

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

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POETRY.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares distressed,
When sighs and groans and tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest ;—
Tis then the soul is free from fears,
And doubts that her annoy—
And they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again with joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
Along that heavenly shore ;
There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
And they who once have sown in tears
Now reap eternal joy.

When the revealing hour is near
That sunders every tomb,
And on our way of doubts and fear
We pass the valley's gloom—
O Jesus, calm our mortal fears ;
Let praise our lips employ—
So we, who here have sown in tears,
May reap in heaven with joy.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

ON REDEEMING TIME.

IF before the flood, when men lived for centuries, they reckoned their continuance on earth by days, surely it becomes us to reckon up our ages by hours. By hours, and who thinks of an hour? Who calculates its worth, or lives according to the calculation? None but he who values it for Christ, and who passes it with him and for him. He only saves the hour; he alone "redeems the time." All other time is lost but this, and sinks into worse than oblivion. O what are men employed in! What paltry occupations engross their hearts, their hands, and their lives. Could they feel the worth of time by knowing the worth of grace in time, is it possible that not only their busy but their vacant hours should slide away without any concern upon their minds how they slide, or for what they have been spent? Look back, believer, if all out of Christ has not been "vanity or vexation of spirit;" look forward, and count if any thing on earth can promise thee more. But O that joy and peace in believing, which will exceed the calculation of time, and which is not reckoned by the world at all. This, and this only, like purified gold in the fire, remains to enrich thee. This, like its Author, can never be lost. This, and the Gospel through which it is given, shall brighten to eternity. With respect to the busy blustering and the fleeting world, thou mayest sing, with a writer of old,

"Peaceful let me live below,
Though my life I pass unknown,
Careless whether others know,
If my name the Lord will own."

Thou art indeed unknown, and yet well known, unknown by man, well known of God. And soon shalt thou "know even as also thou art known;" here language fails and imagination is absorbed; thou canst only add, "O the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out."—*Scoble*.

A SEARCHING INQUIRY.

THIS is my request to you, that you will take your heart to task, and thus examine yourself, till you see whether you are converted or not.

The matter is great; let nothing hinder you. It undoes many thousands, that they think they are in the way of salvation when they are not; and think that they are converted, when it is no such thing. Is there not many a self-deceiving man or woman, that never bestowed one hour in all their lives to examine their souls, and try whether they are truly converted or not? The greatest hope that the devil has of bringing you to destruction, without a rescue, is, by keeping you blindfold, and ignorant of your state, and making you believe that you may do well enough in the way that you are in. If you knew that you were out of the way to heaven, and were lost for ever if you should die as you are, dare you sleep another night in the state that you are in? Dare you live another day in it? Could you heartily laugh, or be merry, in such a state? What! and not know but you may be snatched away to hell in an hour! Surely it would drive you to cry to God for mercy and pardon, and to seek help of those that are fit to counsel you. There is none of you, surely, that cares not for being lost. Well, then, I beseech you immediately to make inquiry into your heart, and give it no rest, till you find out your condition; that, if it be good, you may rejoice in it, and go on; and if it be bad, you may look about you for recovery, as one that believes he must turn or die.—*Barter*.

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

THERE is scarcely a human being in existence who has not known what it is to part with a friend,—to leave, or to be left by, some one whom he loved, and whose companionship it grieved him to forego. Yes, it is too true. We cannot keep the beings we love best always beside us; we cannot pass the full term of an existence (brief though it may be) in the immediate centre of all whom we most regard. But if we know that in life there are many partings, we also know that there is another parting more grievous still—the parting of death. "It is appointed unto all men once to die;" and who is there who dies and leaves no sorrowing companion behind him? Every person has somebody who cares for him; every individual has his associate; every grave has its mourner. The Scripture tells us that the world fadeth away, and the fashion thereof; and represents it as one of the many joys of heaven, that there all parting shall be unknown. There those we love, and who have gone before, shall be for ever with us; and "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away." In the meantime, however, and as long as earth is our home, we must bow to the decree of Providence, and submit, every one for himself, more or less frequently, to the universal law of separation. What is it that shall arm us sufficiently for this trial? Religion, and nothing else. For the Christian is ever looking beyond the present scene, and even in the heaviest season of separation from those he loves best, he remembers that from God he can never be separated. Although all other friends should leave him, he knows he has still one Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother," and adopts also for himself the beautiful sentiment of the Psalmist, "When my Father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up."

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

How truly is it said of Christ that he is "all in all," in the covenant of grace. He is head and representative as Adam in the old covenant, (Rom. v.) He is the angel or messenger, (Mal.

iii. 1.) of God in the Sinai covenant. He is the witness of the covenant, (Isaiah lv. 4); the faithful witness, whose words and deeds, as approved of God, abundantly attest it. He is the Surety of the covenant, (Heb. vii. 22), both on God's part (John vi. 37-39,) and on ours, (2 Cor. v. 21.) He is the Testator of the covenant, (Heb. ix. 16, 17,) having died to seal and ratify it in his own blood. He is the Mediator of the covenant, (Heb. viii. 6); the daysman or administrator of it, ordering all things, in terms of it, for the glory of the Father, and the salvation of his people. In fine, he is the Substance of the covenant. I will give thee (Isaiah xlix. 8,) a covenant for the people. He is himself our peace, our life, our salvation, in whom, on both sides, its terms are fulfilled and its blessings secured.

PROVIDENCE.

THE vine, one day, complained weeping to heaven of the injustice of her lot! I am planted, said she, among parched rocks, and am obliged to produce fruit replenished with juice; while the reed in the valley, which produces nothing but dry down, grows at its ease on the banks of the stream. "Oh, vine!" replied a voice from heaven, "complain not of thy destiny. Autumn will come, when the reed shall perish without honour on the brink of the morass; but the rains of heaven shall refresh thee in the mountains, and thy juice, ripened among rocks, shall console men and rejoice the gods.

Thus, prosperous worldling, though now, like the reed, thou rejoicest during thy summer upon the bank of thy worldly stream; yet thy autumn will come, when thy leaf shall wither, and thou shalt be scattered like chaff "from the presence of the Lord."

AFFLICTION ROUSES THE CHRISTIAN.

AFFLICTIONS, like tempests, make us look to our tackling, patience; and to our anchor, hope; and to our helm, faith; and to our chart, the Word of God; and to our captain, Christ; whereas security, like a calm, makes us forget both our danger and our deliverer.

USEFUL HINTS.

A PROUD man hath no God, for he has put God down and set himself up. An unpeaceable man has no neighbour, for he has driven them all away. A distrustful man has no friend, for he has disobliged all. Who will befriend him who hath no good opinion of another? A discontented man hath not himself—he has lost himself, because things are not as he would.

A SURE INHERITANCE.

THE celebrated Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, who rose from a humble station in life to the highest rank, and passed through strange and trying vicissitudes, used these words as his motto, and ordered them to be engraved on his tomb: "God's providence is my inheritance."

CONJUGAL LOVE.

AFFECTION may be won by the sweetness of disposition, and esteem and respect by talents and by virtue; but no other quality can confer the nameless interest which arises from a happy congruity of tastes and of pursuits. To feel with one heart, to judge with one mind, and to look to the same high and pure sources for happiness, are most beautiful links in the golden chain of domestic union.

TEMPERANCE.

A WARNING AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

BY THE REV. J. A. WALLACE.

OF the many vices which war against men's souls, and plunge them in perdition, there is none, perhaps, into which greater multitudes are betrayed, than that of intemperance; nor one from whose intolerable bondage fewer victims are ever privileged to escape. At the same time, it is somewhat remarkable that there is no vice which seems to yield the sovereignty over men's passions at an easier rate, or offers less by way of compensation for the hard servitude which it exacts. One might think that the loss of heaven, and the ruin of an immortal soul were not for a moment to be hazarded by any reasonable being for a thing of nought, and that no man would ever abandon himself to a habit which was fitted to entail upon him such tremendous evils in another world, without looking well to the furtherance of his own happiness in the present life, and thus making sure in the meantime of a rich and abundant recompense of reward.

