

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

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

[7s. 6d. PER AN.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1844.

No. 51.—N. S. No. 45.

POETRY.

SEEKING JESUS.

"And he turned and saw her weeping, and saith unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?'"

Who, amid the dews of morning,
Through the garden glides along;
To yon grave her footsteps turning,
Heedless of the caroll'd song?
Heedless of the sleeping flowers,
Loved so well in higher hours:
Heedless of the dews that lie
Trembling in each flow'ret's eye—
Beauteous as the drops, half hid
'Neath an infant's drooping lid,
When upon the mother's breast
It hath sighed itself to rest.

While a peaceful world is sleeping,
What, pale watcher! brings thee here?
Why thine eye all dim with weeping?
Why thy cheek all pale with fear?
Dost thou come to weep and pray?
See! the shadows roll away?
Lo! a beam of blessed light
Glimmers on yon mountain height!
Morning breaks on Zion's hill!
Night and sorrow pass away!
Wherefore art thou weeping still?
Knows thy heart no dawning day?

"Tell me, tell me where ye laid him,
Ye who bore my Lord away!
Tell me! I will come and take him!
Tell me, if ye know the way!"
Lost in sorrow; lost in fear,
Thus the Saviour Mary sought;
Little thought her Lord was near,
Heard his voice, and knew him not.
Till one thrilling tone she heard—
"Mary!"—grace was in the word!
And her wandering heart replied,
"Jesus! Jesus Crucified!"

Often thus, in deepest sadness,
I have sought my absent Lord;
Till my grief was turned to gladness,
Hearing but that melting word!
'Mid the shades of eve or morn,
Off in sorrow and in fear,
Wanted, wept for his return,
Knowing not that he was near;
Saw him, but in stranger-guise,
Till he op'd my wand'ring eyes,
Call'd my name! and Love replied,
"'Tis my Lord! the Crucified!"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"A LITTLE HUNCH-BACK."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the *Kinckerbocker* for April, we find the following affecting incident by the editor from an esteemed correspondent, who transcribed it verbatim from the familiar letter of a friend.

I have just returned from the funeral of poor Emma G——, a little girl to whom I had been for years most tenderly attached. As there was something very touching in the circumstances connected with her death, I will relate them to you. She was

the daughter of a widow, a near neighbour of mine.—When I first knew her, she was a sprightly child of about four years of age, perfect in form and feature. The bloom of health was upon her cheek; her eye was the brightest I ever saw; while in her bosom there glowed a generous affection that seemed to embrace all with whom she came in contact. But when she reached her seventh year her health began to decline. The rose suddenly paled upon her cheek, and her eye had acquired prematurely that sad, thoughtful expression which gives so melancholy a charm to the features of wasting beauty. Her mother looked on with an anxious heart, and at an utter loss to account for so sudden a change in her health. But soon a new source of anxiety appeared. While dressing her one day, she observed on Emma's back, just between the shoulders, a small swelling, of about the size of a walnut. As she watched this spot, and observed that it grew larger from day to day, the mother began to have sad misgivings. These, however, she kept to herself for a time. Soon afterwards, a slight stoop in her gait became visible. The family physician was now called in, and the worst forebodings of the mother were confirmed. Her idolized child was fast becoming a hunch-back!

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother, who was thus doomed to witness from day to day the slow growth of that which was to make one so dear to her a cripple and a dwarf. Suffice it to say, her love as well as care seemed to be redoubled, and Emma became more than ever the child of her affections. Nor did her little companions neglect her when she could no longer join in their out-door sports, and her own sprightly step had given place to a slow, stooping gait, and the sweet ringing voice to a sad or querulous tone, that sometimes made the very heart ache. On the contrary, all vied with each other in administering to her amusements. Among them, none clung to her with more assiduity than her brother William, who was the nearest to her own age.—He gave up all his own outdoor play, in order to be with her, and seemed never so happy as when he could draw a smile, and seldom it was, from her thoughtful features.

But after a while Emma grew wayward under her affliction; and unfortunately, though generally good-natured, William had a quick temper, to check which required more self-command than commonly falls to one so young. Sometimes, therefore, when he found plan after plan, which he had projected for her amusement, rejected with peevish contempt, he had hardly concealed from her his own wounded feelings. Yet, though at times ungrateful, Emma was perhaps not so in fact; and she loved her brother better than any one else save her mother. It was only in moments when her too sensitive nature had been chafed perhaps by her own reflections—for like the majority of children in her circumstances, she was thoughtful beyond her years—that her conduct seemed unkind.—And then, when she marked the cloudy expression of her brother's face, she would ask forgiveness in so meek a spirit, and kiss his cheek so affectionately, that he forgave her almost as soon as offended.

Years thus passed on, when one day, after she had been more than usually perverse and fretful, William, who had been reading to her, on receiving some slight rebuffs, started suddenly from his seat by her side, called her "a little hunch-back," and left the room. In a moment, however, his passion subsided, and re-

turning, he found his sister in tears. He attempted to put his arm around her neck, but she repulsed him, and slipping away, retired to her own chamber. Her mother soon after learned what had happened, and going to Emma, found her upon her bed in a paroxysm of grief. She endeavoured to soothe her feelings, but in vain; she refused to be comforted. "I want to die, mother," she replied to all her endearments; "I have long felt I was a burden to you all." She cried herself to sleep that night, and on the morrow was too ill to rise. The doctor was called in, and warned the mother against an approaching fever. For three days she remained in an uncertain state; but on the fourth the fever came in earnest, and thenceforth she was confined to her pillow.

In the meantime the grief of William had been more poignant even than that of his sister.—Thrice he had been to her bedside to ask her forgiveness, and kiss once more her pallid cheek; but she turned her face resolutely away, and refused to recognize him. After these repulses he would slowly leave the room, and going to his own chamber, sit brooding for hours over the melancholy consequences of his rashness. Owing to the previous enfeebled health of Emma, the fever made rapid progress, and it soon became apparent that she must die. William, in consequence of the violent aversion of his sister, had latterly been denied admittance to the chamber, though he lingered all day about the door, eagerly catching the least word in regard to her state, and apparently unmindful of all other existence.

One morning there was evidently a crisis approaching; for the mother and attendants, hurrying softly in and out of the sufferer's chamber, in quick whispered words gave orders or imparted intelligence to others. William saw it all, and with the quick instinct of affection, seemed to know what it foreboded. Taking his little stool, therefore, he sat down beside the chamber door, and waited in silence. In the meantime, the mother stood over the dying child, watching while a short unquiet slumber held her back for a little longer. Several times a sweet smile trembled round the sufferer's lips, and her arms moved as if pressing something to her bosom. Then she awoke, and fixing her eyes upon her mother, whispered faintly, "I thought William was here." A stifled sob was heard at the door, which stood partly open. Mrs. G—— stepped softly out, and leading William to the bedside, pointed to his dying sister. He threw himself upon her bosom, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, prayed for forgiveness. Emma did not heed him; but looking again in her mother's face, and pointing upwards, said softly: "I shan't be so there! shall I, mother?"

"No, my child!" replied the weeping parent; "I hope not. But don't talk so Emma. Forgive your poor brother, or you'll break his heart."

Emma tried to gasp something; but whatever it was, whether of love or hate, it never reached a mortal ear. In a few moments she was no more.

GOOD SENSE—Is as different from genius, as perception from invention; yet though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science; for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.

From the Christian Guardian.

