

Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1843.

No. 15.

POETRY.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE MISSIONARY.

[These touching lines were selected for publication by a Missionary, who embarked a few months ago for one of our Eastern Missions.]

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with earthly shadows, or pluck earthly flowers
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord:
"Go teach all nations," from the eastern world
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may not longer doubt
To give up friends and home, and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee my country. Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,
To show that never was it His design,
Who placed me here, that I should live at ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My future lot, bitter or sweet my cup:
I only pray,—God, fit me for my work:
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up;
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done.
Let me but know, I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory and to joy,
To tread with me the dark and dead fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Africa's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven,—
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned;
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp: if one for whom
Satan hath struggled as he hath for me,—
Should ever reach that blissful shore,—Oh how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

MRS. NOBLE'S NARRATIVE

OF HER CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS IN PRISON
IN CHINA, IN 1840-1, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND,
DATED NINGPO PRISON, Feb. 19, 1841.

(CONCLUDED.)

ABOUT the 1st of November, it was reported publicly that I should be sent to Chusan alone, and that the gentlemen would be sent to Canton. On the strength of this account, they wrote letters for their friends, which I was to have taken; but, like the many rumours we had before heard, this proved groundless.

Sometime afterwards the two marines already mentioned, were removed to the other prison. I felt sure that one of them was then dying, and I greatly feared that he would never reach the prison. His weakness was so excessive that he once fell down on his way, though supported by a Chinaman. After a few days the news of his death was brought to me. Notwithstanding all the representations of Lieut. Douglass, irons were not taken off this poor man until he breathed his last. The prison was so excessively small, that they could not turn around without squeezing each other, and though their commander remonstrated and insisted upon their being allowed to walk about and enjoy the fresh air, they were never permitted to take any exercise in the court. I frequently wrote a few lines to the lads, for whom I felt most deeply, as well as for the crew in general. Lieut. Douglas was now able to provide them with money, and once only, during the four months' imprisonment, was he permitted to visit his men; for, on seeing the deep interest he took in their welfare, and his great anxiety to better their condition, they never permitted him to see them any more. I was delighted to observe the noble feelings evinced by Lieut. Douglas towards the crew of the Kite, who suffered great hardships.

Our joy was inexpressible, when a channel of private communication with our friends at Chusan was opened, and when I received from you, my dear friend, the first letter (Dec. 29,) which afforded me very great consolation. Before this we heard of the death of another marine, which affected us all deeply, and especially his master. Death has made sad havoc amongst us, and the Almighty alone knows the reason why he afflicted us, and I fervently hope that these many solemn warnings may be sanctified to us.

January the 9th—I had again the unspeakable happiness of receiving two letters from you, from one of which I learnt our then contemplated rescue, which at that time gave me great uneasiness, as I trembled at the idea of any of my dear countrymen running the risk of such suffering as I myself had undergone.

Your first letter was accompanied by a copy of the holy Bible, an inestimable treasure, for which I had so long and earnestly prayed; but to avoid discovery, I had to read it during the night, so that it was in truth a secret treasure, and henceforth my constant companion. It is wonderful how often we heard of our speedy release, and were as often disappointed,—still for the time being our spirits were kept up by these good news. On Thursday, the 2d of February, I heard that the gentlemen had been summoned by the mandarins to receive clothes and letters, and with an anxious heart I watched the whole afternoon, expecting every moment a visit from them. However, I was obliged to continue in suspense till the next day, when I was called to appear before the mandarins to obtain another most affectionate letter from you, my dear friend, with abundant store of clothes and every comfort I could desire.

Grateful and thankful as I felt for them, my spirits became deeply affected, inferring as I did that so many things would not have been sent if my captivity was not to be prolonged; yet the linguist cheered me by the assurance that I should be free within three weeks or a month. At this time they treated me with great kindness, and I went to see the mandarin's lady, who gave me some fruit and artificial flowers, the first mark of kindness I have received from a lady. They allowed me to remain until the evening, and I was once more gladdened in meeting my dear countrymen, and, after staying sometime, we all went to my prison to write answers to our letters.

February the 5th, I had the pleasure of a visit from some Chinese naval officers, who told me that we were to leave Ningpo within a fortnight. We thought there was truth in the news, but we were not certain until the 14th, when I received the glad tidings from yourself. It would be impossible to describe what our feelings were on that occasion. I had thought that the gentlemen had known it the day before, so that our meeting at the first moment was not so joyful as it otherwise would have been, but they had no sooner read my letter, than our mutual congratulations were warm and most sincere, and I again had the happiness of welcoming them to my poor prison, where we wrote answers to our friends. Nothing was now spoken of but the surety of our speedy relief: as for myself I could scarcely believe it till I was on my way to Tinghae.

On the 22d of February, before I arose, my attendant came to my bedstead, saying "Chin-hae, Chusan get up;" and immediately the comprador called to me, saying that we were indeed to go to Chin-hae. Alas! poor fellow, he little thought that he was not to form one of the party. I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I knew not which thing to do first. Numbers of people came round my prison, and I was obliged to shut the door to keep them out. After my morning devotions, with the comprador's aid, I got all my boxes packed. While thus engaged, he was sent for by the mandarin, who told him that he was not like the other English prisoners, and therefore they would not allow him to accompany them, but send him down to Canton. This threw an immediate gloom over my spirits, and I felt deeply when, a few minutes afterwards, I saw him locked up in his prison—as he had long been my friend in adversity. I now with difficulty got through the crowd to the gentlemen's prison, where I received a hearty welcome, and warmest congratulations, and was forbidden to speak of past troubles. Captain Anstruther now insisted upon seeing the comprador to give him money, and after many entreaties made to the mandarin, whom he had greatly offended by withholding a picture for some unkindness shown, he at last succeeded in beating his way through the crowd. We walked a great while in the prison yard, until by perseverance and much pushing among the crowd, we got

into our palanquins. We had a guard to escort us, and, having crossed the river in our conveyances, I looked back and was astonished at the dense mass of spectators. Mandarins of every grade were in attendance. Indeed the excitement in Ningpo was indescribable. Our road to Chinhae led principally along the river side, and our travelling was any thing but comfortable, the pass being so bad that I feared our palanquin bearers would slip. When near Chinhae, one of my bearers tumbled and the palanquin thumped on the ground. I struck my head, but the alarm was more than the injury. I thought my troubles would not be at an end, until I reached Chinhae. On the road we met several emissaries urging on the bearers to use all speed, to the mutual gratification of both parties. At last we arrived safely at Chinhae, where we were received with honour by the mandarins. We had not breakfasted, and when the gentlemen asked for food, a filthy fellow came in with an apron full of cakes. Afterwards they brought us each a basin of meat.

Captain Anstruther was now taken to see Commissioner E., and after remaining a little while, he returned, telling us that we should soon be sent for to hear the same story told him—namely, that we should not have come to Chinhae if the Admiral had not sent us, and that we must now return and tell the commanding officer, he must get the ships away with all speed, and with his compliments say, that a great many soldiers were waiting to enter Chusan, as soon as the English evacuated it; but at the same time he entreated us to labour under no apprehension, for they had no hostile intentions. At first it was concluded that Lieut. Douglass was to accompany me to Chusan, while Captain Anstruther could remain and see all the men embark; but when we were with E., Lieut. Douglas told him that Captain Anstruther had nothing to do with the people, and begged that he might accompany me. It was at length determined that both the gentlemen should stay behind, and only Mr. Witts accompany me. I made every inquiry for my only bonnet and other things, which the mandarin had previously sent for to inspect, but in vain, as the officer kept them and would not restore the same. Soon after, I took leave of the gentlemen, and re-entered my palanquin, which conveyed me to the water side, where the linguist presented me to the water side, where the linguist presented me with a far. On the mandarin's premises I had the pleasure of meeting all my fellow prisoners, which relieved my mind, as I was not before aware that they had come down from Ningpo, and had not seen them for several months. I spoke a few words to them as my sedan passed. On our way we were taken to the soldiers' tents; it being a late hour and quite dark, I could see but little of them, but they appeared to be numerous, and occupied a very large space. Every attention was now shown me; they carried me close to the boatside, and fixed a chair in the sampan for my comfort. The mandarin who accompanied me showed every attention. For some hours our boat lay at anchor to enable the other prisoners to embark, and during the night proceeded on our way to Chusan. About seven o'clock in the morning of the 26th, I was once more gladdened by the sight of an English vessel. Soon after we were boarded by two naval officers, and Mr. Johnson was the first to welcome me to freedom. In a short space of time, we saw several other vessels which lay at the outer anchorage; a few moments more, and the whole fleet was before us. I thought I saw a great change on Chusan as on myself; the tents were no longer on the hills; and to me at least all things looked strange, but per-

