

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### RICH AND POOR.

BY T. POWELL.

I reasoned with a friend one day,  
And he was rich and vain,  
He rode in a lordly chariot,  
And he wore a golden chain;  
I told him that the poor were ground  
To earth and sore oppress,  
And that they looked on the churchyard  
As their only place of rest.

There were proud scornings in his eye,  
When I named the weary slave,  
But his glances rolled unquietly  
When I talked about the grave:  
Said he, "I tire of this complaint,  
Methinks the poor do feign."  
"Come forth," quoth I, "I'll show thee why  
The poor do so complain."

We met a poor child in the street,  
(The day was wet and cold,)  
She roamed along with bleeding feet;  
She might be ten years old;  
"Why do you wander here poor girl?"  
Said I to the child of woe:  
She looked up with trembling look,  
"I've nowhere else to go."

I said, "Where is your father, child?"  
She shivered in my sight,—  
"My father sir," she wept, and said,  
"Was killed in a great fight.  
The king, sir, tore him from his home,  
And left us all in pain,  
My mother heard that he was killed—  
He never came again.

"My mother, sir, worked night and day,  
And kept us just alive,  
But she grew sick, and what could I,—  
The oldest of the five?  
And then there came the man who comes  
For taxes from the king  
My mother had no money, sir,—  
She sold her wedding-ring.

"'Twas not enough, the dark man said,  
'The king must have his right';  
And so they seized my mother's bed—  
My mother died that night.  
We had no bread that night to eat;  
My sisters sorely cried;  
Some cried for bread, and some because  
Our mother dear had died.

"The youngest one was little Jane,  
And she was three years old,  
She kissed her mother's cheek, and cried  
'Dear sisters, 'tis so cold!'  
I wander in the streets all day,  
And beg to get some bread,  
And though I know 'tis wicked, sir,  
I wish that I were dead."

I look'd upon the rich man's face,  
He twirled his golden chain;  
This is one reason why, quoth I,  
The poor do so complain;

They're drugg'd away to murder those  
Whom Jesus died to save,  
And thousands of our slaughtered poor,  
Like dogs hung to their grave.

## THE CASKET.

### CUVIER'S DISCOVERIES.

Before Cuvier's time, history and tradition, and stern reason, had indicated to man but one creation, and one period for its duration. The stary heavens disclosed to us no prospect of their passing away. But, now that it has been proved that our globe has been the theatre of such transcendent movements—the seat of so much revolution and change—the birth place and the grave of so many by a magic stroke, a beautiful form has been transformed into a witch. It requires a great deal, under such circumstances, to keep friends warm and unchanged—a great demand of goodness, a great demand of clearness of vision, is made from any one, when, under these circumstances, he is required to remain true in the same love, to persevere in the same faith, to wait patiently for the time when the magic shall loose its power, when the changed one shall come back again; and yet he, all the time, be able only to present himself by quiet prayers, mild looks, and affectionate care! I say great purity of vision, because the true friend never loses sight of the heavenly image of his friend, but sees it cycles of organic life—may we not expect to find analogous laws in the planetary system of which that globe forms a part? Launched on the boundless ocean of space, the ark of human reason has no pilot at its helm, and no pole-star for its guide; but an authority which cannot err, has issued the decree that the heavens themselves shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall be folded up; and that while they shall perish and pass away, a new heaven shall arise—the abode of happiness, and the seat of immortality. What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indication of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions on our satellite—the appearance of new stars, the disappearance of others,—are all forshadowings of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away—thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries and dwelling in the mausoleums of the former worlds—let us learn from reason the lesson of humility and wisdom—if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.—*North British Review.*

CHRISTIANITY.—Like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow, the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart smitten disciple goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the murderer, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint hearted and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with them and their children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through the cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride, and their unutterable

misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel. It is like the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise; and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence.

GOD AND HIS WORKS.—All the worlds live for one another, and operate on each other, although in an invisible manner; silently work they all at the web of beauty and happiness, which the All-good from eternity to eternity has unfolded before all created beings.—Great is the Creator, worthy of all adoration,—yes! but even on this account, because he reveals himself also in the very smallest thing and because the smallest feeling and thinking being is of as much value to him as the greatest of his heavenly bodies. The earth on which the Saviour walked, he was overarched with her canopy of stars, that his children may behold that he is as mighty as he is full of love. Ah! glance freely and full of confidence up to heaven, for it is also created for thee!

BRIGHT HOURS ON EARTH.—There is on earth much sorrow and much darkness; there is crime and sickness; the shriek of despair—and the deep, long, silent torture! Ah, who can name them all? the sufferings of poor humanity in their manifold pale dispensations! But God be praised, there is also affluence of goodness and joy—there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace—bright marriage days, and calm, holy death-beds.

IS IT NEVER TOO LATE.—"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls! I would cry to them—'Lift up your head, and confide still in the future! and believe that it is NEVER too late!' See! I too was bowed down by long long suffering, and an old age had, moreover, overtaken me, and I believed that all my strength had vanished—that my life and my sufferings were in vain; and behold, my head has again been lifted up, my heart appeased, my soul strengthened; and now, in my fiftieth year, I advance into a new future, attended by all that life has of beautiful and worthy of love.

"The change in my soul has enabled me better to comprehend life and suffering, and I am now firmly convinced that there is no fruitless suffering, and that no virtuous endeavour is in vain. Winter days and nights may bury beneath their pall of snow the corn; but when the spring arrives, it will be found equally true that there grows much corn in the winter night.

THE CHANGED.—It not unfrequently happens that people, whether it arises from physical or moral causes, become wonderfully unlike themselves. Irritability, violence, in discretion, and unkindness, suddenly reveal themselves in a hitherto gentle and amiable character; and as if through every veil of casualty, even when it is concealed from all, nay even from the faulty one's self. He has faith in it, he loves it, he lives for it, and says 'Wait, have patience! it will go over and then he (or she) comes back again!' And whoever has such a friend comes back indeed!

SHORT BUT GOOD.—Let young people remember that good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness, than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

Happiness, absolutely taken, denotes the durable possession of perfect good, without any mixture of evil.

## AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF SEAMEN.

ANOTHER eventful year has run its round, sweeping with it into the vast abyss of an eternal world, thousands of those who have been nursed upon the billow and cradled in the storm. The recent storms that have dashed many a stately vessel on the dangerous leeward rock-shore, have been commissioned to call many a soul (*fearful thought!*—possibly unprepared) into an unknown world. And yet, with all the ravages that death is making by storms and tempests, and dread disease on far remote and pestiferous shores, how few are found sympathising and really laying these things to heart.

Has the sailor, who fights our battles and dies in his country's cause, no claims on us as Christians. He has claims of a most righteous nature, and claims that, even to the present day, have never been discharged, and never can be until Christians of every denomination duly consider the amazing amount of obligation they are under to those men, both in a *religious, political, and commercial* view. As a nation highly favoured by God with the blessings of salvation, and desirous of extending the hallowed influence of the Gospel to every nation, kindred and tongue, it is the duty of the Christian world to distribute freely to the sailor the bread of life. He has a claim on Christian benevolence, and it is a gospel principle, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and if pouring out of our cup the oil and wine of consolation, imparts a joy that partakes of heaven below, who shall describe the blessedness of that man who is made the honored instrument of imparting divine light to the never-dying soul? Oh, let the Church of Christ at large concentrate their efforts, and exert every energy that will have a tendency to promote the glorious object, even the evangelization of the sons of the ocean; then will foreign missions be blessed, when on the wings of every wind, the balmy odours of prayer and praise shall ascend from every sailor's heart, and the pleasing response shall be, every sailor

"Rise and bring, peculiar honors to our King."