The following accounts are certainly sufficient to produce wonder in the most incredulous minds. The first shows a singular power in a certain person over the issues of life and death. The 'odd sensation' taught him that in his will lay the power, apart from any act, save that of 'composing' himself. Men have the power of life and death, but it is to be shared by the will and the deed. A man having willed, might gently

'His quietus make with a bare bodkin.'

But in the instance before us there is the will, and, apparently, no act at all. The second account is of a late instance of that curious phenomenon, called *mesmerism*, or *animal magnetism*. Anton Mesmer, of Mersburg in Swabia, was the discoverer of the fluid formed by impregnating steel plates with the loadstone, and which he applied for the cure of diseases in Paris in 1778. Somnambulism or sleep-acting, or acting in a state of sleep, is an effect of mesmerism, and of which there are many instances on record. But none perhaps more strange than that one lately in London. We cannot stay to philosophize on the matter.

POWER TO LIVE OR DIE.

The most singular instance of the power of the will over the functions of the body, and, taken altogether, perhaps the most remarkable case on record, being supported by the testimony of unquestionable authority, is related by Dr. Cheye, in his "English Malady." It is the case of the Hon. Col. Townsend, who for many years had suffered from an organic disease of the kidney, by which he was greatly emaciated. He was attended by Drs. Baynard, Cheye, and Mr. Skrine; and these gentlemen were sent for one morning to witness a singular phenomenon. He told them he had for some time observed an odd sensation, by which, if he composed himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again. The medical attendants were averse, in his weak state, to witness the experiment; but he insisted upon it, and the following is Dr. Cheye's account:—"We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least emotion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he had held to his mouth; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead; and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half-an-hour, by nine o'clock in the morning in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of the heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and, after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, settled legacies on his servants, received the sacrament, and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening." His body was examined, and all the viscera, with the exception of the right kidney, which was greatly diseased, were found perfectly healthy and natural. This power of the will to die or live at pleasure is perhaps one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the natural history of the human body. Burton alludes to cases of the same kind, and reports that the celebrated Cardan bragged he could separate himself from his senses when he pleased. Celsus makes reference to a priest who

possessed the same extraordinary power.—*Peltigera on Superstitions connected with Medicine.*

MESMERISM.

A young gentleman, known as Alexis the Somnambulist, has just arrived from Paris under the care of Mr. Marcellet, and was exhibited for the first time (we believe) in London, at the residence of Dr. Elliotson. Alexis has for some period excited much interest in Paris by the wonderful powers of *clairvoyance* which he manifested whilst in a state of magnetic sleep. Without admitting that we have become believers in the possibility of producing such a condition as known by the name of *clairvoyance*, we must nevertheless honestly confess that we have been much staggered by what we saw after Mr. Marcellet had thrown his patient into the magnetic state, and exhibited the tetanic spasm or rigidity of the muscles of the arms and legs which usually accompanies this condition of the nervous system. Preparatory to the phenomena of *clairvoyance* being shown, the patient's eyes were bandaged. We pledge ourselves that he did this effectually. To see, in the ordinary sense of the word, a ray of light was physically impossible. Two large pieces of wood were placed over each eye, and above this were bound with great care two linen handkerchiefs folded several times. Thus blindfolded he was placed at a table, and commenced playing *carte* with a strange gentleman in the room. It was, indeed, wonderful to see with what accuracy he played, not only knowing every suit he had in his own hands, but by a species of divination, being able to detect the condition of his opponent's hand! Several persons played with him, and among others Dr. Jordan, who, however, was fortunate enough to beat the Somnambulist. To exhibit the man's extraordinary powers, a large book of plates, nearly two inches in thickness, was placed between Alexis and his opponent; and, notwithstanding this physical impediment, the Somnambulist was able to tell the person with whom he was playing the cards he held in his hand. It may be said there was collusion. We know such was not the case. Alexis then had a letter placed in his hands by Col. Gurwood, with the view of ascertaining whether he was competent to make out the name of the party who had written the letter. It appears that Col. Gurwood had placed himself in communication with Alexis, some time back, in Paris, in order to discover whether he had it in his power to give him any hint by which to enable him to discover the residence of a French soldier, whose life Col. Gurwood had saved during the siege of Badajoz. Alexis, during the magnetic state, gave Colonel Gurwood some valuable information on the subject of inquiry; and acting upon this, he was fortunate enough to find not only the name of the person, but his place of abode. Col. Gurwood wrote to the soldier, and the letter which he placed in Alexis' hands was the answer which he had received. Alexis, after a little examination, wrote down the person's name, and told Col. Gurwood the purport of the letter which he held in his hand. He made certainly one mistake in the final letter of the person's name; but this did not in the slightest degree detract from his extraordinary penetration. Another gentleman, who had not seen Alexis previously, (Colonel Gardner, we believe) asked the Somnambulist to describe his residence. This he did with great accuracy, telling him the number of pictures he had in his drawing-room, their peculiar position, and the subject of the pictures. Watches were then placed in his hand, and, by merely feeling on the back of the case for a few minutes, he pointed out, with one exception, the exact position of the hour and minute hands. A larger book of plates was subsequently held to the back of his head, and, to the amazement of every person in the room, Alexis was able to describe the various prints to which his attention was directed. We have thus endeavoured faithfully to record the facts which we witnessed. It is our belief that the experiments were performed fairly, and that not in one single instance did anything like collusion exist. We do not pretend to account for the strange, the wonderful phenomena which this youth certainly manifests. With his eyes almost hermetically sealed, he was able to read a book taken from among a number of works on the table. Independently of this, a

handkerchief, twice folded, was placed over the printed page of a large volume, and through this the Somnambulist was able to read with facility.—*Times.*

THE CASKET.

SUMMER—balmy summer—with its bright skies and luxuriant herbage—is making glad the hills and valleys of our Acadia. The sternest heart cannot but relax beneath its genial influence; the coldest breast cannot but feel a glow of gratitude in the contemplation of its numberless blessings.—From the wealthy, who may choose to be whirled by their carriage along our pleasant forest "drives,"—to the child which, bare-footed and bare headed, wanders along the road-side, supremely happy if its watchful eye can discover a ripe strawberry, hid hidden by its delicate vines, or a cluster of raspberries—coral red—pendant from their more aspiring stem,—a feeling of gladness, a kind of internal sun-shine, the reflection of that without, seems to pervade every bosom.

In the fields, too, and on the breezy hill-side, this feeling finds expression in the cheerful tones of the haymakers, as they mow, and turn, and bind, their fragrant harvest. And if, in the languid heat of noon, they find their refreshing beverage in the clear stream which, exhilarating without depressing, flows near,—they may indeed rejoice at the bounteous provision for the long and unfruitful months of winter.

"The widely devious morning walk" is, in this month, especially delightful. In October we shall find a harbinger of winter in the chilly air of the late and early hours; but now, the soft and perfumed breeze of the morning awakens the most exquisite sensations.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.

The dark green of the pines, the lighter verdure of the herbage, the bright hues of the wild-wood flowers, among which the wild rose has taken the place of Acadia's emblem—the dew-drops that, glistening in the sunshine, seem to mimic the stars with which, a few hours before, the firmament was spangled, all unite to make a morning ramble in the woods one of surpassing delight.—*Olive Branch.*

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

The enjoyment of virtue is wholly internal, and the chief pleasure of her real votaries is that of doing good.

God, in his divine mercy, says Sadi the philosopher, introduced a certain vicious man into a society of religious people, whose manners were pure and holy. Struck with their virtues, he quickly began to imitate them, to shake off all his former habits—in a word, to be a model of justice, of sobriety, of patience, of industry, and of benevolence. His good works were undeniable, but people imputed to them unworthy motives.—They were always judging him by what he had been, not by what he was. Overwhelmed with sorrow, he poured forth his tears into the bosom of an ancient hermit, who was more just, as well as more human, than the rest.