Yet how different is the principle which regulates the conduct of the drunkard! Even in the present world, and putting eternity altogether out of the question, he seems of all men the most miserable; for he suffers the loss of health, of time, of character, of reputation, of usefulness, of property, of domestic comfort, of tranquility of conscience, of soundness of understanding, of fellowship with saints, of communion with God, of consolation in trial, of hope in death,—of every thing, in short, that appears necessary to his present felicity. And where then lies the gain, or what remains to reconcile him to the portion that awaits him beyond the grave?—Nothing that we are aware of but the experience of some pleasurable emotion which lasts only for a little. And what is that? It is nothing, or less than nothing, when weighed in the scales with the worth of a never-dying soul; and, moreover, it is succeeded for the most part with feelings of intolerable bitterness—feelings which, according to the drunkard's own testimony, are more than sufficient to cancel and counterbalance the liveliest of his joys. And not only so, but it is especially deserving of notice, that there is that in the constitution of his own nature, and in the wise ordinations of Almighty God, whereby it so happens that the very feelings of sensual enjoyment for the sake of which he is sacrificing so much, so far from being quickened into greater liveliness by every act of transgression, and thereby bringing in to him a larger amount of pleasure, does actually become more feeble, and less fitted to excite or to entertain him, just the oftener that he gives himself the indulgence of the evil passion. The craving indeed of his own depraved appetite may become keener and keener, the longer he continues in the service of sin, and for the purpose of pacifying its insatiable desires he may enlarge the measure of his indulgences, and make advances as rapid as they are ruinous in the path wherein destroyers go. But as if to lessen the force of temptation, or to demonstrate that he is altogether without excuse, his own susceptibility of enjoyment becomes weaker and weaker. And thus the same process which is throwing fuel into his burning passions, and imparting fresh strength and activity to his evil habits, is nevertheless removing him, day by day, to a greater distance from the transitory enjoyment which after all is his only recompense of reward.

Hence, it may be said of the confirmed drunkard, that he is truly realizing the expres-

sion of the Bible, but in a way very different from the experience of an apostle:—*he is dying daily*,—dying in body,—dying in quick sensitiveness of soul; and long before the breath is gone from his nostrils he may be dead,—dead not only to all things noble and divine, but dead in a measure even to the sensual enjoyment for which he has given over his immortal soul to perdition.

But though, in one sense, he is dead whilst he liveth, it is also true, in another sense, that he is alive whilst he is dead,—alive to all the means and devices and opportunities that present themselves for the indulgence of his keen and uncontrollable desires,—alive in proud and stern resistance to the messages of mercy and to the force of religious truth—alive in the tremendous and outrageous energy of passions which have gathered strength with every successive indulgence, and which in themselves are the most active, the most potent, and the most indestructible of all the elements that shall minister everlastingly to the feeding of the worm that never dies, and to the fostering of the fire that shall never be quenched.

We met sometime ago with what, perhaps, may be regarded as a somewhat striking exemplification of the foregoing remarks. It was the case of a man of grey hairs and of a venerable aspect, but who, though bending beneath the infirmities of age, and tottering on the brink of the grave, was still retaining the habits of a drunkard,—habits to which he had been long addicted. He was lying, when we last saw him, on the bed from which he was never more to arise. The shadows of the dark valley were gathering thickly around him. The solemn prospect of appearing in the presence of his Judge was just about to be realized. But there was no extinction of the ruling passion. The cravings of his spent and exhausted spirit was going out, amid the last agonies, for the intoxicating draught.—And though the miserable being had not strength to lift him from his bed, he prayed to his surrounding attendants to be indulged once more, and that with an agony and earnestness of mind as intense and overpowering as if he had been praying for the salvation of his soul. It was in vain to rouse him by the dread imagery of hell, or to soften him by the tender mercies of Christ, or to attract him by the radiant glories of heaven. He had given the rein to his passions, and his passions had gained the mastery. Even to the last hour, and at the very gates of death, they were lordling it over him with a tyranny which he had not the power to resist. And thus he died!

It was a solemn spectacle. Even the memory of it makes the heart shudder. But we forbear to dwell upon it. Nor shall we presume to intrude into the secretaries of eternity, or to follow the spirit to its doom. The spirit has returned unto Him who trieth all hearts, and who judgeth righteous judgment, and with Him we leave it.

The mortal remains we accompanied to their final resting-place. It seemed the saddest of funerals. Yet we could have wished when the last ceremony was over, that the very ashes had been permitted to repose in peace—that he had been left alone in his grave. But so it was not. In the lapse of a brief interval, his grave was opened. It was to lay another by his side. And who was he? Oh, hapless youth! He was the only son of that aged man, the prop of his declining years, the last of his family. Not long ago, he was rejoicing in the flower and vigor of his youth, of propossessing manners, of active habits, with fair prospects, a worshipper in the assemblies of God's people, a mem-

ber of the visible Church of Christ. But, alas! the vice of the father became the vice of the son; and then his course was not only sad, but it was soon finished. His place in the house of God was forsaken. His business was neglected. His shop was eventually closed. At last the violence of disease confined him to his dwelling, and to his dying bed; and left to the compassion of strangers and of hirelings, without a friend to counsel or to comfort him, with his door closed against the offered ministration of his pastor, he also died, and was buried!

The dust of the old man, and the ashes of his once promising son, are now lying side by side in the same silent grave!

Silent, did we say! We recall the word. There is a voice that seems to issue from the very dust of that extinct and ruined family, and the tenants of that melancholy grave, dead though they be, seem yet to be speaking; the one to the old, for he went down with grey hairs to the grave; the other to the young, for he was cut down, and withered amid the freshness of his youth. And the voice sayeth unto one, unto all—Take warning. Watch against temptation. Resist the first motions of corruption from within; and if from without sinners entice thee, consent thou not: for the service of sin is slavery, and the wages thereof is death—death temporal—death spiritual—death eternal!

THE TRAVELLER.

A VISIT TO MOUNT SINAI.

BY R. K. PINGLE, ESQ.

Our party consisted of three English and one Indian gentlemen, and we set sail in a little open boat for Tor, on the African side of the Red Sea, about one hundred and fifty miles below Suez. We expected to reach it the following day, and had laid in provision and water accordingly. Our little boat was laden to the water's edge with grain for the monks of Mount Sinai, in charge of which were two Greeks who understood little of seamanship, and our only efficient crew were an Arab sailor and an Abyssinian slave. We had a deck of about six feet square, without any covering for our party to sit, eat, and sleep on, and my Hindoostanee servant cooked for us in the fore part of the boat. The first two days our progress was retarded by calms, and we rolled about during the forenoon under a burning sun, and anchored for the night within a stone's cast of the shore, the Arab having no compass, and being afraid to stand out to sea in the dark; but we were unable to land on account of the coral reefs, and had therefore to compose ourselves to sleep as we best could, wrapped in our cloaks on our narrow planks, but in this attempt we were severely disturbed by numerous little nameless fellow-passengers, of whom you happily know nothing in our own dear country, but which abound in this part of the world. The third day we beat up and down, making little way, against a head-wind and high sea, and after anchoring as usual for the night, tied on the following day to get out under a strong though favourable breeze, but in the attempt our rotten tackle gave way, and our main-sail was blown to shivers: in this predicament, the Greeks being useless from fear, and the two others hardly knowing what to do, we were only saved from being driven on the coral rocks by the activity and coolness of an Irish gentleman in our party, who cut the ropes with his knife, and managed to rig up a smaller sail in a few seconds. After getting clear out, however, we could make little way, from the violence of the gale and the scantiness of our rigging, but managed to anchor for the night in a place where we could get on shore, and pitch a little tent we had with us; and fortunately we were soon followed by another Arab vessel of much larger size, and with a better crew and rigging, and which was the only one we had seen since we left Suez. Our provisions and water were by this time reduced to a low ebb, and the whole of the neighbouring coast was an uninhabited sandy desert, (the wilderness of Shur) where it was impossible to get them replenished, the only spring we knew of, and that

at the distance of some hours' sailing, being the supposed bitter Marah of the Bible; nor did we feel disposed to proceed further in our crazy craft if we could help it; we, therefore, after holding a council, determined to transfer ourselves, if possible, to the other vessel, and were fortunately able to make an arrangement with the crew to that effect. The next (fifth) day we made much better progress in our new vessel, which, though under other circumstances, it might have appeared comfortless enough, was to us a palace after the one we had left, and we anchored for the night under a lofty range of rugged volcanic mountains. Our new ship having a little boat attached to it, we went on shore to explore the singular scenery of the coast, but we had considerable difficulty in regaining the vessel, which was lying at some distance out, the wind coming to blow hard in shore, and after wading up to the middle to launch our boat, and pulling hard for about an hour, we were barely able to drag ourselves to it by a spar which they had thrown out attached to a long rope, just as we were beginning to get exhausted, and the night was closing in upon us, and for the success of this operation we were again mainly indebted to the coolness and activity of our Irish companion.

