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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

AFFLICTIONS WORKING OUT GLORY.

IN my little parish under the Highlands of the Hudson, I was walking out one afternoon to make a pastoral visit at a house of mourning. For several hours in the earlier part of the day, a summer's rain had been drenching the fields, but the clouds had broken away, the sun was shining in his strength, and the face of nature smiled in his genial beams. The flowers that had been beaten down by the descending torrents, now raised their heads again, and opening their bosoms to the warm sunshine, looked purer and lovelier than before the storm swept over them. Had I feared a few hours ago that their tender leaves would be torn rudely, and their freshness and beauty marred by the tempest, I saw now that He who "clothes the flowers of the field" with colors which no art can rival, understands that rain is as needful to the perfection of their beauty, as the sunbeams that gild them with lustre more radiant than Solomon in his glory.—Large drops of rain stood on the leaves, and sparkling in the sunshine like diamonds, reminded me of tears of grief lit up with smiles of joy.

With these thoughts suggested by the objects around me, I entered the house where death had been before me. A young mother had lately buried her first born and only child, and the bitterness of bereavement had not yet passed away. The gentleness of her spirit, sweetened by divine grace, winning the love of Christian friends when as yet she had not been called to drink the waters of affliction, gave such delicacy to her piety, that it was natural to fear the effect of a blow that had fallen suddenly and so severely on her frail heart. Surely, thought we, the flower must be smitten to the earth under the fury of such a storm.

In the hour of her first anguish she had yielded to the strong impulses of natural sorrow, and had found that relief which floods of grief will open when the heart is crushed. And when we had met to take the child to its silent home, and hide its form from her sight, the stream of grief still flowed freely, and we would not interpose restraint. The consolations of the gospel were offered to the mourners, and the truth illustrated and enforced, that afflictions sanctified are the richest blessings which a Father's love bestows. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," said I, in the words of the pious Psalmist, and they who like him have tasted, and seen that the Lord is gracious, are assured that those whom the Lord loveth he chastens, not in anger, but in infinite tenderness and mercy. In all ages his own people have passed through the furnace, and have come out tried witnesses of the truth of his word, that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Believing this declaration, I assured the stricken mourner that though clouds and darkness hung over the present scene, the sun of righteousness would yet dispel them, and she

would feel that even this sore bereavement was designed to secure her highest happiness, as well as the glory of Him who had taken her jewel to set in his own crown.

A few days had elapsed since the funeral, and I had now called to mingle a pastor's sympathies with an afflicted friend. She met me with a smile, and the tearful eye was lighted with brightness that the rain-drops glistening in the sun had not reflected. The sun of righteousness was shedding rays of comfort and peace on the heart that but yesterday was overcast with clouds, and beaten with the storm; and as we spoke of the sweetness of a Saviour's love in the time of trial, she said, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The words from which I had spoken on the day of the funeral, she was now able to adopt and to repeat with an expression of countenance which testified the peace that reigned in her heart. Never had she found such strong consolation in Jesus; never had she so richly feasted on the joys that flow from communion with the Father of spirits; never had she made such high and swift attainments in holiness as in the hours of her late bereavement. A clog had been broken from her soul. An earthly tie that drew her downward had been severed, and her freed spirit rose toward heaven.

An idol had been slain, and now she worshipped the only living and true God. A new attraction drew her upward, and now her heart was with her treasure and her Saviour.

Often have I seen, not seldom have I felt the power of this Christian paradox, "It is good to be afflicted," and of that other, "Blessed are they that mourn." In the midst of health, and immersed in the cares of life, we sometimes forget our dependence on God, grow careless and proud and worldly minded, and soon lose those spiritual joys which once flowed constantly into our souls. God lays his hand suddenly upon us, stretches us on a bed of languishing and pain, shuts the world out of the chamber, and compels us to nause and think of Him, of our soul's estate, of heaven, of the judgment to which we are going, near to which perhaps we have come. And when he has restored us to health, we are able to see and to feel that it was a blessing thus to be arrested in our career of worldliness, and led to renewed self-consecration to the Lord.

Or, such a chastisement may not be stern enough to bring us to repentance, and God sends death and takes away a beloved member of our families, and leaves our hearth desolate. We mourn and weep, but into our hearts thus broken and softened he pours the rain of grace divine, and the fruits of the Spirit, which are love and joy and peace, start up and grow to the praise of Him who is mysterious in his dealings, but wise and kind even when he smites and slays.

Even now while I am writing, a sinking sun breaks out in the midst of a harvest shower, and the great bow of the Almighty spans the eastern sky. It is gorgeous to behold. It is "glory built on tears." Reflecting every color with which infinite skill has garnished the

universe, there it stands to adorn the earth, lustrous as that other rainbow about the throne. But what makes that bow on the clouds? Nothing but sunshine in showers—smiles in tears—joy in grief. The heavens must weep, or man may never see that brightest revelation of beauty, faithfulness and strength.

So have I seen the tears of the sorrowing, lit up by the rays of divine grace, and on the clouds of their grief a bow of promise resting, bright and beautiful as that which is now reposing in majesty before me. So have I seen afflictions working out exceeding and eternal glory; the chamber of death enlivened with unearthly joy, the dying bed transformed into a conqueror's car, the groans of expiring nature bursting into celestial melody, the darkness of the tomb illumined with the effulgence of heaven, as faith exclaims, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory."

This is glory born of grief; this is joy that flows from broken hearts; this is the gladness known only by those who mourn.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HEAVENS.

WHO has not gazed with admiration upon the starry firmament? And whose heart does not respond to the sentiment of the devout Psalmist, that "the heavens declare the glory of God." Verily, there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. The voice is heard by all men. Yet all do not equally understand its import. To the rudest intelligence it probably is not without some meaning. It intimates with more or less distinctness the existence of a Divine Being, and fills the imagination with dim and shadowy conceptions of his power, while, to the cultivated mind, it not only proclaims the existence of God, but in the ascertained order, and harmony, and extent of the universe, unfolds the most impressible manifestations of his attributes. Let us collect together under one view, the conclusions of astronomers upon the distances of fixed stars,—their arrangement, and the consequent vastness of the stellar firmament. It is absolutely certain that the diameter of the earth's orbit, equal to about 190,000,000 of miles, would dwindle to a mere point, if seen from the nearest of the fixed stars. Of this fact, there is not, in the judgment of astronomers, the shadow of a doubt. And though we cannot here spread before our readers all the evidence upon which this conclusion rests, nothing short of a mathematical demonstration can be stronger. We are sure that every one, who examines the subject, must admit its validity. But the distance at which the diameter of the earth's orbit would become a mere point, that is to say, less than one second of angular space, (which is about the least quantity directly and certainly measurable by the best instruments,) cannot be less than 19,200,000,000 miles, or such that light moving at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, must be, at least, three and a half years in coming to us. From these undoubted facts, the necessary inference is, that the stars are so many suns, and many of them far

greater than our own, and shining with an intrinsic splendour, in comparison with which ours would fade into a minute star, scarcely, if at all visible to the naked eye. But have we any means of knowing, it may be asked, what would be the visible magnitude and brightness of our sun, seen from the distance of a star? Two principles of undoubted truth will enable us to form a definite opinion upon this point: first, that the *visible diameter* is inversely as the square of the distance. At double our present distance, for instance, the sun would have half the visible magnitude and one quarter the brightness which it now has. Pursuing this principle, we are altogether sure that if our sun were seen at 200,000 times its present distance, which at most would only equal that of the nearest star, its visible magnitude would be reduced to the 200,000th part of what it now is, or to be less than the 100th part of one second; and its brightness would equal only the 40,000,000,000th part of its present splendour. We are aware that numbers so vast furnish but a very inadequate means of forming a definite conception, but we have nothing better to take their place. It is ascertained, with a good degree of certainty, by direct measurement, that the solar brightness, diminished in the ratio expressed by those figures, would only equal that of a star of the second magnitude. The conclusion, therefore, that the stars are in fact resplendent suns, is not only admissible, but one which can no longer be resisted.

But the supposition which we have here made with regard to the distance of the stars, is the *least* which the facts allow. The stars *may be*—and there are very strong analogical reasons for believing that many of them are—inmeasurably beyond the limits here assigned.

To be continued.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the *N. Y. Observer*.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

The land of Goshen.—The Patriarch Jacob.—A Scripture Illustration.