"O my son," said the old man to him, "return thanks to the Almighty, that thou art superior in thy reputation. Happy he who can say, My enemies and my rivals stigmatize me for vices of which I am not guilty. If thou art good, what matters it to thee, that men persecute, and even punish thee, as being one of the wicked?—Hast thou not, for thy comfort, two unerring testimonies of thy actions, God, and thy conscience!"

ADVANTAGES OF A MILD TEMPER.—Dr. Caldwell, an American writer on Physical education, contends that a well balanced brain contributes to a long life, while a passionate and turbulent one tends much to abridge it; and if persons knew how many dangers in life they escape by possessing mildness of temper, instead of the opposite disposition, how eager would be the aim of all men to cultivate it!

Obviate the first emotion of passion; if you cannot resist the first; you will far less resist the second, and it still grows worse and worse; for the same difficulty, which in the beginning might have been surmounted, is greater in the end.

WOMEN OF CYPRUS.

The often-boasted beauty of the women of Cyprus has long ceased to exist; they are now a plain race; the Grecian east of features in some measure survives, but the form of symmetry, slender and elegant, is looked for in vain. It is perhaps doubtful how far the women of ancient Greece were a generally handsome race; the statues which survive might be the *beau ideal* of the sculptor, or rather an assemblage of the beauties of various women, than the possession of any single one. Whenever this exquisite beauty really existed, it became the theme of the poet, and the subject of the painter, who lavished all their powers in the description, which would hardly have been the case if beauty was the common or frequent gift. Immured as they were in the seclusions of their own walls their lives and minds in general insipid and uncultivated, their society must have been, in some degree, regarded with a similar esteem and respect by the intellectual Greeks, as the Ottoman ladies are by the Turkish lords of the present day.— Another circumstance, unfavourable to the growth or preservation of beauty in the Greeks, was, that they confined their connexions chiefly in their own country, and did not generally intermarry with other nations. It is evident that the personal advantages the Turks possess over other nations are exclusively owing to their taking wives from all countries; Arab, Grecian, and Persian blood all flow in the veins of an Ottoman, and conspire to make him the handsomest of human beings."

THE following beautiful lines on Henry Kirk White, who was an early victim of the enthusiasm of study, are among the earlier and the happiest of Lord Byron's effusions. The leading idea in the metaphor is not new, but its management, and the appropriateness of its introduction, and the strength combined with sweetness of versification, entitle it to rank among the most select specimens of English poetry.

"Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low;
So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled to steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

The rude peasant lives and dies without any sensibility to the grandeur of the evening sky, and the savage exhibits no emotion as he gazes on the falls of Niagara. It is the mind which has been prepared by education, that understands and feels their greatness. So it is in the finest works of art. The barbarous nation felt no admiration for the beautiful works of Rome; the Turks express none for those of Athens; the Cossacks would have looked with supreme indifference on the slanders of the Louvre. No one fully realizes the perfection of the Apollo Belvidere till he has been accustomed to similar works. It is characteristic of the most perfect productions in poetry, that, instead of being fully admired at first, their excellences open upon the mind gradually in repeated perusal, and some hidden beauties are found which disclose themselves only to a long and familiar observation.

David, a Genevian mechanic, once constructed a clock, which was capable of the following surprising movements: there were seen on it a negro, a dog, and a shepherd; when the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog, as if delighted with the music, jumped up and fawned upon him. This musical machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly struck with its wonderful powers. "The playful gentleness of my dog," said Dray, "is his least merit; if your majesty will be pleased to touch one of the apples in the shepherd's baskets, you will admire his fidelity." The King took an apple, and the dog, in a musical tone, barked so loud, that the King's dog in the room began also to bark. At this the attendant courtiers, not doubting that the whole was a magical witchcraft, immediately left the room, crossing themselves as they hurried out.

AFFECTIONATE MANNERS.—"How much ministers and religious teachers gain by a tenor style! I hope, dear brethren, you will never withhold the pungent doctrines of the gospel; but I do hope you will cultivate that affectionate solemnity which accomplishes more than harshness. A minister preaches by his looks, his attitudes and his tone, out of the pulpit as well as by what he says. O, I do earnestly desire the prominent, all-pervading character of every Christian! The above extract was in the journal of a missionary lady.

THE PASSIONS—never clear the intellect, but raise darkness, clouds, and confusion in the soul: human nature is like water which is mud at the bottom of it; it may be clear while it is calm and undisturbed, and the ideas, like pebbles, bright at the bottom, but when once it is stirred and moved by passion, the mud rises up, permut and spreads confusion and darkness over all the ideas; you cannot set a thing in so just and so clear a light before the eyes of your neighbor while your own conception is clouded with heat and passion.

THE ORPHAN.

Don't speak harshly to him. He has no father to direct his steps, no mother to watch over him. Temptations was laid before him, and he yielded. But not a word, nor any one kind word may save him from ruin. Do not drive him to more gross acts of sin, but manifest your voice and your tears, that you are his real friend. Had he been blessed with a mother's care he would not have stepped aside from the path of rectitude. Now he feels that no one cares for him; no one pities him; no one loves him. Go to him, and be his friend, his guide, his counsellor, and you will save him from the depths of degradation.— There is nothing so effectual as sympathy, to allay the bad passions and incline the heart to virtue. How sweet is the reflect on, I have drawn a soul from vice, and placed him in the path of virtue, and now he is bearing the fruits of usefulness on earth, exerting a good influence and ripening for a better world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE OF JUSTICE.

In the town of Galway in Ireland there is a very ancient house, over the door of which is coarsely carved a Death's head and cross bones. The circumstance which caused this emblem is curious. About the time of Henry VII, or perhaps earlier, the town was in itself a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had the power of pardoning or condemning criminals. John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, especially with Cadiz, in Spain. On one occasion he sent over his only son with a cargo to his correspondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greatest hospitality, and on his departure he sent with him on a vessel his own son, together with a very large sum in specie, to purchase merchandise. Tempted by the whole the young De Burgh, with the assistance of two or three of the crew, the vessel being his father's, threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return seemed greatly distressed by the loss of his friend, who he pretended had died at sea, of a fever. For some time this succeeded, but at length on a quarrel between two of the sailors concerned in the murder, the whole business transpired, the men were seized, and instantly accused young De Burgh. The wretched father was obliged to mount his tribunal, to sit in judgment on his only son, and with his own lips to pronounce that sentence which at once left him childless, and blasted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family. His fellow citizens, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, saw with astonishment the fortitude with which he yielded to this cruel necessity, and heard him doom his son to a public and ignominious death on the following morning. Their compassion for the father, their affection for the man, every noble feeling was aroused, and they privately determined to rescue the young man from the prison that night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to justice and his honour, would secretly rejoice at the preservation of the life of his son. But

they little knew the heart of this noble magistrate. By some accident their determination reached his ear; he instantly removed his son to his own house, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and receiving a mutual forgiveness, he caused him to be hanged at his own door; a dreadful monument of the vengeance of heaven, and an immortal proof of a justice that leaves every link of the kind in story. An immense crowd gathered.

The father immediately resigned his office, and after his death, which speedily followed that of his son, the citizens fixed over the door of the house a skull and bones, which remain there to this day.

AND NOTES OF THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.