On the evening of the sixth day, we came to anchor at Tor, and were not sorry to put our foot again on dry land. Tor is a miserable place, containing a few ruinous mud huts, and a population of some dozen of Greeks, Jews, and Arabs, who support themselves chiefly on fish, which are caught here in great abundance, and which proved a valuable addition to our stock of provisions, which was now reduced to a few coarse sea biscuits. The whole of the country round Tor is a barren, sandy desert, bounded by the Red Sea on one side, and on the other by the bold and lofty mountains of Sinai, which form a magnificent back ground in the distance. It is generally supposed to be the *Elim* of the Bible, where the Israelites in the early parts of their journey, came upon the wells and the palm trees, and the wells and the palm trees are certainly still there, though not exactly according in number with those mentioned in the Bible; they are, however, the more remarkable, from being the only objects to relieve the eye in the expanse of desert, it being the only part of the coast, for many miles, where they are to be found. There was nothing to induce us to prolong our stay at Tor, and we would have quitted it immediately, after filling our water skins at the well of *Elim*, had we had the means, but we had to send a day's journey into the mountains for the Bedouin Arabs, to procure camels for the journey, and on their arrival had to negotiate for a couple of days with them before coming to an arrangement; for, finding us at their mercy, they endeavoured to extort what they could from us, and we having the risk of being again too late for the steamer before us, were glad to compound with them on almost any terms. After much difficulty, and a wearisome detention of almost four days at this inhospitable spot, we at last got away upon our camels, which proved to be none of the best, and after marching all day over the sandy desert, and gradually approaching the magnificent mountain barrier, we reached the foot of it as the sun went down, and there pitched our tent for the night. We had no beds with us, as we judged it prudent, both for the sake of expedition, and to avoid the cupidity of the Arabs, to travel as light as possible; but after a long day's march on the back of a camel, wrapped in our cloaks on the soft sand, and with our saddle bags for a pillow, we had never any difficulty in sleeping soundly enough. The next day we entered the mountains by a pass, which in wild and savage grandeur surpassed anything I ever witnessed; the gorge was very narrow, and the rocks towered above us on either side to an immense height, with a rugged serrated outline, resembling some parts of the Alps, or the pass of Glencoe in the Highlands, but utterly destitute of vegetation, and broken at every turn, in an endless variety of fantastic shapes, with enormous blocks of granite, rolled and tumbled over each other in rude confusion at the bottom, as if by the joint action of fire and water, and every here and there lateral defiles of a like wild and rugged character, branching off and penetrating, as it were, into the very heart of the mountains. We had not entered this pass long before we came upon a small stream of water, losing itself in the sand of the desert, but gradually increasing in

size as we followed it up its course, till it became a fine clear burn, tumbling over the rocks, which was most refreshing both to the eye and the palate, being the first running water we had seen since we left the banks of the Nile. The whole of this day's march was occupied in ascending the pass, which was severe work for the camels, as the pass was in many places very rough and rocky; mine, and that of one of my companions, broke down under it, and we had to leave them to their fate, and proceed the best way we could on foot, till, after a laborious walk of some hours, we fell in with some wandering Bedouins, who supplied us with fresh camels. We encamped for the night on an elevated spot near the head of the pass, where we found the rocky ground made rather a harder bed than the sands of the desert; but this was soon remedied, by cutting down with our swords a sort of broom which we found growing in the neighborhood, and which, spread under our cloaks, made a very good couch.

We had now ascended into a region of considerable elevation, and the first part of our journey on the third day lay through an open valley with a gravelly bottom and no verdure, but thinly scattered over with plants of wild thyme, and various kinds of stunted shrubs, most of them emitting a sweet smell which perfumed the whole air; and we occasionally met with wandering Bedouins, feeding their goats and sheep, from whom we sometimes got a supply of goat milk, which was very acceptable. This is the Desert of Sin, the scene of much of the sojourning of the children of Israel; and where Moses went to feed the flocks of his father-in-law, the priest of Midian, when the Lord appeared to him in the burning bush. We had now, ahead of us, the central range of Sinai, towering aloft in bold and craggy pinnacles, and after leaving the open valley and winding again for some hours up a steep and rugged pass between two lofty mountains, we came out on a circular plain of some extent, with shrubs growing upon it as in the valley, and at the further extremity of this, rose in wild sublimity and grandeur, with the pinnacles at the summit, what is supposed to be the Mountain of Sinai, from whence the law was delivered amid thunder and lightning; the circular plain below being the ground on which the Israelites were encamped; and certainly if any scene on earth could form a fitting theatre for such a transaction, it was this. At the foot of the mountain is situated the Greek monastery of Mount Sinai, and the cypress trees, apricots, almonds, &c., now in full blossom in the little garden which surrounds it, were the first symptoms of cultivation which had greeted our eyes since we left Egypt. We reached the monastery just as the sun was going down behind the mountains, and found it surrounded by high walls, and fortified for the protection of the monks from the incursions of the Bedouins. On our arrival we were hailed by the monks from a window about sixty feet from the ground, and having asked our business, and satisfied themselves as to our credentials, which they drew up by a cord, they granted us admission, and pulled us up, one by one, by a rope fixed round us with a noose, our Bedouin guides and camel-men being jealously excluded, and left to encamp at the foot of the walls. The monastery is occupied by about thirty monks of the Greek Church, who lead a very strict, abstemious life, and are chiefly engaged in their devotional exercises. It is an irregular building inside, and contains a great many cells and chapels of various sizes and forms. The principal church is handsome, and they have a large refectory and library, containing some curious old manuscripts. The whole is, as I said, surrounded by high walls, on which a few old guns are mounted for defence against the Arabs. The monks, however, find it better policy to conciliate than to fight them, with coarse bread below the walls. We were hospitably received by the superior, and two little comfortable dormitories assigned for our use; and they gave us such cheer as they had to produce, viz.: coarse bread, good spring water, (to us a great luxury) and rice. The following morning we descended to the garden through a subterranean passage, guarded by an iron door, and were thence let down to the plain below by a rope from the wall; and proceeded under the guidance of one of the brothers, and a party of Bedouins, to ascend the mountain. The ascent was very steep and rugged, the steps which had been formed to facilitate it having been broken up ages ago.

The scenery increased in grandeur and sublimity as we mounted. About one-third from the top, we came to a level circular space, surrounded on all sides by lofty peaks, which is said to be Mount Horeb, and supposed to be the scene of Moses' forty days sojourn. The extreme summit is a pointed spire a little way higher up, of about twenty yards breadth, on which are the ruins of an ancient chapel. The view from this point extends over the whole of the southern portion of the Peninsula between the Gulf of Arabia and Suez, and in its peculiar style of sublime and savage grandeur is certainly unequalled by any thing I ever saw, and must, I imagine, be quite unique. It is like a sea of boiling lava, suddenly congealed, and rising in a confused chaos of abrupt and lofty pinnacles. We descended the mountain by a different, but not less rugged path, which brought us down into a deep, dark, rocky valley, between Mount Sinai and Mount St. Catherine, a no less abrupt and lofty mountain adjoining it. This is supposed, and with apparent probability, to be the vale of Rephidim, where Israel contended with Amalek, while Moses overlooked them, with his hands upheld by Aaron and Hur. In this valley is pointed out a rock, said to be Maribah, which Moses smote with his rod, and the water gushed out; there are several natural cavities in it, from which water seems at one period to have flowed; though there are also other rocks in the vicinity, marked in an equally curious way, and just as likely to be the real one, unless the memory of it has been preserved by tradition; but in this, as in the case of many of the traditional spots near Jerusalem, we must be content with the feeling of interest which must arise from a general belief in the reality of the sacred localities, without nicely scrutinising, or implicitly believing, the identity of particular spots, for which no very satisfactory proof can now be alleged. We wended our way for some time through the vale of Rephidim, and round the base of the holy Mount, and then emerged, and crossing it regained the monastery and were pulled up into the garden about sunset, after a day of much interest, and not a little fatigue. The next day, after the usual difficulties and negotiations, we made arrangements with the Bedouins for camels, to take us back by land to Suez, and having been let down again by the rope from the window, proceeded on our journey the same evening. In the book kept by the monks for the insertion of the names of visitors, I saw among the most recent of those who had preceded us, those of Lord Lindsay and William Ramsay; and the Arab Shirakh brought me the same camel which he said poor Ramsay had ridden, and showed much concern when, in answer to his inquiries after him, I informed him of his death. I should have been glad to have followed the route they took to visit the ruins of Petra before returning to Suez, but the delays we had already met with, and the still greater difficulties of effecting an arrangement with the Arabs for such an extension of our trip, made it quite out of the question, without incurring a greater risk of again missing the steamer, than, in our circumstances, would have been prudent. We accordingly took the most direct route in our journey back to Suez. This occupied six days of constant travelling. We mounted our camels every day at dawn, rested a couple of hours at noon, generally under the shadow of some overhanging rock, for breakfast, and reached our ground, where we pitched our tent for the night, about sunset. We had expended all our provisions when we had reached the monastery, and the monks supplied us with barely a sufficiency for our homeward journey, viz.: a small loaf of coarse bread, and half a hard biscuit, to each man a day, which, with the scanty and indifferent supply of water we could find at distant intervals with which to fill our leathern bags, was sorry enough fare for the hard work we had to go through; but we were all fortunately in good health and spirits; so that these petty privations and discomforts appeared very light. Had they continued longer, however, we should have been hard put to it; for our provisions were reduced to the last loaf, our shoes nearly worn out, and the stock of money in our joint purse dwindled down to a few silver pieces when we arrived at Suez.