Thanks to God, much has already been effected for the amelioration of the sailor's moral condition, though the feeble instrumentality hitherto employed—and we have reason to exclaim with devout admiration, "What hath God wrought?" Yes, it is no small mercy to know, that sailors—long neglected sailors; sailors, the last to be thought as—sailors, heedlessly passed by—yes, sailors, of whom it might be too justly said no man cared for their souls—are many of them found casting aside the works of darkness, and, through the impartation of divine grace, putting on the armour of light—but we speak of this in a limited sense, when compared with the large multitude of those that are yet living without God and without hope in the world; and for this multitude we earnestly plead, O ye Christians, arise and do your duty, and discharge the claims those men have on you.—*English Sailor's Magazine.*

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

## DILIGENCE AND ATTENTION.

There was a little boy named John Smeaton. He would often leave his play to watch men at their work. He would ask how one part was to be fitted to another, and how the thing was to be used when it was done. If money was given him to buy cakes or playthings, he chose rather to spend it on tools, and tried to do what he had seen done with them.

Once he was seen at the top of his father's barn, fixing something like a windmill. At another time he saw some men fixing a pump, and took great notice of all they did. They had a thick piece of wood with a hole bored through it; it was longer than they wanted, so they cut off a bit. The little boy asked if he might have the bit. It was given to him, and with it he made a little real pump, with which he could raise water. When John Smeaton became a man, he contrived many very clever and useful things. He found better ways than had been known before of making mills, to be turned by wind or water; and he built a tall light-house on the top of a rock in the sea, which serves as a lantern to show sailors the way they should go, and warn them where there is danger. By this means many lives have been saved, and many people have had reason to be glad that John Smeaton was not a careless, idle boy.

Another boy, named Isaac Newton, lived at a farm, and was often set to mind the sheep and cattle; or to assist in driving them to market. But while he did what he was told to do in this way, he tried also to get learning, and was much pleased when he was sent to school. He amused himself by making a windmill and a wooden clock; and was once found in a hay-loft, trying to do a very hard sum. Once he saw an apple fall from a tree in the garden. Many boys would only have picked it up and eaten it. But Isaac Newton was set thinking how and why it was that when the stalk broke, the apple fell to the ground. Did you ever think why this is? If you wish to know, ask your papa or mamma to explain it to you; it is well worth knowing. By thinking about this common thing, Isaac Newton was led to find out more than was ever known before about how the sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, keep their right places, and move about in such beautiful order. This led him to admire and adore the wisdom and goodness of God, who rules the whole. As you grow older, it will be very pleasant to you to learn what this great man found out, and the use of the knowledge he gained by minding what he saw.

One little boy, named Benjamin West, was set to mind a little baby in its cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished he could draw a picture of the baby; and, seeing a piece of paper on the table and a pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in, he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen and ink and paper; and he showed her the picture he had made. His mother knew at once what it was meant for. She was much pleased, and kissed her little boy. Then he said, if she liked it, he would make pictures of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on, trying to do better and better, till he became one of the finest painters in the world.

Now one little story about a poor little Irish chimney sweep. Some kind persons wished to collect all the chimney sweepers in Dublin, to teach them to read the Bible. One little boy was asked if he knew his letters. He said, Yes. Then he asked if he could read, He said he could. He was next asked where he went to school, and in what book he had learned to read. He said he had never been at school at all, and he never had any book. It was a wonder how he could have learned to read and spell; but the case was this. Another little sweep, rather older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors, as they passed along the streets.

See what may be done by trying and taking pains.—*London Child's Mag.*

## AN AFTERNOON WALK

The spirit of the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is far from being rightly apprehended if we wait till the urgent claims of our duty crowd about us so that they almost impel us to action. To learn the lesson aright, we must have a heart, an eye and ear alert to seize upon that which may affect our own or others temporal and eternal welfare.

We must cease from turning on the pivot of selfishness, and cease from wrapping about ourselves merely the mantle of certain forms and ceremonies of religion, as if its folds would cover the broad principle of charity. Even when nothing but sin and degradation present themselves to our view, there are clouds of feeling that may be reached, and a conscience is there that may be roused and enlightened.

But alas! how much of life is spent and mind wasted on we know not what—thoughts, feelings, and perceptions hardly defined; and when our minds are active, often the veriest trifles of dress, furniture, change of plans, or perchance some morbid feeling of fancied or real wrong intended us, may occupy thoughts during many a walk or vocation that might be otherwise more usefully directed.

An incident, although of a common, every day occurrence, induced this train of thought, and we merely give it as an evidence that in our daily paths we have constantly the power to scatter the good seed.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and many had strolled forth, eager to catch the warm breath of our tardy season; and as we turned from the more general throng into one of the broad, open streets in the upper part of our city, we caught the sound of a lady's voice calling from an open window, "Come to me, little boy," and turning round, we saw a group of little boys standing so perfectly still that we came at once to the conclusion that some unusual commotion must have preceded such a calm. As we crossed over

near children who were standing in the middle of the street, a gentleman, who from a distance had observed the whole scene, hastily walked up to a stout boy of eight or nine, and shaking him smartly by the collar, asked him how he dared abuse the little boy of four or five who stood beside him? As soon as the boy could release himself from the firm grasp of the gentleman, he ran blubbering away; and at each step dropping from his basket the sticks he had just gathered: By this time the lady who first attracted our notice came from her house and thanking the gentleman for his interference, went up to the little ragged urchin who had been assailed, and in a mild, serious tone said, as she leaned down to look in his face, "But, my little boy I heard you use very bad words; don't you know it is very wicked to swear?" We saw the child as he stood then just before us, his brown, misshapen cap topped on the top of his white hair, and he bowed his little head on his tattered sleeve to wipe the tears as they flowed afresh at the rebuke of the kind lady.

The two elder boys who had been spectators of the scene immediately said "We told him to stop—we told him to stop." "But why did you not make him stop?" both the lady and gentleman replied.

"I left the lady still talking with the children, while we pursued our way, thinking that she realized indeed a 'beauty all about her path;' and when in the midst of her daily cares she beheld the quarrelling of children in our streets, she felt linked to them as human beings demanding from her all the good influence she could exert for their welfare—the oppressed to be relieved and the oppressor rebuked."

The lesson taught in those few moments may have its restraining effect for many years; the cruel boy may remember his detection and mortification; and the little child of four or five, whose heart so overflowed with emotion, will not soon forget the gentle lady's words "My little boy, do you not know it is very wicked to swear?" and perchance the companions who suffered wrong to be done to one whom they could defend may hereafter be more manly.—The passer-by could not fail to be impressed with the value of improving those opportunities of usefulness that surround us in the house and by the way.

The wicked children of our streets, those even that cannot be gathered in our Sunday-schools or common schools are not beyond the reach of instruction; and a word spoken to them, notwithstanding all the counter influence that is around them, may still sink into their hearts.