haps the alteration was in me alone. As the boat drew near, Captain Bouchier, of the *Blonde*, sent his pig to convey me on board, and glad indeed was I to step into it, and thus quit for ever a people, at whose hands I had received such bitter wrongs. When safely arrived on the deck of the *Blonde*, I received the warmest congratulations of Captain Bouchier, and the many friends to whom I was then introduced. What my feelings were at that moment, none but one so long in captivity can conceive. Every one seemed a participator in my enjoyment, and each countenance wore the smile of heartfelt sympathy. I once more sat down to a comfortable breakfast, but my joy was too exquisite to allow me to partake. I remained on board the *Blonde* until the arrival of my fellow prisoners, whom I was most anxious to see once more. Lieut. Douglas and Captain Anstruther soon joined us, and it heightened my pleasure greatly to see those I so much esteemed, restored to their usual comforts and warm friends. Ere long the European part of the crew came safely on board. I was much distressed at seeing their wasted frames and pale countenances, yet it was a cheering certainty that every kindness would now be shown them. It is to be hoped that, by the blessing of God, they will soon regain their wonted strength, and I trust the sad lesson they so dearly learned, will never be erased from their memories. Being most anxious to see you, my dear friend, and Dr. Lockhart being in waiting to accompany me, I lost no time in hastening to the ship *Blundell*, where you had so carefully provided for my comfort. My dear friend Lieutenant Douglas did not leave me, until I was safely on board; and no sooner had I reached the deck, than I received the loud and hearty cheers of the whole crew, which not being anticipated, was completely overwhelming, combined as it was with the cordial welcome of Capt. Trail, and his officers. To describe our meeting would be needless—it is too indelibly engraven on the heart of each, ever to be forgotten; but I would not conclude without a sincere, solemn, and heartfelt ascription of praise and thanks to the Almighty Father and Gracious Saviour, and the all-sustaining Spirit, who has so truly fulfilled his promise, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee."

ANNE NOBLE.

WONDERFUL SIGHTS IN THE AIR.

THE venerable American Lexicographer has thought it worth while to notice, in the *New Haven Herald*, the use which appears to have been made in recent publications of certain atmospheric phenomena, in reference to the great change which, it is said, is to come over the world this year. He says:

"To persons not accustomed to see any unusual phenomenon in the heavens, such a fiery appearance of the clouds must be very terrific. Ignorance, in such cases, is a calamity. I had seen more wonderful appearances in the clouds of heavens, and was not in the least disturbed.

In the dark day, May 19, 1780, the heavens were covered with a dense cloud for three or four hours; the legisl. ure was in session at Hartford, and such was the darkness that business could not be transacted without candles. During this time the clouds were tinged with a yellow or faint red for hours, for which no cause has been assigned. I stood and viewed this phenomenon with astonishment, but I had not any fear that the world was coming to an end.

In the evening of March 20th, 1782, an extraordinary light spread over the whole hemisphere from horizon to horizon, north and south, east and west. The light was of a yellowish cast, and wavy. The waving of the light was visible, and some persons heard or imagined they heard a slight rustling sound. I then resided in Goshen, Orange county, New York, and stood half an hour on a bridge over the Wall Kill, to witness this extraordinary phenomenon, but I saw no person that was frightened at the sight.

In the year 1763, a great part of Europe was for weeks overspread with a haziness of atmosphere, which caused great consternation. The churches were crowded with supplicants. The astronomer Lalande attempted to allay the fright by endeavoring to account for the appearance, which he ascribed to an uncommon exhalation of watery particles from the great rains of the preceding year. But at last the cause was ascertained to be smoke from the great eruption of the volcano Heekla, in Iceland, which covered more than three thousand square miles with burning lava, in some places to the depth of forty feet. I had this account from Dr. Franklin, who was in Europe at the time.

In a late paper, published by the *Millerites*, I saw an article stating that the northern lights foretell something terrible. The writer seems not to know that in the high northern latitudes, in the sixteenth degree and northward, northern lights are of daily occurrence, and so have been from time immemorial. So illuminated are the heavens that persons may often see to read by the night.

During my life I have been so much accustomed to see northern lights, falling stars, so called, and fire balls, that they have long since ceased to excite my curiosity.—*N. Webster.*

NADIR SHAH, THE RAVAGER OF INDIA.

THIS Persian Emperor is said to have taken in conquest in jewels, £31,250,000; gold and silver plate, money and the celebrated peacock throne, £48,000,000 more; beside a vast quantity of other property, the whole equal in value to one hundred millions of dollars! He held in great contempt the arts by which the dervishes, and other religious mendicants imposed upon the credulity of his countrymen. Many of them believed that the holy Imaum Reza, who is interred at Mushed, continued to work miracles; and this belief gave rise to a number of impositions. Persons pretending to be blind, went to his tomb, and after a long period of prayer, opened their eyes and declared their sight had been restored by the holy Imaum.

One of these was seated at the gate of the sacred mausoleum when Nadir passed. "How long have you been blind?" asked the monarch. "Two years," answered the man. "It is proof," replied Nadir "that you have no faith. If you had been a true believer you would have been cured long ago. Recollect, my friend, if I come back and find you as you now are, I will strike your head off." When Nadir returned, the frightened fellow pretended to pray violently, and all at once found his sight. "A miracle! a miracle!" the populace exclaimed, and tore off his coat in small pieces as relics. The monarch smiled, and observed, "that faith was every thing."

An arrow was shot once into his quarters with a paper affixed, on which was written—"If thou art a king, chieftain and protect thy people; if a prophet, show us the path of salvation; if a god, be merciful to thy creatures."

"Nadir, while he made every search for the author, commanded that copies of this paper should be distributed throughout the camp, with the following answer annexed to it:—"I am neither a king to protect my subjects; a prophet to teach the way to salvation; nor a god, to exercise the attribute of mercy; but I am he, whom the Almighty hath sent in his wrath to chastise a world of sinners." How well he fulfilled his mission, the history of Persia and India fully testify.

We are told of this prince that he had nearly one hundred and thirty sons, and one hundred and fifty daughters; and that, at the time of his decease, had all his descendants been gathered together, he would have seen a tribe of full five thousand souls—men, women and children, clustering around his throne.—*Malcolm.*

AT YOUR OWN DOOR.

THE celebrated John Randolph, on a visit to a female friend, found her surrounded with her seamstresses, making up a quantity of clothing. "What work have you in hand?" "O sir, I am preparing this clothing to send to the poor Greeks. On taking leave at the steps of the mansion, he saw some of her servants in need of the very clothing, which their tender-hearted mistress was sending abroad. He exclaimed, "Madam, madam, the Greeks are at your door!"—*C. C. Jones.*

From the N. Y. Observer.

NATURE, GRACE AND GLORY.

AN eminent minister of Scotland, Mr. Guthrie, travelling on the moors by night lost his way. He laid the reins on the neck of his horse, committed himself to the direction of Providence, and calmly rode on, uncertain of what was before him. After long travelling over ditches and fields, and many narrow escapes from imminent danger, he reached the door of a cottage in which a light was burning. He entered, and obtained permission to sit by the fire till morning. A popish priest was administering "extreme unction" to a dying woman. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired; then he stepped to the bedside and enquired of the woman if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done. She answered "No," and Mr. Guthrie then proceeded to speak to her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to understand, and enabled her to believe the message of mercy, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ her Saviour.

After beholding this scene, and the morning having dawned, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse and proceeded on his journey homeward. When he arrived, he told his wife that he had seen a great wonder during the night. "I came," said he, "to a farm-house, where I found a woman in a state of nature, I saw her in a state of grace, and I left her in a state of glory."

Wonderful transition! Rapid, miraculous, perfect! The soul defiled by sin is washed, and sanctified, and saved; the sinner becomes a saint, the saint rejoices among the angels on the instant that angels were rejoicing over the sinner born again.

We have seen such changes, as great and gracious, if not so sudden and swift. The pastor to whom anxious sinners come that they may be led to Christ, will recal such scenes.

A young man came to my study in a state of deep despair, and asked tremblingly what he must do to be saved. I told him, and he knelt by my side, and found peace in believing. The change was not greater when Barlimous opened his eyes at the word of Jesus. It was scarcely greater when Lazarus started from the tomb and fell into his sisters' arms. To this converted youth every thing within him and around him was instantly and wonderfully made new. He saw what before had been invisible, and things familiar were clothed with beauty to which his eyes till now were blind. The word of God opened to his sight as a new revelation. The character of God in Christ was ravishing to his heart, and holiness, which he had never loved, was now the chief attraction in heaven. We walked out, and the fields and flowers, the trees and streams reflected loveliness that had never caught his eye before. All was new, but all was as it was yesterday when he had looked on it without a thought of the beauty that now covered it with almost celestial charms. A great change was this indeed; from a state of nature to a state of grace; but not so great a change as another of which I would speak.