The past part of our journey lay through a mountainous country, (the wilderness of Sin) which we traversed by valleys resembling in character that which I have before described, and

in some places having the appearance of the clay beds of torrents. The subsequent part was through a more open and level country, and latterly parallel to the sea shore, through the wilderness of Shur, and by the waters of Marah, at which we filled our skins, and which, though by no means good, were yet not so very bitter as I had expected. Indeed, the whole of our route lay through the country traversed by the Israelites on their way from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, and enabled us to form a very complete notion of that part of Arabia Petrea, which must either have greatly altered in character from what it used to be, or such a multitude as composed the host of Israel (six hundred thousand men, besides women and children) could have been sustained only by a succession of the most stupendous miracles, as indeed the Scriptures give us reason to believe they were. There are various opinions as to the exact point where the passage of the Red Sea was effected; nor is there perhaps sufficient evidence to fix it at any precise spot; but the opinion we came to, from an observation of the localities, and we had opportunities of studying them under every aspect, was, that the probabilities were in favour of its having been at a point from fifteen to twenty miles below Suoz. The evening tints at sunset over the sea, and the lights and shadows on the adjacent mountains of Egypt and Arabia, were beautiful; and we had ample time to admire them during our tedious voyage, as also the rich submarine fields of coral, which are thrown up in great abundance here, and seen to great perfection through the clear blue waters. We got back here on the 16th, having much enjoyed our excursion, notwithstanding all the roughing with which it was accompanied; and after it, Suoz, which had before appeared so barren and inhospitable a spot, was, in our eyes, a comparative paradise. We were hospitably received by the vice-consul, Mr. Fitch, by whose kindness in allowing us the use of a very comfortable room in his house, we have been saved from any inconvenience we might have otherwise incurred from our long detention at so remote a place. All articles of food are brought hither from a great distance, and the only water, and that indifferent, from the wells of Moses, on the Arabian side of the sea, and sold at a high price in the Bazaar; but the supply of all necessaries is sufficiently abundant, and there is a greater appearance of life and bustle than one would expect at such a place, from its being a great central point of communication and trade for the caravans of Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, and the pilgrims to and from Mecca and Jerusalem.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1844.

THE Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of CHICHESTER has lately issued a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, relating principally to "the extension of religion among the people, by means chiefly of voluntary contributions—which must meet with the warm approbation of every right-thinking person."

The remarks which are interspersed through the extracts we copy below, are by an English contemporary:—

The Letter will perhaps be considered remarkable by its containing no allusion to those differences in doctrine and discipline which in so many other Dioceses have called forth remarks from the Heads of the Clergy: but the reason of this omission is explained in a most satisfactory manner:—

"I find (says His Lordship) the Diocese in an admirable position in this important respect—as little distracted, as could well be under the present circumstances of the Church, by diversity of opinion, and all disposed, I believe, sincerely and piously, to act together as Brethren for the furtherance of the great work, which our Divine Head entrusted to the faith and energies of His true disciples upon earth."

Puseyism, then, we may conclude, has made no progress among the Clergy of this Diocese, and the Bishop is free to direct his attention to more pleasing subjects than the disputes of ministers and congregations. He then turns to the "three great wants" which he finds in the Diocese:—A sufficiency of church accommodation, of aid to over-burthened and over-worked Pastors, and of the means of instruction to the children of the poor.

The want most severely felt in supplying this deficiency is that of teachers; and in alluding to this want the Bishop casts his eye back upon the past, and makes these reflections:—

"Our fathers, most of them, lived on by rule, and maxims, and habits, which I need not now examine into, and discuss. They may have been suited, if not to their day, yet possible to that in which they were first adopted and established. They arose, however, out of times of national excitement, tumult, and disorder. Maxims of prudence, of quiet, of keeping good things as they are, are the natural growth of these their opposites. And so, as one generation succeeds another, while society is viewed under that aspect, inactivity & indolence creep over a people, while they fancy only that they are proceeding in a steadfast and safe course. And great as is the debt, which religion in this country owes to Wesley and his associates, yet their mode of rousing their countrymen from their slumbers was not one which was calculated to ensure a general and wholesome activity. Their extravagances injured a good cause, and after all left that which was sound, and true, in their system to make its full way ultimately in that nation, mainly under the blessing of God, by the regular instrumentality of that Divine Institution, the Church, in which, by God's providence, it has ever been deposited, and in which it was living, and strong, though not energising with all requisite activity, even when he arose. Had his zeal been tempered with entire soundness of views, and with a sufficiently full sense of the necessity of order, and conformity to one rule, how much more abundant in blessings, not perhaps in his own time, but soon after him, might his labours have been, under God! to this nation, to this Church, and to the cause of the Gospel throughout the world! But he both loved excitement, and was in haste to reap. He loved to gather the fruits, as he deemed them, of even a single discourse. He loved power too, nor can it be said that he did violence to the temper and inclinations of his share of the inheritance, we all are born to, of the discordant fragments of a once pure and upright nature, when he assumed, under what he, and those who admit the defence, of course term the force of circumstances, a position as the leader and head of a seceding body."

"I think (says His Lordship) that the events of that period in the Church furnish matter for much useful meditation in the present. Studied calmly, and with a view to draw therefrom the lessons it may yield for our direction, I am sure there are many now living to whom it might prove fruitful in very useful warnings."

"But the result (continues His Lordship) of the whole has been disastrous, some will say, to us. This false excitement rivited some men more closely to their previous inactivity. Let us not meddle with that question, it is unfruitful to our present purpose. Even if so, let us rather say, it has left us a larger field to work in, which, if we would work according to our day, we must enter upon it even in the heat and burden thereof. After all, they are not, perhaps, exciting times, such as the present also are, which are most trying test of Christian faith and love."

This is written in the proper spirit of Christian philosophy. It is of no use in men to irritate their tempers against an opposition which may have arisen in a moment of their own or predecessors' neglect, and because it may not altogether concur with their own ideas of what is strictly proper, to announce it or proceed to supersede it as though it were something radically bad. The field is large enough, Heaven knows, for Churchman and Dissenter; and if the former proceed to his work in the spirit and manner pointed out in this letter, he will have nought to fear as to the result.

We admire the excellent spirit, generally, in which the Bishop alludes to the venerable

WESLEY, in awarding to him that praise to which, under God, he was so justly entitled, viz., that religion in England owes a "great debt" to "WESLEY and his associates." But, in the name of that great and influential body of Christians, we solemnly protest against the remarks that follow this admission. Indeed, we cannot reconcile the two ideas: that religion is indebted to them, and that "their extravagances injured a good cause." If it can be shown that a good cause has been injured by them, we cannot understand in what sense religion can be said to owe a "GREAT DEBT" to them. Again: in calling Mr. WESLEY "the leader and head of a seceding body," the Right Rev. Bishop must surely have forgotten the proverbial attachment of that great and good man to the Church of his fathers, which continued with unabated strength up to the period of his death. And whatever changes "the force of circumstances" may have introduced subsequent to that event, must be attributed not to Mr. WESLEY himself, but to circumstances over which he had no controul, and which, in all probability, were unforeseen by him. The Rev. Bishop must not claim "all that was sound and true in their system" exclusively for the Church in which he occupies so exalted a place—for daily experience proves, that the admirable system introduced by Mr. WESLEY and his coadjutors, and perpetuated by a succession of holy and zealous men who are "in haste to reap" a spiritual harvest, is as "sound" and "true" as ever;—and were any doubt entertained on this point, we have only to look at the extraordinary success by which the great Head of the Church has distinguished the Wesleyan Body in almost every part of the civilized world, to be fully satisfied that it eminently enjoys the Divine sanction and blessing.