We have today been traversing the eastern border of the ancient land of Goshen, which is still "the best of the land of Egypt." The frequent villages, before reaching Salahieh, including Aboo-Zabell, Balbeis, Aboo-Hamad, and Graine, with those around, situated amid palm groves, and rich wheat, and clover fields, attest a numerous population and great fertility. I have no doubt, judging from the pile of rubbish and ruin about Balbeis, and elsewhere in Goshen, that the population of this region, has been in past ages far more dense than at present. This province is said to be, at the present day, more wealthy and productive of revenue than any other of equal extent in Egypt.

In the days of the good old Patriarch and his sons, after the days of the famine, Goshen must have presented a charming prospect. Methinks I see the excellent and venerable Jacob, in his happy old age, sitting at the door of his tent, looking out at eventide upon the calm beauty of the meadows towards the Nile, and upon his sons and grandsons amid the busy scene around him. There is a radiance in his serene countenance—a glory about his hoary head. The storms of life have long been beating upon him; but he is now in a great measure released from its cares, and fitted to enjoy that quiet which old age so naturally craves. His feelings have been subdued and chastened in the school of affliction. How much food for reflection does his past eventful life furnish, and how much in his present condition calculated to soothe his spirit. His sons have come to honour and prosperity in Egypt, and all is calculated to gratify his parental pride and affection. But his heart still cleaves to the land of his revered ancestors, where the remains of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebecca, and of his own loved Rachel, as well as Leah, repose; and whither he fondly hopes that his own body shall soon be borne,

to a corpse, to its final rest. What a subject would the aged Jacob have furnished to the master hand of Cicero, as an exalted model of respectable, revered, old age. From the Scripture narrative I picture him to myself as the most venerable of men. What finer subject for the painter, than his noble attitude and bearing before Pharaoh, as depicted in this Scripture:

"And Joseph brought in Jacob his father and set him before Pharaoh, and Jacob blessed Pharaoh."

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?"

"And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage."

"And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh."

Josephus, too, well says, that Pharaoh admired Jacob, as he stood before him saluting him.

Neither Alexander, nor Cæsar, nor Napoleon, in the proudest moments of their successful career, ever stood in an attitude so full of dignity, so truly worthy of respect and admiration. Indeed in Egypt one should look, like Desdemona, more with the mind than with the eyes. And the prospect stretches out even beyond the mind's reach. For truly did one of yore say of Egypt:

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semisomnously on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titianian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller as he paceth amazedly through her deserts asketh of her who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

The route from Balbeis through Aboo Hamad to Graine, where we halted for the night, a distance of eighteen miles, lies principally along the territory disputed between vegetation and the desert. Occasionally you see a fine wheat field boldly facing and abutting absolute sterility. Again vegetation pines and withers, till it is devoured by the barren sands.

As we were passing through a palm grove, I observed a tall Arab, dressed in a red cap and turban, and a long brown linen frock, turning a large wheel with his foot to water his little piece of wheat, which was eared but not yellow for the harvest. This he did by successively pulling with his hands, and stepping with his foot upon some pegs projecting from the outer side of his water wheel, near the rim.

The scene, thus occurring in Goshen, immediately suggested the following obscure passage of Scripture, which I immediately took the Bible and looked out, and read with great satisfaction; with this new full light upon it, on seeing doubtless the very mode of raising water for irrigation which was present to the mind of Moses when "he spake unto all Israel in the wilderness," and said: "The land whither thou goest to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs."

It must, too, have been a cheering prospect to his countrymen, who had been only accustomed to the tedious process of irrigation, which is indispensable in Egypt, for raising crops, to be told:

"But the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

Rain rarely falls here in spring and summer. I have been a month in the country, and out every day, without having yet had occasion to use an umbrella for rain.

Ibrahim advised us not to go out into the village of Graine, for he said it was full of "teefs," and there was no "great governor," nor any "forlezza." We therefore pitched our gay green tent, which we had purchased at Cairo for \$25, for the first time, beside a palm grove. It was profusely adorned with figures of yellow and red cloth sewed on, representing spears, &c., and with red tassels. A person's importance among Arabs is very much inferred from the richness and gaudy colors of his tent. Our's must have astonished the natives; for with its border of black, blue, yellow and red, together with the figures,

it was garish enough for the taste of any African or Indian chief.

We hired an Arab to stand guard over us during the night, with a gun, and lay down in our tent, upon our mattresses, to sleep. I. W.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR IN A DUNGEON.

WHEN I was in the West Indies, said the Rev. Mr. Young, I heard of a poor soldier who had been condemned to die, and I wished to see him in his condemned cell. On applying to the gaoler, he allowed me to do so, on condition that I should be enclosed in the dungeon during the interval of meals, for some hours. That in a West India dungeon was not a very agreeable thing. However, as I had a sincere desire to talk with this man, I submitted to the condition, and was shut up with him. I found him an interesting young man; and, to my surprise, his countenance indicated pleasure, rather than grief, when I presented myself before him. I began to inquire relative to the state of his mind; and, to my astonishment, he told me, that he had obtained salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. He went on to detail, in a most interesting manner, how he had found his way to the Redeemer. Knowing that no pious person had previously visited him, I wished to be informed how he had obtained his light; when he gave me the following narrative:

"Oh! Sir," he said "I was a scholar in a Sabbath-school at Nottingham. I was a very bad boy. I was expelled from the school twice in consequence of my conduct. I cherished evil principles in my heart, because I was an exceedingly dissipated young man. In a fit of intoxication, I enlisted as a soldier, and, in a few days, left my native town. Soon afterwards, was I sent out to this country; and I fear my conduct has broken the heart of my widowed mother. After I had been in this country some time, I did not like the army, and deserted. I was apprehended, and flogged. I deserted again. I was betrayed by a companion, apprehended, and am now sentenced to die. When I came to this loathsome place, I was as dark and as ignorant of God as it was possible for any sinner to be. I meditated vengeance against the person who had informed of me, and against my Judges; and I thought that I would be amply revenged if I could but escape from my place of imprisonment; but, when left alone to my own reflections, I thought of the Sabbath-school at Nottingham, and all at once the instructions which I received there, flashed upon my mind. I wept,—I prayed,—my heart was broken; and I found my way to that Saviour who had so often been named in the school to which I refer; and blessed be God," said he, "he has manifested his love to my heart, and saved me from the fear of death."

The time came when he was led forth to be shot. When he arrived at the place of his execution, his conversation, and the whole of his proceedings, indicated the tranquility of his mind. He then knelt upon his coffin,—prayed for himself, for his regiment, for his mother, if still alive, and expressed himself in terms of confidence and hope. Now, here was bread found after many days. That Sunday school teacher at Nottingham had no idea that he had done any good to this young man when he left the school, he had no hope concerning him; and yet the seed, which had been scattered in Nottingham, produced glorious fruit in a West India dungeon.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

—In the four groups of Islands in the Pacific ocean, where thirty years ago the people were idolaters, and most of them cannibals, there are now forty thousand members of Christian churches. In one district in Southern India, the Church Missionary Society have nineteen thousand candidates for baptism, and six hundred and ninety-three communicants. In New Zealand, in a district of the Island, the average attendance of the natives upon divine worship is seven thousand five hundred and seventeen; candidates for baptism one thousand four hundred; native Christians eight hundred and seventy-eight. By the labors of missionaries of the American Board, fifty-nine churches have been gathered among the heathen, embracing about twenty thousand members.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS.

THE heart of a child can feel the soft gush of love that flows from a heart made glad with the rich and sweet love of Christ. Oh! that each one of you would learn to bring his child, as soon as born, to the throne of grace, and to the arms of Christ. You owe much to your babes—they will one day be men as you are, work at the same trade, have the same foes to war with, and the same God to serve. If you would not wish them, when they are grown up, to be a plague and a curse to the land of their birth, oh! bring them when young, to the feet of Christ—give them to God, yield them up to the Lord that bought them with his own blood. Teach them, as soon as they can learn, the ways and the works of God. Take them to look at the bright arch that spans the vault of the sky, and tell them who it was that said, 'I do set my bow in the clouds.' Tell them that this bow is a proof to us of God's love and truth, and that he will no more drown the world as once he did. Bid them gaze on the sun with its clear warm rays, and the moon with its pale beams, and tell them it was God who made those two great lights, one to rule the day, and one to rule the night: and that that same God came down to earth and was made man, and took our sins, and bled for us, that he might make us shine as the sun in the world to come. You may pass from star to star in the deep blue sky, and tell them, 'He made the stars too;' and the hand that now guides all those bright worlds, and holds them up in their march through the sky, is the same hand that was once held out to babes. Tell them that he holds the winds in his fist, and the sea in the palm of his hand; that there is not a tree, or a plant, or a leaf, which his hand did not shape, a form of grace which his skill did not mould, or a world or a drop which his art did not frame, nor a spot in the vast realms of space on which his eye does not rest.'—*Gems of Protestant Truth.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

HENRY YOUNG STILLING was the son of a poor man, half tailor, half schoolmaster, in a small village in Westphalia; and this poor, weak, unfriended, pious boy, led by strange jumps and curious cross-ways of Providence, rose from one dignity to another, till at last he became Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden, Operator of Cataract to all the blind in Germany, and a prominent religious writer among the Moravians. His life was long—from 1740 to 1861—but he lost not one pleasant line of that primitive simplicity of character, the great virtue of that pious race from which he sprung. During the first twenty years of his life, he saw and heard little but the unassuming and pervading piety of a Moravian community. How he was startled by the first profane expression he heard!