The greater their ignorance and wickedness, the greater claims have they upon our sympathy.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**DIGNITY OF LABOUR**—In early life David kept his father's sheep—his life was one of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform useful labour, yet, in the eyes of wise men, industry is truly honorable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, "Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was taken from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen.—From whence I infer that when God has any great work to perform, he selects for his instruments those, who by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill and perseverance; and that in every department of society, they are the most honorable who earn their own living by their own labour."—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

## WOMEN OF LEBANON.

In the East, women's lovely countenance is rarely or ever seen: but the Christian tenets of this part of "the mountain" (as Lebanon is called *par excellence*) allow its bright radiance to shine unreservedly on man, and amongst its rocky fastnesses, even in the lower classes, are to be met with, faces and features that would elicit admiration from, and fix the attention of, those least sensible to the attractions of female charms. A profusion of raven locks, with the clear and ruddy complexion of more northern regions, added often to an eye of the deepest and darkest blue, are the usual characteristics of these mountain nymphs. As to their dress, although many do not admit that singular part of the costume called the "tombura" or high silver horn, placed on the top of the head, and which, though it might look out of amidst the crowds of our cities or saloons, yet

here amidst the roar of foaming torrents, under the dark shade of towering crags, or gracefully leaning, as in the present instance, on high over their terraced roofs, these female figures, with the long white veil (which overhangs and partly conceals the "horri") widely streaming in the breeze, had at once a wild and mystic effect, highly in accordance with the surrounding savage scenery, of which at first glance they might be mistaken for the tutelary spirits. Whatever we might have thought of them, these daughters of the hills were much amused with the novelty of our appearance; cordially returned the salutations and inquiries after their health, and seemed quick in their repartees to the several jokes which Master Giorgio appeared to indulge in at their expense, which, from the boisterous merriment they elicited, were no doubt well applied and much to the point.—*Colonel Napier.*

#### THE HUDSON RIVER

I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighbourhood of some grand and noble objects in nature; a river, a lake or a mountain. We make a friendship with it; we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections; a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wandering. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character, its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the dangerous sandbar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honourable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, majestic, even flow; ever straightforward. Once, indeed, it turns aside a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open, and direct; or, if, empowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary: he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.—*Washington Irving.*

**NECESSITY OF PAIN.**—Pain if affirmed to be unqualified evil; yet pain is necessary to our existence: at birth it rouses the dormant faculties and gives us consciousness. To imagine the absence of pain is to only to imagine a new state of being, but a change in the earth, and upon it. As an inhabitant of earth, and as a consequence of the great law of gravitation, the human body must have weight. It must have bones, as columns of support, and levers for the action of its muscles; and this mechanical structure implies a complication and delicacy of texture beyond our conception. For that fine texture a sensibility to pain is destined to be the protection: it is the safe-guard of the body; it makes us alive to those injuries which would otherwise destroy us, and warns us to avoid them. When, therefore, the philosopher asks why were not our actions performed at the suggestions of pleasure, he imagines man, not constituted as he is, but—*if he belonged to a world in which there was neither weight nor pressure, nor anything injurious, where there were no dangers to apprehend, no difficulties to overcome, and no call or exertion, resolution or courage. It would, indeed, be a curious speculation to follow out the consequences on the highest qualities of the mind, if we could suppose man thus free from all bodily suffering.*—*Sir Charles Bell's Expression in the Fine Arts.*

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Synod of the Church of Scotland, in this Province, has settled the question of disruption, as far as they are concerned as a body, by a majority of 39 Ministers and 17 Elders, in favour of continued connexion with the Established Kirk of Scotland. The minority, 21 Ministers and 19

Elders. We do not know whether the minority intend to secede. Doctors Black and Mathieson, of this city, are amongst the majority.—*Courier.*

**THE POPE'S BULL AGAINST THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE IN AMERICA, AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.**—Most of our readers are probably aware that a society was formed in this city two or three years ago, having for its object the diffusion of Christian knowledge in Italy. It is called "The Christian League." Besides the Bible, it causes to be distributed some other books of standard merit, such as D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation; and choice tracts adopted to the state of the public mind in that benighted country. The Pope, it seems, has taken the alarm, and fulminated a Bull both against this Society and Bible Societies in general. On the principle of reciprocity, we don't see how his Holiness can complain, since he, or the Societies under his control, is sending missionaries by the hundred to this country, building churches, establishing schools for the education of Protestant children, (he is not so particular about educating his own) and in every other practicable way promoting the extension of Romanism among us. The following is his Bull, fresh from the mint, being dated May 8th, 1844. It is addressed to the Romish Clergy all over the world:—

"Venerable Brothers, health and greeting Apostolic!—amongst the many attempts which the enemies of Catholicism are daily making in our age to seduce the truly faithful, and deprive them of the holy instructions of the faith, the efforts of those Bible Societies are conspicuous, which, originally established in England, and propagated throughout the universe, labour every where to disseminate the books of the Holy Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue. You are but too well aware, my reverend brethren, to what the efforts of these societies tend. They only care audaciously to stimulate all to a private interpretation of the divine oracles, to inspire contempt for divine traditions, which the Catholic Church preserves upon the authority of the holy fathers. In a word, to cause them to reject even the authority of the Church herself. It is long since preachers found themselves necessitated to turn their attention particularly to the versions current at secret conventicles, and which heretics laboured at great expense to disseminate.

Hence the warnings and decrees of our predecessor Innocent III, of happy memory. Amongst the sectarians of whom we are speaking, deceived in their hopes, and in despair at the immense sums which the publication of their Bible cost them, without producing any fruit, some have been found, who, giving another direction to their measures, have betaken themselves to the corruption of minds, not only in Italy, but even in our own capital. A vast number of members of sects in New York, in America, have formed a new association, which will take the name of the Christian League (fœderis Christiani) a league composed of individuals of every nation, and which is to be further increased in numbers by other auxiliary societies, all having the same object, viz: to propagate amongst Italians, and especially Romans, the principles of Christian liberty, or rather an insane indifference to all religion. This society strains every nerve to introduce corrupt and vulgar Bibles, and to scatter them secretly amongst the faithful; at the same time their intention is to disseminate worse books still, or tracts designed to withdraw from the minds of their readers all respect for the Church and the Holy See.

These books and tracts have been composed in Italian, or translated into Italian from other languages, and amongst these books should be particularly cited 'The History of the Reformation.' Wherefore, having consulted some of the Cardinals of the Holy Romish Church, after having duly examined with them every thing and listened to their advice, we have decided, Venerable Brethren, on addressing you this letter, by which we again condemn the Bible Societies, and the aforesaid Society called the Christian League. Let all know then the enormity of the sin against God and the Church which they are guilty of who dare to associate themselves with any of these societies, or abet them in any way. Moreover, we confirm and renew the decree recited above, delivered in former times by Apostolic authority,

against the publication, distribution, reading, and possession of books of the Holy Scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue. Given at Rome from the basilica of St. Peter, on the 8th of May, of the year 1844, and the fourth of Pontificate. (Signed) GREGORY XVI., S. M.,—*N. Y. Journal of Com.*

#### CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

**DREADFUL STORM.**—A most violent storm passed over this city on Sunday afternoon, occasioning, we regret to say, great damage to property, as well as loss of life. It commenced shortly after two o'clock, and continued with unmitigated fury for upwards of an hour. At the commencement, the lightning descended on a house and barn belonging to Mr. Valois, situated a little below the village of Longueuil, both of which were immediately afterwards in flames—About the same time, the spire of a small Episcopal Church, situated in the same village, was struck by the fluid and destroyed. We believe, however, that no further harm was done to the edifice. At Longue Point, the effects of the storm were felt still more severely. The wind, which blew a perfect hurricane, overwhelmed a house in the village and occasioned the death of two children. The steeple of the church was also struck and carried into the water—the bell which was inside, falling to the ground. In every direction, and on both sides of the river, a large number of barns have been blown down, and in many places great injury done to the crops. In fact, such a storm has not been experienced for a long time, and we very much fear that worse accounts have yet to be received.—*Montréal Transcript.*

#### PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

**Thursday Night, 11 o'Clock.**—All is quiet—there is much excitement among the people in consequence of the continued presence of the military. Kensington seems to have been fanned into a flame, and considerable alarm is felt for the peace of the District.