MONDAY last, being New Year's Day, the Sunday School children belonging to the several Protestant churches of this city were collected together at their respective places of worship; and we should have been gratified had we been furnished with a notice of the proceedings of each, that we might present our readers with a full statement of the prosperity and efficiency of these "nurseries of the church." In the absence of this information, however, we must content ourselves with a brief account of the schools constituting the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Society.

The children composing these schools, to the number of about 750, (being nearly 300 less than are upon their books) were assembled in the chapel, Great St. James Street! The weather was delightful, and the children commenced to pour in from the different suburbs at about ten o'clock, with happiness beaming in their countenances, anticipating, no doubt, the pleasure they were about to enjoy. About half-past ten, the several schools having been judiciously arranged in different parts of the chapel, the Rev. R. COONEY, after praise and prayer, preached a very excellent sermon to the children, from the parable of the barren fig-tree, (Luke xiii. 6-10.) The peculiarly happy style of the preacher rivited their attention, producing the utmost stillness. Immediately after, the Rev. M. LANG catechised them upon what they had just heard, and also upon various

portions of Scripture, and on Christian doctrine. It was truly pleasing to witness the promptitude and harmony that characterised the answers of the children composing the different schools, as though they were all instructed by one teacher: reflecting the highest credit upon the various superintendents and teachers. As is customary on those occasions, refreshments were distributed to the children at the close of the exercises. We trust the effect of these interesting services will be to impress upon the minds of the young, not only the great importance of learning the Scriptures, but also the necessity of remembering their Creator in the days of their youth.

The Annual Teachers' Tea Meeting was held in the basement story of St. James Street Chapel, in the evening, at 6 o'clock, when the number present was rather uncomfortably large. After tea, Wm. Lunn, Esq., being called to the chair, a most admirable and interesting report of the proceedings of the Society in the past year was read by the Secretary; from which it appeared that the different Schools connected with the Society were in a far more prosperous condition than ever they have been. It stated that there has been an augmentation during the past year of "one entire school, 49 teachers and 206 scholars." Among many of the children the teachers have "perceived with joy indications of early piety, promises of future usefulness, and a tendency of the opening faculties and expanding affection, towards God." There is one passage in the Report which gave us much pleasure, as it manifests a spirit of liberality which ought ever to characterise Christians. After stating the fact, that "efforts the most strenuous are now being made by the various Protestant denominations in this city, in order to increase the number and efficiency of their respective Sabbath Schools," it adds—"In this we rejoice; yea, and we will rejoice." But as it is the intention of the Committee to publish and circulate the Report, it is unnecessary to allude any farther to it. The addresses delivered on the occasion by the Ministers and other gentlemen were very appropriate and energetic—holding up the great benefit of the operations of this and kindred institutions, and adducing many reasons why the teachers should go on with increased zeal in their labour of love.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the January number of "The Children's Missionary and Sabbath School Record;" but want of time prevents our noticing its contents.

CASE OF DR. KALLEY.—Great efforts (says the *Toronto Banner*) are now making by the friends of religious liberty, to get this persecuted Minister relieved from the bonds of priestly oppression. Mr. Samuel Ware, who was long a resident in the Island of Madeira, and Dr. Miller, of Kilmarnock, have made urgent applications to Lord Aberdeen on behalf of the sufferer. The following answer from the Foreign Office, is the latest communication on the subject:

(Copy.) "Foreign-Office, November 3, 1843.
"Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Aberdeen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th ultimo, upon the subject of Dr. Kalley's continued imprisonment at Funchal, and requesting his Lordship's renewed interference to obtain his release; and I am to state to you in reply, that Lord Aberdeen has again instructed Lord Howard de Walden, Her Majesty's Minister at Lisbon, to require, with reference to Dr. Kalley's case, that the authorities of Funchal shall be ordered to respect the rights secured to British subjects by the treaties at present in force between Great Britain and Portugal; and Lord Howard has been directed to renew, in a peremptory manner, the demand which he had already addressed to the Portuguese Government, requiring that Dr. Kalley's case should be brought before the British

Judge Conservator, and that steps should be taken for his immediate release on bail.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) "CANNING.

"Dr. Miller.

EDUCATIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—The Wesleyans in England have just given publicity to a noble scheme for the education of the poorer classes, which does them great honour. The *Watchman* states that a large and very respectable meeting of Wesleyan Ministers and laymen was held in the Centenary Hall, on the 1st and 2d of November, the President of the Conference in the chair, at which a number of important, Christian, and Wesleyan resolutions were passed. The plan is to establish seven hundred additional Wesleyan Day-Schools in the next seven years, two on each Circuit; and to raise in various ways £200,000 for this purpose! Considering that the Wesleyan Church in England has already 200 such Schools in operation, containing about 21,000 scholars, the present movement cannot but be contemplated as a fine expression of the ample resources of that Church. She not only tells the Government, as she did not long since during the Factories' Bill discussion, what it *must not do* to make education in England Puseyitish, but what she *can and will do* to make it liberal, Protestant, and Wesleyan. Methodism is mighty and will prevail.

The Congregationalists of England, too, have had a large and influential meeting of ministers and gentlemen at Leeds, on the subject of Day-Schools, one of the resolutions passed at which is to this effect: "That each Church having adequate resources, should support a Day-School for boys, and another for girls, . . . so that if possible, in every locality where there is a Congregational Church, there should be a week-day School on liberal principles." This is laudable.—*Christian Guardian*.

At a recent meeting of the Committee of the National Society, the treasurer reported that the special fund amounted to upwards of £115,000. We understand it is now £125,000, and is increasing at the rate of £400 a-day. The Treasurer also reported that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to grant a letter, authorizing collections to be made throughout England and Wales in aid of the society's funds.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—The agents of Sir J. W. Ramsden, at his half-yearly rent day at Huddersfield, last week, announced that it was his intention to give the munificent sum of £8000 for the erection of four new churches and schools in the extensive parish of Huddersfield, with grounds for sites of the same. The patronage of the new churches is, we understand, to be vested in the young Baronet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE JEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—There are facts respecting the people called Jews which we are apt to forget when speaking or writing about that people.—The following are some of these facts:—

1. That there is a race of men scattered over the civilized world who hold doctrines, and practise religious ceremonies similar in many respects to the ancient Israelites.
2. This people belong to almost every nation; they are subjects of the English, French, Spanish, Greek, Turkish, Russian, and other governments.
3. They call themselves Jews—the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—although it would perhaps be difficult for them to prove that they are so. Few of them can even tell to which of the twelve tribes they belong.
4. The term Jews is now applied to them to distinguish them (as holding a peculiar religious faith) from Christians and Moslems, and not, as some suppose, as a national cognomen to distinguish them from the nations above specified.
5. This people are distinctly marked by the Holy Spirit in the Word of Truth, and plainly de-

clared NOT to be Jews, but of the synagogue of Satan.

6. If they be really what they profess to be, the descendants of the ancient Israelites, then are they the posterity of those who were "cut off as a branch and is withered," of the nation represented by the barren fig-tree that was cursed and is now withered away, and by the fig-tree that was suffered to remain in the vineyard a certain number of years, and was then "cut down" a unfruitful and cumbering the ground.

I shall now assist your respected correspondent in his endeavours to bring our controversy to a close. I only regret, on his account, it was not closed before his letters VIII. and IX. were written. These letters are evidently intended to make his opponent appear as contemptible as possible, with a view to divest his arguments of the weight they possess. Such a course I have no ambition, not even the disposition to imitate. My letters are before the public; and if I have failed to establish what I consider to be the truth, or if I have succeeded in exposing what I conceive to be an old error, is for the public to judge.

In this correspondence I have humbly taken upon me the business of an advocate. Should I now arrogate to myself the office of judge in summoning up the evidence, and of jury in deciding, I might, with great self-complacency, pronounce in my own favour, as some have done; but then I should, by so doing, give an expression of doubt as to whether your readers really believed that I made out as good a case as lofty and swaggering pretensions would lead one to suppose.

In this long and perhaps tiresome discussion, I trust I have preserved my temper as a Christian. If my remarks in the slightest degree necessarily offended any brother, I ask his forgiveness, while I tender every apology which humility can dictate.