His royal highness, the late Duke of Kent, during his last illness, asked his physician, if he was accustomed to pray? "Please your royal highness, I hope I say my prayers—but shall I bring a prayer book?" "No," was the reply. "What I mean is, that if you are accustomed to pray to yourself, you could pray for me in my present situation?" The doctor then asked if he should call the excess? "No," said the prince. The duchess came and offered up a most affecting prayer in the behalf of her beloved husband.

On another occasion, when the duke expressed some concern about the state of his soul in the prospect of death, his physician endeavoured to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability and honorable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him; when he stopped him short, saying, "No, remember if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner."

When his royal highness felt that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career he desired the infant princess to be placed before him, while he sat up in bed. In this position he offered up a most affecting prayer over her, the last part of which was to this effect, "In this very language, that 'if ever this child should be Queen of England, she might live in the fear of God.'" Having uttered these words, he said, "Take the child away," and this was the last time he ever beheld her. Who is not prepared to join in prayer, that this last petition of a dying parent may be found graciously and eminently answered?

These patients I received on the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, in plain to his royal highness, and he had them from the medical gentleman himself (now, I believe, he is also dead) when they were travelling together to attend the funeral. They appeared too interesting to be left unrecorded, especially when we recollect the relation his royal highness bore to the beloved sovereign of these realms. *Lon. B. Magazine.*

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—It is said that the first kings of England used for their seals their own image on horseback; afterwards, great men used their arms, when these became settled and hereditary. About the time of Edward III. seals became common among all the gentry. Muckenzie and Nisbet remark, that they served, in deeds, without the subscription of any name till this was ordered in Scotland by James I., 1430, and about the same time in England.

A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was doubly learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James, "but pray, tell me, can she spin?"

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

A young man was lately sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary for four years.—When was about to be sentenced, he stated publicly that his downward course began in disobedience to his parents—that thought he knew as much of the world as his father did, and needed not his advice, but that as soon as he turned his back upon his home, then temptations came around him like a *drove of hyenas*, and hurried him on to ruin. There is no place so safe and happy as a good home.

A DAY ON A NEW CIRCUIT.

At length, after giving up all hope of seeing any one, I mounted my horse and rode away. But what certain direction to take, I knew not. I was a perfect stranger there, and I did not know the residence of a single member. I had depended on seeing some of them at the meeting-house, and also upon getting from them my route to the next preaching place, with all necessary information.—My horse proved a very slow beast, and stumbled frequently. Turning his head in the direction opposite to that from which I had come, I rode on in a state of uncertainty and despondency. The way was through dense woods, the tall forest trees, some at least a century old, throwing a dark shadow over all below. Sometimes, after descending a long hill, I would get a glance of a wide extent of country, all as thickly wooded as that in which I was wandering. I knew not whither. Then the road would dive down into a deep sombre valley, and wind along for some miles before it afforded anything like an extended prospect to the eye. For full three hours, I kept steadily onward, but not a human face nor a human habitation met my view. At length I came to a place where the road forked. Which should I take? There was no finger-post; and if there had been its indications would, doubtless, have been unintelligible to me. In my dilemma I looked up for direction. Then taking a piece of money from my pocket, I threw it up into the air, naming one side of it the left hand, and the other the right hand way. The lot was in favour of the right hand road, and so I took that. I had not gone far along this, before I perceived that it bent off until it took a course almost at right angle with the road I had been travelling, and was, if possible, more lonely and dark than that. But I passed onward, as fast as the weary animal under me could be made to go. Once, far away to the right, I saw, as I ascended a rising ground, a thin wreath of smoke curling up lazily from what appeared to be a break or clearing in the forest. But I did not attempt to gain it, for I dared not trust myself in the pathless wilderness that intervened. At last the sun declined low towards the horizon. A deer, frightened by the sound of my horse's feet, started off near me, and went bounding fleetly away, and was soon lost to my view amid the tangled underwood. The sight of the animal suggested to my mind a thought that made the blood grow cold about my heart. Night was coming on, and I might yet be miles and miles away from any human habitation. There were bears and wolves among these mountains! Just as this fear began to oppress me, I heard a rustling in the bushes close by the road, and, turning quickly, perceived a movement among them. My breath was instantly suspended, and my heart ceased to beat. The head of some animal immediately after protruded through an opening, and its large bright eyes became fixed upon me. In the next moment a fawn went leaping away less frightened, perhaps, than myself. The perspiration, as I caught my breaths and the pulsations of my trembling heart were renewed, stood upon my forehead in large drops. For half-an-hour afterwards, every bird that fluttered among the bushes, every timid rabbit that rustled the dry leaves as it suddenly sprang away from the road side, every dry stick that cracked beneath my horse's feet, caused an instant suspension of my breath, many a quick throb of my coward heart. Onward I rode, weary, hungry, and in alarm lest I should be compelled to pass the night in the woods, exposed to imminent danger from wild beasts. At last the sun went down, and the dusky shadows of evening began to render fourfold more gloomy and dark my lonely way, which, the farther I progressed, showed less and less indication of having been much or lately travelled. The thought of return, whenever it arose, was instantly dispelled—I had ridden since noon without having seen a human habitation, and now it was sun down. To press onward was my only hope. And onward I urged my poor beast, who held out far better than I at first dreamed he would, from the poor promise of the first few hours' ride. Darkness at length came down—darkness rendered deep and almost impenetrable from the dense foliage of the heavy forest-trees that overhung the road, through the openings of which I could now and then get glimpses of the stars, and sometimes the principal members of a constellation, as here the "bands of Orion," and there the Pleiades,—Sirius, bright

and smiling as the evening star—and ruddy Aldebaran, the crow of the Hyades. I had ridden on for nearly an hour after the night had closed in, when suddenly their arose, seemingly but a few hundred yards from me, upon the still air, a clear wailing cry like that of a distressed child. The blood fairly curdled in my veins. I reined up my horse suddenly. But every thing was as silent as death. I sat motionless for several minutes in my saddle and listened. But the cry was not repeated. Touching the loose rein with my hand, I urged my old horse onward. Just as he had taken a step or two, clear, and distinct, as it seemed, nearer, rose that strange cry again, thrilling every nerve in my body. Was it a child lost in the dreary wilderness? Was it some wild animal of which I had never heard? Or was it something supernatural? This thought, quickened by the repetition of the cry so strangely human, made the blood trickle through my veins, and the hair rise upon my head.—And yet I am not a superstitious man. I am no believer in supernatural appearance. But, under all the peculiarities of my situation, I could not control my feelings, nor overcome the impression this last suggestion of my fears made. Without pausing again, I hurried onwards, that wailing cry coming after me every now and then most appealing, yet growing fainter as I kept on my way. The feebler the sound became as it continued to reach my ear, the more severely did my heart reproach me for inhumanity, in thus disregarding the agonizing cries of what might be a poor child lost in the woods. At length such thoughts became so active, and nature began to plead so loudly for the little wanderer, if such indeed it was, that as the faint, distant cry swelled upon the air again, I turned my horse's head quickly, determined to retrace my steps and recover the child. At that moment, my ear caught the distant barking of a dog. So cheering a sound I think I never heard. My old horse distinguished it at the same moment, and turned his head resolutely in the direction from which it came. I laid the reins upon his shoulders, and praying for guidance and protection to the God of Jeshurun. The animal moved off at a quick pace, directly into the woods, and soon emerged into a clear space. A light shone cheerfully from what I soon saw to be a log-house standing in a portion of this clearing. A loud call brought an answering hullo from the lodge in the wilderness. It was the voice of a man! Blessed sound! How it thrilled me with joy! In a few minutes I was at the door. As I dismounted, amid a group of two men, a woman, and what seemed a maidservant, three or four children and as many dogs, who all crowded around me, the woman who held a candle high above our head, ejaculated—"Bless me! This must be our new preacher!" "And so I am, sister!" I returned with a leaping heart, reaching out and grasping her hand—"God be thanked that I have got among friends and brethren!" "Yes, thank God!" said the man, extending his hand and shaking mine heartily, "that you have reached our little clearing safely. A panther has been crying about all the evening—Hark! There! Don't you hear him!" At that moment, far off, but clear and distinct, arose the cry I had taken for that of a lost child. "It is a panther," the man added, "and he is not far from the road. If he had dropped down upon you, nothing could have saved you." "Is that the cry of a panther?" I said, trembling at the thought of the danger I had escaped. "Why, I thought it was the cry of a lost child, and had just turned my horse's head to go in search of it, when my ear caught the barking of one of your dogs." A warm and affectionate welcome, a good supper, and provender for my poor tired horse, whose faithful service upon this our first acquaintance had already warmed my heart towards him, compensated in a good degree for the disappointments, fears, and fatigues of the day. It appeared, that, after riding from about twelve o'clock until nine at night, I was still only eight miles, direct course, from the preaching place.—I had come one day too soon—the regular appointment was fixed. A good bed, and a good night's sleep, restored my wasted powers both of mind and body. Next morning we all started, soon after breakfast, on horseback, for the meeting-house, which had been built by several denominations residing within a circle of ten miles, and was used by all in turn. We plunged immediately into the woods, and pursued our course