He was about eight years old. He sat on a chair, reading a book and looking very serious, as was his fashion. Stahler looked him in the face, and said, "Henry, what are you doing there so seriously?" "I am reading." "Have you learned to read so young?" The child expressed surprise, and read aloud, with great fluency, giving, at the same time, the proper emphasis and expression to every word. Stahler was astonished. "May the devil take me," said he, "if I ever saw the like of that." When Henry heard this oath, he sprung suddenly up, trembled and looked fearfully round. When, however, he saw the devil did not make his appearance, he said, "O God! how gracious art thou!" Turning round to Stahler, he said "Man, hast thou seen Satan?" "No," replied he. "Then never call on him again," said Henry, and went into another room.

Happy that parent who has so educated his children that the first oath they hear thus shocks them, and makes them forsake the swearer's presence—and happy he who by assiduous teaching and example succeeds in making his children fear an oath to the close of their days.

An irritable parent can never manage discipline with propriety; but is ever prone to correct, whereas discipline should never be administered in a rage. Parents, I beseech you control your temper, and acquire a calm undisturbed disposition, for this only can fit you to rule your household with impartiality, wisdom, justice, and love.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE PATERNAL CHARACTER OF GOD.

WE do not rightly appreciate this world, if we consider it as more than the nursery for eternity. As concerns this life, and the things of this life only, we are not long in arriving at maturity; such maturity at least as is compatible with our present finite and imperfect capabilities, and necessary for the appointed purposes of this brief and preliminary state of being. For these purposes only the teaching and experience of a few short years enables us to "put away childish things." (1st Cor. xiii. 11.) But there is no period of our mortal existence at which, with reference to our eternal welfare, we can be said to have passed the infancy of being, or be safely left to shift for ourselves. Our state here, even to the close of the longest life, is but a state of continued tuition and dependence, when viewed in relation to the ultimate object, and the never-ceasing duration of our existence.

Nor is it sufficient merely that we feel this world to be only a nursery for eternity. It is essential also, that we should be duly impressed with the infinite superiority of the Teacher and Guide over those who are to be taught and led—superiority in wisdom, goodness, truth; in short, in every attribute which qualifies one intelligent being to be the director of the destinies of another. For we may assume it as a truth which no reasonable person will be disposed to controvert, to which certainly no well-informed Christian will object, that the difference, as to helplessness and want of capacity, between a new-born babe and the most intelligent of earthly parents, is inexpressibly less than between that parent and the Supreme Being. It would greatly assist meditations on the parental character if we kept this truth constantly in view; not as a barren though undeniable fact, to be recognized only in theory, but as an active principle, exerting a daily influence on all our conceptions of the Deity. However humbling the consideration may be to the proud and presumptuous spirit of the natural heart, however prone we may be to imagine that our moral or intellectual Babel may be made to approach very near, if not actually to reach the heavens, the word of truth invariably sets forth the strength of man as utter weakness, and his wisdom as mere "foolishness" (1st Cor. iii. 18, 20); and why? Because it speaks of these in relation to him who is all-wise and all-powerful: so that the declaration would have been incomplete, the description inadequate, had it ascribed to man any strength or any wisdom of his own, when compared with Him who sitteth in the heavens, and "filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 23.)—*Sir Edward Parry.*

THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

CHILDREN of God, what shall I urge on you as your first duty, on thus surveying the glorious inheritance reserved for you? Does not the apostle direct me in the words of the text, "Giving thanks unto the Father?" Yes, surely you cannot come down from the mount, from which you have been taking a Pisgah view of the promised land where you inheritance lies, and catching even a glimpse of its glory, without lifting up a song of praise to that Father of all mercies who, before the foundation of the world, prepared for you this inheritance; who sent his own dear Son to earth to purchase it for you, and has sent his Holy Spirit into your heart, to make you meet for its everlasting enjoyment.

Indeed, when you reflect that the Father's wholly unmerited love is the foundation from which all these blessings flow, what should your whole life be, but one uninterrupted act of thanksgiving to the Father, giving him thanks by the most willing obedience to his commandments, the most entire devotedness to his service, the most cheerful confidence in his love, and the most cheerful resignation to his will. I repeat the words "the most cheerful," because I consider cheerfulness, in trust and resignation, the very soul of thankfulness towards God.

And should not you, believer, child of God, thus cheerfully and thankfully confide in such a Father's love, and acquiesce in such a Father's will? Can

you distrust, for the provision or comforts of your journey through the wilderness, as far as needful, that love which has provided for you such an inheritance, purchased at such a price, to be enjoyed at its close? or repine at any of his dispensations, however afflictive, by which he is making you meet for its enjoyment? Gratefully then reflect that in every trial with which he has chastened you, in every furnace of affliction through which he has ever made you pass, this has been your heavenly Father's gracious design: that all your sufferings, bodily or mental, in their nature and measure, their degree and duration, have been arranged by him for the accomplishment of his love, with a beautiful adaptation to your peculiar character.

And when you consider how large a measure of whatever meetness you possess for your heavenly inheritance, you have acquired under the teaching of the Holy Spirit in the school of sanctified affliction, can you forbear giving thanks unto the Father, most heartily thanks, for those very trials which have blighted all your hopes of earthly happiness, but which you have so much cause to regard as special proofs of your heavenly Father's love, since he has graciously made them so instrumental in working out for you "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" Sure I am, such will be the feelings with which, when you stand upon Mount Zion and look back on your journey through the wilderness, you will survey these trials; and that some of your sweetest songs of praise will then be lifted up, on their account, before the throne. Anticipate now, I affectionately conjure you, the feelings of gratitude with which you will then regard these trials; and begin now, before the throne of grace, the song of thankful praise on their account, which you will then pour forth with such rapturous joy before the throne of glory.—*Rev. E. White's Sermon—'Meetness for the Inheritance.'*

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

ALAS! how soon, how immediately, a creature that lets go his sustaining prop, becomes the sport of every tempest! In vain he lifts himself up, in vain he strives with all the powers of a natural man; his strength has gone from him; he is defenceless, and there is none to help him. It is with the spirit, as with the body; in God it lives, and moves, and has its being; if the uniting cord is slackened for a moment, the increased feebleness of a sinner shows it. Is he fighting as a good soldier? he drops the shield of faith, and the Philistines come upon him and bind him. Is he, like Elijah, on his journey to the mount of God? he falls into a slumber, and then this child of weakness needs one mightier than an angel to wake him; and if, in the raging storm, he parts with his trust, it grows too rough for him, as it did for Peter, and despair threatens him with a sepulchre. But now comes the prayer of a perishing man, the blessed refuge of every destitute disciple. The soldier sends it up to heaven in his extremity, and with it he breaks in pieces the Philistines' bands; the burthened traveller remembers it in his distress, and it is heard, and the wearied man goes on rejoicing; and in the midst of the deepest waters, when an adverse wind is blowing hard about us, and we have thrown away our confidence, and lost the light of the day-star, then, when the poor afflicted one is just beginning to sink, the prayer of faith shall ascend from him, that cry of distress which is known and understood in heaven, "LORD, save me."—*Rev. F. G. Crossman.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

If you are a Christian, the throne of grace is yours. Your Father is seated on it. Your Saviour has sprinkled it with his blood. The Holy Spirit draws you secretly to kneel before it; and the promise, when there, is, 'Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it.' What an honour to approach the King of kings! Were we to have an audience with an earthly monarch, we should deem it an era in our history, and boast of it through life. But you and I and others may have audience with the King of the universe. Nay, we have liberty to approach him at any time.

and under any circumstances. Have we wants? He can supply them. Are we in trouble? He can extricate us. Do afflictions press our souls? He can mitigate and remove them. Does sin pollute our joys? With him is the fountain of cleansing. Does Satan vex our souls? He invites us to his arms as our refuge. All relief and every blessing is from God.—*Newton.*