A young lady of my charge had been thus transformed from nature's darkness to the light of grace, and with joy unspeakable had rejoiced in the God of her salvation. She was now on a dying bed, and day by day as the tabernacle of clay was dissolving, her spirit was expanding its wings for its upward flight. It was good to sit down and speak with her of the love which Jesus had shown her in her sinfulness and danger; and one day she asked me if I would permit her to receive the consecrated memorials of his sufferings and death, before she communed with him in heaven. I promised to call again and converse with her in reference to it, and the next day I was at her bedside, speaking of the prospects that would break on her view when the veil that now hung before her should be rent in twain. As she listened to the precious promises of the gospel a smile of heavenly radiance played on her pale lips. Her heart was still. Death had come silently and set her spirit free; and the smile that lingered was of triumph, as if her silent lips had cried as the soul broke away, "O death! where is thy sting? Her large black eyes were open and fastened on me though they saw me not, while she was gazing in rapt adoration on the glories of the One altogether lovely in the midst of the great white throne. The change how great, how sudden, how glorious!

I find a doctrine in these facts. The change from nature to grace is as instantaneous as the change from grace to glory. The moment of transformation may not be as perceptible in the one case as the other; but the fact is the same. The soul cannot be in a state between grace and nature, any more than it can be in a state between grace and glory. Let those who believe in a Purgatory for departed spirits hold the doctrine of gradual regeneration by outward compliance with the forms of religion, but those who are taught that the souls of believers at their death "do immediately pass into glory," will also delight in confessing that the new creation of the human heart is an "act of God's free grace" as sovereign as that which summoned the world into being when "He spake and it was done."

IRENEUS.

SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The peculiarity of a Sunday in Scotland is not owing entirely to the generally religious character of the people, though that undoubtedly contributes much. It is in the Highlands, among the hamlets of glen and mountain, that such peculiarity is observed and felt in the strongest and most pleasing manner. There, the magnificent character of the surrounding scenery—the cloudy mountain, looking like a vision of Sinai of old—the dark lake, quiet as eternity, and the indescribably solemn stillness which reigns over all;—impress the mind with an awfully reverential feeling, far higher than, though like in character to, that which is experienced on treading beneath the vaulted arches of some antique cathedral. All nature, from the highest to the lowest, seems to proclaim that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord.

The ushering in of a Scottish Sunday morn is far different from what every one must have had occasion to observe—especially in and near large towns in England. There are no shops half opened till the very hour that summons the population to its worship, no servants' work to be done at the doors and windows, though ever so early,—nothing that can remind one of the toil of the week, and the anxiety of the heart after worldly affairs. No artisans idling, unwashed, and in their working dress, about the streets, nor any of those degraded characters who may often be seen with half a dozen dogs making their way to the outskirts of the town, for the purpose of having a morning's sport in rat-hunting along the ditches. They labor six days, and Saturday night effectually closes the scene. From sunrise to broad day, the holy time steals on as quiet as though toil and the common anxieties of life were never known. Every care, save the all-important one, seems laid aside. The calmness of the atmosphere, the repose of the senses from every sound, save the slow chiming of the distant bells, seem to speak it to be truly a day of rest. When the parent and the child, the rich man and the needy, alike in the presence of their Creator, observe his appointed time, and remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy.

The cottages on the mountain sides, which during the week present the very picture of peaceful industry, are usually on a Sunday morning shut up and silent; as though, with the cessation of all human labor, the inhabitants had in spirit retired to that peaceful world of which a quiet Sabbath is so beautiful an emblem. But about the hour when the village bell begins to toll for the devout assembly, then may be seen issuing from the humble cottages, which hitherto appeared from their quietness almost uninhabited, each little family, from first to last; all clad in their best, clean, plain, and homely; but to the devout and meek, a far more acceptable sight than that gorgeous and costly attire, which, attracting all attention to the pomp of this life, seems to convert the temple of the Most High into a house of earthly vanity. The elderly clad in sober colors, becoming their season of life; the young in simple white, equally characteristic of their innocence and purity, one following another in a long train along the mountain side, form, together with the place to which their steps are bending, a subject on which the mind long dwells with internal satisfaction.

In the evening, while perhaps the aged—they who are nigh upon the brink of that dark ocean of eternity upon which they must soon embark—are engaged in the perusal of that Volume which points out their way to the distant land;

the young, to whom it is given to rejoice while yet their day is before them, often walk out on the hills together or alone, though always with that peaceful demeanor, that total absence of all tendency to unhallowed mirth, which bespeaks a heart humble in its strength, and consolous of the service it owes to Him in whom is all glory and honor.

Thus, peacefully and silently the night again steals down—closing upon a day on which ten thousands of hearts have been better taught their duty to all living.—English Puzer.

ONE TAKEN AND ANOTHER LEFT.

THE sovereignty of God is sometimes illustrated in inclining one savage community to favor the introduction of the Gospel and embrace its saving provisions; while another is left, under the influence of Satan, and their own evil hearts, to reject the gospel and perish. A striking instance of this has recently occurred. In Nov. 1839, the Rev. John Williams approached the shores of Erromanga, one of the Hebrides islands, for the benevolent purpose of telling the inhabitants of God and the way of salvation through Christ. But scarcely had he and his companions set foot on the shore, when wicked and ferocious men fell upon and murdered them.

Subsequently, some native converts of the Samoa group, animated with the true Christian enterprise and love, volunteered to go and once more offer them that Saviour who had become so precious to their own people. They went to Erromanga, began to unfold the treasures of the gospel to them, and plead with them to give up idolatry and serve the true God: but the barbarous islanders would not bear; left them in a desert place to starve and nearly to starve; and at last, when the teachers were about to be killed and eaten, they were with difficulty rescued and taken away by a vessel touching at the island.

Now mark the difference. To a neighbouring island, Mangaia, native teachers were sent to carry, to a similarly savage people, the glad tidings of salvation. To a human eye the teachers were no more likely to be kindly treated here or the message to be joyfully received, than at Erromanga. But at Mangaia God had a chosen people. They were willing in the day of his power. They listened to the gospel and believed it. The Holy Ghost renewed the hearts of many, and sited them with love; and a few months afterward, when a missionary went to see how these teachers were prospering, he was received by the lately savage idolaters with the warmest gratitude and joy. He found in one village a beautiful native meeting house, 180 feet long and 35 wide, overflowing with hearers, 700 or 800 people at a morning prayer meeting, 1,000 children in meeting for Sabbath instruction, and a church of 70 members, embracing the aged, men in the vigor of life, and a few children, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. So one is taken and another left.—Dayspring.

SOUND IN THE NIGHT AIR.

Every person must have observed that sounds, such as that of falling water, &c. which are faintly or not at all heard during the day time are distinctly audible at night, even when the direction and force of the wind and every other general circumstance is the same. This curious fact was remarked even by the ancients. In large cities, or in their neighborhood, the increase in the distinctness of sound has been ascribed to the cessation of the powers of animated beings, such as men, insects and birds, and also to the cessation of the action of winds upon the leaves of trees. When the celebrated traveller Baron Humboldt, first heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco, in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures, his attention was particularly called to this curious fact, and he was of opinion that the noise was three times greater in the night than in the day. The usual explanation of the phenomenon was quite insufficient in this case, as the humming of insects was much greater in the night than in the day, and the breeze which might have agitated the leaves of the trees, never rose till after sunset. Humboldt was led therefore to ascribe the diminution of sounds during the day to the presence of the sun, which influences the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing to them the currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere produced by the heating of the different parts of the

ground. In these cases a wave of sound, when it meets two portions of air of different density, is divided into two or more waves, a part of the primitive wave being propagated with more rapidity through the denser portions than the parts that pass through air of less density. In this way the wave is broken down into different parts, which arrive at the ear at different times. The different portions of the wave, passing again through succeeding portions of the atmosphere of different density, may be so wasted and littered down as to be incapable of affecting the tympanum.—*Edinburgh Encyclopedia.*

THE TRAVELLER.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

By the steamer *Caledonia* we received intelligence that, after many years repose, Ætna had, during the month of December, poured forth immense masses of fire. This had drawn to the spot a great many visitors from England, one of whom thus graphically describes the interesting scene:—

PALERMO, Dec. 15. - I have been at the burning mountains, and here is an account of our excursion.

We started from Palermo, by the Messina road, at half past seven o'clock, on Monday morning, December 5, and towards sunset on the following day arrived at Aderno, (144 Sicilian or 115 English miles from the capital,) and thence, while changing horses, we had the first view of the eruption. We could plainly discern the fiery stones rising and falling, but at that distance looking like sparks. A ball of fire seemed to roll up from the crater, swelling, as it rose, into the form of a vast balloon, from the top of which proceeded a blazing column, which at length burst at its summit, and fell in soft showers of slowly descending fire. In the midst of the solid blaze there appeared a sharp, well defined pillar of dark cloud, which was the smoke.—The distance from the crater at which these appearances presented themselves was about 20 English miles. Nothing could exceed the very singular and peculiar beauty of the treelike form of the loftier wreaths of smoke, illuminated to a blood red colour by the setting sun. This vivid redness changed first to pink, next to gold, and then to a death-like ashy paleness, at once beautiful and ghastly.