along a bridle path, which was so narrow, most of the way, that we had to ride in single file.—In about two hours we reached the meeting-house. A number of horses hitched around gave indication that many of the brethren had already arrived.—We found them standing about the door in groups, waiting for the preacher. They were no little surprised at seeing me come from the direction I did, and in company with the family of brother N. This was briefly explained, and I received a good deal of sympathy. I found them all plain, rough farmers, but there was an honest kindness about them that pleased me very much. I preached from the text "Take no thought for the morrow." They listened with deep attention. After preaching, I led the class; it was, to my soul, a refreshing season.—*The Methodist Preacher.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

AFFECTIONS OF ANIMALS.

Concluded.

There are few things more disarming than this anxious fondness of a humble animal for her offspring. It is therefore to be considered as strictly in accordance with the more generous feelings of human nature, that the Israelites were enjoined to respect female animals, as the doe and the ewe, while taking their young. It is painful to think that the spirit of this command is often broken by men from cupidity or wantonness. A striking instance is related in Phipps's Voyage to the North Pole. An old she-bear was attracted with her cubs by the smell of a seal-horse which had been killed several days before, and the flesh of which she carefully divided between her young ones, reserving but a small portion for herself.—As she was fetching away the last piece the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast during the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up; all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them she went off, and when she got some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round, pawing them and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and uttered a growl of despair, which the murderers returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs and died licking their wounds.

Nor does the parental feeling of animals always rest content with merely protecting and cherishing the young. There are some which take pains to give their offspring something of the nature of education. 'Some of the eagles,' says Mr. Swainson, 'take out their young before they are full grown, on purpose to teach them the arts necessary for securing their prey. The female lark conducts hers to exercise their powers to fight, herself fluttering over their heads, directing their motions, and preserving them from danger. The butcher-bird, or common woodchat shrike, continues her regard for her offspring even after they have attained maturity, while the latter reward her care by assisting her in providing for the support of all, until the following spring.' The monkeys, too, which are surpassed by no animals in the philoprogenitive feeling, are observed to go through something like a process of education with their young. They keep them under proper obedience and restraint, much after the fashion of human mothers. A set of female monkeys have been observed to suckle, caress, and cleanse their young ones, and then sit down to see them play with each other. If, in the course of their sports, any

showed a tincture of malice, the dames would spring upon them, and seizing them with one paw by the tail, correct them severely with the other.

It has been remarked that the parental feelings of animals are not reciprocated to any considerable extent by their progeny—a fact in nature for which there is this obvious reason, that it is not necessary, in the economy of the animals, that the young should have any strong attachment to their parents. There are, however, some remarkable instances of strong filial love on the part of the lower animals. Mr. Turner, who resided long in America, mentions an affecting trait in the character of the bison when a calf. ‘When-ever a cow bison falls by the murderous hand of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the hapless young one, far from attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dame, with signs expressive of the strongest natural affection. The body of the dam, thus secured, the hunter takes no heed of the calf, of which he knows he is sure, but proceeds to cut up the carcass; then laying it on his horse, he returns home, followed by the poor calf, which never fails to attend the remains of its dam.’ Mr. Turner says, that he has seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnati followed in this manner by three calves, which seemed each to claim of him the parent of whom he had cruelly bereft it. To the same effect is an anecdote of two spaniels, dame and son, who were hunting by themselves in Mr. Drake’s woods near Amersham, in Bucks. The gamekeeper shot the mother; the son, frightened, ran away for an hour or two, and then returned to look for her. Having found her dead body, he laid himself down by her, and was found in that situation the next day by his master, who took him home, together with the body of the mother. Six weeks did this affectionate creature refuse all consolation and almost all nutriment. He became at length universally convulsed, and died of grief.

That the maternal feeling in animals is entirely independent of the intellect, is amply proved by the numerous instances in which particular mothers have not only taken the progeny of others of their own species under charge, but even the young of entirely different animals. A female cat will foster a young dog. A young panther has been nourished by a bitch. A cat has been known to rear a young bird; and there is one instance of a still more extraordinary kind of foster-ship. According to Mr. Jessie, in his interesting volume, *Gleanings in Natural History*—“A cat belonging to Mr. Smith the respectable bailiff and agent of the Earl of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire.—She has been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably incommode her. I mention this in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance. One evening as the family were seared round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard, which was near the fire place, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to make use of when she is visited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of her foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went

mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more remarkable is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for this particular mouse she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. It would appear that the faculty for the love of offspring, the philoprogenitiveness of Gall’s system—is excited at the time of parturition, and that the feeling, craving for exercise, is ready to take up with any object capable of gratifying it, if the one primarily contemplated by nature be wanting.

Animals are also possessed of the ordinary social affections. Some are gregarious, which is just another term for the feeling which induces men to form regular societies. Almost all have a liking for company. A cow in a herd appears a happier creature than a cow alone. Enter the paddock of a solitary horse, and it is odds that he comes up and follows you, as if courting your society. The dog attaches himself to a man with a devotion which touches every generous nature.

When cut off from friendships with their own kind, animals will form attachments to individuals of different species. Gilbert White tells a curious anecdote of a horse and solitary hen spending much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creatures but each other. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing itself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample upon his diminutive companion.

The celebrated horse, the Gololphin, Arabian, and a black cat, were for many years the warmest friends. When the horse died in 1753, the cat sat upon his carcass till he was put under ground; and then crawled reluctantly away, retired to a hayloft, where she was soon found dead.

What do all these anecdotes, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, tend to show?—That the lower animals possess qualities superior to what in general we are disposed to allow, and might be to us sources of far greater pleasure than we permit them to be. Man deems his breathing associates in this sphere only fit subjects for the wanton exercise of his self-esteem and destructiveness; and he reaps the proper consequences of such conduct. Did he but take a more true and benevolent view of the animal nature, and treat it on the same simple principles of justice and kindness which he is taught to display towards his fellow creatures, he would find his own interests immensely advanced by it. The docility and social feeling of the animals would be more strongly developed than at present; their service would be more heartily rendered, and man himself would be improved by the reflection of better feelings from these humble creatures.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FACTS.