It is pitiable and melancholy to hear with what accuracy a sick man will describe all the marks and features of his disorder—how every passing pain, every change, every symptom, and every fluctuation of health and strength, is treasured up, and amplified and discussed. What a physician does the sick man become in his own case! Nay, with what seeming pleasure does he dwell upon each circumstance!—With what fond and longing eloquence can he explain them because they were his own! But if you inquire into the health of his eternal soul, its sickness, its symptoms, its peculiar constitution, its signs of life and death,—all dumb, all languid, all flat and unprofitable! Before we go further, is not this a sufficient proof that all is wrong,—that the spirit within him has been left to take care of itself, while the heap of dust to which it is attached has excited such an interest, that every grain of it seems to have been weighed and counted! O that it would force itself upon our senses, and burst itself upon our notice! O that this mysterious stranger within us could appear to us in some palpable shape, that we might inspect, and handle, and examine it,—that we might be able to feel the beating of its pulse, and watch the changes of its complexion,—that we might know when it looked pale, and sickly and death-like! and when it wore the fresh and rosy hue of health! But it hides itself from my view; it muddles itself from my observation; and though I can amuse myself with looking at the perishable body in which it is contained through a microscope, and studying its very infirmities with a fond and melancholy delight, I do not feel a sufficient interest in the immortal and unseen spirit within, to follow it into its hiding-places, and pursue it into its recesses.—*Wolf's Remains.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARY PROSPECTS IN CHINA.

THE following letter from Rev. D. Abel, to the Rev. Dr. De Witt, has just been received. It is dated from his new Chinese missionary station:—

KOOLONGSOO, AMOY, March 4, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have at last reached the province, whose language I have been learning during the greater part of my missionary life. The Rev. Mr. Boone of the Episcopal Church, and myself, arrived here a week ago, and are already quite at home in our new habitation. Letters from the English Plenipotentiary to the commandant of the station procured for us a very favorable reception. One of the best houses has been assigned us, and all facilities afforded for having it repaired. The Chinese themselves, in connection with the camp followers, have made sad work with the houses—turning many of them into ruins, and leaving the greater part of them without doors or windows, or wood-work of any description, which they could conveniently carry away. But for this unnecessary destruction, there would have been no need of repairs. As it is, our own dwelling can be put in a habitable condition with but little trouble or expence. The island of Koolongsoo, which the English have now in possession, is small, but well situated for missions. In peaceful times it is fully inhabited. The large and populous mart of Amoy, the most commercial city in the province, lies within half a mile of us. We have been invited by the chief man of the place to go with him through the city, which we hope to do before long. The surrounding country we have reason to hope will be accessible to us. If so, who can tell where "the measure of the rule which God distributes to us" will reach? Now my object in writing thus early is to bespeak a supply of laborers. From a recent visit to Borneo, I can speak from a pretty accurate knowledge of the comparative claims of the two fields. As our joint letter informed you, we are all agreed that the Borneo mission ought to be continued and sustained.

But I have no hesitation in saying that China is far more important and promising in every respect. To this unlimited and opening sphere the majority of our best qualified missionaries ought to come. Here we need not go long journeys to find a scanty and scattered population. They press upon us, and can scarcely be excluded from our gates. They have minds, too, to appreciate arguments, and habits favorable to reflection. Zeal and faith and Divine assistance have become the chief requisites for success in this long inaccessible Empire. To say there are more facilities and fewer obstructions, and a far more extensive and promising field here than at Borneo, would be saying but little. In all these respects I know of no heathen country in the world which presents such a demand upon the hearts and energies of the best young men in the church. Another advantage over all other countries in Eastern Asia is the adaptedness of its climate to European and American constitutions. The climate, especially of the northern provinces, is probably as good as any other. I have no doubt I have written all these things before; but I wish to impress them at this time with more power than ever. I want help. I want our Church to enter into this sphere. I know of no place where we are likely to labor with so much effect. Would it not be well to direct the brethren Doty and Pohlman to join me? They are both devoting themselves to the Chinese, and the few thousands of strangers living in different parts of Borneo bear no comparison to the multitude here. I am not selfish in this request. It is my deliberate judgment, and the choice which I should make myself, if I were situated as they are, and knew as much of China as I now do. While together, we were agreed in the belief that they had better remain where they are. But circumstances have changed. China is now partly open, and there is every reason to conclude, it can never be shut as before. Let the Malay missionaries remain there. But let the Chinese come to China. I merely suggest this change, though I am not alone in the opinion here expressed. May God direct you my dear brother, and the members of your Committee, in judging aright of this matter. My health is good. To your family and all our mutual friends, please give my Christian salutation, and believe me your very affectionate,

D. ABEL.

ONE TALENT IMPROVED: OR, THE FAITHFUL DOMESTIC.

DOMITILE B. was educated a Romanist; but while living in the family of a pious lady of Champlain, who frequently read the Bible to her, she became convinced of the sinfulness of her heart, and of the errors of her belief. During the visit of the missionaries from Grande Ligne, Lower Canada, to the town where she lived, the truth was brought home with saving energy to her soul, and she was enabled to confess her full confidence in Jesus as her only and all-sufficient Saviour. Her health had failed in consequence of over-exertion, and she wished to obtain a situation in which she could find some repose for her exhausted frame, and instruction for her thirsting soul. She offered her services to Mde. Feller, the missionary, at extremely low wages, who consented to receive her, having then but little work for her to do. After a short time, however, new members were received into the mission family, and it has continued to increase till the present time, when it numbers between twenty and thirty. Mde. F. urged her, as her task became heavier, to receive higher wages, but she constantly declined, and it was only by positively insisting on it, that she could be prevailed on to accept a higher remuneration, when her work had increased a hundred-fold.

She would frequently come to Mde. F. and say—"It grieves me to take money from you. I do not think I am doing right. It is a little that I can do to show my love and gratitude to my Saviour, that I beg you will let me freely give that little." Mde. F. answered that she thought her scruples unfounded—that she could serve God as acceptably while receiving the means of her own support, and advised her to seek direction in much prayer.

As she continued to urge her request, Mde. F. said, "But what will you do for clothes?" "You will give me what you cannot use," she answered. "But often I am so poor," said Mde. F., "that I cannot supply my own necessities; how

can I give to you in such a case?" "Then," she said, "I can do as you do—when you suffer, I will suffer too. I have no talents, no ability to teach my poor fellow-countrymen. Let me serve God, then, in the only way left me, by serving His children. You will not then be obliged to interrupt your good work of teaching the knowledge of the Saviour, to attend to household affairs. While I prepare food for their bodies, you will distribute to their souls the bread of eternal life." Unable to turn aside the arguments of persevering love, Mde. F. yielded to her request. "Henceforth," she said, "Domitile, you shall be to me as a daughter. What I have I will share with you, and when I have nothing, we will suffer privation together." "Understand me, however, Madam," she said, "I do not in the least change my condition by this arrangement—I am your servant—only your servant still: that is the sphere of duty in which God has placed me, and in it I mean to continue."

From that time her love and fidelity seemed, if possible, to increase. Her toils are very laborious. She is on her feet from morning till night; preparing food for the numerous family, in a kitchen much too small for so large an establishment, and consequently heated to a very high temperature. Sometimes, when it seems impossible for her to complete her day's work, she leaves it for a few minutes and goes aside to pray for strength to accomplish it, lest a failure to do so should oblige Mde. F. to leave her all-important charge to do it herself.

The influence of Domitile over the younger members of the mission family is of the best and strongest character: which is a happy circumstance for them, as they are necessarily thrown into frequent contact with her,—being early taught to render what assistance they can in domestic affairs.

Her daily life and conversation is a model of Christian excellence ever before their eyes.—Prayer is indeed her "vital breath." She almost literally prays "without ceasing." And her whole conduct is a beautiful manifestation of the fruit of that faith which reigns so triumphantly in her heart.

While Mde. F. was sick, her many toils were greatly increased; yet though the invalid could be lodged nowhere but in the garret, and Domitile's peculiar sphere of duty was in the lowest story of the house, she waited on her and nursed her with the tender solicitude of a daughter. When her day's work was finished, she would ask permission: as an especial favor, to come and pray at the bedside of her beloved mistress, who ever found in the humble, fervent, heart-warm supplications of this faithful girl, a comfort and refreshment which few other means brought to her. She would often say to one of the other missionaries—"Who of us is doing so much for the Lord, as this poor girl? A man of the highest genius could not offer more than she does. He could but consecrate his all of talents and faculties to God's service, and this she has done." Happy shall we be if permitted to have a place in heaven next after Domitile.—*Mother's Jour.*

THE WILD MEN OF THE JUNGLE.—In the interior of the Island of Ceylon, there is a tribe of wild men called Veddahs. When first visited by the Wesleyan missionaries they seemed to be the lowest specimen of human nature that had been found in all the dark region of heathenism: It is difficult to see how any thing short of idiocy could place them nearer to the brutes.