By the faint light of the young moon, now risen, we could see that we were crossing several streams of lava poured down by former eruptions, and, indeed, that the whole face of the country, as we passed on toward Palermo, was covered with blocks of old lava, which sometimes rose to the height of several hundred feet on either side of the road. The moon soon fell, and the only light we now had was from the volcano, which blazed fitfully, sometimes darting up to a great height above the cone, and again falling down to a deep red glare, lighting up the sky. We entered Catania by the Porta Sycracusana at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, and drove to the Casone, (Vico's hotel) where we dined, and with no little difficulty procured beds, the house and the lane being crowded with travellers on the same quest as ours.

Next morning we arranged for our excursion up the mountain, and started at 12 of noon. Passing out of Catania, by the Porta Ætna, and following the Nubiosi road for half a mile, we reached two obelisks erected in memory of the eruption of 1669, by which Catania was destroyed. Here we crossed a country covered with old lava, but on which we grew, not as in a garden, apples, pears, cherries, olives, almonds, grapes, and all kinds of fruit, as well as all sorts of corn. The first vegetable that appears in the cooling lava is the plant *genista*, or broom, and next the *opuntia*, or *figo di India*, which we usually call the cactus, or prickly pear. Keeping along this side road, which was very good, we reached in two hours, via Grande, a little village half way from Catania to Zafferano, whither we were bound.—From this point we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Calabrian hills in the horizon, Taormina, with its bold and beautiful promontory in the middle distance, and the fertile slopes of Ætna (to the woody region of which we had now ascended) immediately below. Looking back we saw the fine city of Catania with Monte Rossi towering above it, Nicolosi on the slope, and farther off Mount Hybla, with the headland

which forms the port of Augusta, stretching out into the sea.

The same sort of garden ground continued as we advanced, with, however, countless numbers of extinct volcanos, on the cones of which were vines, and sweet chestnut, now leafless, and the landscape much like autumn in England, with a cold damp misty atmosphere, and very little promise of fine weather for the coming night.

We arrived at Zafferano at four, p.m., and drove to a kind of inn kept by a certain Donna Rosa, which, for a Sicilian osteria, proved far cleaner and better than we could have expected. Here we dined on our own provisions, and they gave us fruit with a very drinkable red wine of the country. We now made a bargain for mules and guides, at 3s. per mule and 2s. per man, for eight hours up the mountain. The weather still looked unpromising, heavy Scotch mists labouring over the heights, and falling down the mountain sides; nor were the accounts of the guides at all encouraging. However, we had come thither to make the ascent, and go we would at all hazards, so just at dusk we set out.

Turning up a side street of the village Zafferano, we soon came to the open country, and began to cross plains of lava. We followed the bed of a fiumara, or wide mountain torrent, the mules slipping back at every step, while the foremost mules, as they stumbled along, knocked down the loose stones along the slope against the feet and shins of those behind. We soon entered a wood, and met a large flock of sheep and goats, driven home for the night to Zafferano. We heard numerous dogs, too, barking in the distance, but were ourselves surrounded by the thick, damp, blinding mist. After half an hour's uncomfortable riding, we came to a deep ravine at the foot of a steep and apparently insurmountable precipice. Here the guides, after a rest, bade us hold fast by the manes of the mules. We had no saddles, save two or three straw-stuffed sacks, and no bridle but an old one-sided cord, and of course no stirrups. But for the precaution of holding fast by the manes, we must have fallen off backward, such was the steepness of the mountain. However, putting a stout heart to a steep horse, we went forward in the name of God, with a shout for St. George and merry England, as George is a very good saint when difficulties are to be overcome.

On our left was a faithful precipice, and we had only a narrow sheep path to keep by, the least step out of which would have precipitated us into the gulf below, which, like the Bay of Portugal, had an unknown bottom. After an hour in this way we reached the Porticella, at the foot of the highest peak of Cosimici, the mountain we were ascending.—Here the guides cried out, "Chiarisce?" (it clears,) and on looking round we saw the moon emerging from a cloud, the stars stealing out one after another through the mist, and in front a strong light brightening a spot in the sky, which the guides told us was the reflection of the lava.

This light grew stronger as we advanced, and on turning a projecting point of the mountain, the crater and the upper part of the stream of lava burst upon our sight in all its magnificence. We were now 4500 feet up the mountain, and, by the air line, about six miles distant from the crater. I do not think it looked grander at any higher point.

To be continued.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE NESTORIANS.

It is the practice of the Nestorians to have the marriage ceremony performed in their churches, and very early—commencing at least an hour before day—because the services are long, and the nuptial parties and all the ecclesiastics, who participate in the performance, are obliged to abstain from food, on the wedding day, until after the ceremony. But in this instance, to gratify us, they had deferred the marriage till our arrival—10 o'clock, A. M.—and instead of assembling in the church, they had for our better convenience prepared to perform the service at this dwelling.

As the crowd drew up around us, in anticipation of the commencement of the ceremony, Mar Yohannan gave direction, that inasmuch as strangers were present, they should all be careful to make much less noise than is usual on such occasions. Priest Abraham was the principal officiator, but was assisted by two other priests and

several deacons of the village, who joined with him in reading the prayers and select portions of Scripture—such as the account of Abraham's sending after Rebecca for his son Isaac, Jacob's serving for Rachel, and all the other venerable scripture authorities that enter into their marriage service; the whole of which would doubtless be more interesting, if not more instructive, were it not read in an unknown tongue. The bride retained her place in the further corner of the room about an hour, the bridegroom meanwhile standing near the officiating ecclesiastics. They then arrived at a point where hands were to be joined, this being made known by the ecclesiastics, who alone understood the services. Several women instantly caught hold of the still veiled bride and pulled her by main strength half across the room toward her intended husband; and several men at the same time seized the bridegroom, who was at first equally resolute in his modest resistance, but finally yielded and advanced toward the bride. A smart struggle ensued in his efforts to secure her hand; but he at length succeeded, and both, with great apparent submission, then took a standing attitude near the officiating clergy. The regular routine of reading occupied another hour or more, when, first the bishops and after them the multitudes—we of course among the rest—advanced and kissed the married pair.—*From Mr. Perkins' new work.*

THE WINES OF PERSIA.

INQUIRERS have often been proposed to me on the subject of the wines in Persia; and I may here, as appropriately as any where, state the facts in the case. The juice of the grape is used in three ways in Persia. When simply expressed, it is called *succell* i. e. *sweet liquor*. It is not drunk in that state, nor regarded as fit for use, any more than new unsettled cider at the press in America; nor is it even called *wine*, until it is fermented. A second and very extensive use of the juice of the grape is the syrup, made from boiling it from this sweet state, which resembles our molasses, and is used in the same way for sweetening, but is never used as a drink. This is in fact neither more nor less than oriental molasses. The third use of the juice of the grape is the distillation of it into arrack, or Asiatic Brandy. The wines of Persia are in general much lighter than those of Europe; but they are still always intoxicating. In making these statements, I throw down no gauntlet for controversy on the much vexed wine question, but wish simply to communicate information. Were I to hazard the expression of personal feeling and opinion, on this general subject, it would be that of the deepest regret for any approximation in the tendency of the age to the removal of the sacred landmarks of Scripture institutions.—*Th.*

DESCRIPTION OF A MAHOMEDAN FESTIVAL.

JAN. 23, 1842.—To-day the Mahomedans celebrated a period which they call "Mandingo Christmas." In the morning, the people were assembled in great numbers on the "salkeny," or pray-ground, for public worship. The place referred to is a sacred spot, a short distance from the town, where, on such occasions, several drums are beaten in the morning, as a signal for assembling; and about 9 o'clock the people march thither in order, preceded by the King, and the High Priest, and accompanied by a vast number of drums, which they beat as they pass along, and continue beating till all are assembled. The fury with which they beat them, and their great number, create such a loud dissonant noise, that I am at a loss to describe it. The people are now drawn up in a triangular form, in their best apparel and decorated with their gregrees and charms, and each one bearing a musket, spear, or sword. The priest stands in the centre of one side, elevated upon a few stones for the purpose, and conducts the service. Their appearance now as well as in proceeding from the town, is that of an army preparing to meet an hostile foe, rather than worshippers of Him who is the "Author of peace." I saw them in the midst of the ceremony, and must say that the sight of 400 or 500 persons prostrating themselves simultaneously to the earth, and the deep hoarse tone in which they rehearsed their prayers, made no small impression on my mind—an impression, I trust, of pious indignation that the worship of

the True God should be so perverted, and that rational beings should presume to offer before Him such a parade of solemn mockery. The service being ended, they return to revelling and intemperance.—*Cor. of Ch. Miss. Record.*

BURNING OF WIDOWS IN INDIA.