III. “Shortly after I went to Wotton, the ladies of Islington gave me two Testaments—those that came out without any names on the side. In an address to the Sunday-school I took for my text, ‘Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.’ I inquired, ‘What do you think is meant by the word of Christ?’ One said, ‘The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.’ Another said ‘Biding in us, How is it possible for it to bide in us?’ ‘By reaping it.’ ‘That will not do.’ Another replied, ‘Committing it to memory.’ Now, I said, ‘I will give every girl in the school a Bible that will learn the whole of the Gospel by John in six months.’ I saw some of them shrugging up their shoulders, as though they were saying, ‘I will have that book.’ A young man desired me to say that he would give every one of the girls who would accomplish the task half-a-crown. At the end of six months we found thirty-six who had learnt it by heart. We would not mind Dr. Pusey with them. But some who could not commit the Gospel to memory saved up their pence, and we distributed seven hundred Testaments; some of which were sent to Canada and some to London, to show what fine books there were in the world. Give up your Sunday-schools! No, not one of them; we must increase and multiply them. The people must be

enlightened. Give up your schools! Oh, no! By the preaching of the Gospel, and through Bible classes, we shall see the ‘wilderness become a fruitful field, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’”

IV. “When I used to travel for the London Missionary Society, I went to Peterborough. A farmer there had read the report of that Society. He found that we had one hundred and twenty-three missionaries. He sent to Mr. Arundel to say, ‘I have a great desire to hit out some things new.’ I question whether any member of Parliament would have hit it. He said, ‘I am determined to have something to do with every tract distributed, every sermon preached, every school established; and for this purpose I will give a sovereign for each of the missionaries. Here is a check for £128, in order to do something all over the world.’ That is what I call an enlarged idea. But in the meantime another report came out, and that stated that thirteen new missionaries had been sent forth: ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I am determined to keep it up;’ and he gave another £13. If all rich young men and rich young ladies were to say, ‘I will have something to do with every Home Missionary station; I will give a sovereign for each of the missionaries; I will be interwoven with their efforts;’ this Society would soon be released from difficulties. We are stewards, and we shall be called to account for the words we speak, the thoughts we think, and the actions we perform. Oh, to give up our account with joy! Some people are in agonies on their dying bed, and some are filled with joy and peace in believing. Depend upon it, not a blush will rise on your cheek for any thing you have done for God; not a bitter reflection on that account will be in your bosoms on that great and awful day in your history. Let us come to the help of this Society. A sovereign from each of us would relieve the Society from all embarrassments. I do not like the word embarrassment; I never was embarrassed in my life—and I do not like to have any Society embarrassed. We could set it free if very heart and every hand were occupied in doing something for it as the Lord our God has prospered us. Let us enter into the spirit of the apostolic exhortation, ‘Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labour is not, and shall not, and cannot be in vain in the Lord.’”

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING HONOURABLE.

Rev. Dr. Caird, in his recent book entitled *Religion in America*, mentions the following facts, which are as creditable to our country as to the individual of whom they are narrated. When will all those who desire to be considered great among men seek also to become useful?

The present distinguished Chancellor of the University of New York, (Mr. Frelinghuysen,) was the Superintendent of a Sunday-school, even when he held the office of Attorney-General of his native State, and afterwards when he was a senator in the Congress of the United States; he is a Sabbath-school teacher still, and delights to associate himself with the youngest teachers engaged in that heavenly employment.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Butler was a Sabbath-school teacher, even while holding the distinguished office of Attorney General to the United States.

The late Chief Justice Marshall, and the late Judge Washington, both of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the former of whom it is admitted was the most distinguished jurist the country has ever produced, were warm friends and patrons of Sunday-school. Both were in their day vic-presidents of the American Sabbath School Union. Within five years of his death, I saw Chief Justice Marshall march through the city of Richmond, in Virginia, where he resided, at the head of the Sunday-school, on the occasion of a celebration.

And finally, the late President Harrison, who in his youth had been a rough and far from a religious soldier, but toward the close of his life became interested in the things that concerned his everlasting peace, taught, for several years, a class of young persons, in an humble Sunday-school on the banks of the Ohio; and the Sabbath before he left his home for Washington—there to become his country’s chief magistrate, and, alas! within a month thereafter to die—he met, as usual, his Bible class.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1844.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN RAINE.

DIED.—On the 24th of August, at the Mission House, Melbourne, the Rev. JOHN RAINE, Wesleyan Missionary, aged 40 years. The deceased was brought to the saving knowledge of the truth in Christ in the sixteenth year of his age, under the ministry of the late Rev. John Hick. He filled the important offices of class leader and local preacher for some years in the city of Montreal acceptably and profitably to the church. In the year 1835 he was called to the office and work of a Minister, the duties of which he performed with zeal, integrity, and usefulness during nine years. In his last protracted illness, he exhibited the lovely graces of patience and holy resignation; his soul rested with simple confidence on the atonement alone. To him death had no terror, and the grave had no gloom. He triumphed over the last enemy through the blood of the Lamb. The esteem in which he was held by the community was evinced by the vast multitude which attended his remains to the grave.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

JAMES BROCK,
Wesleyan Minister.

Stanstead, August 28, 1844.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we announce the decease of this eminent servant of Jesus Christ. From a long and intimate acquaintance with his private worth, which strongly attached us to him, we cannot deny ourselves the melancholy satisfaction of adding our humble testimony to his numerous excellencies.

As a CHRISTIAN, he was sincere, unostentatious, humble, and devout, and we believe he enjoyed the uninterrupted favour and love of God, from the period of his first espousals to the Saviour up to the latest moment of his useful life.

As a CLASS LEADER, to which office he was appointed soon after his conversion, he was faithful, earnest, and affectionate, in warning, encouraging, or comforting, as the case might be, the souls committed to his care, —and thus greatly endeared himself to all who enjoyed the privilege of his instructions. His zealous and affectionate exertions in this city to win souls to Christ, will be long remembered by many who are now the monuments of his zeal, and who, when in the slippery paths of youth, received most valuable assistance from him in the way to Heaven. Not content with the ordinary opportunities he had to instruct and encourage the young in the pursuit of everlasting life, he devoted, for a considerable period, one evening in the week in specially exhorting them to live near to God. We recur to this circumstance, in order to record our own sense of his worth, having had the honour to belong to his little band.

As a LOCAL PREACHER, which office he sustained for several years prior to his ordination, he was a most valuable acquisition to the Church, and was made eminently useful.

As a MINISTER of the GOSPEL, he declared the whole counsel of God, and was greatly beloved by his fellow-labourers, as well as by all who sat under his ministry; and in him the

Wesleyan Church has sustained a very severe loss.

As a FRIEND, he was open, frank, and sincere—one to whom the heart might be unburdened with the utmost confidence, and from whom the most salutary advice and assistance could always be depended on. In short, he was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. His memory will be long and fondly cherished by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

A correspondent of the New-York *Christian Advocate* writes thus of the Rev. Jas. Caughey, of whom we lately inserted some account:—

"Mr. Caughey, of the Troy Conference, is preaching in Sheffield, Eng. God is wonderfully blessing his labours. Hundreds of sinners are finding mercy. The first week he was with us nearly 200 souls were converted to God. Many scores of believers are entering into full salvation."