Several Native American meetings were held tonight—they were numerously attended, particularly the one in High Street Ward, held at Dugass's, in Sixth Street, below Arch. Two companies of soldiers were present as spectators.

*From the United States Gazette, of Saturday.*

**THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.**—Everything remains perfectly quiet; all the bustle is about the Girard Bank, where the troops congregate in great numbers. They paraded on the other side of the Schuylkill yesterday, and passed through a number of the streets of the city, attracting much attention, and eliciting praise.

Elijah Jester, who was wounded on Sunday evening, expired at the hospital last night. He was shot in the throat.

*From the Philadelphia North American.*

**STATE OF AFFAIRS.**—The city continues tranquil, so far as action is considered, but we cannot say that excitement has abated. Troops from the country continue to arrive, and the vicinity of their Head Quarters is crowded with curious people. Nothing is divulged of the intentions of the Governor, or his advisers. We care not to repeat the surmises which are uttered at every corner. A day or two will certainly show the end of this painful business, and we hope to see the city restored to absolute tranquility, which no malcontent will dare to disturb again.

**THE WOUNDED.**—We learn that Colonel Pleasanton is rapidly recovering from the effects of his wound. Captain Scott, too, is doing as well as could have been expected from the nature of his wound. Major Hastings, and Lieutenant Vance, also, have quite recovered from the injuries they received on Sunday night in vindicating the majesty of the law, and upholding the order, honor and dignity of the Commonwealth.

**THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.**—It appears by a return made to the House of Commons, that in 1838 the Lords of the Treasury limited Mr. Barry's remuneration, as architect of the Houses of Parliament, to £25,000, to be paid at intervals in proportion to the advance of the works.

A letter dated Lima, May 11, states that a report was current there that the French and English were in difficulties at the Society Islands, and that when the vessel that brought the report left, they were about to commence hostilities. The French had imprisoned the English Consul.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

## ACCOUNT OF AN ORANG OUTANG.

From Clark Abel's "Personal Observations made during the progress of the British Embassy through China, and on its Voyage to and from that country in 1816-17."

THE Orang-Outang, on his arrival in Java from Baitavia, was allowed to be entirely at liberty, till within a day or two of being put on board the *Cæsar*, to be conveyed to England: and whilst at large, made no attempt to escape, but became violent when put into a large railed bamboo cage for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself in confinement, he took the rails of the cage into his hands, and shaking them violently, endeavoured to break them in pieces; but finding that they did not yield generally, he tried them separately, and having discovered one weaker than the rest, worked at it constantly till he had broken it and made his escape. On board ship, an attempt being made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple, he instantly unfastened it, and ran off with the chain dragging behind; but finding himself embarrassed by its length, he coiled it once or twice and threw it over his shoulder. This feat he often repeated, and when he found that it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth.

After several abortive attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship, and soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but when much pressed, eluded them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait in the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the mainstay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling, but I soon found, that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

Whilst in Java, he lodged in a large tamarind-tree near my dwelling; and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches and covering them with leaves. During the day he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under, and when he saw any one with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. He always retired for the night at sun-set, or sooner, if he had been well fed; and rose with the sun, and visited those from whom he habitually received food.

On board ship he commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven; and having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I pre-occupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest until I had resigned it. If it was large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side.

If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering; and either steal one of the sailor's jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope, he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast, shuddering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into their arms, and clasping them closely, derive warmth from their persons, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

His food in Java was chiefly fruit, especially mangostans, of which he was excessively fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board

ship his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruits when he could obtain them.

His beverage in Java was water; on board ship, it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea; but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy-bottle. Since his arrival in London, he has preferred beer and milk to any thing else, but drinks wine and other liquors.

In his attempts to obtain food, he afforded us many opportunities of judging of his sagacity and disposition. He was always very impatient to seize it when held out to him, and became passionate when it was not soon given up; and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. I seldom came on deck without sweetmeats or fruit in my pocket, and could never escape his vigilant eye! Sometimes I endeavoured to evade him by ascending to the mast-head, but was always overtaken or intercepted in my progress. When he came up with me on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the rattling, and confine my legs with the other, and one of his hands, whilst he rifled my pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake me, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon me. Or if, perceiving his intention, I attempted to descend, he would slide down a rope and meet me at the bottom of the shrouds. Sometimes I fastened an orange to the end of a rope, and lowered it to the deck from the mast-head, and as soon as he attempted to seize it, drew it rapidly up. After being several times foiled in endeavouring to obtain it by direct means, he altered his plan. Appearing to care little about it, he would remove to some distance, and ascend the rigging very leisurely for some time, and then, by a sudden spring, catch the rope which held it. If defeated again by my suddenly jerking the rope, he would at first seem quite in despair, relinquish his effort, and rush about the rigging screaming violently. But he would always return, and again seizing the rope, disregard the jerk, and allow it to run through his hand till within reach of the orange; but if again foiled, would come to my side, and taking me by the arm confine it whilst he hauled the orange up.

This animal neither practises the grimace and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravity, approaching to melancholy and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition.

When he first came amongst strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him; or when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge; but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and get as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *Alceste*, who shared his meal with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible.

On seeing eight large turtles brought on board, whilst the *Cæsar* was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached, and, looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering at the same time a sound which might be described as between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After sometime, he ventured to descend, but with great caution peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the

sea; and since his arrival in England, has shown nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise.

Such were the actions of this animal, as far as they fell under my notice during our voyage from Java; and they seem to include most of those which had been related of the Orang-Outang by other observers. I cannot find, since his arrival in England, that he has learned to perform more than two feats which he did not practise on board ship, although his education has been by no means neglected. One of these is to walk upright, or rather on his feet unsupported by his hands; the other, to kiss his keeper. I have before remarked with how much difficulty he accomplishes the first, and may add, that a well-trained dancing dog would far surpass him in the imitation of the human posture. I believe that all the figures given of Orang-Outangs in an unproprioed erect posture, are wholly unnatural.

Some writer states, those Orang-Outang which he describes gave "real kisses;" and so words his statement, that the reader supposes them the natural act of the animal. This is certainly not the case with the Orang-Outang which I have described. He imitates the act of kissing by projecting his lips against the face of his keeper, but gives them no impulse. He never attempted this action on board ship, but has been taught it by those who now have him in charge.

I shall enter into no speculation respecting his intellectual powers, compared with those of men; but leave the foregoing account of his actions as a simple record of facts, that may be used by other observers to estimate the rank which he holds in the scale of sagacity.

## AFFECTION BETWEEN THE DOG AND THE HORSE.

A gentleman in town hired a droskey and horse from a well-known establishment here to convey himself and friends to Tweedside for the fishing. Before leaving, a white pointer dog was observed to be loitering about the vehicle, and when starting continued to follow, or rather to take the lead in running before the horse; no threats, nor exercise of the whip, could put it away, and it was soon seen that a mutual attachment existed between the horse and dog. When the dog, which was seldom, lagged a bit behind, the horse became restive and uneasy; but when its canine favourite took the lead, no whip was necessary to make him go on with happy glee, always following the dog with his eye, who, in return, barked in gladness before him. When the horse was put to stable at Gatonised Villa, the dog refused to enter the kitchen to get supper; but faithfully and devotedly followed the noble quadruped to his stall, nor would he leave the stable, so long as the horse was allowed to remain: and to show that the attachment was reciprocal, the writer of this went the following morning to the domicile of the favourites, and by way of making the dog leave the stable, pretended to beat him with a stick, when the horse turned, and had he been free the consequences might have been serious. The same affection was exhibited during a week's stay, and the same warmth of feeling evinced between both on the return of the party to town.—*Correspondent of Mercury.*

## THE TRAVELLING POWER OF ANIMALS.

A LADY residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edingburgh, (distant forty-two miles;) it was conveyed to her in a close basket and a carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months; but, having produced a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady at Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh, deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have formed some new attachment. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well known mew was heard at the door of her Edinburgh mistress, and there she was with both her kittens; they were in the best state, but, she herself was very thin. It is clear that she could carry only one kitten part of the way and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately; she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She must have also journeyed during the night and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young.