The case was that of a widow named Hoomattee, a girl about 14 years of age, whose husband, a brahman, died when absent from his family, and a fortnight after the event, her father being absent and unacquainted with what was passing, she proceeded to burn herself upon a pile prepared by other near relatives, and fired by her uncle. She soon leaped from the flame, was seized, taken up by the hands and feet, and again thrown upon it much burned: she again sprang from the pile, and running to a well hard by, laid herself down in the water course, weeping bitterly. A sheet was then offered, and she was desired by her uncle to place herself upon it; she refused, saying he would carry her again to the fire, and she would rather quit the family and live by beggary or anything, if they would have mercy on her. At length, on her uncle swearing by the Ganges, that if she would seat herself on the cloth he would carry her home—she did so—was bound up in it—carried to the pile—now fiercely burning—and again thrown into the flames. The wretched victim once more tried to save herself, when, at the instigation of the rest, a Mussulman approached near enough to reach her with his sword, and cutting her through the head she fell back, and was rescued from further sufferings by death. Burned in 1820, 597; in 1821, 654; in 1822, 573; in 1823, 575; and 1824, 572. *Statistics, 1820-4.*

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.

The practice of insulting the religion of such persons as profess a faith different from their own, has ever been characteristic of the Oriental nations, and is illustrative of a passage in the New Testament which I have not seen explained by any of the commentators—I mean the expression of our Saviour, where he denounces the votaries of avarice, by declaring that "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." For a long time previous to Christ's appearance, it had been usual for the "sons of Ishmael," or pagan Arabs of Asia Minor, to make hostile incursions into the towns of Judea, and riding their dromedaries into the synagogues to desecrate the altar, (whenever the Osmanli take possession of a Greek village, they invariably ride into its Christian church, and endeavor to foren their horses to defile their altar) in the manner here described. In order to put a stop to these enormities, the Jews hit upon the expedient of constructing the doors of their churches, &c., so low, that an ordinary sized man could only enter by stooping; and thus they completely foiled their persecutors; for the disinclination of the Arabs to dismount, even on the most pressing occasion, is well known to such as have travelled among these sons of the desert. In the hyperbolic phraseology of the East, these diminished apertures were compared to the eye of a needle; and the impossibility of a camel making his way through them became at length a proverbial expression for any impracticable undertaking.—*Auldjo's Journal.*

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

A HOUSEHOLD in which family prayer is devoutly attended to, conjoined with the reading of the Scriptures, is a school of religious instruction. The whole contents of the sacred volume are in due course laid open before its members. They are continually reminded of their relation to God and the Redeemer, of their sins, and their wants, and of the method they must take to procure pardon for the one, and relief of the other. Every day they are receiving "line upon line, and precept upon precept." A fresh accession is continually making to their stock of knowledge; new truths are gradually opened to their view, and the impressions of old truths revived. A judicious parent will naturally notice the most striking incidents in his family in his devotional addresses; such as the sickness, or death, or removal for a longer or shorter time, of the members of which it is composed. His addresses will be varied according to circumstan-

ces. Has a pleasing event spread joy and cheerfulness through the household? it will be noticed with becoming expressions of fervent gratitude. Has some calamity overwhelmed the domestic circle? it will give occasion to an acknowledgment of the divine equity; the justice of God's proceedings will be vindicated, and grace implored through the blood of the Redeemer, to sustain and sanctify the stroke.

When the most powerful feelings, and the most interesting circumstances, are thus connected with religion, it is not unreasonable to hope that, through Divine grace, some lasting and useful impressions will be made. Is not some part of the good seed thus sown, and thus nurtured, likely to take root and to become fruitful? Deeply as we are convinced of the deplorable corruption of the human heart, and the necessity consequent on this, of Divine agency to accomplish a saving purpose, we must not forget that God is accustomed to work by means; and surely none can be conceived more likely to meet the end. What can be so likely to impress a child with a dread of sin, as to hear his parents constantly deprecating the wrath of God as justly due to it; or to induce him to seek an interest in the mediation and intercession of the Saviour, as to hear them imploring it for him, day by day, with an importunity proportioned to the magnitude of the subject? By a daily attention on such exercises, children and servants are taught most effectually how to pray. Suitable topics are suggested to their mind; suitable petitions are put into their mouths; while their growing acquaintance with the Scriptures furnishes the arguments by which they may plead with God.—*Robert Hall.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—The proper work of Christians is the extension of Christianity; the adding to the cloud of witnesses; the diminution of the sons of darkness; the accession of glory to the Redeemer's Crown. It is to be imbued with holy, untiring anxieties to rescue beings like themselves from going down to the pit; and, because time is short, to devote every power, to consecrate every talent, devise every means, employ every resource, to "save souls from death."—constantly to remember, that men are always perishing; that therefore, we should be always labouring; that the season for activity is circumscribed—and that, ere long, the night will come—it is coming—when our tongues shall be silent, our hands motionless, and our hearts pulseless:—"For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—*John Aday.*

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.—Blind zeal causeth poor deceived souls to think themselves zealously affected towards Christ, when they are stubbornly set for Antichrist. It is not true zeal, but rather a brain-sick giddiness, which causeth many to forsake their natural house, and wander to Jerusalem, there to worship God; as if they thought with Benhadad, King of Syria, that God was the God of the hills, and not of the valleys. (How much better are they who think that God is the God of consecrated grounds, more than of other places?)—*Archbishop Sandys.*

PEACE.—We know not who is the author of the following thoughts, but they seem to us eminently just, and very happily expressed:

"Certainly, God abides none but charitable dissensions; those that are well grounded and well governed; grounded upon just causes, and governed with Christian charity and wise moderation; those, whose beginning is equity, and whose end is peace. If we must differ, let these be the conditions. Let every one of God's ministers be ambitious of that praise, which Gregory Nazianzen gives to Athanasius, to be an adamant to those that strike him, and a loadstone to those that dissent from him; the one, not to be moved with wrongs; the other to draw those hearts which disagree. So, 'the fruit of righteousness' shall be 'sown in peace of them that make peace'; James iii. 18. So, the God of peace shall have glory, the Church of God rest, and our souls unspeakable consolation and joy, in the day of the appearing of our Lord Jesus."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE SPIRIT OF A MISSIONARY.

THE Bishop of Calcutta is well known in this country by his labours in India. In a recently published letter from him is the following passage, which breathes a devotedness to the cause of Christ among the perishing heathen, which cannot but excite admiration, and, we trust, imitation also:

"I have renounced the prospect of visiting you once more in England before I die. No; unless His Grace the Archbishop should lay his orders upon me, India is my scene of duty, delight, and usefulness. The excitement of a short visit would unsettle me at my time of life; if I can but finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God, I shall have enough. Already have I to bless God for nine years and ten months' health in my residence in this land of disease and death. The climate of England would, most probably, not suit me; the joy of my family would break my heart; the voyage to and fro would exhaust my remains of strength. I must not, therefore, tempt God, but be content with the intercourse of letters and the communion of the saints in prayer and intercession. Three years ago, I was set upon going home; but my feelings have been subdued by a sense of duty gradually since. Where should a Bishop die, but in his diocese?"

Several correspondents have of late suggested that the frequent return of missionaries to their native country operates against the cause, and we have no doubt that if such return is not manifestly in obedience to the call of divine Providence, it is injurious in its influence.—*N. Y. Observer.*

REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.—The Dundee Warder contains an account of a remarkable revival at Charlemb. Almost the whole parish were brought under deep conviction of sin, and about one hundred cases of conversion had occurred. Mr. Price, the curate of the Established Church in that place is said to be distinguished for eminent and fervent piety. The Warder says: "The marvellous blessing attending his ministry, as usual in such cases, stirred up against him the fierce opposition and enmity of worldly men, and—our readers will hardly credit the fact—he was actually deprived of his license by his bishop, for no other offence than that of having been the instrument, in the hand of God, for the conversion of so many souls. The interest of friends secured him license in another diocese, but he is necessarily removed from the scene of his former labors."

CHILDREN LISTENING TO THE MISSIONARY.—In November last, 3,250 Sabbath School children, besides a number of adults, were addressed by the Rev. Robert Moffat, missionary from Southern Africa, in one of the large churches in Edinburgh. About 1,000 children were obliged to go away for want of room in the church to receive them. This led to another meeting, when 1500 children attended, and were addressed by the same missionary.

ROMANISM IN IRELAND.—It is undoubtedly true that the renunciation of Romanism is more frequent in Ireland than in many years past. There indeed and in Italy, is the true missionary ground for the opponents of Popery. The sources from which this and other countries have most reason to fear corruption, ought themselves to be purified. We noticed lately the renunciation of the heresies of Rome by one hundred Irish teachers, and the admission of these teachers into an Episcopal Church within a single month. Other instances of such changes are by no means rare, although not in so large numbers at one time.

