unhappy, and my countenance was filled with gloom. You said to me ‘cheer up, sister; we are to have a party at the house of Mr. B. next week, which will be worth a dozen, like this;’ but by the by, sister Adeline, I perceive nothing here so very contemptible as your long phiz would try to make us believe.” I made no reply, but cast my eye towards a distant grave yard, whose white monuments were just discernible; you turned suddenly from me, and mingled again in a dance. Soon after I grew faint, my eyes were heavy, and I sank into your arms; almost immediately I was carried to an adjoining apartment, and placed in a very large arm-chair before a mirror. I looked on myself, and oh! how black my countenance appeared! A physician was called in, who made an unsuccessful attempt to bleed me; my face still grew blacker, until at length I expired.”

“And are you afraid you are really dead, then?” replied Mary, laughing heartily; “I do not marvel that you are sorrowful; but here comes your satin dress, and it is all completed, sure enough. Come try it on.” “O, it makes me shudder to look at it! Indeed I cannot go to the party!” “Psha! put it on. Shall I tell them you had a dream (dreadful pressager!) and dare not come?” “Tell them any thing, but pray excuse me.”

Many words now succeeded, and the thoughtless Mary at length persuaded her sister to attend the party. The evening came, and Adeline went with a heavy heart, to the scene of mirth and hilarity; her singular dream was still deeply imprinted in her memory, and every thing she saw seemed as it then did in her fancy. She grew more and more melancholy, while every face around her brightened, and every heart seemed light with enjoyment. In the midst of the merriment, her unthinking sister, who had forgotten the dream, came and repeated the very words which Adeline dreamt she had done; they gave her a dreadful shock, but she made no reply, and endeavoured to forget her gloom by mingling in the midst of the dance. Her heart grew light, for no one can yield to the touch of vanity without losing in a degree the faithful monitor of the soul. A short time after she passed an open window, and, looking carelessly out upon the moonlight earth, she plainly discovered the white stones of a distant grave-yard; but, after having pointed it out to a young friend, she turned again to the sight of vanity, and the event passed from her mind. It was not long before great tumult was seen in the ball room; Adeline had fainted, and was removed to another apartment, where she was placed in a great arm-chair, exactly as she had dreamed. Her sister, who was supporting her head, saw her dying countenance reflected in a mirror which hung on the opposite side of the room, and suddenly she remembered that dismal dream, which she felt was now fast coming to pass. Adeline became more and more insensible. Her face blackened, her respiration grew more difficult, and soon after her unprepared spirit had an eternal adieu to the shores of time, and went to meet its God.

Thus closed the dream and the earthly existence of a gay and promising young female! Her ear had often listened to the pathetic and solemn appeals of the minister of the sanctuary, and to many instances of mortality; but none had broken the deep sleep of sin in the soul, none had cut the cord that binds to earthly vanities. Still she slumbered on, rocked in the cradle of youthful hopes, and lulled with the music of youthful promises; but suddenly an alarm was breathed into her heart by the voice of the dreadful, mysterious dream, yet it faded away like the gleam of the meteor. Her mind was unsettled between the choice of youthful hilarities and the holy religion of the cross. There was no time to be lost; her vision told her so; but she listened to the voice of temptation, and rushed forward into the midst of vanity, and perished, with impending clouds of darkness and sorrow, entering eternity from the ball-room, ere the dream grew dim to her sight.

Should not the thoughtless, who are wasting their precious moments in idle amusements, receive warning from this, and from similar signals of their danger in this living? They do not intend to die as they live; but oh! how awfully absurd and sinful to live as we would not wish to die, since we are not certain of a single hour; and God is angry with those who trifle with his mercies. The vainest of the vain would not choose to spend their last moments in the ball

room, nor hear with their dying ears the sound of a violin. They have disregarded death; but oh! how often are they left in the trying hour to darkness and agony of spirit, with no Saviour to light them over Jordan, no hope in the morning of the resurrection! And Death, too, not unfrequently does his work when he is least expected, and the heart that beats warm with passion and earthly enjoyments is suddenly cut off from the midst of time, and assigned over to the great day of accounts.—Mrs. H. M. Dodge.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGION IN SWEDEN.