In thus returning to the favourite spot, animals will sometimes perform difficult feats, to all appearances beyond their strength. A horse brought out of the Isle of Wight has been known to return thither, although the narrowest sea between the Island and the main land is five miles across. A gentleman, bathing near Dunraven castle, in Glamorganshire observed a strange object approaching at some distance. It proved to be a hoise, which had apparently swam from the opposite shore, twelve miles distant. There is a story of a cow having returned from England to its native place in Scotland, in the reign of James I. The King's remark was at once a joke and the statement of a real difficulty—"he only wondered how it contrived to get across the border," (that district being so full of cattle stealers.) Welsh sheep often find their way home to their neighboring mountains from the neighborhood of London. About fourteen years ago, a butcher in Dundee had a dog which had become notorious for every now and then disappearing a few days. It was ascertained that it was his custom on these occasions, of going to Edinburgh to see a friend of his own species belonging to a butcher in the market. Now, Dundee is not only forty-two miles from Edinburgh, but two estuaries, requiring to be crossed by steam ferries, intervene.

A gentleman residing at Feversham, bought two pigs at Reading market, which were conveyed to his house in a sack, and turned into his yard, which lies on the bank of the river Thames. The next morning the pigs were missing; a hue and cry was immediately raised, and towards the afternoon a person gave information that two pigs had been seen swimming across the river at nearly its broadest part. They were afterwards seen trotting along the Pongaborn road; and in one place where the road branches off, putting their noses together as if in deep consultation. The result was their safe return to the place from which they had been conveyed to the Reading market, a distance of nine miles, and by cross roads; The farmer from whom they had been purchased brought them back to their owner, but they took the first opportunity to escape, again recrossed the water—thus removing the stigma upon their race, that they are unable to swim without cutting their own throats—and never stopping until they found themselves at their first home.

#### THE ALBATROSS.

This noble bird, which may be said to constitute the head of the gull family, is, in body about the size of a common goose; but to enable it to undertake the extraordinary flights, which often carry it hundreds of leagues from any resting place except the billows foaming under its rapid course, it is provided with wings of great length and power. With these, which often measure as much as twelve feet from tip, it flies in search of prey over boundless tracts; often, it is said, sleeping even whilst soaring over the waters. It is very voracious in appetite, and is always craving, and never satisfied. Not content with feeding on the inhabitants of the deep, it preys indiscriminately on everything which it comes across. The smaller aquatic birds are not free from its great voracity, which is not unfrequently the means of its capture and destruction. A piece of pork or suet, fixed on a small hook, and allowed to drag by a long line in the wake of the vessel, often proves a temptation too strong to be resisted: the greedy bird stoops on his prey, swallows the bait, and then, with distended wings, it is towed on board, and soon stands tottering on deck amidst the exulting captors, who frequently employ, with similar success, the same device to ensnare the smaller pintado or Cape pigeon. The immense power of the wing of the albatross enables it to cleave the air with the greatest facility and a motion peculiar to itself; its widely extended pinions, without any perceptible vibration, carry it rapidly from the extreme verge of the horizon; whilst its gliding and graceful movements appear to be extended with perfect ease, and to be under the most complete control. Another peculiarity of the albatross is the shape of the bill, which has many of the characteristics belonging to a bird of prey. It is six inches in length, extending at first in a straight line, and then, sweeping into a curve, terminates in a most formidable hooked point. With this peculiarity of the eagle and falcon it has the webbed feet, divested of claws, so clearly an attribute of the aquatic tribe, and which with its enormous

breadth of wing, appear to mark it as the exclusive occupant of the cloud and the wave, of the raging blast or heaving billow; for no sooner does it set foot on the vessel's deck than it loses all majesty of appearance and grace of motion, staggers awkwardly, and, like a lubberly landsman, into the lee scuppers, and, similar to the latter under identical circumstances, seeks relief by the same means that follow the application of an emetic!

#### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

##### THE REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"The great service for which the Reformers in their respective countries deserve the gratitude of posterity is, not that they shone upon us with any original light of their own, but that they cleared away a most grievous obstruction which had stood for ages, and intercepted from the eyes of mankind the light of the book of revelation. This they did by asserting in behalf of God, the paramount authority of his Scripture over the belief and the consciences of men; and asserting in behalf of man, his right of private judgment on the doctrines and the information which are contained in the oracles of God. This right of private judgment is a right maintained not against the authority of God, but against the authority of men, who have either added to the oracles of God, or who have assumed to themselves the office of being the infallible and ultimate interpreters of his word. It was against this that our Reformers went forth and prevailed. Theirs was a noble struggle for the spiritual liberties of the human race against the papacy of Rome, and nobly did they acquit themselves of this holy warfare. At first it was a fearful conflict, when on the one side there was the whole strength of the secular arm, and on the other, a few obscure but devoted men, whose only weapons were truth and prayer with suffering constancy. It is a cheering thought, and full of promise both for the moral and political destinies of our world, that after all, the great and the governing force which men ultimately obey is that of Opinion—that the cause of truth and righteousness, cradled by the rough hand of persecution, and nurtured to maturity amid the terrors of fierce and fiery intolerance is sure at length to overbear its adversaries—that contempt and cruelty, and the decrees of arbitrary power, and the fires of bloody martyrdom, are but its stepping stones to triumph—that in the heat and the hardness of this sore discipline, it grows like the indestructible seed, and at last forces its resistless way to a superiority and a strength, before which the haughtiest potentates of our world are made to tremble. The Reformation by Luther is far the proudest example of this in history—who, with nought but a sense of duty and the energies of his own undaunted heart to sustain him, went forth single handed against the hosts of a most obdurate corruption that filled all Europe, and had weathered the lapse of many centuries—who, by the might of his own uplifted arm, shook the authority of that high pontiff which had held the kings and the great ones of the earth in thralldom—who with no other weapons than those of argument and Scripture, brought down from its peering altitude, that old spiritual tyranny, whose head reached heaven, and which had the entrenchments of deepest and strongest prejudice thrown around its base. When we can trace a result so magnificent as this to the workings of one solitary spirit, when the breast of Luther was capable of holding the germ and the embryo of the greatest revolution which the world ever saw, when we observe how many kindred spirits caught from the fire of that noble inspiration by which it was actuated, and how powerfully the voice which he lifted up in the midst of Germany, was re-echoed to from the distant extremities of Europe by other voices. O! let us not despair of truth's omnipotence, and of her triumph; but rest assured that, let despots combine to crush that moral energy which they shall find to be inextinguishable, there is now a glorious awakening abroad upon the world, and in despite of all their policy, the days of its perfect light and its perfect liberty are coming."—*Presbyterian*.

#### WILLIAM CAREY.

The year 1761 is memorable for the birth of an extraordinary man. In the obscure village of Paulerspury, England, and from a family in humble circum-

stances, arose a man distinguished for the most mighty achievements—a man in whose mind originated the great idea of *Modern Missions*. Such was William Carey. Enjoying but limited advantages for early education, by a perseverance perhaps unequalled, he became one of the most efficient men that have ever lived. In early life he became a Christian, and was baptized by Dr. Ryland in the river Neu, at Northampton. At the age of 21, he was settled over a small Baptist church at Moulton, where his compensation did not exceed £60 annually.—Consequently he was obliged to resort to his former occupation of shoemaker as a means of support. His sign-board is now preserved in the library of Stepney College, and reads follows:

BOOTS AND SHOES  
MADE AND MENDED HERE BY  
W. CAREY.