IDOLATRY IN INDIA.—I have seen their temples ornamented (if I may so speak) with all the orders of infernal architecture; displaying all the sins of the cities of the plain in human figures, and exhibiting evil spirits under the significant emblems of loads, serpents, alligators and other destructive and abominable reptiles! Such are the gods of these deluded people; and they are precisely such as Paul describes, (Rom. i.) "Vile affections, four-footed beasts, creeping things."—*Maj. Gen. Poole after 25 years service in India.*

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.—The Rev. Adolphe Monod, in a treatise which we recently noticed, gives the following as an illustration of the benefits arising from the reading of the Bible :

"The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. One day asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: 'Because, to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question? did they commit any fault? did they perform any good action? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reprov'd, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'

FEAR OF DEATH AMONG THE HEATHEN.—The fear of death destroys the remains of natural affection in the hearts of the heathen. Rev. Dr. Phillips, missionary among the Caffres in South Africa, says:—

"When this fear gets possession of their minds, it destroys all the kindly feelings of the human heart. A case of a very tragical nature occurred a few days ago in this neighborhood. A young Caffre went to visit a kraal where the small-pox had broken out; his family received notice of it in his absence, and when he returned, under night, they would not admit him into their hut. He attempted to force his way, and his own brother, in the presence of their parents, stabbed him to the heart.

When small-pox makes its appearance in an individual it is no uncommon thing for all about him to leave him to perish. I have heard of a case among the Tambookies, of a young man who was put to death, the people fearing to come near him, or to allow him to live, lest his corrupting body should poison the atmosphere, and spread the disease over the country."

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1843.

"THE PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING."

THE great importance to all men of the possession and practice of evangelical piety cannot but be admitted by every individual who is at all conversant with his Bible. Importance, did we say? Oh, were there no stronger inducement to lead men to its pursuit and cultivation—were its benefits limited to our present existence,—then, indeed, might some reason be shown for its neglect. But when it is seen, as it cannot fail to be by every sincere enquirer after truth, that it is **INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY**, in order to save the soul from the penalty of eternal death, which is its desert, and to secure for it an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens," which has been forfeited by transgression,—the mind is forcibly struck with the obstinate blindness and determined hostility to the truth, on the part of those who neglect this great salvation.

Little do worldly men know of the exquisite enjoyment they forfeit while they remain unaffected and uninfluenced by religion. The universal testimony of those who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious," goes to confirm the truth of this remark. To know that Jehovah is my *Friend*, that the world's Architect is my *Father*,—to be fully assured that I am adopted into the family of God, and that Christ is my elder Brother,—to feel that when this "earthly tabernacle" is taken down I shall inhabit a "building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,"—that when my heart

and flesh fail, God shall be "the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;"—this raises the soul above all sublunary casualties and vicissitudes, and the Christian,

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Spreads from the vale and midway leaves the storm—
While round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

This it was that enabled the Apostles to "count not their lives dear unto them,"—this caused them to "rejoice in tribulation,"—this made them bold to contend for the "faith once delivered to the saints,"—this gave to the Martyrs calmness and equanimity at the stake,—this has sustained Christians in all ages and under all circumstances.

But there is yet another thought—which is, that in addition to the loss of all the felicity which the religion of the Saviour secures to his faithful followers in this life, the ungodly are constantly exposed to the fearful consequences in another and eternal state of neglecting that merciful provision which has been secured by the atonement and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and which is now so freely offered to all.

These thoughts passed through our mind while we conversed lately with some, who, through the instrumentality of recent special religious services held in some of the churches in this city, have been brought out of darkness into marvellous light—and the number of such is not small. To God be all the praise.

In a late number of the *Toronto Christian Guardian*, we observe some excellent remarks upon the subject of revivals of religion. We fully agree with the Editor in the sentiments contained in the following paragraph:—

"Religion is the most exciting of all subjects. Here is God becoming man—the God-man dying for men—man's sinfulness and conviction of it—means to be used without delay to obtain pardon and safety—forces manifold and powerful to be met and mastered—constant conflict with them—a hell to shun—a heaven to gain. Talk we of emotion and zeal; the wonder is that men are not the subjects of much deeper impressions; and one of their sins is, that they are not. It is a matter of regret that when that salvation which is to be obtained and retained is so momentous, there is so little feeling and activity. Religion is love; and we have yet to understand how that passion can glow and operate without emotion; and in this case it is love to God, the giver of every mercy, and love to a world perishing around us. Love is not a cold, chilling idea.—It is passion,—hallowed—ardent—quenchless."

GLORIOUS SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The following paragraph lately appeared in the *Cincinnati Ladies' Repository*. It must afford unmixed pleasure to every lover of Zion:—

"Probably there has never been a period since time began, when revivals of religion were so general and so powerful as now. They spread nearly over the Christian world, and they sway the minds of men in an unusual manner. It seems as though nothing is needed to secure the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but the appointment of meetings, and a rallying of the friends of Zion to the work of faith and the labour of love. We have enjoyed the privilege of attending some eight or ten protracted meetings since the close of the Ohio annual conference, and at each there was a glorious display of God's saving power. The result has been an addition of more than four hundred to the Church, and the conversion of a large majority of the young members. It is time for all who love Jesus to awake, and enter into the labours of the harvest. The fields are white and waiting for the sickle. The ministers of Jesus should be active. Every energy should be enlisted in this rising cause. It seems that efforts to save souls are, through the ready aid of the Spirit, unusually efficacious and fruitful. What encouragement; Seed now scattered abroad does not "lie buried in hope." It soon returns into the hand of the labourer. Is the millen-

nium come? Surely it is not distant. We are in sight of its holy and happy scenes. The light of a new day streaks the heavens, and the Sun of Righteousness is about to be more fully unveiled to a dark and perishing world. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

It is with feelings of unmingled satisfaction, that we notice the publication of a most interesting document by the Merchants of Montreal, entitled, "The Memorial of the undersigned Merchants of Montreal, to British Underwriters, Ship-owners and Ship-masters,"—suggesting the adoption of strict Temperance principles on board of merchant vessels trading to this country, and promising to give "a preference in the way of business" to such vessels. This is a most important movement, and cannot fail to produce a great moral reformation. While on this subject, we take the liberty of suggesting to the same influential body the importance of adopting some active measures towards securing the proper observance of the Sabbath.

We understand that the Friendly Union of Montreal has lately held its third anniversary, and that five hundred children have been instructed in the Bethel school—where, also, Divine worship has been held for seamen and emigrants four times weekly. The Committee appeal to the public for their continued patronage.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HEALTH.

THE almost miraculous rescue of His Excellency the Governor General, from the jaws of death, is almost the only topic of conversation, in these duller of dull times. It has thrown a little life into society. But although removed from immediate danger, His Excellency is far from being recovered. He still remains exceedingly unwell, and is consequently unable to transact any kind of public business.—*Kingston Whig*.

The improved state of His Excellency's health cannot but afford pleasure to the whole country, who feared that Kingston might be fatally distinguished for the decease within its limits of two successive Governors. Happily such an event need not now be apprehended, and there is good ground for supposing that His Excellency will recover his health.—*Transcript*.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE SAVIOUR'S BRIGHT EXAMPLE, A MODEL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

CHAP. III.—UNQUESTIONABLE PIETY.

"Thy fair example may we trace
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, more like thee."

MRS. STEELE.

IT is an observation of one of our best writers, that to pass our time in the study of the sciences has, in all ages, been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations, and the name of Philosopher, or a lover of wisdom, is applied to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths and explore new scenes, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he, who, in whatever situation his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a philosopher.

Religion, the religion of the Bible, ennobles and sanctifies true philosophy; and pours over the pages of scientific discovery, the radiance of her beams, and the glory of her character. Without her, the highest philosophy is comparatively insignificant, and without her, the deepest and most extensive researches are honored and magnified. Religion, while it ennobles the

character, no less imparts happiness to the human spirit. At her approach, rancour, bitterness, hatred and malice are annihilated and dispersed; and peace, joy, meekness, and charity are substituted.

"True happiness has no localities;
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb,—
Where duty goes, she goes; with justice goes;
And goes with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear is dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering; or an injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers found; where'er
A sin is heartily abjured and left—
There is a high and holy place—a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness descending sits and smiles."

Young men! you are panting for happiness—try the religion of Jesus: you have well nigh exhausted every energy, worn out your strength, and stretched to the largest extent, the noble faculties of your soul, for a thing of nought, which has indeed totally failed to realize the boon it promised; try the religion of Jesus. It is impossible you can be made happy, drink deep as you may, by the muddy streams of the world; and the more you search for a good, commensurate with your immortal capacities in anything lower than Deity, the more will you experience misery, disappointment, and wretchedness. Oh, it is oppressive to the very soul to see splendid talents, enlarged capacities, and extensive acquirements, degraded and ruined, while thousands stand by unmoved and unaffected. O that I had the pen of an angel, the lips of a seraph, that I might suitably and successfully exhibit the blessedness of real religion, and the ignominy and folly of profanity and indifference. Say not, I am too warm—

"On such a theme, 'twere impious to be calm."

Try the religion of Jesus, and peace shall possess your bosom, and joy, unutterable, animate your spirit.

But it is to the instructors of the young these hints are more particularly directed; and to you, therefore, my dear fellow laborers, I would commend the example of Christ as to his unquestionable piety—a piety deep and visible—influencing every action, and controlling every thought and energy of his mind.