One effectual way of promoting crime and of weakening the moral sense in the Canadian community, is by a fondness at horse-races and at theatres. When crime increases, how will our public journalists complain! There will be an official weeping among the press. Some will wonder for the cause, and others will philosophize for it. But the thought seems not to enter the minds of gentlemen writing their theatrical critiques and their accounts of the turf, that thereby they are, actually encouraging amusements which encourage the evil propensities of our nature and the secret and cognizable crimes of the population of the land. And it is with sorrow too that we have observed the highest authority of the colony, by his presence and by his gifts, patronizing what cannot but be for the injury of the colony. Whilst we are unwilling that the good deeds of his Excellency should be evil spoken of, we are equally unwilling that public virtue and religion should suffer for want of timely reproof on our part. If the Queen of the Empire discountenances horse-racing on account of the immoralities practised on race-courses, what shall we think of her Representative in Canada countenancing the very sport his Royal Mistress condemns? What are called popular amusements are frequently popular evils, and ought not to be encouraged. We know that some will sneer at these remarks, but no matter. A jeer does not prove the thing jeered at wrong. No political economist would recommend the theatre, as at present constituted, for the encouragement of public virtue. History awards little praise to the wearers of the sock and buskin for promoting that object. Rome was virtuous without a theatre, and it lessened not the turbulence of an Attic audience. Whatever praise is given to Aristophanes and Meander, to Terence and Plautus, no one praises them for lessening public crime, or increasing public virtue.—*Christian Guardian*.

From the *Christian Guardian*.

ENGLISH WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCE.

By the last statement, intelligence of the English Conference, which we were looking for, has arrived. The Conference met in Birmingham on the 31st July, when the Rev. Dr. Bunting was

elected President by a majority of 140, and, as usual, Dr. Newton was elected Secretary. This is the fourth time that Dr. Bunting has been President,—in 1820, 1828, 1836, and 1844,—an occurrence without a precedent. The *Acadia* left on the 4th, when the Conference was in session but four days, and therefore we cannot give much intelligence. But some particulars we are happy to give our readers.

Preparatory meetings of the various standing committees were, as usual, held during the preceding week. The education committee reported that £12,000 had already been subscribed for that purpose. Of 110 candidates for training, as masters or mistresses, 42 had been accepted and sent to the Glasgow Normal Seminary. During the year there had been an increase of 143 Sunday-schools, and 15,627 scholars. Of week-day schools there were 183 for boys, 109 for girls, and 40 for infants, containing 13,349 infants, making a total of 25,463—increased, 4,659. This is the result of a very recent movement of the Wesleyan body in England.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 31st the Conference was opened with religious services by the Rev. John Scott, president for the past year; Rev. Rich. Reece and Rev. Rich. Waddy, both, especially the former, aged and venerable ministers of the body. On calling the roll of the "Hundred," or legal Conference, it was found that three vacancies had occurred: two by superannuation, E. Chapman and T. Fletcher, and by death George Morley, (for many years governor of the "Woodhouse Grove School.") The vacancies were filled by the Rev. H. Cheverton and John Rieg by seniority, and Thomas Harris by election. Rev. Dr. Bunting was elected president by a majority of 140.

On vacating the chair, Mr. Scott handed over to his successor a small pocket Bible which had belonged to Mr. Wesley, and by him been used, during his long and useful life, in his field and outdoor preaching. It was given by Mr. Wesley to the late Rev. Henry Moore, who in his will bequeathed it to the custody of the president, for the time being, of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference. The ex-president then resigned the seal of office to Dr. Bunting, who addressed the Conference in a brief but affecting speech, in which he alluded to his increasing debility, and threw himself on the sympathies and prayers of his brethren. The hours of session were then fixed to be from half-past 8, A. M., till 1 o'clock, and in the evening from 5 till half-past 8 o'clock. The remainder of the morning session was occupied with public religious services. In the afternoon session the usual routine of business was proceeded with, and Dr. Newton took occasion to correct a verbal report, to the effect that the Bishop of Chester had said, that during the year no less than nineteen Wesleyan ministers had applied to him for Episcopal ordination, with a view to entering the Established Church. The truth was that the Bishop had received that number of applications from dissenters and Wesleyans. The proportions were not made known.

Four-day was taken up chiefly with a careful examination of the list of candidates for the ministry, and those on probation. Fifty-seven young men have finished the probation, and will be received into "full connexion" with the Conference; fifty candidates will be received on probation. The increase of members during the past year will be about 10,000.

Some unfortunate and gratifying incident, or perhaps some war, had addressed a letter to the president, desiring him to request the Conference to unite in thanking him that the insolvent debtors' bill had passed the Legislature, and that parties whose debt do not exceed £20, could not now be incarcerated. The communication, of course, met with just so much attention as it deserved.

The state of the societies throughout the Wesleyan connexion, and the unanimity and affection existing among the ministers, are described as of a most gratifying character.

Since the above was written, we have received the *Watchman*, of the 31st July, by which a few other particulars are derived.—The Stationing Committee met in the vestry of Cherry-street Chapel, Birmingham, Monday, July 22d, ten days prior to the Conference, and continued its sittings on the following days.—On Friday, July 26th, the Congregational Fund, the Children's Fund, and the Book Fund Committee met.—The next day, the Auxiliary Fund Committee met. On Mon-

day morning, 29th, the Committees relative to the Chapel affairs,—namely, the Chapel Fund, the Loan Fund, the Relief Fund Committees, met together and transacted business. On Monday evening the Education Committee met—the report of which is above. It was proposed and finally carried, that the Conference be recommended to form a junction of the Chapel Fund and the Education Fund.—On Tuesday morning a special meeting of the Missionary Committee was held in the Chapel. Dr. Bunting showed that the receipts for the current year could not be estimated higher than £98,000, while the expenditure would be £110,000, involving a probable deficiency of £12,000. A resolution was adopted pledging the Commission to raise £110,000 this year. Tuesday evening, the General Committee of the Theological Institution met in the large vestry, which was crowded to excess. The reports read gave general satisfaction. The next steamer will bring us further intelligence of the English Conference, which we suppose must have separated before this date.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The increasing prosperity of this institution is a subject of rejoicing to every lover of the Bible. At a meeting of the Board of the Managers held yesterday, July 4th, thirteen new auxiliary societies were recognized; these are chiefly in the Western states. During the last month the issues of the scriptures from the depository in this city were larger than during any previous month since the formation of the society. Forty-three thousand eight hundred and eight-six copies were got off in the following languages: English, Welsh, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, Italian, Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, Mohawk Testament, Indian Gospel, Ojibwa Testament.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

REV. DR. BURNS.

The greatest anxiety is felt by the Free Church Presbyterians in Toronto, and, we may add, by thousands of the same persuasion through the Province, for his answer to the call which has been sent to him. The latest accounts from the doctor mention that he was using every exertion to procure a supply of Free Church Ministers, of the first class, for Canada. In these exertions he was supported by Dr. Candlish. We learn also with much satisfaction, that another of our late visitors, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, is exerting himself to the utmost for the same purpose.