A PROTESTANT missionary, a native of Sweden, has lately visited the country of his birth, and gives a gratifying account of growing interest in true religion, as having been observed by him among the people. He was present at two large assemblies of pastors, numbering in all about 500 individuals. He was favourably received, and attentively heard on the subject of missions, and was received as a brother by the old Archbishop of Upsal. “But chiefly among the people,” says he, “I have found a true hunger and thirst for the Word of God.” Crowds assemble to hear him, so large, that churches capable of accommodating 3000, could not contain them. Twice a week he was permitted to expound the Scriptures publicly in a church of the metropolis, and each morning many of the people flocked to the house in which he resided, in order to be present at family worship. Both among the pastors and people of this country, which has so long been spiritually dead, the truths of the gospel seem to be gaining ground, and an interest in missionary operations has been awakened.—Dundee Warder.

THE SABBATH IN FRANCE.

We are gratified to learn that a movement has been made for the rescue of the Sabbath in France—where no Sabbath at all has been known for years. The Minister of the Marine has addressed a circular to the maritime prefects, desiring that no workman be employed on the Sabbath in the dockyards, except in cases of necessity.—The motive assigned for this novel order is the very common sense reason now so efficiently urged upon the community here, that those who do not repose on the Sabbath cannot work with energy on the other days of the week, and that consequently it is not profitable to the state to exact labor on that day. Another reason assigned does honor to the heart of the minister, viz., that the labouring classes may have requisite time and opportunity for religious instruction. If the spirit of this order pervades France, it will be like life for the dead of that country.

SCOTTISH LADIES’ ASSOCIATION.

We feel gratified in being able to state that one important branch of the Assembly’s Foreign Missions continues in active operation; and promises, by the Divine blessing, to be of essential service in promoting the great object in view. We refer to the Scottish Ladies’ Association for the Advancement of Female Education in India. This excellent Association has existed for a period of seven years, “during which it has sent out seven female teachers; has had schools established at Calcutta, Bombay, and Poonah; and has been the medium of transmitting to India, and otherwise expending, for these purposes, upwards of £6000.” One of the principal objects contemplated by the Ladies who have the direction of its affairs is, the training up of native females who may in time become qualified, by the influence of Divine grace, to impart instruction to their own sex. With this view the Association has, for the last two years, supported a separate establishment at Calcutta for the reception and education of female orphan children; of whom, according to the latest accounts, there are twelve enjoying the benefit of this truly benevolent institution. For the better carrying out of this design, the Association has resolved to build a permanent Orphan Refuge on-site adjacent to the Assembly’s Institution in Calcutta; the estimate cost of which, (including the sum offered for the site,) is £2100. Of this amount only about £300 have as yet been realized; but when the vast benefits likely to result from this philanthropic undertaking are considered by the Christian public, we have no doubt that it will be liberally supported, especially by

the ladies of Scotland. Very encouraging proofs of this have already been afforded by the meetings lately held at Glasgow and Aberdeen, on each of which occasions the objects of the Association in Edinburgh were fully approved of, and resolutions passed for the furtherance of this branch of the India Mission. We earnestly hope that the example thus shown will be speedily imitated by the Ladies in the other towns of Scotland.—*Church of Scotland Home and Foreign Missionary Record.*

A Queen's letter has been published, authorizing and "expressly requiring" sermons in all the churches, and collections afterwards from house to house by the churchwardens and overseers, in aid of the funds of the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Church of England.

The Honourable Colonel Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, has become a preacher of the new sect, entitled the Plymouth Brethren.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1844.

MAN, KNOW THYSELF! is an injunction which powerfully demands the attention of every intelligent and accountable being, and should be engraven on the tablet of every human heart. It is, nevertheless, worthy of remark, that, important as this knowledge is almost universally admitted to be, there is perhaps no duty more generally neglected, than SELF-EXAMINATION. No sooner is the importance of it brought home to the conscience of an individual, than the enemy of souls, taking advantage of the innate depravity and pride of the human heart, raises a formidable barrier between man and his own "naked deformity," in order that he might prevent him from seeing his state and danger, and that thus he might the more certainly secure his eternal ruin. How prone is man to look narrowly into the motives and conduct of his fellow-man, and sit in judgment upon them, forgetting that, whilst he is seeking for a mote in the eye of his brother, a beam may be in his own eye. "Thou hypocrite," says our divine Lord, "first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Seeing that our days are but as an handbreadth, how careful should we be to ascertain our real condition before God, and seek for that preparation without which we cannot be admitted into his kingdom. To-morrow is not ours—the present moment is all that we can call our own. Life—brief, changeable as it is, is given as to prepare for a world to come and life everlasting; and its shortness will be no excuse for us in the great and terrible day of the Lord, when the Archangel shall plant one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, and swear that time shall be no longer.