This feature is exhibited so continuously throughout the sacred narrative, that it is difficult to make a selection by way of illustration. Every distinct action of his life—every expression coming from his lips—every thought of his heart—every feature of his character, manifests such a oneness of design—such a unity of purpose—such a purity of motive—and all based on his unquestionable piety. Did he speak, they were words "like which never man spake"—so forcible—so sublime—so sincere—so unutterably important. Did he work miracles,—the object, the end of them, was the glory of his Father. "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Did he pour forth the lessons of instruction, caution and rebuke to his erring, wavering and mistaken disciples—oh what earnestness, what eloquence, what pathos, were evinced, while the honor of his Father, and the salvation of the soul, were his sublime objects. Did he vindicate his own character from the calumny and aspersion of his sworn enemies, while he pronounced "woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites;" he aimed pre-eminently to magnify the glory of his Father, and to accomplish the salvation of men, sunk in sin, and chained in the fetters of prejudice and error. His piety was indeed unquestionable. Not by fits and starts—not the mere animal or intellectual emotion, not the mere feeling of an undefined sense of religion, apart from the judgment, the understanding, and the affections. No, his was a brilliant, steady, progressive, equanimous. It moved the springs of his whole soul, and actuated every power of his mind. "He was a burning and a shining light," the influence of which was manifest in his whole history, and to the close of his life, without a single deviation of a moment's interruption.

My dear fellow laborers, time would fail me to illustrate this trait in the Redeemer's character; allow

me, affectionately, to ask you, Do you believe the Gospel of Christ? Do not be offended or even startled at the question, for it is one of infinite importance to yourselves as responsible beings. Are you possessed of real, genuine, sterling, piety. Is your consistent walk, your humble demeanour, your prayerful spirit, your watchful, jealous disposition over yourself, an evidence that you are indeed truly pious, and sincerely devoted to your Saviour? There are not a few who are engaged in Sabbath School instruction who are not possessed of genuine piety. My dear fellow laborers, forgive me if I appear to be harsh, but I must be faithful. I will not—dare not, deceive you. You may be apt to teach—have a tact for imparting knowledge—possess splendid talents,—but without piety you are disqualified for Sabbath School instruction. How can you commend a Gospel you do not believe? how can you recommend a Saviour you do not love? how can you exhort others to walk in "religion's ways," which you are not yourself treading? Genuine benevolence will begin only when you yourselves begin to be Christians. Oh, tell me, did that Saviour who sweated great drops of blood—who poured out his soul unto death—who bore in his own body the curse on the tree—did he do all this for no object but to be recorded on the page of history as a mere man of fortitude and of heroism? My dear friends, you are to be personally interested in this scheme of mercy, and I adjure you, therefore, see to it, that while you are instructing your charge, you are not neglecting your own personal salvation.

My dear fellow laborers, in contemplating this feature—the unquestionable piety—of our dear Redeemer, be not discouraged at the little attainment you have made. As divine light illumines your mind, you will observe yet more distinctly your own imperfections; but study closely and prayerfully the bright example of your Saviour—dwell upon his exalted piety, until you are transformed into his image, and become conformed to his likeness. Think of his glorious character—think of his all efficacious grace—think of the motives to perseverance—think of the reward there is for those who are faithful unto death—think of the shame, disgrace, and ruin of those who go back to the world and refuse to engage in his cause! Many are your difficulties, but your Saviour is omnipotent—numerous are your discouragements—but glorious are his promises—weak, languid, and cold at best is your zeal—but "your labors shall not be in vain in the Lord." Courage, then,—go forward in your solemn and arduous work—"watch unto prayer," and "pray with all watchfulness"—for "he that goeth forth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with joy bringing his sheaves with him."

"The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go."

O may we all be "faithful unto death," at length receive the crown of glory which fadeth not away, and hear the welcome voice, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

JUNIES.

McGill Street, Montreal, Feb. 13 1843.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SACRED MUSIC.

MUSIC is as old as the world itself, and sacred music is coeval with the worship of the Deity. The talent of singing, when consecrated to the service of our Maker, is an inestimable gift; but when desecrated to profane purposes, it becomes a curse to its possessor. The Holy Writings not only recognize, but enjoin the use of singing, as one of the modes of worshipping the Divine Being. Hence, although the various Christian churches may differ in many other things, they nearly all agree in adopting this as one of the forms of public worship; and, indeed, if one religious exercise may be compared to another, this is certainly the most pleasing and delightful,—another proof of the Divine goodness, in thus uniting duty with pleasure.

As pure religion increases, and its influence wider extends, in the same degree will amusements, which

do not glorify God, become unpopular. This remark will particularly apply to profane and secular music. Individuals who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and whose ambition appears to be publicly to exhibit their skill in music, are fully aware of this fact, and with the change in public taste there is immediately a change of performance: instead of duets and overtures and waltzes, we have psalms and hymns and anthems; and because the associations connected with a theatre are objectionable to fastidious minds, the musical exhibition is held in a church; and lest amusing the public with what was designed for the worship of the Most High should give offence to any, the proceeds of the performance is devoted to some charitable or religious purpose. This I conceive to be decidedly objectionable. What! amuse an audience with sacred things! Just as well add praying and preaching to the amusement.

There is something extremely offensive to my own mind in the idea of opening the House of God for such purposes as this, and admitting the public indiscriminately, by ticket, to witness exhibitions of this nature; and I throw out these few hints without the least design to offend, but rather to awaken the religious mind to the subject.

W. H.

February 13, 1843.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHYSICAL EFFECT OF SINGING.—The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption; nor have I known, says Dr. Rush, but one instance of spitting blood amongst them. This I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength of their lungs, acquired by exercise in vocal music, which constitutes an essential part of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of his opinion. He informed me that he had known instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing.

INTERCOURSE WITH CHINA.—The English first attempted to establish intercourse with China in 1576. Three ships were lost on the way, and the attempt appears not to have been renewed till 1637, when the oldest record of the company at Canton is dated, and five ships appear to have been sent out and arrived at Macao in May of that year. After some bloodshed these were supplied with cargoes, but no further trade ensued for many years. Nothing like the facilities promised by the late treaty has ever before been enjoyed.

BEAUTIES OF WAR.—An English officer, writing to his friend in England from Ching-keang-foo, says: "I never saw such loss of life and property as took place here; we lost officers and men enough, but it is impossible even to compute the loss of the Chinese, for, when they found they could stand no longer against us, they cut the throats of their wives and children, or drove them into wells and ponds, and then destroyed themselves. In many houses there were from eight to twelve bodies, and I myself have seen a dozen women and children drowning themselves in a small pond the day after the fight. The whole of the city and suburbs are in a mass of ruins—whole streets have been burnt down."

WHO IS SECTARIAN?—Not the man who loves the Church of which he is a member—for if he loves not his own Church he probably loves none. Nor is a man sectarian for preferring his own Church—for if he does not prefer it, why does he belong to it? But, says Richard Watson:

"He alone is the true sectarian who forgets that there is a common Christianity as well as a Christianity under the modification of his own party; who forgets that his duties to this common Christianity are of a higher obligation than those he owes (and some he does owe) to his own peculiarities; and who would see a soul of man left to perish without concern, if not saved by the application of a process of his own. In whatever religious body that man is found, he and he alone is the true sectarian."

The subscriptions of our country friends are respectfully yet earnestly solicited, with a little delay as possible. Do not wait, friends, to be called upon—save us this expense. The amount from each is small—and a slight exertion will secure its prompt payment.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From Tiler's Natural History.

THE TIGER.

CONCLUDED.

THERE is now living in the village of Kildwich, in Craven, Yorkshire, a Mr. Turner, who at an early period of his life was in the East Indies, as a soldier in one of the regiments stationed there. When encamped at Ganjam, on the Malabar coast, he had a dreadful personal conflict with a huge tiger. With the particulars of the affray Mr. Turner himself has obligingly furnished us for this work. He is, probably, the only living instance of an individual encountering a tiger, under such circumstances, and remaining, as he certainly did, by the retreat of the enemy, master of the field.