For your correspondent I feel the kindest sentiments of pity, not for the weakness of his arguments—for they are as strong as they might be expected on his side of the question—but for the strain of writing in which he occasionally indulges, especially in his letters VIII. and IX. Such acerbity may, by a stretch of charity, be excused in political or scientific writers, who lay no claim to piety; but when men who write on religious subjects exhibit to the world such a weakness, it then becomes our duty to pray for them. It is very possible that were I myself, in looking back on and reviewing this correspondence, to discover that I had left many of my opponent's strongest arguments entirely unnoticed, and that my letters generally were marked by greater length than strength; I say it is possible, on such a review, my self-respect and love of applause would be so disappointed, and consequently affected, that I should be prompted to write "bitter things." A foiled antagonist generally loses his temper; while the victor can well afford to smile at his impotent wrath. I may add that for your correspondent I also feel sentiments of strong regard. I know the circumstances in which he has been placed by being on the wrong side, and can therefore make full allowance for those ebullitions of feeling which otherwise might make a very small impression upon me. Should I ever meet "A Believer," and know him to have been my opponent, I can shake hands with him, and in the most cordial manner wish him better success the next time he enters the arena of polemical divinity.

To yourself, Mr. Editor, I tender my best thanks, for the impartiality and care you evinced in the publication of my letters.

With respect to the subject I may say, I only wish it had fallen into hands that would have done it more justice. My letters were written in the midst of the hurry and bustle of secular occupations, and I am myself alone responsible for what they contain. Had I the privilege of revising and correcting them, I should doubtless make a change in some of the forms of expression in order that the sense intended to be conveyed might be more apparent; and it should appear in a stronger light, that while the Bible teaches us that every man of every nation may be saved, it does not state, either positively or inferentially, that the Jews, as a nation, shall at any period be converted to God.

I am, dear Sir, yours &c.,
Montreal, Jan. 2, 1844.

J. H.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE WIDOW'S LAST TRIAL.

BY MRS. N. SARGENT.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

"AND to-morrow you are to be taken into the firm as a partner." This was uttered by an aged female, who was sitting with one of her withered hands clasped in that of her son, a young man of two and twenty, who sat looking in her face with eyes beaming with affectionate interest. "This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."

For a moment the son's features appeared clouded with sorrow; he thought what that suffering had been; of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so beloved, had submitted to toil and privation, enduring all this for his sake; his eyes glistened with tears, till brushing them away hastily, a smile broke over his countenance.

"True, mother," he said; "but let these recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past we will bury in oblivion, and think only of the days that are to come."

"But you will not allow present prosperity to harden your heart, William; you will not let your good fortune make you high-minded and forget Him, who has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"

"No, mother, I will not forget that I am the child of God; yet should temptation assail me, I have only to think of your precepts and example, and they would always deter me from doing wrong. But think, mother," he continued, a bright gleam lighting up every feature, "how happy I shall be, in being enabled to place you in the sphere of life to which your virtues entitle you. If you knew how often busy fancy has pictured this hour; how often I have dwelt upon the idea of one day being able to place you in a home equal to your merit, you would not wonder that now, when I see my wishes on the eve of accomplishment, it should thus sub-ue me."

"Nor do I, nor do I, my son," the mother said with tearful eyes, "but you think more favourably, my boy, of your aged mother than she deserves. I doubt not many will think and say the old woman has now more than she merits; and really, though I am proud of your advancement, I should not murmur at never having a more comfortable home than the one you have provided me."

The night was pitchy dark, not a star being visible, while the wind, blowing in fitful gusts, portended a storm of unusual violence.

"'Twill be a stormy night, I fear," said the young man, rising and going towards the door to look out. "The river is already swollen, and if the rain falls as it did the other evening, I fear much damage will ensue. You heard of the poor fellow drowned last evening?"

"Yes," the mother replied. "I hope he had friends to take care of him. 'Tis a dreadful death to die," she added, musingly.

"They say not," said William; "many who have encountered it assert the being brought to, is the most painful part to endure."

"It may be so," the mother answered; "but I fervently trust no one dear to me may ever be submitted to the experiment."

A vivid flash of lightning, followed by the low rumbling thunder, caused William now to retire—and observing again that the river would be very high, he closed the door.

It was now the usual hour for family worship. The mother had seated herself in a corner of the fire-place, with her features settled into a look of devotion, while the son, with a corresponding gravity, walked towards the stand on which the family Bible was placed, and opening the sacred volume, began reading a chapter. Religion with them was not the cold expression of the lip alone. It was the incense of the heart. It was a beautiful sight, that aged mother, and her only son, bending their knees, and lifting up their voices to the Most High. Perhaps the events of the day had given a deeper tone of tenderness to William's voice and feelings; certain it was, he had never prayed more fervently than on that evening; and when they separated for the night, the poor old woman looked forward to the bright

vista of the future, with the full confidence of its meeting her most sanguine anticipations.

The mother of William had been left a widow, while he was in his second year. By dint of hard labour, she managed to get her boy at school, until he arrived at his fifteenth year, when she obtained a situation for him with a merchant, residing in the flourishing town of Rochester, in the State of New York. William's good conduct and steady application to business, won the favourable opinion of his employer. The merchant was a man of great benevolence; he could appreciate merit in whatever station it was to be met; and when he saw the lad supporting an aged mother out of his earnings—never mingling with the low and vicious, and practising a fidelity to business, unusual in one so young, it was impossible to avoid feeling an involuntary respect for his character.

William was aware of the merchant's kindness; he knew that his salary exceeded that given to other boys; still he never presumed on the merchant's disinterestedness, but was alike respectful to his employer and their customers. On the day in which he was introduced to the reader's notice, he had been offered a share in the merchant's lucrative business. Never had his brightest vision pictured such a result; but even then, when it would have been natural to suppose him greatly elated by his good fortune, he thought only of his mother; and while his expressions of gratitude were poured in eloquent language into the ear of his benefactor, there was a mingling of thanks that she would be the reaper of his unexampled kindness.

To-morrow! who may boast of to-morrow? The widow and her son parted from each other with happiness wrought in the perspective. The storm of the preceding evening had been succeeded by a morning of unusual mildness for the season, for it was the middle of January; and telling his mother he would not return to dinner, but that she would see him early in the evening, William bade her farewell.

It was at the close of the day, that a traveller went forth to view the picturesque and beautiful falls of the Genessee. He proceeded slowly, gazing upon the surrounding country, with the eye of a connoisseur, and had gained the point at which the fall could be seen to the greatest advantage, when his attention became engrossed by an object of exceeding interest. Near was a young man employed in endeavouring to collect some drift wood. He had stretched forth his arm to seize a floating log, when, the place being slippery, he lost his balance, and fell into the water. At first, the stranger thought him justly punished for his temerity, and felt inclined to smile at what he deemed his fool-hardiness; but soon other feelings predominated. The river was very high, and the current, running strong, soon brought the rash youth towards the rapids.

Who, oh! who may paint the anguished feelings of that helpless being knowing himself to be doomed to inevitable destruction! On, on the rapids dove him. There was not a ray of hope to cheer his drooping heart; but as the moment of impending fate drew near, desperation gave him strength to grapple with a death grasp; on the very top of the falls he stood upright on his feet, and giving one wild, dreadful shriek, went over. Faint and dizzy, the traveller had closed his eyes to shut out the dreadful sight. He knew that the despairing being had seen him, that the last agonizing appeal the unfortunate youth had made for aid was to him, and sick at heart he returned to the hotel.

When the melancholy fact became spread through the town, it was said to be a poor youth who had been in the habit of nightly carrying home a supply of drift-wood to his mother. All spoke highly of him, of his devotion to her, and of his subsequent good conduct. It was mentioned that his prospects had improved, and many conjectured that the force of habit, more than actual necessity, had occasioned the fatal catastrophe. Reader, the poor youth drowned was the widow's only son!

Not many days after, a coffin was seen emerging from the widow's now desolate mansion. The body of the young man had been found many miles below the spot at which he perished. Not a trace of his once pleasant countenance was perceptible; but his clothes were identified by many. There was one that would have recognized him under any circumstances—the heart-broken mother. When all shrunk and turned

away with horror from viewing the sight of his mutilated limbs, she clung to them, and wept over the body in the most bitter agony. The earth closed over his loved remains. It was the widow's LAST TRIAL.

Soon she was sleeping by his side.—Miss Leslie's Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO A MOTHER.