The Missionary thus describes them: "They have no knowledge of God, they have never heard of such a being. They wear scarcely any covering, and have no houses. In dry weather they range the Jungle, and often sleep under trees; and in the wet season they creep into caves, or under overhanging rocks. Their beds are a few leaves; they eat with their fingers, with leaves for dishes. Sunk almost to the brute, they live and die like their shaggy companions of the forest. Even on this people the Gospel has tried its power. More than fifty families have permanently settled down, forming two pleasant and now Christian villages. They have school masters and Christian teachers. The gospel has given them improvement in civilization and the comforts of home.

Under the date of July, 1841, the missionary writes, "they have already begun to meet together for prayer, and one has become an exhorter."

ter. The government agent says that they pray daily, conduct themselves with the greatest propriety, and refrain from all labor on the Sabbath. Twelve months ago they had never heard of God; now they have been baptised, and many more are earnestly desiring to embrace the Gospel.

MAR YOHANNAH, the venerable Nestorian Bishop, attended recently at the First Presbyterian Church in this city, which though a very large capacious building, was not sufficient to accommodate the many hundreds of our citizens who were anxious to be present. Mr. Perkins, a missionary to Persia, and among the Nestorians, with whom the Bishop visited this country, and who is now in company with him, gave a very interesting account of the Nestorian Christians, and his missionary labors in that country.

Mar Yohannah then arose and made a few remarks in the language of his people, which were translated by Mr. Perkins, and were in substance, that he was much surprised to see, away in the west here, so many leagues from his oriental home, a country so populous, so wealthy, and possessing such civil and religious advantages. He said that in Nestoria they thought they were highly favored if each church could have a copy of the Scriptures, which, as they knew not printing, were in manuscript, and those so rare as to be very valuable—while in this country copies of the holy word were so plenty that every family and every child even could possess the inestimable work. He exhibited an ancient copy of the Testament in Persian manuscript, which was looked upon with a good deal of curiosity, as an interesting relic of Eastern antiquity.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

RECANTATION.—A Liverpool paper (the Mail), received by the last steamer, states that Dr. Graham, a respectable surgeon at Birkenhead, publicly read his recantation of the errors of Romanism, in Trinity church, in that place, on the first Sabbath in July. The Mail states that the Recantation produced a deep effect on the minds of many of the Roman Catholics who were present. At the conclusion of the service, four other Romanists expressed their anxious wish to do likewise.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1842.

In a rising colony like Canada, it is of the utmost importance, that free and equal religious rights should be secured to every class of Her Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects; indeed, it will readily be admitted, that any attempt at an infringement of those rights would in all probability lead to the most lamentable results, and tend to destroy that peace and confidence which are so essential to our prosperity as a colony.

A memorial was lately presented to His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot, signed by a number of Protestant ministers of the city of Montreal,—praying for an equal participation, with the members of the Church of England, in the advantages to be derived from "the Universities and Colleges in British North America, established by Royal Charter, and supported by public funds." The reply of His Excellency being of rather an evasive character, the Rev. Gentlemen already alluded to, have drawn up a manly and forcible "appeal" to the people of Canada, on the important subject, which has been extensively published. We regret that our limits prevent us from copying more than the following extract, which, however, will suffice to explain the object of this important document.

As the demand is perfectly reasonable, we cannot conceive in what manner so common an act of justice can be denied.

"We cannot allow ourselves to believe that the enlightened and liberal portion of our brethren who adhere to the Church of England will approve of such partial proceedings, because we cannot imagine them so blind and miscalculating, as to deem that the temporary possession of such exclusive power and influence, would not be bought at far too dear a price by setting them in a hostile attitude to the great body of their Protestant brethren in this Colony.

"Is there not cause then for alarm? Is there not good ground for this appeal? When we look around the various Colonies of British North America, what is the actual state of our Protestant Colleges? In what hands is their government vested? Are they fitted to inspire equal confidence in all classes and denominations of Her Majesty's loyal subjects? Is there no respect of persons or of creeds?—Do they fulfil their ends in the most ample measure? Or, what is the cause that they are shorn of their power, lustre and influence, and the public deprived of the equal and full participation of their benefits? Is it to be tolerated at this day, and in this part of the British dominions, that these noble institutions should be cast in party or sectarian mould, that they should be trammelled, dwarfed, drained of their vital power and spirit, paralysed in their free and generous action, by a preposterous and antiquated liberality? In fact, until these institutions throughout North America shall have been effectually emancipated from the preponderant ascendancy of one sect or party, thrown open to the public, and their government made at least virtually responsible, it is not possible to entertain the shadow of a hope that they will fulfil their end and command public confidence.

"In fine, we are persuaded that there never was a period when we had greater cause to distrust a party who it seems "have learned nothing and forgot nothing," amidst the many lessons and warnings which the recent troubles of this Colony have imparted, to all who are capable of profiting by experience, and so long as they continue to manifest a determination to maintain an undue influence in the conduct of our most important institutions, we must feel it our imperative duty to watch them closely and to guard the most sacred and precious rights of a free people; nor so long as their influence is allowed to predominate, is it possible for us to indulge the pleasing confidence that we may sit down secure against any infringement of interests, which it would be unpardonable in us to leave in jeopardy.

"We cannot but regard, therefore, the present as another great crisis which has arisen in the history of this Colony, in which we are called once more to unite and co-operate, in order to enforce the practical and impartial carrying out, in the frame work and administration of all our public institutions, of those principles of equal rights and liberality, and of that virtual responsibility to public opinion, which are the only sure guarantee of our future peace, freedom, and prosperity.

"Under this persuasion, we conclude by recommending that the public, by every constitutional means, should now protest against, and thereby counteract, the pernicious influence of this party and sectarian spirit, which, if it be not now sternly and vigorously opposed, will not stop in its career, until it shall have perverted into merely party and sectarian schools, our Universities and Colleges, which if not immediately and effectively put down, will revive unhappy dissensions from which we have just emerged, and obscure the fair prospects that are now opening to our country.

"Is it too much to hope, that those who are now so blindly and precipitately urging this matter, may be induced by this Appeal to pause in a career in which we are persuaded their ultimate defeat is inevitable? Nay more, we will venture to forewarn them, that should they actually succeed, victory will prove to them more injurious than defeat; for we are persuaded, that if these institutions are established upon a narrow basis, and governed in the spirit of a sect or party, they will forfeit the confidence and support of the great body of the people, will dwindle into mere private and party establishments; new institutions, founded upon better principles, and standing upon a broader basis, will speedily rise up to supersede, in all probability to overshadow and eclipse them; compelling them either to accommodate themselves to the wants and wishes of the country, or dooming them to languish and wither away, the just objects of general contempt and reprobation.

"Representing, as we do, so many Christian communities, it is scarcely necessary distinctly to disclaim any hostile spirit towards the Church of England as such, and to avow our willingness, in all respects, to concede to the members of that community those equal rights to which, in common with ourselves, they are entitled.

"We rejoice in the fact that that Church includes many towards whom we cherish most sincere fraternal love, and with whom we shall gladly co-operate

in all that pertains to the glory of our common Lord, and the best interests of our fellow-men."

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY, FOR THE CANADA EASTERN DISTRICT.

THE following interesting account of the proceedings of the district meeting, recently held in Odell Town, from the pen of the Chairman, the Rev. W. M. Harvard, we have copied from the *Wesleyan*. For several important reasons, it will well repay a perusal. The intelligence, respectability, zeal, and piety of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, have secured to that body the respect and admiration of the great and good of every denomination of Protestants. The eminent success which has every where attended the labours of Wesleyan Ministers, is the very best proof we can have, not only that they are *divinely called* to the important work of the ministry, but that their unwearied zeal is acceptable to the Great Head of the Church.

ODELL TOWN, J. A. COLLE, July 7, 1842.

Rev. and dear Sir,—During our recent District Meeting, most of the Missionaries were called upon to preach either in the Odell Town Chapel or the adjoining settlements; and the recollection of their useful labours is very gratefully cherished by us.