We gladly give publicity to the following communication. The subject is one of deep interest. The claims of the Ministers of the Gospel on the people among whom they labour, for that support which is necessary for the temporal comfort and maintenance of themselves and families, are undeniable,—inasmuch as, in addition to the peculiar and

personal obligations by which those claims press themselves upon our attention, they are also sanctioned by the great Head of the Church; and, consequently, it is binding upon every individual member, to the utmost of the ability wherewith God hath blessed him, cheerfully and liberally to provide for their support.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—It is surprising to me, how many professors of religion act towards their ministers, in remunerating them for their labours. The inconsistency of such persons is manifest in the frivolous excuses that are raised against supporting the Gospel amongst them. The great Apostle of the Gentiles offers several arguments to consideration for exciting Christians to the duty of liberality and Christian beneficence in general, and towards the ministers of the word in particular; and the first of them is taken from God's omniscience, who takes notice of all the petty and pitiful pretences, pleas, and excuses, which men make why they cannot be so kind as they should be to the ministers of Jesus Christ. Alas! their own wants are many—but it is their lusts that make them so; their burdens are great upon them, and they must provide and take care for themselves. But, says the Apostle, though you may, with these lying pretences, cheat yourselves, and mock your ministers; yet God is not, will not, cannot, be mocked; there is no juggling with God, nor deceiving of his eye. Man never deceives himself so much as when he thinks to deceive God in the least. Man may be mocked and deceived by man, but God can never be mocked by man. St. Paul compares charity and Christian bounty to seed sown, and assures us, that the crop we reap shall be answerable, both in quality and kind, and also in measure and degree, to the seed sown. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh, that is plainly, he that spends his substance upon his lusts, seeking no more than the gratification of his sensual desires, shall reap corruption, that is, a perishing satisfaction only at present, and eternal perdition afterwards; but he that sows to the spirit—he that improves his estate for God, for the support of the Gospel, for the sustenance of his members—shall of the spirit reap life everlasting; the spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead will also raise us up at the great day; and reward our present parting with the things of this world, which we cannot keep, with eternal life, which we shall never lose.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.,

C. S.

St. Sylvester, April 1, 1844.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our juvenile readers to the following article, from the pen of an old and highly esteemed correspondent.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

THE PSALMS.

FATHER! you said the Passafms were very beautiful?

I did, my child—so beautiful and so full of excellence are they, as far to surpass all that has been written by uninspired man from the beginning of the world. They are the words of God himself, a portion of his blessed book—the Bible. Like every other portion of Scripture, they are full of comfort and consolation, and distinguished by containing the most blessed promises to those who fear the Lord and walk in his ways. Turn

to the very first Psalm—what inestimable treasures do these few verses contain!—The Psalm begins with promised blessings; we are to be blessed if we walk not "in the counsel of the ungodly." And is its counsel likely to promote our happiness in this world, or our blessedness in the world to come? Oh! no—the counsel of the ungodly tends to misery and destruction. God says the care of the soul is the one thing needful; but man—ungodly man—would have you put aside altogether the care of the soul, and devote your thoughts entirely to the care of the body—to what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and what you shall put on. Their counsel is, to seek happiness in the follies and vain pursuits of this perishing world: the theatre—the ball room—the race course,—these are their temples.—But they are not content that you should forget God. Oh! no. You must not only slight him, but if you follow their counsel, you must break God's commandments—you must desecrate his holy Sabbath—and openly oppose his sacred will. Such is the love of God the ungodly man would instil into you;—but what can we say of his love to man? Though he loves not God, whom he has not seen; does he love his neighbour, whom he has seen? Judge yourself, my child, when I tell you, that for some trifling offence, some light word, some silly jest, he will endeavour to take his brother's life. Yes! my child—will appoint a meeting with him, that he may imbrue his hands in blood. And he will cause you to do the same. Such is the counsel that our Almighty Parent warns us to avoid; and in avoiding it, has promised us the highest blessings. And what else are you to avoid so as to obtain the blessings?—Now, if the counsel of sinners only leads to wickedness, their society must be dangerous; for you could not associate yourself with them, without hearing their opinions; and so depraved are we all naturally, that it is unsafe to listen even, to what is wrong.