YOUTHFUL mother, as you bend over the cradle of your firstborn infant, do you realize the treasure committed to your care? Do you realize that in that tiny form lives a spark of that Eternal Essence—a breath of life breathed into it by God himself, and do you remember that it can never die—never. Do what your child may—become what he may, he can never cease to be—forward, onward is his destiny. And do you know that it rests, I had almost said wholly, but, by the blessing of God, it does rest principally with you whether that cherished darling, that fair sweet babe, shall, a million of years hence, be a seraph, radiant and pure, bowing with the thousand times ten thousand before the throne of God, or a fiend, a demon? Do you shudder? Ah, well you might at this awful responsibility, were there no arm to sustain you, no heavenly Father to strengthen, no Holy Spirit to guide you. But I entreat you look thoughtfully, soberly at the reality, at the future as it is. Raise your eyes from the cares, and toils, and burdens of the household, and glance over that illimitable space which opens before you. Does not your soul rouse itself and feel some aspiration after the holy and the good—some desire for a higher life than this? Come, then, with the beautiful, the beloved ones, in your arms, and offer both yourself and the babe which God hath given you, to him. He will graciously receive you, and evermore bless and shield you. He will give both strength in the hour of temptation, consolation in the hour of trial, peace in the hour of danger, joy in the hour of death, and bliss, eternal, unspeakable, inconceivable, bliss, through the whole of that long forever which you see stretching out before you.—*Youth's Companion.*

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

OH! it is a fearful sight to see a young confiding girl approach the altar with one who loves to linger around the wine-cup. He may pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal, and the bright hopes of the bride may ripen into fruition. But, fair reader, let not the splendour of wealth, nor the allurements of pleasure, nor the promised triumphs of ambition, tempt you to a risk so fraught with danger to all you hold dear. Honest industry, joined with temperance, may carve a fortune, and all that ambition should covet; but wealth, talents, fame, can never gild the drunkard's home, nor soothe the sorrows of a drunkard's wife.

FIRE.

ACCORDING to Pliny, fire for a long time was unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Euxodus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.

The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged their ancestors were once without the use of fire; the Chinese confessed the same of their progenitors. Pomponius Nela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations, who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had but just learnt it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire.—Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the descent of Maghellan in one of their islands. At first they believed it to be some kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents even in our days some nations in this deplorable state.—*Park's Chemical Essays.*

PRAYER.

THE longer you are with God on the mount of private prayer, and secret communion with him, the brighter will your face shine when you come down.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCE OF CANADA.

SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Letters received from Kingston, yesterday, on which implicit reliance may be placed, bring us the important intelligence that the British Government have decided on REMOVING THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT TO MONTREAL; and that the next Session of Parliament will be held in this city. This information was received in a Despatch brought by the late mail, and manifests a promptitude on the part of the Home Government which was not looked for.

It is stated that no time will be lost in removing the different offices, &c. to Montreal, and we may, therefore, confidently rely on having the Government here, before a very long time can elapse.

As the question is thus definitely settled, we trust that our friends in the Upper Province will bear their loss with philosophy, trusting on the natural advantages they otherwise enjoy, and of which, no Government, Home or Provincial, can deprive them.—*Transcript.*

The following is his Excellency's reply to the Address of the inhabitants of the town of Cobourg:—

I beg you, Gentlemen, to accept my cordial thanks for your Loyal Address, and for the gratifying sentiments of concurrence which you have expressed with reference to my conduct on a recent occasion.

Your generous assurance of support will cheer me in my continued endeavours to administer the Government of this great Province, for the benefit and according to the wants and wishes of the people; and the manifestations on this important occasion of your devotion to the Crown, and of your attachment to the mother country, confirms the opinion which I have always been disposed to entertain, that confident reliance may be placed on the good sense and good feeling of the inhabitants of Canada; severed from the Parent State by the broad waves of the Atlantic, but united with her by mutual interests and affections, under the benign sway of our Gracious Sovereign, and the powerful protection of the British Empire. May the Almighty bless this Union and grant that it may be perpetual; my constant efforts will be directed to this object, manifestly beneficial to both countries, and I hope that Canada may be the favored land to which the superabundant population and capital of the British Isles may unceasingly flow.

PUBLIC OPINION.

We learn from the Sherbrooke Gazette that a very numerous and highly respectable meeting was held at Melbourne on the 12th inst., at which Resolutions were passed, and an Address unanimously adopted, expressive of the sentiments of the meeting in the course pursued by the Governor General in his recent dispute with his Ex-Ministry, and declaring that any Cabinet formed in accordance with his Excellency's sound and constitutional views would receive the support of that section of the Eastern Townships.

One of the largest Public Meetings held in this District, took place yesterday at the Court House; it was cheering to witness the enthusiasm evinced by the assembled hundreds, and their determination to support to the last our excellent Governor General.

The following is the notice lately issued by the Post Master General respecting certain changes in the Post Office Department.

NEWSPAPERS.

5th.—The Regulation by which Newspapers and Pamphlets have hitherto been forwarded through the Post in British North America, is to be abolished from the 5th January next, and Newspapers posted or received in this country will be chargeable with the following rates of Colonial Postage.

6th.—For every Colonial Newspaper not exceeding 2 ounces in weight, sent by the Post between any places in British North America, the rate will be one half penny currency, to be prepaid or not at the option of the sender.

7th.—For every such Colonial Newspaper sent from Canada to a British Colony beyond sea, when not intended to pass through the United Kingdom, or to any foreign country, (the United States excepted) one half penny curren-

cy, to be invariably pre-paid at the time of posting. (Note—In addition to any foreign or sea postage to which it may be liable.)

8th.—For every such Colonial Newspaper, sent to any part of the United States, one penny currency, to be pre-paid.

9th.—United States Newspapers brought by the ordinary post to this country, will be liable on delivery to a provincial rate of one penny currency, in addition to the United States postage which may be due thereon.

10th.—Colonial Newspapers addressed to the United Kingdom, or to any British Colony by way of England, and British Newspapers sent by Post from the United Kingdom to any part of Canada, are exempt from any postage charges, as has been the case hitherto.

11th.—With the exception of Colonial Newspapers addressed to the United Kingdom, and British Newspapers addressed to Canada, which are not limited as to weight, a Newspaper, to pass under these regulations, must not exceed the weight of 2 ounces, otherwise it becomes liable to a pamphlet postage.

12th.—British and Foreign Newspapers, including Newspapers published in the United States, if posted in this Province, are liable to full letter postage.

13th.—Every supplement, or additional sheet, to any newspaper, is to be deemed a distinct Newspaper, and charged for accordingly.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.—“Fellow countrymen—Attend to me; attend to me earnestly and with that perfect reliance on my advice which you have so often exhibited.

“You have never had occasion to regret taking my advice.

“Before I proceed on the present occasion, I feel it my duty—a most pleasing duty—to return you thanks for the complete tranquility that prevails. It delights me, and it delights all your friends, to see the perfect tranquility and submission to the law that pervades the country. Your enemies are anxious that you should disturb the peace; that you should be guilty of outrage, and violence, and crime. Thank Heaven, you have disappointed them! Thank Heaven, you are determined that nothing shall provoke you to any species of riot, or tumult, or violence! How I thank you from the bottom of my heart for that determination.

“There are, however, two topics on which I feel it my duty to address you, and to which I anxiously entreat your earnest attention.

“The first of these relates to Ribandism. “I tell you emphatically, that Ribandism is the most foolish as well as the most vicious combination that ever was formed. There is nothing so hateful and detestable in Ireland as Ribandism. It is as silly as it is wicked. It tends to encourage drinking in low and unlicensed public-houses; and in fact, it is set on foot and kept up principally for the benefit of persons who do not deserve to be publicans, and who in general do actually sell liquor without licence.

“I am sure that the respectable publicans all (with me) discourage it. I know they do in Dublin, and in many other places; and I believe in all. No matter whether it be connected with liquor or not, it is a vicious, a cruel, a foolish, a driftless and absurd confederacy. It never did any good, and it never can do any good. It causes assaults, and riots, and ruffianly beatings, without being productive of any advantage. I hate it from my inmost soul. No man who is known to be a Ribandman shall ever be admitted to be a Repealer. If the Repeal Wardens do not suppress Ribandism in their neighbourhoods, their names shall be struck out of the Repeal Association altogether.

“I hear, with the deepest regret, that in the county of Cavan another set of Ribandmen, calling themselves ‘Billy Smiths,’ or some such foolish name, have lately made their appearance. They are worse, if possible, than the former Ribandmen. No man that is known to have any thing to do with the ‘Billy Smiths,’ shall ever be admitted as a Repealer.—DANIEL O’CONNELL.