The Missionary Meeting for the District was held on Tuesday Evening, May 24th, the Rev. ROBERT L. LUSHER in the Chair. An interesting Annual Report of our Missions, prepared by the Rev. R. COONEY, was read, and directed to be printed for circulation in the District.

On the Wednesday Evening the Preachers partook of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper together, and were joined in the sacred service by a considerable number of the members of our Society, together with several pious people of other Churches, and some from the neighbouring Republic, who I do not doubt were "strengthened and refreshed" by the favourable opportunity of christian communion in that Divine ordinance.

On Monday the 23d, in the evening, a valued young Brother, Rev. MALCOLM McDONALD, was regularly ordained to the office of the Christian Ministry, according to our truly apostolical order, "by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

The candidate had previously exercised as a probationer for nearly five years, and had passed through his preparatory studies, together with the prescribed theological examinations, to the satisfaction of the District Meeting.

As usual on such an occasion, he was desired to give an account, before the congregation, of his conversion and present christian experience, together with the circumstances of his call to the Ministry: with which he complied in a manner and spirit most clear, scriptural and affecting. One pleasing feature of his case was, that he had been "born of the Spirit" in the same consecrated edifice in which we were assembled to "ordain" him to the sacred office. He felt himself happy that, at his ordination, he was able to point the listening auditory to the precise spot on which as a mourning penitent, he was first enabled to believe in Christ and to "JOY IN GOD." This circumstance was well remembered by many pious and intelligent persons who were present with us, and to whom the natural allusion could not fail to be touching in a high degree; knowing as they well did, that, by the grace of God, his subsequent conduct had been such as to confirm the profession of conversion with which he had originally commenced his christian career.

It was gratifying also to know that "THE HOLY GHOST," by whom he had been "inwardly moved" to take upon him "this office and ministry," had made him instrumental in the conversion of others, to whom he could appeal agreeably to apostolical usage as "the seals of his ministry in the Lord." This is a point on which the Wesleyan Body have from the beginning always required the most satisfactory evidence relative to all candidates for the ministry among them.

The conversion of sinners to God was the primary object of the institution of the Christian Ministry; and the accomplishment of that object the primary and primitive proof of a Divine commission to preach the Gospel. Such accomplishments demonstrated a Divine accompaniment. To this the following Scriptures bear the strongest testimony:—Acts xxvi. 16, 17, 18;—2 Cor. v. 18, 19, 20;—2 Cor. vi. 1; 1 Cor. iv. 14, 15;—1 Cor. ix. 1, 2;—Mark xvi. 20.

The Wesleyans DEPRECATE a ministry to which the Holy Ghost affords no confirming "seals," in the conversion of sinners to God! and I trust they will

... continue so to do, "even to the end." A ministry which is DIVINELY SEALING they recognize to be DIVINELY SEALED: And they conclude that a ministry which is DIVINELY SEALED, is, without a doubt, DIVINELY SENT.

To me it appears to look fearfully toward "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost," to attribute the "seals" of a CONVERTED and SOUL-CONVERTING Ministry to anything short of a Divine call! For those who think otherwise, and who "lose the substance in the shade" of this "great requirement," my heart prays, "Father! forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

But, to resume my narrative: the introductory sermon by the Rev. Wm. SQUIRE, of Montreal, was very appropriate, as was the address by the Rev. M. LANG, of Quebec. The former made a happy and significant allusion to the old mistaken notion which has been dignified with the name of "Apostolical Succession," and which Mr. Wesley has shown to be, (to use his own words on the subject,) "A FABLE WHICH NO MAN EVER DID OR CAN PROVE!" This fable some who believe in it regard as the chief "glory" of their several churches. We are thankful we "have not so learned Christ." A people like ourselves, who have a ministry which God has himself converted, and himself successfully employed in the conversion of thousands—we indeed have reason to be thankful to the gracious Head of the Church, that in this respect, we possess "the glory that excellet."

In the language of the Royal Preacher, we would supplicate the Divine throne, and say, "THE LORD our God be with us as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us nor forsake us; that he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, which he commanded our fathers." (1 Kings viii. 57, 58.)

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,
W. M. HARVARD.

A VERY neat and commodious Methodist chapel has lately been erected at St. John's, L. C., which is very creditable to the inhabitants of that rising town. The building was dedicated to Almighty God on the 26th instant, on which occasion two excellent and highly appropriate discourses were delivered, the first at half past two P. M. by the Rev. W. M. Harvard, Chairman of the District, and the second in the evening, by the Rev. J. J. Carruthers, of the Congregational Church. Both services were well attended, and a handsome collection was taken up after each. The Rev. Messrs Brownell, Slight, and Hutchinson also assisted on the interesting occasion.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—The venerable John Wesley, in a letter to Mr. Christopher Hopper, of Bristol, dated 1788, thus remarks. The opinion of such a man will, doubtless, have much weight:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I said nothing, less or more, in Bradford church, concerning the end of the world; neither concerning my own opinion; but what follows:—That Bengelius had given it as his opinion, not that the world would then end, but that the millennial reign of Christ would begin, in the year 1836. I have no opinion at all upon the head: I can determine nothing at all about it. These calculations are far above, out of my sight. I have only one thing to do,—To save my soul, and those that hear me.

I am yours affectionately,
JOHN WESLEY.

ADDRESS OF THE CANADIAN WESLEYAN METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

To His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G. C. B., Governor General of Canada, &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,
We, the ministers and lay Representatives, of the Canadian Wesleyan Methodist New Connexion Church, in Conference assembled, beg leave to address your Excellency as the Representative of our gracious and beloved Sovereign: and to express the pleasure we felt on the appointment of your Excellency to the government of Canada; and your safe arrival in this country, and to assure your Excellency that our fervent pray-

er is, that you may be directed and assisted in the discharge of your onerous duties, by that Gracious Being "through whom Kings reign and Princes decree justice."

Sincerely thankful for the deep anxiety which the Parent State manifests for the welfare of this Province, and for the peace which now so happily prevails in this important section of the British Empire: we trust that during your Excellency's administration of the Government, measures will be adopted, to facilitate more than ever the Commercial interests of this Colony; and above all, the spread of Literature and Religion; for your Excellency is aware that ignorance and vice, are the great barriers to the loyalty, and prosperity, and happiness of a country.

We are truly grateful for the civil and religious liberty which we, as well as all classes of her Majesty's subjects in this Province enjoy; and we doubt not, your Excellency's government will secure to all denominations of christians the full enjoyment of their rights, and by a wise and just, yet merciful administration of the laws, will prevent all evil, strife and religious contention. We hope also that this country will soon become, in a civil and religious point of view, one of the fairest Provinces of Her Majesty's Empire.

We fervently pray that your Excellency may enjoy all the blessings of a Gracious Providence in this life, and in time and eternity, all the benefits of religion.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,

I thank you for the expression of your satisfaction at my assumption of the Government of Canada, and of your good wishes for my prosperous administration of its affairs.

Relying upon the gracious intentions and earnest solicitude of Her Majesty for the welfare of this important portion of Her Majesty's dominions, and encouraged by the tranquillity which now happily prevails in it, I trust that I may be able to introduce and mature such measures as may be necessary or conducive to the prosperity of the country, to the development of its vast resources, the extension of its commerce, and above all, to the promotion of its higher interests dependent upon the cultivation of religion, and the spread of sound and healthful knowledge.

It will be my constant endeavour to secure a participation in these advantages to all classes of Her Majesty's faithful subjects, without regard either to political or religious party, and to encourage those feelings of confidence and good will which afford the surest means of effectually extinguishing all civil strife or religious contention. In these my efforts I look to the assistance of all who have the interests of the British Empire and of this fair portion of it at heart, and especially to the ministers of Religion, from whose assurances of good will and sympathy I desire the happiest omen for the stability of the present prosperity of the Province.

To the Ministers and lay Representatives of the Canadian Wesleyan Methodists New Connexion Church.

OXFORDISM.—In a recent debate in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Dr. Cooke stated that he could tell the Assembly, that "Tract No. 90," which had created such an excitement, was not a production of the present time at all, but had actually been written by a Jesuit in the reign of Charles the Second!