As a shoemaker, however, it is believed that he never excelled, for he never made two shoes alike. It is related that Dr. Ryland, having ordered a pair of him, found them too long, and returning them, the rustic artisan cut off the toes and sewed them up again. This deficiency as a workman, arose from his intense engagement in the study of Greek and Hebrew; ever having his book before him at his work, and thus forgetting to fit his shoes to the last. In this respect he was greatly favoured by having considerable employ on shoes for the army, which did not require the greatest nicety. Every two or three weeks he walked eight or ten miles with a wallet full of shoes on his shoulder, and returned the same day laden with leather, fulfilling further engagements. But all this was insufficient to support his family—in addition, he was obliged to take an evening school. From such circumstances as these, came forth a new age. To him belongs the honour of originating the India Mission. He was the first instrument of forming a Missionary Society for giving the gospel to the heathen. Says Fuller, "the origin of the Society will be found in the workings of Brother Carey's mind." Says Dr. Ryland, in one of the first sermons on a Baptist Missionary Anniversary in London:—"October 5th, 1783. I baptized in the river Neu, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's meeting-house, at Northampton, a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that, before nine years had elapsed, he would prove the first instrument of forming a society for sending Missionaries from England to preach the gospel to the heathen." His mind seemed first to have been directed to the "poor heathen," by means of an old copy of Guthrie's Grammar. Thus his attention was attracted by the great portion of the world lying in wickedness. The prints of his waxen fingers are still perceptible on the map which he kept before him while working at his bench. In thus tracing out different localities he thought of the heathen, and his sympathies were aroused in their behalf. It is related, that in 1784, at one of the meetings for prayer and discussion then held, a subject was required. With considerable hesitation and modesty Carey remarked that he had thought of one, but unless it was agreeable to the brethren he did not wish to press it. This subject was the *conversion of the heathen*. "Young man" said the senior, Ryland,—the venerable Moderator shaking his head, and looking sternly at him: "do you expect a second Pentecost?" But the hand of God was in this matter. He was working upon the mind of Carey, for the salvation of the heathen. At length the attention of the brethren was awakened to those claims which were pressing so heavily upon this apostle of missions. In October, 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society was formed, and the June following, Carey embarked as a missionary to India, where he was instrumental in translating the Bible into more than forty different languages, some of which are the most difficult in the world. Through his influence twenty-seven millions of the East for the first time read the word of God in their own tongue. How glorious must be his eternal crown of rejoicing! How joyful his future harvest! In the hour of his departure he said, "I have no raptures, but I have no fears; for the cross and atonement of Christ are my all-sufficient grounds of hope and joy." He died, June 9, 1834. With the spirit of Carey, possessed by the 700,000 Baptists of America, and soon "the kingdom of this world" would "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

#### THE RICH FOOL.

A PICTURE FROM REAL LIFE.

Dr. Cormack, of Stow, in his useful little Work entitled "Barzillai the Gileadite, or Considerations on Old Age," gives the following authentic narrative:—

There are few probably but can recal to mind instances, within their own knowledge, that are strikingly coincident with the case of the rich fool in the Gospel; and which tend powerfully to illustrate the duty of temperance, both in the pursuit and enjoyment of earthly things. I will briefly record a case which occurred within my knowledge, and which has afforded instruction to

my own mind. Being a case of historical fact it is not to be confounded with the fictions of imagination; and if similar instances occur to the reader, the instruction they convey should acquire impressiveness according to their weight and number.

Mr. Allwood was born of parents who occupied the humblest place among the peasantry of a northern county of England. Extreme indigence marked his early days; and it was through the medium of humiliating drudgery, that he obtained the coarse and scanty food which he ate, and the miserable and ragged raiment which he put on. Thus circumstanced, but possessed of observation and acuteness, and animated by such an ambition as his condition seemed to justify, he looked with a species of longing envy to the youth, whose strength and stature indicated the attainment of manhood. In the progress of slowly successive days and years, as he deemed them, he reached this pinnacle of his first, though lowly ambition; and seized the opportunity it afforded him of entering the king's service as a common soldier. The variety of incidents which chequered a few of the following years of his life we pass over. Were they detailed, they would seem somewhat too wonderful for a romance. Suffice it to say, that avenues to gain soon opened before him; and that, with shrewdness to seize opportunities, and avidity to amass, in the progress of years, he became rich. He purchased property in his native country, and took his place among the great men of the earth.

Intemperance in the pursuit, and intemperance in the enjoyment of earthly good seldom meet in the same individual; for, as it has been often observed, the vices are generally incompatible with one another, while the virtues of all harmonize. In the case of Mr. Allwood, ardour in acquiring had early formed and fixed the habits of temperance in the enjoyment of earthly good. He lived to the age of Barzillai; and, with unabated eagerness, continued to the last to "add house to house, and field to field." But the time of need at length arrived, and the "treasures which he had been laying up for himself on earth were then found unavailing to his peculiar wants.

In connection with his extraordinary worldly prosperity, it may be proper to mention, that sickness, which God is pleased so frequently to bless, in producing the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby, had scarcely been known to him, till that illness came which proved to be his last. As he began to sink under his malady, he more and more distinctly perceived that he had been running a race—and with unusual success, as it seemed, at the time—at the goal of which no prize awaited him. What seemed at the time to be unalloyed gold,

In these circumstances, the friends—oh! much abused name—the friends of Mr. Allwood, they themselves being still under the delusion, which had now passed away from before his eyes, endeavoured to restore the power of fascination, of which he had as long been the dupe. They endeavoured also to adapt their contrivances to his peculiar propensities. They attempted to rouse him, as they termed it, by speaking of his large and rich possessions; and having, by previous concert, collected his stocks and heids within view, the sight of which they knew was wont to afford him such singular pleasure, they invited and assisted him to his window, bade him contemplate the goodly sight, and reflect that these were all his own. But, alas! these were found miserable comforters, now when he needed comfort most. Turning away from the scene with impatience, and seeming anguish, he treated that neither the world, nor any thing in it, should be mentioned to him more: he owned, that they had too long and too fatally engrossed him; that instead of yielding him pleasure now, they yielded him pain; and that he had spent a long life in acquiring that, which only imparted anguish unalloyed by hope. For the purpose of warning, enough has been said; and as nothing followed to gratify a kindly Christian wish, we cast the veil of oblivion over the closing scene.

Curiosity, perhaps, and in some a better feeling, may prompt a wish to know, "whose those things" became which Mr. Allwood had "provided." And as instruction may be communicated, while curiosity is gratified, the information shall not be withheld: for it is a short though melancholy tale.

The rich possessions of Mr. Allwood descended to an only son, a minor. The youth had been accustomed to hear wealth extolled as the only good; and as it had been largely acquired by the father without learning, it was not deemed necessary to bestow much expense or care on the education of the son. But where no diligence is bestowed in cultivating the soil and sowing it with good seed, we may expect weeds to abound. In the unformed mind of young Allwood, accordingly, they sprang up, and shot forth in most rank luxuriance.

I enter not upon the particulars of a painful recital. For the present purpose, it is enough to say, that, while yet in boyhood, he became thoroughly confirmed in all the vices of licentious manhood; and that when he had got but a little way beyond his boyhood, he sunk into an early grave, the shattered victim of manifold depravity; without a recollection that could give pleasure, and without a hope on which to pillow his dying head. Thus the noblest accumulations of the father were wasted on the vicious indulgences of the son; for those who call them pleasures misname them; and the result to that son was, that while he lived, he lived unloved and unhappy; and that, in early life, he died miserable and unlamented.