The first verse, then, of this beautiful Psalm tells you what the man who is blessed is to avoid; which is followed in the second verse, by what he delights in. "But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." How different is this law to the counsel of the ungodly!—The law of the Lord, my child, is comprehended in one word, and that word is LOVE—Love to God, and love to man. For if you love God, you will endeavour to keep all his commandments; and if you love your neighbour as yourself, which is what God tells you to do, you will evidence those feelings towards him, which are well-pleasing to your Father in Heaven; who not only tells you what to do, but will give you the power to do it, if you ask him. For, saith David, "It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect." And what will be your reward, or more properly speaking, what will God bestow on you if you endeavour to do all this? My dear child, if you, as you grow up, endeavour to resemble more and more "the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;" you shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; your leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever you do shall prosper.

My child, keep this beautiful picture, these glorious promises, constantly before you. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and as the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day"—so will thine be.

J. D. M'D.

Ile-aux-noix, March 10, 1844.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

LETTER XVII.

SUBJECT IN DISCUSSION: THE GENERAL SCOPE and BEARING, on the Question, of the Epistle to the Romans:—No. 6:—Analysis.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—In our progress through this epistle, we have at length found our thoughtful way to the 11th chapter; from whence, when first approaching it, we were warned to take our departure, as being perfectly inapplicable to our argument, and as having been originally written in reference to an entirely different question. We did indeed temporarily withdraw from the ground, because, under such circumstances, it would have been of no service to the mind of the reader to have attempted the construction of an edifice for his satisfaction, on premises to which we were declared to have but a disputed claim. But it has been seen that we have now brought with us every reasonable evidence of the validity of our title; and we shall, accordingly, proceed with our long contemplated erection, until the top-stone shall have been brought "with shoutings of Grace! Grace! unto it."

In this chapter, "the pious and intelligent reader" will recognize the inspired apostle to be in the very midst of an argument respecting the unbelieving Israelitish nation; whom, in the ninth chapter, he terms his "kinsmen according to the flesh," and of whom, in the last verse of the tenth chapter, he represents the prophet Isaiah as complaining: "But to Israel he saith, All day long I have stretched out my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people."

THE LAST VERSE of the tenth chapter instructs us to understand of WHAT "people," and of WHAT "Israel" he is speaking, in the FIRST VERSE of the eleventh. For the reader does not need to be reminded that our present division of the Scriptures into chapters and verses, is an arrangement of latter days; very convenient, indeed, as a means of reference to individual passages; but wholly unknown to the inspired writers themselves; and therefore not to be understood as interposing any intended interruption to their continuous chain of thought. In relation to these subjects, those "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

In analyzing the contents of this chapter, it will be useful to remark upon an apparent discrepancy in the phraseology, which, however, can be easily reconciled and set at rest. In the first verse, St. Paul enters his protest against the idea of the Jewish nation having been "cast away;" his words are, "Hath God CAST AWAY His people? God forbid;" and again, in the 15th verse, he recognizes them as a people actually cast away, or about to be cast away. He assumes the melancholy fact, and argues as to the incalculable benefits derived thereby to the world at large: thus, "For if the CASTING AWAY of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?"

An ungenerous and implacable infidelity would perversely choose to insist that this is a plain and barefaced contradiction, on the part of the apostle, and would draw therefrom an argument to the disadvantage of "the Holy Scriptures."—But, putting aside, for a moment, the truth of his being an inspired writer, the talented and intelligent character of his compositions, in general, will shield him from the imputation of having contradicted in one place what he has in another assumed to be fact. While the recollection that he wrote under the divine inspiration, would naturally suggest that, in this case, there cannot possibly be any real contradiction admitted; but, in the two places, the phraseology must be understood as expressing two different shades of the same idea.

In the first instance, then, we take the expression as applying to A TOTAL AND FINAL rejection of the Jewish nation; including every individual, and every future generation, of the ancient family of Abraham. It is against this St. Paul contends. It is this he denies and repudiates, in the first verse of this chapter. "God hath not [thus] cast away his people which he foreknew;" ver. 2.