Lieut. General Sir Edward Blakeney, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, will make a general inspection of the Chelsea pensioners in the four provinces next January, when they are to be enrolled in local companies for active service.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Horrible Scene—the Latter Day Saints.—On Thursday, the 23d November, a frightful occurrence took place at Crewe, in Cheshire, which has caused the liveliest emotions of pity, anger, and surprise throughout the whole of that now populous neighbourhood. It is well known that the Grand Junction Railway Company have erected immense works at Crewe, and have in their employment between 400 and 500 workmen.—Among these are men of all shades of religious opinions, and some of them are Mormons, better known as “latter day saints.”

The priest of the order is a blacksmith, of the name of Cartwright, and among the devotees is a fanatic named Pazmire, also a smith or engineer. The latter was married to a respectable woman of about 30 years of age, who had borne him three children, and was within three months of her next confinement. She had steadily refused to adopt the fanatical opinions of her husband, and much altercation had ensued in consequence. Worn out, however, with his repeated solicitations, and his continued declarations that unless she submitted to be baptised into the order, she would be eternally lost, she declared her intention to one of her neighbours to obey her husband's wishes, being satisfied, as she said, that unless she did so “she should never have any more peace with him.”

On Thursday, the 23d Nov., at eight o'clock at night, the poor worn-out creature was taken by her husband and the blacksmith priest down to the river below the works, was denuded of all her clothing, except a small flannel singlet, and, notwithstanding her interesting situation, these wretched fanatics, after muttering some incantations, plunged her into the stream! The night was dreadfully cold and dark, and, in consequence of the late heavy rains, the river was running at a great rate, and was much higher than ordinary.

The priest, having hold of her naked arm, unfortunately let go his grasp, and the current running like a mill race, immediately carried her away, and it being pitch dark she was instantly overwhelmed by the boiling flood and drowned! The husband walked home with the greatest deliberation and nonchalance, and told his neighbours what had occurred; and after seating himself in a chair, rolled himself in flannel, and declared his conviction “that it was the will of God that she should be drowned,” adding, “that it was the weakness of her faith that caused it, but that he was now satisfied that she was in glory.”

Captain Winby, of the Crewe station, and other parties, hearing of the sad occurrence, immediately rushed down to the river, and after some time, discovered the body of the unfortunate woman in a bend of the river, about 200 yards distant from the spot where she was immersed, but life was quite extinct. She was in a state of perfect nudity, with the exception of the slight singlet, and her clothes were found upon the bank where she had put them off previous to her calamitous immersion.

A coroner's inquest had been held upon the body, and the jury having returned a verdict of manslaughter, (ought it not to have been murder?) the husband and blacksmith priest have both been committed to Chester Castle to take their trial.

It is somewhat remarkable that a preacher of this sect, while baptising a disciple, was carried away by the flood and drowned, the other day, in the river at Handsworth, Woodhouse, near Sheffield.

Talk of romance indeed! Why, the every day occurrences of life present appalling realities which set at nought the wildest creations of fiction.

The pensioner department gets on admirably in the South of Ireland, and they expect to turn out a little army of veterans for service the first month of the new year—men, not of “buckram and twist,” but of “thew and sinews,” fit for any work.

The first division of the 23d has arrived at Barbadoes from Quebec, by the Resistance troop ship.

The Queen has subscribed £100, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert £50, to the fund now being raised by voluntary contributions for damage done by the terrific hail storm in Oxfordshire in August last, by which many of the poorer classes sustained considerable loss from the devastation caused by the storm. Nearly £3500 has been contributed to the fund.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, January 3, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	5	0	11	0
Wheat, "	5	0	5	0
Barley, "	2	0	2	3
Pease, "	2	0	2	3
Lint Seed, "	4	0	4	6
Buckwheat, "	1	8	1	10
Turkeys, per couple	4	0	10	0
Fowls, "	1	3	1	8
Geese, "	3	0	5	6
Ducks, "	1	3	2	6
Chickens, "	0	7	1	0
Patridges, "	2	0	2	6
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	6	0	9
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	8	0	9
" " Salt, "	0	5	0	6
Pork, per hund.	22	6	25	0
Beef, "	12	6	21	3
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	13	4
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Pork, "	0	3	0	5
Veal, per qr.	1	6	10	0
Mutton, "	1	6	4	0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	2	0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
Corn, "	2	0	2	6
Rye, "	2	9	2	10
Beans, "	4	6	6	0
Honey, "	per lb.	0	5	0
Hay, "	per 100 lbs.	25	0	30

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work,—the compilation of which has occupied much
of his time for the past three years,—to aid the com-
pletion of a church now erecting in his neighbour-
hood, trusts that any lengthened appeal to his brethren
of the orthodox faith, in enabling him, by subscription
to the above, or by donations to the nearly exhausted
building fund, to carry a much required object into
effect,—will be unnecessary. The work will contain
nearly 400 pages, 8vo., and will be sold to Subscri-
bers at 6s. 3s. per copy.

Reference to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg;
the Rev. John Butler, Kingsey, C. E., the Rev. Mr.
Fleming, Melbourne; the Rev. Mr. Ross, Drum-
mondville; the Rev. Mr. Lonsdell, Danville; the
Rev. Mr. King, Robinson, C. E. The Postmaster
of Kingsey will receive Subscribers' names, and will
thankfully acknowledge any contributions addressed
to him.

Editors of Religious Publications are requested
to notice the above.
December, 843.

JUST PUBLISHED, and may be had of Mr.
C. Bryson, Bookseller, St. Francois Xavier Street,
THE THRONE OF JUDAH PERPETUATED
IN CHRIST, &c. By R. Hutchinson.
December 14, 1843.

**PROSPECTUS OF A NEW SERIES
OF THE
CHRISTIAN MIRROR:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
AT 7s. 6d. PER ANNUM.**

IN proportion as the influence of the Religion
of Christ prevails—just in the same ratio will enlight-
ened and liberal views prevail.—Men will forget the
minor shades of difference in their theological notions,
and, with common consent, rally round those great
truths, and fundamental principles, which all Evange-
lical Churches believe to be essential to salvation.

We are fully satisfied, that every disciple of Christ,
to whatever section of the Christian Church he may
belong, has quite enough to do in combatting with his
enemies, "the world, the flesh, and the devil," with-
out disputing, or in any wise interfering, with his
fellow pilgrims on their way to the promised rest.

Believing these views to be scripturally correct, and
with an ardent desire to be made instrumental, in some
small degree, in promoting love and harmony between
Christians of different names,—the conductor of the
Christian Mirror commenced its publication—under a
conviction that such a religious periodical was a
desideratum in Canada: a publication in which the
most fastidious Christian should find nothing to inter-
fere, in the most remote manner, with his peculiar pre-
dilections, but much that might contribute to his
edification and instruction. The fact that the Mirror
is now patronized by nearly all denominations of
Christians in this Province, is to the publisher a grati-
fying proof that he was not mistaken. The Chris-
tian Mirror has been published for upwards of
two years; and it is pleasing to be able to say, that
it now enjoys so large a share of patronage, as to in-
duce the Proprietor, at the earnest solicitation of a
large number of the subscribers and friends, to issue
the present Prospectus—intending, should a sufficient
number of names be obtained, to publish it WEEKLY,
at the close of the present quarter, (say November
next.)

For the information of such as may not be ac-
quainted with the character of the Mirror, it has been
thought proper to publish the following synopsis:—
Conceiving that Missionary efforts are among the
most important and interesting movements of modern
Christianity, a large space is devoted to the advocacy
of Christian Missions, and the publication of the
latest Missionary Intelligence. It may here be re-
marked, that an additional supply of Missionary and
other religious Periodicals is about to be ordered.
A portion of the paper is also devoted to the in-
terests of the great Temperance Cause—which has
been so signally blessed to thousands of our fellow-
men.

In its management, the discussion of all party
politics is most sedulously avoided; while in its
pages will always be found a summary of the latest
secular News, state of the Markets, &c.
The Mirror also comprises:—
Extracts from Modern Travels, especially those
which tend to throw light on Biblical History and
Biblical Records.

Religious Literature, being extracts from the most
popular writers on Divinity, that is, such as interfere
not with the neutral principles of the paper.
Moral Tales, Anecdotes, and Short Articles for
Youth.

In consequence of the increasing circulation of the
Mirror, it is strongly recommended to the commer-
cial community as a good advertising medium.
Agents and friends generally are respectfully re-
quested to procure new subscribers, to meet the ad-
ditional outlay consequent upon a weekly issue.
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