"O thou bounteous Giver of all good.  
Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown!  
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,  
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1844.

SAINT PAUL.—No individual among the disciples or apostles of our Lord fills so large a space in the New Testament, as "Saul of Tarsus"—the man whom Longinus, the Greek critic, called "the patron of opinions not yet fully established." Of all the stars that shone in the firmament of the apostolic church, there was not one that filled so large an orb—there was not one that revolved in so ample a sphere; or that shone with so much splendour, as the gifted student of Gamaliel. But neither the eminency of his talents, nor the abundance of his labours, nor the weight of his afflictions, ever lifted up his soul to vanity, or blotted from his memory the record of what God did for him, when he transformed him from an arrogant pharisee into an humble but zealous preacher of "the everlasting gospel." He was always meek and lowly, constantly aspiring after the mind that was in Christ, feeling himself to be a debtor to both bond and free; learned and unlearned, he endeavoured to warn every man, and to teach every man, in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

This holy man, though not a whit inferior to the chief of the apostles, did not obtain the grace of conversion till after Jesus Christ had ascended to Heaven, and completed the number of his chosen witnesses. And although he was afterwards called to this office by a special revelation, and was munificently endowed with all the gifts and graces that had been imparted to the others, still he always felt his juniority, and was wont to say, "Christ was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. I am less than the least of all saints, and I am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God."

Upon this indefatigable servant of the Lord devolved, in a particular manner, the pastoral

solicitude of "the uncircumcision." God sent him to the Gentiles to open their eyes; and to turn them from darkness to light.

His duties were arduous, and of paramount importance. The responsibility attached to his sacred calling was always before him: he felt the care of the churches every day; he lived in the spirit of sacrifice all the time; to him the will of the Most High was a supreme law; the mind of God was his counsellor; the reproach of Christ was his glory: he preferred Mount Calvary above his chief joy; the cross "all stained with hallowed blood" was his favourite theme; He desired to spend and be spent in the service of his Divine Master; He was ready at any time to preach the gospel to the imperialists of Rome—to the gymnasophists of Corinth—or the rhetoricians of Athens. By dying daily he was crucified to the world, and the world was crucified to him, so effectual was "the grace of life" in him, that he was ready to be offered up at Jerusalem for "the faith he once endeavoured to destroy"—and to those who strove with him he said—"trouble me not, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.

The enemies of St. Paul tried to disparage and degrade him. They said that his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible. They called him a prating babler, and that he ought to be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools. But neither Apollos with all his eloquence, nor Peter with all his vehemency, nor the sons of Zebedee with all their fervour, could charm or convince as he did. Idolators were struck with his announcements—infidelity turned pale at his miracles—poets, philosophers, and orators were unable to resist the wisdom with which he spoke. The Pantheon and the Areopagus witnessed his triumphs—and kings, warriors, statesmen, and judges quailed before him. The grace of apostleship was mighty in St. PAUL.

### PORTFOLIO PICTURES FROM THE PULPIT

Some ministers of the Gospel, who in the first years of their labours, by rare talents, and untiring industry, earn for themselves a good reputation in the churches, are apt, in a more advanced period of their life, to become dull, prosy, and common place in their preaching; the reason probably is that they lean too much on the literary and biblical capital acquired in former years, without making any effort to increase their stock in after life.

The sermons of such ministers are like *old coins*. They are still valuable. Little can be said either in their praise or dispraise.—They are such as have come under your notice many times, without eliciting any special attention. They are grown rusty, and have lost that attraction they possessed, when they came fresh and beautiful from the mint of the mind.

A set of old hackneyed phrases and stereotyped expressions may be faultless to the divinity they contain; but the preacher who imagines that any congregation of Christians in these days will be satisfied with such performances is much mistaken.

Equally mistaken is he who supposes that official standing will compensate for any lack of ministerial duty, or who imagines that such an adventitious circumstance, such an accident, raises him in usefulness or importance one jot or tittle above his more humble brethren.

These remarks may be applied to whoever they will suit, for such only they are intended. We shall now proceed with our picture.

NO. IV.

The Rev. Mr. — was never intended by nature to be either an *Ascetic* or a *Jesuit*, his gregarious habits unfit him for the first, and his honest, open, straightforward, manly, and, we were going to add, *blunt*, manner disqualifies him for the second. This minister was born to command rather than to obey, and, as a matter of consequence, his deportment does not appear so soft, bland, and yielding as those who have less firmness of character, or as those who are more desirous to secure the esteem and applause of others.

It is unnecessary to add that this peculiarity is purely constitutional, and renders him one of those characters, a few of which are indispensable.

From the above it will be manifest, that in the enforcement of church discipline, and as a chairman in the management of a meeting, he has few superiors, though he may have many equals.

As a pastor rather than as a preacher he excels. His sermons, though excellent as to doctrine, are susceptible of improvement, and it is evident this improvement could be effected by the preacher himself, were he to bestow more pains and study on their composition. A fine, full, harmonious voice is greatly in his favour, and a habit of emphasising the simplest axioms make them appear as though they were inferences drawn from the most laboured induction and profound reasoning.

Preaching may be classed into controversial exegetical, doctrinal, metaphysical, and didactic; the latter is certainly the most useful, and this is the class of preaching he usually prefers.

“He would not stoop  
To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
Whom truth and soberness assail’d in vain.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

LETTER XXIV.

SUBJECT IN DISCUSSION: The GENERAL SCOPE and BEARING, on the Question, of the Epistle to the Romans.—No. 13:—Analysis. Chap. xi. 25, “Until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—Having recently been much engaged, and also laid aside by an illness, there has been a greater space of time since my last letter than otherwise I could have wished. I hasten, however, to lay before the pious and intelligent reader some further remarks on the mode by which the magnificent event of Jewish national conversion may be expected to be accelerated. Various influences will probably come upon the Jewish mind, both human and divine, moral and political, which will be conducive to their ultimate restoration to God. But, since St. Paul strictly instances “the fulness of the Gentiles,”

as an event which will distinguish that era, it may be supposed that so might a change in the condition of the Gentile nations, as that phrase expresses, be found to have a special tendency to prepossess the Jewish people in favour of the Gospel, which is the appointed means of the production of that promised change.

Some, indeed, regard the expression as merely the chronological mask of a coming age; others, however, assign to it also a moral and religious signification.

The former divide the moral history of our world into three great periods. The first, they consider as having extended from the Creation to the calling of Abraham, and the adoption of his descendants to peculiar religious privileges. They speak of the second period, as including the ages during which the family of Abraham possessed these exclusive privileges,—an era which extended to the time of their rejection as the exclusive people of God, and their overthrow and dispersion into all countries by the arms of Imperial Rome. The third period they characterize by the special offer of the divine mercy of the Gospel made to the Gentile nations. See Acts xiii. 46, 47.

In this latter period, they say, we are living, at the present day; and to the whole of this period they understand our Lord to refer in that notable prophecy of his, Luke xvi. 24: “Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles UNTIL THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES BE FULFILLED!”

The theory of these chronologists includes also the idea, that, as the two former periods each numbered about two thousand years, so to “THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES,” will be allotted the same space; and that the conclusion of this Gentile period will be, properly, “the fulness of the Gentiles” or, as they interpret the words, the completion, or filling up, of the time, or era, specially allotted to the Gentiles.