In the second instance under review, we understand him as meaning to speak of A NATIONAL AND TEMPORARY rejection of the Jews, as his

approved and peculiar people. This he admits to be a mournful and melancholy fact, and on this admission he frames the argument, with which he brings the chapter to a termination.

The pious and intelligent reader will perceive that the intention of the apostle is to show that the case of the apostate, and forsaken, and "diminished" Jewish nation, though degraded and deplorable in the extreme, was nevertheless not utterly desperate in its character. There are still some features of hope in their circumstances, found in the covenant which God made with their venerated forefathers, for whose sakes they are still compassionately "beloved;" ver. 28.

And though, in consequence of their murderous and most flagrant rejection of their promised and divine Messiah, the adorable Jehovah had solemnly rejected their nation from being regarded as his approved and peculiar people; yet that rejection is not to be regarded as either universal or final. It was not such a "casting away" of them, as is UNIVERSAL, extending to every individual Jew; nor was it FINAL, so as to forbid the hope of their being, even as a nation, yet brought into the gospel-fold, by the blessing of God on the means which shall be used to that end.

This, we humbly conceive, is the real line of discussion observed by the inspired apostle, in this controverted part of his epistle. And for this conclusion we shall proceed to give our reasons.

I remain;

Dear Sir, yours,

A HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

Near Lake Champlain,
March 28, 1844.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF AN ALLIGATOR.

A VERY large alligator was hooked and safely landed at the Acra Farm on Saturday evening last. He was deposited in a strong brick building for the night, his execution being put off to the following day, that notice might be sent to the curious to attend. At daylight he was waited upon by several gentlemen from the surrounding country, who paid their respects from the top of the wall that confined him, and appeared very much affected with delight at the prospect before them of a little sport. The alligator was lying on its belly with its disproportioned legs extended, and might have been conveniently measured in all his proportions, but it was thought as well to put off that until the exact tenacity of life in the amphibious monster had been ascertained.

He appears to have remained perfectly motionless during the night, being found in the morning just as he was left. It may be mentioned that the off hind leg was gone at the first joint, that is, the foot was wanting, or hand, for their extremities are much more like hands than feet. There are five fingers, three of which have large and long nails upon them, and the other two are scaled to the very tip. He was maimed also in the near fore-flapper, and evidently been in the wars. They are known to fight desperately with each other about their prey and this one had been maimed for life without a pension; the stump was well rounded off, and the injury could not have been a recent one.

Some fortnight ago a child was taken away in this neighbourhood by an alligator, while filling some water vessels, and it was thought most probable it might be the monster now under sentence. Gentlemen who amuse themselves with firing ball at this kind of large game may save their powder and lead. The trials made with a rifle show how heavy the odds are against doing anything with them. There was some difference of opinion as to whether a rifle ball would pass through him, supposing it not to strike the scales. The first one fired with a view to this experiment, entered the side below the strong scales of the back, and the brute took not the slightest notice of it; and a second, near the same spot, seemed not to trouble him in the least; neither of them passed through, though they were fired from a distance of not more than ten feet. He was now stirred up in the rear with a long pole, and he turned upon his assailant with a ferocity that was terrific; people talk of alligators not being able to turn easily; he was round with the rapi-