FANATICISM.—An old lady named Mary Davidson, recently from Boston, has taken up her abode in the woods in Kensington, "solitary and alone," where she is patiently waiting for the anticipated developments of 1843. Her object in thus retiring from the world is to make preparations for these great events. Some charitable persons found her there, striving to conquer the last remains of her earthly infirmities by abstaining from food. She stated that she had not ate for nine days; that she was in every other respect perfect, and had nearly succeeded in this; when she had, she would be wholly given up to spiritual meditation, without any earthly clog or hindrance. She was induced to eat, and thus hindered in her work of preparation, or she would ere this have been freed from all fleshy appetites. —*Amsbury Transcript.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

A mother was kneeling in the soft light of the dying day, by the side of her suffering babe; the deep and low breathed accents of the father went up in supplication as if to the very ear of the Eternal. "O! Thou who didst weep at the grave of Lazarus, and dost note every pulsation of the human heart, look down in thy compassion on our helpless child. O! save him for thy mercy's sake! Whatever else thou withholdest, give us the life of our sweet babe."

"Amen," responded the trembling voice of the heart-stricken mother, as she wiped away the cold sweat from his pale forehead. "O! William, I cannot give him up," she added, "he is so lovely, and then he is our only one; surely your petition will be granted."

The unconscious infant lay motionless in its cradle; its little bosom heaved with the faint breath of life; its tiny fingers were half hid beneath its golden hair, while the sweet smile that played around its fevered lips, seemed to respond to the whispering of angels, as if they were already welcoming the freed spirit to the land of light. The father and mother gazed upon it with an intensity that none but a parent's heart can feel. Gradually the smile relaxed—the hand fell down upon its bosom—the throbbing of the heart became more tranquil—a moisture diffused itself over the skin, and a sweet sleep fell upon it, clothing it as with a mantle.

Long and quietly it slumbered; and when the eye opened, and the lip moved, its cherub face seemed irradiated with unearthly intelligence and purity. Day after day, and night after night, the father and mother watched their boy, as he was slowly restored to health and activity. God spared him, and he grew up to loveliness, the pride of his parents. Pestilence stalked abroad. Death laid low the young and the beautiful. Still their child, as if by some talismanic spell, was preserved, and the fond mother thanked God in her heart that he had lived to comfort her.

Time passed on. Again the mother bent over him; a blighted, blasted being. The cherub smile of infantile innocence had given place to the intensity of remorse, and the sternness of despair. The fair boy had grown to manhood. He had gone forth into the world. He had mingled with the giddy throng that pursue the syren pleasure, till they find too late that with her, joy is but a name, and hope a phantom; that she leads to sorrow and death. Her contaminating and withering influence overmastered him, and he went onward till the poisonous mildew of his guilt settled on his soul, and wasted his existence. "Let me curse God and die," said the wretched sufferer.

"O! that thou hadst died in the calmness and sweetness of thy childhood," murmured the self accusing mother.

Again the father knelt by the bedside of his son, and his voice once more went up in prayer, "Whatsoever thou givest or withholdest, enable us to say sincerely, *Thy will be done.*"

"Amen," clearly articulated the mother, and the angel of death took the spirit of the hopeless to the bar of God.

BISHOP BURNET AND DR. EVANS.

A SHORT time before the demise of Queen Anne, as Bishop Burnet was riding in his coach slowly around that part of Smithfield whence so many blessed martyrs ascended to "the rest that remaineth to the people of God," he observed a gentleman standing on that distinguished spot, in a musing, pensive attitude, and apparently quite absorbed in thought. The Bishop ordered the carriage to be stopped, and sent his servant to the person with a request that he would come to him. He did so; and it was then ascertained that it was Dr. Evans, author of "Sermons on the Christian Temper," whom the prelate knew. "Brother Evans," said Burnet, "give me your hand, and come up hither—I want to ask you a question." After he was seated, the coachman continued to drive slowly round, and the bishop asked the Non-conformist minister—"what directed your steps to Smithfield, and what were you thinking of as you stood there?"

"I was thinking," answered Evans, "of the many servants of Christ who sealed the truth by their death in this place. I came purposely to

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

Prorogation of Parliament—Serious Disturbances in the Manufacturing Districts.

THE *Unicorn* arrived at Quebec on Monday last, with the English mail of the 19th ultimo—by which we regret to learn, that famine and misery have done their work, and called the starving thousands into open violation of the laws.

The disturbances in several quarters have assumed a very alarming character, and blood has been shed from collisions with the military and police. In all parts of the kingdom there is a lowering aspect, and from all the advices which have come to hand, there is much reason to fear that the public peace will be disturbed, and a civil war ensue. The government have acted with that promptitude and decision which the occasion required. Proclamations have been issued cautioning and warning the malcontents, and offering large rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders. Several cabinet councils have been held; detachments, of artillery, cavalry, and foot, have been sent down by the railways to the disturbed districts, the yeomanry called out, and large bodies of special constables sworn in; meetings of the local magistracy have been held, and every precautionary measure that reason could suggest taken to quell the riots, and to preserve the public peace and prosperity. Heaven only knows where all this will end, and I fear to trust myself to think on the subject, or to commit my fears to paper.

The state of affairs in the manufacturing districts is gloomy in the extreme, and a further attempt to reduce wages had occasioned a series of riots such as had not occurred in England during the last fifty years. The military had been called out, and it is stated that not less than twenty persons had been killed, while the numbers wounded cannot with any degree of certainty be ascertained. There had also been riots in the mining districts of Scotland, but they had not been attended with any serious consequences.

A general impression prevailed that Martial Law would be immediately proclaimed in the disturbed districts; this conjecture has arisen from the Law Officers of the Crown having been in conference with Sir Robt. Peel and others of the ministry during the whole of the day, on the 18th August, at the Home Office.

At the conclusion of the proceedings in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, in Her Majesty's name, declared that the present Parliament stood prorogued until Thursday, the 6th day of October next.

CANADA.—THE TREATY.

THE most important news which have reached us since our last publication, is the conclusion of the Treaty of Great Britain with the United States, "by which," says the *Transcript*, "the many vexed questions which have so long threatened the peace and prosperity of both countries, are happily, honourably, and we hope for ever, set at rest." The ratification by Great Britain may be considered certain. As the subject is one of general interest, we avail ourselves of the subjoined remarks of the *Transcript*, which will be found to contain, in substance, all the important features of the Treaty:—

It will be seen by reference to the map, that both in point of territory and, as we learn from the statistics previously afforded by those who have surveyed that country, in the quality and value of the soil, and the timber growing upon it also, the United States have been the gainers;—if we take for the standard of the rights of the respective parties, the portions of the Territory claimed by each, or even the line of the Commissioners under the treaty of Ghent. In a pecuniary light, the States of Maine and Massachusetts, to whom the disputed territory nominally belonged, receive in equal annuities the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, on account of their assent to the line of boundary described in the treaty, and in consideration of the equivalent therefor from the British Government. They are to receive compensation, also, for all expenses incurred by them in protecting the disputed territory. In addition to this, they receive their proportion in the "disputed territory fund," being certain sums of money advanced by the British Government to the authorities of New Brunswick to provide for the security of the disputed territory, and which still remains in their hands. In addition to this, the line 45, (which actually is in many places considerably south,) is for the purpose of the bound-

ary between the States of New York and Vermont, and Canada considered to be in its present position. The United States, therefore, gain also somewhat of territory along the borders of New York and Vermont.

On the other hand, Great Britain has obtained what she justly held to be of so great importance in the event of war, a free, secure, and direct line of land communication from the Atlantic into the heart of Canada, and of which the line claimed by the United States entirely deprived her. This was the chief object she had in view, and having obtained this, the question of a few thousand acres of almost barren land was of no great value; and from her rank among the nations, and her history for the last thousand years, she could well afford to make concessions if they became necessary—such among others as the voluntary offer of the present negotiation, but such as the United States might suppose their situation would not justify. The collateral benefits arising from this treaty are immense, and altogether inestimable. Already has its influence been felt in the United States in the revival of confidence; and stocks, immediately on the ratification of the treaty by the United States Senate being known, were taken up by English capital, which alone gave to one State nearly half a million of dollars more than the amount which the agents were allowed to offer in the event of the failure of the Treaty by the Senate. And in England the effect will be equally great and equally happy, when we consider the immense direct interest fund-holders there have in the prosperity of the United States; while on the other hand if we look at the consequences of a war, which in other circumstances would have been inevitable, both countries have cause for congratulation at the favorable settlement of the questions at issue.

We must confess we have little confidence as to the practical utility likely to result from the arrangements for the suppression of the Slave trade; and we cannot admire the spirit which seems to actuate the United States in declining to become a party to a mutual right of search. In their position among nations, and looking at their professions of liberty and the opinions expressed in regard to the Slave trade, we must regard their conduct in this matter as any thing but commendable, honourable, or consistent.