We do not avow ourselves absolute converts to this entire scheme: for we at least think we see in the distance a blessed and important era of the world’s progress to which the present is but introductory. So far from this being the concluding page of mundane story. But there appears so much in point of analogy, and also of matter of fact, which may be said in favour of some parts of the theory, as that we are not by any means inclined to reject it altogether. Nevertheless, we humbly conceive that the phrase on which we are now remarking, points us to a moral rather than a merely chronological characteristic of the age in which it shall occur.

We see no ground of objection to the consideration of the period which has filled on since the rejection of the Jewish nation, as properly denominated “THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES.” Among other reasons, because:

1. During this period, “Gentile” nations, in CONTRADICTION from “the nation of the Jews,” have very largely and richly shared the privileges of the Gospel, and they are yet more extensively and extensively participating therein.
2. During the same period, the Jewish people have been degraded by all nations, without exception; and the Jewish territory, “Jerusalem,” has invariably, throughout the whole period, been “trodden under foot of the Gentiles.”

And if this is intended to continue “until,” in the sense this interpreters give to the words, “the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled;” then, so long as “Jerusalem” shall continue so “trodden down of the Gentiles,” then, so long, the world will have proof that the Gentile era has not yet run out—that “the times of the Gentiles” remains unexhausted and not “fulfilled.”

We beg to recommend this portion of the divine word concerning the literal “Jerusalem” as well as its never-ceasing fulfilment for the last eighteen hundred years, down to this our day, to the admiring attention of the patient and comprehensive student of Scripture prophecy. And we doubt not that he will admit that at least here is one prophecy which extends beyond “43!”

There is, however, in our humble opinion, a wide difference between “the times of the Gentiles,” and “the fulness of the Gentiles.” The difference is at least as great as there is between the TERM of a man’s natural life and the TERMINATION of that life.

For the sake of argument, we may concede that the former may possibly signify the whole period of time marked by the special evangelical privileges conferred upon the Gentile nations. But the latter certainly points to the GRAND CON-

SUMMATION of the whole. The former may designate the entire moral campaign of Emmanuel for the recovery of the Gentile provinces, his moral dominions, from the base usurpation of Satan. But in the latter, we see the ultimate triumphs he shall gloriously achieve among the pagan population of our sin-stricken world.

The one place before us the whole season of moral culture, which has been awarded to the Gentile section of God’s devastated moral vineyard. But the other introduces to our delighted spirits the very abundant and most astonishing harvest of success which at length shall recompense the toils of so many generations of his faithful labourers. The former may refer to the complete stream of eventful duration, which shall thus be employed; and some of which has yet to run on in its appointed course. But the latter designates the mighty confluence of overbearing waters—the faithless moral ocean of blessing in which that stream shall ultimately and inevitably find its fore-told and extatic termination; and where its rolling and harmonious waters shall wonderfully fill the arch of heaven with the sounding praises of “Emmanuel: God with us.”

There are, unhappily, too many grounds for concluding that the happy age we are contemplating will be pre-empted by, at least, a short struggle on the part of the powers of darkness, for their lost ascendancy. During that period, “Satan will be loosed, and go forth to deceive the nations: and alas with but too large a degree of soul-destroying success. But “the Gospel of Christ” shall, PREVIOUSLY, “be preached” and shall prevail “among all nations. And THEN shall THE END COME!” The “fire out of heaven” of divine wrath, shall then “destroy them all”—all those who will have extinguished the flame of divine love.

Some remarks on “the fulness of the Gentiles,” thus understood, are reserved for my next letter.

I remain, dear Sir, yours,  
AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.  
Near Lake Champlain, July 9, 1844.

DIED.—In this city, on the 12th instant, Mr. Philip Cooper, son of Mr. James Cooper, aged 24 years.—The consolations of religion he enjoyed, and a well grounded hope of everlasting blessedness which he expressed, during his illness, has afforded great comfort to his sorrowing parents and family.

DEATH OF JOE SMITH, THE MORMON PROPHET.

The Cincinnati Gazette of July 3d announces, on the authority of the St. Louis Gazette and the Quincy Herald of June 28th, the death of Joe and Hiram Smith.

It appears that Gov. Ford of Illinois, left Carthage on the 27th ult. with 120 soldiers for the purpose of taking possession of the Nauvoo legion and their arms. This was done and the Governor left Nauvoo and encamped about 7 miles from the city.

About the same time an attempt was made by a Mormon to break the guard placed around the Carthage prison, in which Joe and Hiram were confined.

A general confusion ensued in the crowd around the jail. Joe and his Mormon fellow prisoners, it seems, had provided themselves with pistols, commenced firing upon the guard within. He then attempted to escape from the window, when a hundred balls entered his body, and he fell a lifeless corpse.

His brother Hiram shared the same fate.—Richards, a leading Mormon, was badly wounded. There our intelligence ends—what took place after this, God only knows. Mormons immediately left for Nauvoo to carry the news of the death of the Prophet.—It is feared that the Mormons at Nauvoo will be so exasperated as to exterminate the Governor and his small force.

Our citizens, says the Quincy Herald, were aroused this morning by the ringing of bells and a call to arms. Our three independent companies are already in marching order. Maj Flood has ordered out the militia of his regiment, and the steamer Boreas is waiting to convey them to the scene of action.

Messengers have just left for Hannibal, and the towns below, for the purpose of arousing the Missourians. The excitement in our city is intense, and the anxiety to hear the fate of Gov. Ford and his men is very great.

When we left Nauvoo about day-light this morning (Friday 28th) all was quiet. The Mormons had not heard of the death of the Smiths, as Gov. Ford, who was encamped a few miles back, had (as supposed) intercepted the messengers from Carthage.

At Warsaw all was excitement. The women and children were all removed, and an immediate attack was expected from the Mormons.

We met the "Boreas," just above Quincy, with three hundred men armed and equipped for Warsaw, eager for fight.

I send the "Quincy Herald," printed this morning, containing the particulars of Smith's death. In haste, yours, &c.

STILL LATER.—The Cincinnati Atlas of the 4th instant says—

The steamer Mendota, at St. Louis, left Nauvoo on Friday (June 28) at 4 o'clock. Capt. Riley says he stopped at Nauvoo several hours, and talked with a number of the Mormons; and that while there a body of Mormons came in, bearing the dead bodies of Joe and Hiram Smith. Mr. Phelps was not killed, but was in Nauvoo when the Mendota left, making a speech to the Mormons, and advising them to peace. Richards was not injured—no Mormons being killed except Joe and Hiram Smith. The Mormons all express a determination to keep the peace, and not resort to arms except in necessity of defence.

Concerning the feeling at Nauvoo the Louisville Journal of the 3d says:

We have seen a gentleman who was in Nauvoo on Friday, and who informs us that all was then quiet there, the prominent Mormons exhorting their followers to offer no insult or molestation to any one, and in no case to offer violence except in strict self-defence. The deepest grief and affliction pervaded the city. There appeared to be no danger of the burning of Warsaw for Carthage.

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	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	3	1	4
Wheat	5	6	6	0
Barley	2	0	2	3
Pease	2	6	3	9
Lint Seed	5	0	5	6
Buckwheat	1	3	2	0
Turkeys, per couple	5	0	6	0
Fowls	1	8	2	0
Geese	4	0	5	6
Ducks	1	8	2	0
Chickens	1	0	1	6
Patridges	2	6	3	4
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	5	11	6
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	7	0	8
" " Salt	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	25	0	29	0
Beef	25	9	30	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	14	0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Pork	0	2	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	12	6
Mutton	1	8	10	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	3	9
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
" " new	3	0	4	0
Corn	2	0	2	9
Rye	2	6	3	0
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Hay, per 100 bds.	25	0	30	0

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