dity of a flash; the report, when he opened his jaws to their full extent, and closed them in his rage, was incredibly loud, and gave a tolerable idea of the enormous power of the jaws. A third shot was now fired, with the view of finishing him, if possible; and the aim was behind the large raised scales, at the extreme end of the head, so as to break the spine. This would appear to have been done, for he turned upon his back, and did not again recover his position. After a fourth ball, and a most careful search for his heart with a bayonet and a spear, a rope was passed over him, and he was dragged out, giving ever and anon sufficient warning of the propriety of standing aloof. A fifth ball in the spine appeared to settle him; and, on passing the tape along his back, he measured to a nicety 16 feet 6 inches; but his tail too had been curtailed 18 inches less than one caught in the same place about three years ago, and of which a very perfect skeleton was made on the farm, taken to England by Mr. Waterhouse, and deposited in a museum in Yorkshire. With a heavy axe he was now divided just abast his hind legs. The next process was an interesting one,—the examination of the stomach. It contained little; portions of the skull of a child, the thigh bones of some smaller ones, and the bones of one hand, a quantity of straw, a large ball of hair, about four feet of inch rope, and six or eight bangles, two or three of which were of silver. Having cut off the head and weighed it, it was found to be, to an ounce, 2 cwt. The muscular action in the tail end, about 6 or 7 feet was extraordinary, for, on inserting a knife to expose the fat, which here lies in thick layers, the whole mass, saving only the chump, was thrown into violent motion; and, after performing several gyrations almost on end, struck the ground with extraordinary violence. This was the effect of every insertion of the knife, and it could not be less than an hour after it was severed from the body. The head, by the by, was 5 feet 8 inches round the jaws, and 3 feet 6 inches long. It is cleaned and preserved. The fat from the body was carefully taken off by native operators, it being highly valued as an external application for rheumatism, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

The following thrilling incident is related of a post-man, who, for a very large reward, attempted to carry a letter across one of the deep glens of Scotland, through an overwhelming northeast storm. He had been, if I remember right, a shepherd, and fearlessly set out on the enterprise, while many were filled with apprehension for his life, if the storm did not subside. The weather was excessively cold, and the violence of the storm rendered it impossible to see any track of man or beast, through the whole glen. The only chance of a safe arrival consisted of some knowledge he had of the ground, where he had many a time driven his flocks in summer. But, as he afterwards assured us, one may have a very accurate knowledge of the way in summer, while, in a winter storm of snow, at night, the whole way seems like a trackless ocean. It is said that some of those glens in Scotland are so full of snow in winter, as not to thaw out in midsummer.

His courage, as the storm thickened, and the cold increased, would have failed, but at length it became as doubtful whether he could find the way back, as whether he could succeed in crossing the mountain ridge in safety. As he had to cross many a small stream, now filled with snow, he not unfrequently sunk, and wet his feet in the stream, and on bringing them up again to the cold air, they froze, and at length became so disabled that he could rise on his feet no more, and he had to press forward on his knees, as well as he could. From some indications, he concluded that he had well nigh crossed the glen, and might, by lifting up his voice, be heard. He cried aloud for help—a *lost traveller!*—but cried in vain. At length he became frozen to his knees, and he could only worm himself onward with his hands, for he knew that, when he should cease all exertion, he must immediately die, and there was a possibility that his cry might be heard, and he should live. Hence he raised again and again his cry, a *lost traveller!* But at length a little opening of the storm showed a shepherd's cot at hand. He had not missed his

way to the cottage of a shepherd which he sought, and easily wormed himself to his very door, and gave the signal that saved his life. His friend opened to him and built a fire, and warmed him into recollection and recovery.

MORAL.—But if that man had not persevered after he had frozen his feet, and even after he could no longer travel on his lower limbs, but had to wince his way on his elbows, he must have died. Although he was near the shepherd's cot, yet as he did not know his position, if his resolution had failed for a moment, and exertion had ceased, he must have died. He agonised to live, and his agonizing saved him. And if we will only thus agonize to live for ever we shall live for ever.

There is not an enterprize we undertake that requires so much exertion as to reach heaven. Those who conclude that they know enough of the subject already, and that heaven will come as a thing of course, and fold their arms and slumber on, will die in their sins, and never see the King in his beauty. The few years of their probation will slip by before they are aware, and they will just begin to feel the impotence of doing something, when they shall find themselves upon a dying bed; the harvest past, the summer ended, and they unsanctified.—*Rev. D. A. Clark.*

IS HE RICH?

MANY a sigh is heaved, many a heart broken, many a life is rendered miserable, by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other on every point as virtue is to vice! And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue. How often is the first question that is asked respecting the squire of a daughter, this, "Is he rich? is he rich?" Yes! he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? Is he rich? Yes! "his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day;" but can you infer from this that he is virtuous. Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not "riches sometimes make themselves wings and fly away," and will you consent that your daughter should marry a man that has his nothing to recommend him but his wealth. Ah, beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, is he rich—but is he virtuous? Ask not if he has wealth,—but if he has honour; and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money. Do not choose for your daughter's husband a swine because he has a golden trough. Let *Virtue's* form he indelibly stamped on the forehead of him who asks your daughter's hand in marriage; and if it is not, do not fear to let him hear, and that too, with emphasis—the little monosyllable No! even though he should be as rich as Croesus; and depend upon it your firmness will be rewarded by an amount of happiness greater by far than ever flowed from wealth when unaccompanied by virtue.