England seems to have withdrawn from the ground on this point she had previously assumed, as the United States have abandoned their pretensions in regard to the Caroline affair—since on this latter point, as well as on the subject of impressment, "the President is understood to declare in his Message accompanying the Treaty, that he does not deem it necessary to urge the consideration of those matters further."

The mutual surrender of criminals under the restrictions imposed by the Treaty, is obviously beneficial and necessary to the well being of society, and the maintenance of good feeling between two countries situated as are the United States and Canada, that every one must rejoice at the conclusions arrived at on this head. The 11th article, in relation to the surrender of criminals and the suppression of the Slave trade, very wisely provides that the arrangements now entered into on these points shall continue in force until one party shall signify its wish to terminate them. The treaty formerly entered into on the latter of these heads, was limited to a certain number of years, and not being at the end of that time renewed by joint consent, it ceased of itself to have any binding force; and hence arose the unfortunate and shameful state of things by which the murderer Holmes escaped from merited punishment. In future, fugitives from justice will be delivered up to be tried in the country where the offence is committed, and undergo the penalty which their crimes deserve.

The question of the North Western Boundary, which seems to have been left out of view in the negotiations, is one which, from the present state and character of the country, will not probably for many years place the countries at issue; and, therefore, we may hope that those friendly relations which all the claims of policy, of a common origin, a common interest, a common destiny, and a common religion so forcibly point out, should exist between Great Britain and the United States, will not be interrupted or dissolved.

GOOD NEWS.—With great satisfaction do we learn from Kingston, that the Governor-General has received a communication from the Home Government of a most important nature as far as the interests of the Province are concerned, and one which our whole population will be delighted to hear. It contains a proposition to the effect that if our Parliament will repeal all duties on British manufactures, and repose a reasonable duty on foreign imports, the products of Canada shall be allowed to enter the ports of Great Britain Duty Free. For this happy result we are to a considerable extent indebted to the exertions in England of Mr. W. Merritt. We have more good news, namely, that despatches have come out which authorize the Provincial Executive to draw on the Imperial Treasury for £300,000. For this we are indebted to the friends of Canada in England urging ministers on the subject of the promised loan.—*Niagara Chronicle*.

feast my eyes once more with a view of this precious spot of ground. As public matters at present have a very threatening aspect, I was examining myself whether I had grace and strength enough to suffer for the Gospel, if I should be called to it; and was praying to God that he would make me faithful even unto death, if it should be his pleasure to let the old times come over again."

"I myself came hither," replied Burnet, "on the same business. I am persuaded that if God's providence do not interpose very speedily, and almost miraculously, those times must, and will soon return; in which case, you and I shall be two of the first victims who will be called to suffer at that place;"—and the Bishop pointed to the PAVEN CENTRE! that marked hallowed spot where the stakes for the martyrs were set up, and whence the Christian worthies were wafted in flames to heaven.

But it pleased God to disappoint the fears of those two brethren, by giving an entire turn to national affairs, by the almost sudden death of Queen Anne, and the accession of George I. to the sway of the British dominions.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

NOT long since, says the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, a young man in the vigor of health, with the fairest prospects of a long and prosperous life, was thrown from a vehicle, and conveyed to the nearest house in a state that excited instant and universal alarm for his safety. A physician was called. The first question of the wounded youth was, "Sir, must I die? Must I die? Deceive me not in this thing." His firm tone and penetrating look demanded an honest reply. He was told that he could not live more than an hour. He walked, as it were, at once, to a full sense of the dreadful reality. "Must I then go into eternity in an hour? Must I appear before my God and Judge in an hour? God knows that I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that impenitent youth were sometimes cut off thus suddenly, but it never entered into my mind that I was to be one of this number. And now what shall I do to be saved?" He was told that he must repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "But how shall I repent and believe? There is no time to explain the matter. Death will not wait for explanation. The work must be done. The whole business of an immortal being in this probationary life is now crowded into one short hour, and that is an hour of mental agony and distraction." Friends were weeping around, and running to and fro in the phrenzy of grief. The poor sufferer, with a bosom heaving with emotion, and with an eye gleaming with desperation, continued his cry of "What shall I do to be saved?" till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death.

May you not, my dear young friend, while riding, be thrown from your horse, and be an inhabitant of eternity within an hour also?

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I HAVE seen a lark rising from its bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rose, and in hopes to climb above the clouds, but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighing of the eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than the vibration of his wings served to exalt him, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay until the storm was overpast; then it made a prosperous flight, for it did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from some angel as he passed sometime through the air. So is the prayer of a man when agitated by any passion; he fain would speak to God, but his words are of this earth, earthly; he would look up to his Maker, but he could not help seeing also that which distracted him, and a tempest was raised, and the man was overruled; his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled; his words ascended to the clouds, but the wanderings of his imagination recalled them, and in all the fluctuating variety of passion, they are never likely to reach God at all. But when he sits down, and sighs over his infirmities, and fixes his thoughts upon things above, forgetting all the little vain passages of this life, and his spirit is becalmed, and his soul is even still, then it softly and sweetly ascends to heaven, and is with God till it returns like the useful bee laden with a blessing and the dews of heaven.—*J. Taylor*.

LATER AND INTERESTING FROM CHINA.

We had, last week, the pleasure of publishing Sir Henry Pottinger's circular, giving an account of the gallant repulse, by Her Majesty's forces, of a large body of Chinese. By the Mysore, transport, since arrived, we have had accounts of new deeds of arms; and as several of our friends have kindly allowed us the perusal of their letters, we shall now lay before our readers a brief account of the occurrences of the 15th and subsequent days. It appears that after the unsuccessful attack on Ningpo, the Chinese attempted to annoy the British garrison, by obstructing the supply of provisions, and intelligence having, at the same time, been received that a body of 3 or 4000 men were encamped at Tsee-kee, about eleven miles to the westward of Ningpo, Sir Hugh Gough determined to attack them. A force, consisting of detachments of the 18th, 26th, and 49th Regiments, and a naval brigade, in all about 1100 strong, was taken on board and in tow of the *Nemesis* and *Phlegathon* steamers, on the 15th of March, and on arriving near Tsee-kee, the Chinese were seen posted in a tolerably strong position, immediately to the west of the town, the walls of which were scaled at once without meeting with any resistance. When, however, the British troops went out to attack the encampment, the Chinese fought well, keeping up, for some time, a fire from gingalls and matchlocks.

The Marines and sailors were directed to attack them on the hill which formed the right of their position, while the 49th took the centre, and the 18th and 26th the left of their camp. Here, it seems, the much shorter distance (and, no doubt, impatience to engage) which the Marines and 49th had to traverse, brought on the fight rather prematurely, they getting into action much sooner than the 18th and 26th, who had a long distance to go over steep hills; the 18th were unable to get at the Chinese till they had begun to run, and they then tumbled a few over. According to all accounts, the Chinese have shown more courage on this than any other previous occasion, and their loss, as well as numbers, are very variously estimated in different letters we have seen; the former at from four to nine hundred killed, the latter at from 14 to 15,000, although most of the letters mention the enemy to have been about 6000 strong. On the side of the British, the loss of the Naval brigade was 3 killed and 14 wounded, including a Marine Officer, Mr. Hamby; of the 49th, there were 6 or 8 wounded, among them, Capt. Reynolds, slightly, and Lieut. Montgomerie and Lane severely; the latter was so severely hurt in the arm, that it was obliged to be taken off in the field. On that night, the British troops slept in the neighbourhood of Tsee-kee, and on the following morning burnt the camp and several mandarin and government houses in the city and suburbs. Intelligence of another camp existing at about five miles distance, the troops were marched there, but found it utterly deserted.

On the following morning, the troops returned to Ningpo and Chinhae from this successful expedition. It seems that the flying Chinese have been rallied by some mandarins and reinforced by new troops, and that they were again gathering near a large city of the name Shouking, to the north of Yuyou, and that Sir Hugh Gough intended to route them thence within a few days after the date of our intelligence. Rumours were also rife of an intended attack on Ningpo by a very large force, say 30,000 men, on about the 25th, so that our gallant men will have enough on their hands for some time to come. It was said to be Sir Hugh Gough's intention immediately to move on Hang-chow-foo, the capital of the Province of Chekeang; to execute which movement, the position of Ningpo will, no doubt, have to be abandoned. The *Sesostis* steamer had been despatched to Amoy, to bring up 300 men of the Royal Irish. Most of the letters we have seen agree in representing our loss at Tsee-kee at three killed and forty wounded, and that of the Chinese uncertain, as above stated.—*Canton Press*, April 14.

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