On the day the regiment arrived at Ganjam, two men belonging to it, named Bateman and Murray, had gone upon a contiguous mountain without fire arms, and had been put into considerable consternation by a large black bear. The next morning they invited Mr. Turner to accompany them to the same place, and took with them two muskets and bayonets, with six rounds of ammunition, as a prudential defence against the dangers they might probably encounter. Having ascended the summit of the mountain, Mr. Turner perceived a small loose rock upon the edge of a lofty precipice, and tumbled it down, for the purpose of disturbing from their lurking places the wild and savage tenantry of the place. The result was immediately seen; for one of the party shouted out "a tiger! a tiger!" and fired upon it; when they all immediately recognized a large royal tiger, that turned his eyes upon his enemies, and paralyzed them with a dreadful roar, as he doubled the angle of the mountain in proceeding to his fair. This, unfortunately, lay directly upon the path by which they had ascended the mountain; and, being the only safe road by which they could descend the eminence, the tiger's position out of their retreat. Recovering a little from their consternation, Bateman and Murray proposed to attempt their escape in another direction; while Turner, more courageous, was for facing the foe, and offered to fire upon the tiger if his companions would load their pieces.—Mr. Turner had barely secured a favourable position for the attack, as his eye met that of the tiger, who, with an amazing bound and dreadful roar, sprang up the cliff to meet him. The assailant fired, and the tiger fell, tumbling down the rock he had ascended with so much agility; but, recovering himself, the monster made a second spring, with a roar of agonized fury, when he received Mr. Turner's second ball, which tumbled him again backwards. Thrice again the tiger returned to the charge more infuriated from the effects of each successive shot; when Mr. Turner's companions called out, that the ammunition was expended, and advised their escape by the back of the mountain. Against this he remonstrated, from his own perilous position, and urged them to stand by him; but they were deaf to all remonstrance, and disgracefully left him to the fury of the tiger, whose near approach was announced by a roar more terrific than any he had previously uttered. Mr. Turner had but a moment to place himself in a posture of defence, when the infuriated animal sprang at him, and received the bayonet into his chest, up to the muzzle of the musket. In the attempt to disengage the bayonet from the tiger's chest, however, it unfortunately became separated from the musket, which Mr. Turner instantly clubbed, and, with every energy that fear and courage could supply, he struck the tiger with such force as slightly to fracture his skull; whilst the firelock was broken, by the blow, into three pieces.

Up to that moment the hardy soldier had not received a single scratch, though he had inflicted many severe wounds upon his adversary; but his present position was the extreme of peril, being unarmed and completely defenceless before an enraged tiger, whose wounds appeared to make him the more dreadfully infuriate. The tiger sprang at the head of his victim, and immediately brought him to the ground, and seizing Mr. Turner by the right shoulder, he lifted him from the ground with a furious shake, tearing his body across the loins, from side to side. In a very short period thirty-three wounds were inflicted upon the body of Mr. Turner, whilst his garments, which were a sort of undress of light calico, were torn to shreds and drenched in blood; indeed, all that remained of his dress upon the mangled body, were the waistband of the pantaloons and the collar of his shirt. Though thus dreadfully mutilated, shaken, and torn by the savage beast, Mr. Turner had the presence of mind to fix his grasp in a wound, which one of the musket balls had made in the neck of the tiger, and tore out a quantity of ragged flesh from the interior of the wound. From the pain thus inflicted upon the tiger, he uttered a tremendous roar, which was distinctly heard into the camp, a mile distant, and then took his departure.

For some moments Mr. Turner lay upon the rock insensible; but a voice from two Europeans, exclaiming, "Turner's killed?" roused him, and, jumping upon his feet, he cried out, "I am worth twenty dead

men yet!" Being taken into the camp, his wounds were carefully examined and dressed, and happily pronounced not mortal.—The result justified the decision; for, by careful treatment, Mr. Turner so far recovered as to be able to revisit the scene of the battle in about a month from the period when it took place. The dead body of the tiger was found, the morning after the affray, upon the bank of a small rivulet, whither he had gone to quench his thirst. Mr. Turner very naturally observes, that the recollection of this perilous conflict, though more than thirty years have now rolled over since its occurrence, is still frequently attended with mingled emotions of wonder and terror.

The above painfully interesting narrative elicits one fact, of considerable importance, in the natural history of the tiger—that he is not so cowardly a creature as writers of natural history love to represent him; especially in comparison with the lion. The lion himself could not have shown more courage, and he might not have displayed so much, as did the tiger on this occasion, when there was every opportunity to escape.

In most cases the tiger is easily terrified by any sudden opposition from human beings. A party of pleasure in the country, in India, were once saved from a tiger, by a lady suddenly opening an umbrella, as she saw him about to spring.—The animal shrank back in fear, and disappeared in the forest, thus leaving the affrighted company in safety.

Before the natural history of the tiger was so well known, it was supposed to be perfectly untameable. That, as well as many other suppositions, more intimate acquaintance with its character has proved to be incorrect. Kind treatment can tame the most indomitable creatures; as is seen by the operations of divine love and grace on that savage creature—man.

Though the tiger is not mentioned in the scriptures, the leopard is frequently noticed there.—We presume from that circumstance, as well as from the known haunts of the tiger, that it was a stranger in the Holy Land, and in countries adjoining Palestine.

There are many other species of this interesting tribe: but as the habits of all are so much alike, the specimens we have given are a sufficient introduction to the whole family.

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND
COPPERPLATE PRINTER,

NO. 10, ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

(NEAR NOTRE DAME.)

COMMERCIAL BLANKS, (in a variety of forms,) Bill Heads; Business, Visiting, Invitation, and Society Cards; Druggists', Grocers', Confectioners', and other Labels—of every design and colour.

Fac Similes, Circulars, Plans, Views, &c. &c. &c. on the most liberal terms.

N. B.—General Circulars on the shortest notice.
Montreal, November 3, 1842.

J. G. DAILY,
CABINET-MAKER, UPHOLSTERER,
AND
UNDERTAKER,

ST. GERMAIN STREET,

Off Heury Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.

Montreal, December 1, 1842.

JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.
St. Paul Street.

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—TERMS LIBERAL.
August 12, 1841.

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

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

ROBERT MILLER,
BOOK-BINDER,
No. 9, St. Dominique Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.

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

N. B.—Orders for the Country punctually attended to.
May 3, 1842.

THE MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT,

HAVING an EXTENSIVE CIRCULATION in MONTREAL, the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, and in UPPER CANADA, offers advantages to Advertisers, not inferior to any Newspaper in the Province of Canada.

TERMS.—In Montreal, 13s. per annum; when sent by post, 18s.; and 15s., in advance, when money is transmitted post-paid.

THE WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT

IS published at the same Office, every TUESDAY AFTERNOON, and contains every thing of importance brought by the American mail of that day. It is sent to all parts of the Province.

All advertisements inserted in the *Montreal Transcript*, will have one insertion gratis in the *Weekly*—thus securing to advertisers advantages unsurpassed in the Province.

The *Weekly Transcript* contains 40 columns of close reading matter, and is in a very convenient form for binding—forming, at the end of the year, a handsome volume of 416 pages, containing 2,080 columns.

TERMS.—In Town, 10s. per annum—when sent by post, 12s. 6d., including postage—payable in advance.

THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN, published in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is devoted to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and contains, in addition to the intelligence concerning the Church, a great variety of interesting religious articles, selected from the religious periodicals of the day.

The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 15s. per annum, when paid in advance, and 17s. 6d. on credit, exclusive of postage.

The Guardian contains 8 large 4to. pages, each page containing 4 columns. It may be seen at the office of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,

Is printed and published at Montreal, semi-monthly, by JOHN E. L. MILLER, at his Office, *Great St. James Street*, opposite the residence of Dr. Holmes, —to whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

TERMS.—Six Shillings per annum, in town and country, payable yearly or half yearly in advance.

Rules of Advertising.—Six lines and under, 2s. 6d. first insertion, and 7d. every subsequent insertion. From six to ten lines, first insertion, 3s. 4d., every subsequent insertion, 10d. Over ten lines, first insertion, 4d. per line, and 1d. per line for every subsequent insertion.

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Mr. ROBERT PATTON, . . . Post Office, Quebec.
" WM. GISSIS, . . . Three Rivers.
" ABRAHAM McINTYRE, . . . Coleau-du-Lac.
" B. J. KENNEDY, . . . Philipsburgh.
" E. CHURCH, . . . Terrebonne.
" T. VAN VLEIT, P.M. . . . Lacolle.
" W. VAN VLEIT, . . . Odell Town.
" E. BAKER, P.M. . . . Dunham.
" A. BISSETT, . . . Lachine.
" T. B. MACKIE, P.M. . . . Saint Sylvester.
" C. A. RICHARDSON, . . . Lennoxville.
" A. W. KENDRICK, . . . Compton.
" A. DELMAGE, . . . Naperville.
" A. B. JOHNSON, . . . East Bolton.
" A. AMSDEN, . . . Sherbrooke.
" H. HAZELTINE, . . . Halley.
" R. MORE, P.M. . . . Durham.
" Wm. SCHYER, . . . Hemmingford.
" D. B. LEE, . . . Carillon.
" E. H. ADAMS, . . . Woonsocket, (R. I.)
" THOS. JEFFERSON, . . . St. Andrews, (Olla.)
" COCHRAN, . . . Bytown.
Dr. STEIGER, P.M. . . . St. Elizabeth.
Mr. N. RUSTON, . . . Huntingdon.
" H. LYMAN, P.M. . . . Granby.
" J. GRIDDALE, . . . Vaudreuil.
" BAINBROUGH, . . . St. Johns, Chambly.
" " " . . . Isle-aux-Noix, &c.
" R. C. PORTER, P.M. . . . New Ireland.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS,
CARDS, FUNERAL LETTERS, LABELS,
Posting and Hand Bills, Circulars,
LAW BLANKS,
&c. &c. &c.

Executed at this Office in a superior style, and on very low terms—Orders promptly attended to.