DILIGENCE INSURES SUCCESS.

THERE are many persons in this world of ours, who think, because they cannot at once perform some great act which will render their names distinguished, that therefore, they are of no importance; and make no endeavours to rise above their present station, because they cannot at once launch forth beneath the broad glare of the noon-day sun; they will remain forever in darkness, nor seek to remove the veil which is cast before them.

I have known many a young girl, who might have won for herself a place among the most gifted, refuse to cultivate those powers of mind which God has given her, because she could not, at one step, gain the summit of the hill of science.

We are apt to forget, while listening to those strains of eloquence which flow from the lips of the orator and the scholar, that many long years were spent ere they were enabled to charm and enlighten the world.—Could we have witnessed their first efforts in struggling to free themselves from the chains of ignorance, we should probably none of us be discouraged. It is only step by step that we can make any advances on the road to science; and they will make the greater progress who labour most assiduously to cultivate the

powers they possess. Let no one then think, because the offering she bestows upon the altar of literature is small, it is of no value. The great ocean is made up of drops, and if the mite we add be but a drop, it will help to fill up the boundless ocean of knowledge.—*Lowell Offering.*

NO REFORMATION BY DECREES.

Dr. JOHNSON, in his Parliamentary Debates, has put the following anecdote into the mouth of Lord Bathurst, as illustrative of the only way by which effectual reformation from intemperance can be accomplished. It refers to a celebrated pedestrian of the last century, named Webb. This man was remarkable for vigour both of mind and body, and lived wholly on water for his drink, and chiefly on vegetables for his other sustenance. He was one day recommending his regimen to one of his friends accustomed to the use of wine and spirits, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellect would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel; he thought, however, that he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed Webb, with indignation, "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants not to pull you out but by degrees?" Webb was right; this "reformation by degrees" has precipitated many an unhappy being into everlasting perdition.

TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW.

"Well, Hodge," said a smart looking Londoner to a plain Cottager, who was on his way home from church, "so you are trudging home, after taking the benefit of the fine balmy breeze in the country this morning?" "Sir," said the man, "I have not been strolling about this sacred morning, wasting my time in idleness, and neglect of religion; but I have been to the house of God, to worship him, and to hear his preached word." "Ah! what then, you are one of those simpletons, that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible! Believe me, my man, that book is nothing but a pack of nonsense, and none but the weak and ignorant now think it true." "Well, but, Mr. stranger, do you know, weak and ignorant as we country people are, we like to have two strings to our bow?" "Two strings to your bow: what do you mean by that?" "Why, Sir, I mean, that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for, if it is not true, I shall be the better man for living according to it, and so it will be for my good in this life—that is one string; and if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string, and a pretty strong one it is. But, Sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have not even one string to your bow. And O, if its tremendous threats prove true, O think what then, Sir, will become of you." This plain appeal silenced the coxcomb, and made him feel, it is hoped, that he was not quite so wise as he had supposed.

HINTS ON HEALTH.—As the sun moves to the south, invalids should snatch every gleam of its rays, to exercise their bodies and minds abroad, though for very short periods. The use of ardent spirits, and sitting at home, secluded from every furtive blast, are among the many mistaken notions with which we Britons are unblest. The first is but a temporary and insidious aid, the other saps the strongest for mental exertion, as sayeth the maxim, *Mens sanis in corpore sano*, (a healthy mind in a healthy body.) Even the "night air," though fiercely deprecated, is not so frightful an advent as represented by nervously anxious people, provided it bring not fog or steel, and we keep our cloaked backs to the blast, sit not in the way of concentrated drafts, nor get benumbed limbs, or chilled bodies.

A CONVERTED COMEDIAN.—Mr. Palmer, (formerly of Nottingham, the converted comedian,) on Sunday week, preached a most eloquent and highly interesting sermon, in the Independent chapel, Mansfield, to a numerous and attentive audience.

NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS.—In the second Massacre of the Nestorian Christians, it is supposed hundreds of women and children were burnt to death, and a thousand men perished by the sword.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

OREGON NEGOTIATION.—The following is given, in some of the United States papers, as the offers upon which the parties differed in former negotiations. The present occupation is joint, according to treaty, and it may expire at the option of either party on a year's notice, which has been moved in the United States Congress, and given rise to warm debates, without any decision:—"The mouth of the Columbia river is in or about the forty-sixth degree, and all the good harbours of the territory are North of this river. In 1824, soon after the conclusion of the Russian treaty, which acknowledged our title, Mr. J. Q. Adams, Secretary of State, proposed to Mr. Rush, our Minister at London, to surrender to the British all above latitude fifty-one, and if that were refused, all above forty-nine! This is only three degrees above the mouth of the Columbia! The British Government refused both offers, but offered to run the line on the forty-ninth degree from the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Columbia, and thence down that river to its mouth at the forty-sixth, and it offered this as a proposition from which it could not be expected to depart. This was the view of Great Britain at that time, but circumstances may have induced her to change her position, and accept the proposition of Mr. Clay, in 1826, offering to run the line on the forty-ninth degree, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific."—*Quebec Gazette.*

THE GIPSIES.—The anniversary gipsy festivals are held during the first week after Christmas, at the house and grounds of the Rev. Mr. Crabbe, near Southampton, and numbers of the swarthy tribe come from very distant parts of the country to this reunion of their race. The grounds at Spring-hill House have a very picturesque appearance on these occasions. Gipsy cats, shaggy ponies, and the roughest of donkeys, are on the outskirts of the grounds; gipsies of all grades are lounging about, the faces of the greater part unequivocally showing their identity—the English climate for centuries not having bleached the brown complexions and raven hair of the Gitana. The majority are tidily dressed, having put on their best, to please "The Gipsies' Friend," as they affectionately call Mr. Crabbe; a few of the women are tawdrily attired in red stuff gowns, with black bonnets and showy ribands—these are principally denizens of the New Forest; a few are in wretched plight,—one woman had ten children living out of twelve, all without shoes and nearly naked. These are visitors and under the special care of the institution. There are several young persons who have been apprenticed, and now follow trades, or are domestic servants, through the agency of the institution. There used to be a goodly number of aged reformed gipsies who were pensioners on the institution; a great portion of them have died—they will be found referred to in the report. The number of children present is always very great in proportion to the adults. An aged dame, named Carter, has 56 grandchildren, most of whom met her on this occasion. These anniversaries have generally been well attended by the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood; at the anniversary on Wednesday last, the number of visitors was much less than usual, owing to the state of the roads, which were in a frightful condition, and the heaviness of the atmosphere, which betokened rain. There was, nevertheless, a good attendance, and on this occasion the Marquis of Conyngham and family were present.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

DEATH OF MAJOR POTTINGER.—The India papers announce the death of Major Eldred Pottinger, C. B., on the 5th of November. The *Friend of China* justly remarks:—"It is needless to pass an eulogy upon the merits of the hero; his name will be enrolled by posterity amongst those who, by their bravery, have served their country in emergencies which had appalled less noble minds."

The late Sir Charles Nugent's twin brother, Sir George Nugent, Bart., survives the admiral. There is a singular coincidence connected with the history of this *por rodile fratrum*. Sir Charles was the senior Admiral of the navy, whilst his twin brother was the senior general in the army. In the Army and Navy Lists for the present month the names of these two distinguished officers will be found the first on the lists of their respective professions. The circumstance of twin brothers simultaneously attaining the highest rank in the sister services is without a parallel in the annals of the naval and military professions.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, April 11, 1844.

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

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THE POOR.

THERE never was a time when distress and suffering was felt by the poor to a greater extent in Montreal than at the present moment, owing to the different sources of relief for the poor in winter being in a great measure closed (especially that excellent provision, the Soup Kitchen).—The Committee of the Strangers' Friend Society appeal to a benevolent public, and request their charitable aid, either in money, fire-wood, potatoes, oatmeal, or food of any description, cast off clothes, blankets, or wearing apparel, &c.—which would be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

The report for the last year, and any other information relative to the Society's operations, may be obtained from the Treasurer, Mr. R. YATES, at H. BENSON & Co.'s, 178, Notre Dame Street,—to whom all donations are to be given.

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

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