While much may be reasonably expected from such influential quarters, the friends of the cause must be prepared to exercise patience, and not to despair if disappointment should follow. All who have engaged in this cause from a conviction that it was necessary as a testimony to the great doctrine of Christ being sole Head of his Church, confidently expect that their spiritual interest will not be overlooked by Him who ordereth all things aright. The refusal of Dr. Burns, unless immediately followed by an expression of willingness by some gifted ministers to come among us, at least for a time, to assist in the organisation of our new Church, would indeed be a heavy blow and "great discouragement." But in no case must we despair. The Almighty who guides every movement for the advancement of his church, can raise up means to supply the urgent wants of this Province from quarters least expected.—*Toronto Banner.*

ROWLAND HILL exceeded almost all other men in giving sound and often severe advice, without offending. Illustrations of this abound in his life by *Sidney*, and the following may be taken as a specimen:—

No man ever had more solemn views than Mr. Rowland Hill, of the true nature of the ministerial work, and of the necessity of an humble dependence on the Lord's assistance, for a blessing on it. One of his remarks was—"If favoured at any time with what is called a good opportunity, I am too apt to catch myself saying,—'Well done I, when I should lie in the dust, and give God all the glory.'" Another was—"Lord make me distrustful of myself, that I may confide in Thee alone—self dependence is the pharisee's high-road to destruction." "Oh

dear, (he said,) what poor stuff makes a preacher in the present day!—a useful minister must have brains in his head, prudence in his conduct, and grace in his heart: which is more than too many of the *made-up talkers*, who set up in these times for preachers, have." "Some folks," he would say, "appear as if they had been bathed in *croû verjuice* in their infancy, which penetrated through their skins, and has made them sour-blooded ever since—but this will not do for a messenger of the gospel; as he bears a message, so he must manifest a spirit of love." A minister having observed to him, that notwithstanding the fault found with his dry sermons, there were hopes of their usefulness, for Samson had slain the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass—"True, he did," replied Mr. Hill, "but it was a *moist* jaw-bone." He used to like Dr. Ryland's advice to his young academicians—"Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it—Ruin by the Fall—Redemption by Christ—Regeneration by the Holy Spirit." Of himself he remarked, "My aim in every sermon, is a stout and lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be made a universal blessing to all." It was a favourite saying with him—"The nearer we live to God, the better we are enabled to serve him. O how I hate my own noise, when I have nothing to make a noise about. Heavenly wisdom creates heavenly utterance." In a letter to Mr. Jones, he observes—"There is something in preaching the gospel, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I long to get at. At times, I think I feel somewhat like it, and then I bawl almost as bad as the Welshman. If we deal with divine realities, we ought to feel them such, and then the people will in general feel with us, and acknowledge the power that does wonders on the heart."

AN AGED MINISTER.—The New-York Baptist Register contains a letter giving an account of a visit to "Father Harvey," a Baptist minister, living at Frankfort, Herkimer co., N. Y., who is probably the oldest minister living. He is one hundred and nine years of age, yet his visitor found that he was engaged in planting potatoes in a field half a mile distant, that he labours considerably, reads from the Bible without glasses, his voice is strong, his hearing quick, and his memory retentive. He still preaches occasionally, and on the day succeeding this visit the writer says, "he rode nearly five miles over a very rough road to meeting, took his seat in the pulpit all day, made one prayer which was distinctly heard over a large congregation. After meeting he returned home, which made about nine miles travel in one day. What an admonition to those Christians who remain from meeting for trifling causes!"

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.

From the Courier of yesterday.

His Excellency the Governor General was at the Government House yesterday for several hours. We understand that he came into town for the purpose of administering the oaths of office to the Members of the new Administration. The *Official Gazette* extraordinary, which appeared last night, contains the names of the gentlemen who have accepted office:—

{ Secretary's Office,
Montreal, Sept. 3, 1844.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—

The Hon. William Henry Draper, to be Attorney General, for that part of the Province formerly Upper Canada.

The Hon. William Morris, to be a member of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, also Receiver General.

Denis Benjamin Papineau, Esquire, to be a Member of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, and also Commissioner of Crown of Crown Lands.

James Smith, Esquire, to be a Member of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, and also to be a Queen's Counsel in and for that part of the Province formerly Lower Canada, and Attorney General for the same.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

THE Royal Mail Steamer *Hibernia* arrived at Boston on Sunday, September 1. We have received two or three English papers from Fitchburg, for which we are indebted to the politeness of the Editor of the *Bunker Hill Aurora*. The latest date we have is a Liverpool paper of the 28th August.

Her Majesty the Queen was safely delivered of a young Prince on the 6th August; it is reported that the little Prince is to have the title of Duke of Kent.

Parliament was adjourned till the 5th of September, and then to meet for the delivery of the decision in the case of O'Connell & other matters.

The excitement relative to the Tahiti business was a little cooling down—the British Government had, however, dispatched a ship-of-the-line to Tahiti as a measure of precaution.

War had commenced between France and Morocco, Prince de Joinville having embarked for Algiers. The French 3 per cent. funds had fallen 75 centims, and the Fives 1 franc 10c.

Her majesty has so far recovered as to be able to sit up for several hours daily. The royal infants are out constantly in the parks, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert takes his accustomed exercises. The attention of the Duchess of Kent, and the other members of the royal family, have been kind and constant. It has been reported that her Majesty intends to visit Ireland—some say this autumn, others next summer. The visit of the king of the French may interfere with the present season; and yet how desirable that the royal presence in Dublin should restore the sister country to a forgetfulness of the past, in a sudden burst of loyalty!

HER MAJESTY'S AUTUMN EXCURSION.—Orders have been given for the immediate equipment of the royal steam yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*. She has accordingly been masted, &c., and has received on board her fuel. Her captain, Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence, had arrived from Cowes (where he has taken temporary lodgings,) for the purpose of hastening her outfit; and the yacht will in a few days make a trial cruise, having been furnished with new engines and boilers. Rumour states the 5th of September as the contemplated period of her Majesty's embarkation for summer cruising.—*Brighton Gazette.*

Cape of Good Hope papers have been received to the 2nd of June. The missionaries are said to have exercised much influence on the natives from the Namaqualand district to the interior, and it seems to be believed that, if properly carried out, commercial intercourse could be established with them, and the soil made profitable and productive. Among the recent improvements introduced at the Cape was the establishment of a weekly mail with the frontier; and for the protection of the coast, the long talked-of light was to be erected on the Agulhas Point, and a break-water built in Table Bay. The news from Port Natal is that everything is proceeding quietly in that quarter, and the markets are reported to be well and abundantly supplied with provisions. According to a statistical account which appears in these papers, the number of vessels entered inwards during the quarter ending the 5th of April last, was 29, with 5,626 tonnage, while the number entered outwards was 26, with 5,571 tonnage. The imports for the same period were valued at £38,730, and the exports at £35,654, the wool shipments representing of the latter item £20,246. The accounts from the frontier by this arrival are less unfavourable as respects the catalogue of depredations by the Caffres.

IRELAND.—A rumour that the Queen and Prince Albert will visit Ireland in the autumn, has been revived in Dublin and elsewhere.

The Rental Rent for the week ending yesterday, amounted to £1120.

THE COMET.—Mr. Holden, in a letter dated the 15th instant, says—"It is now twenty-eight days since I first observed the new comet, and by examining these observations, I find that for the eight days it was coming nearer to the earth, and passed by it about the 27th of July, at a distance from us of 131,708,000 miles. On to-morrow, the 17th of August, its distance will be increased to 152,019,000 miles from the earth. I have observed the comet four different evenings since I wrote last. On the 4th August, I found the comet's R. A. 14th. Om. 40z., and declination 19 deg. 39m. north, at 9h. 30m. P. M.

POPERY.—A Romish "cathedral," on a large and more magnificent scale than any built in England since the Reformation has been recently erected in Nottingham, and will be "opened" on Wednesday, the 29th inst. Three other chapels are to be opened during the present month—St. Mary, at Coventry, the Church of the Monks, at Mount St. Bernard, Leicestershire, and St. Mary's, at New-castle on-Tyne. Several others are in course of erection,—among which are the new church at the Willows, near Kirkham, and St. Cutbert's, at Ushaw.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

WEDNESDAY, August 21, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	1	0	a	1 4
Wheat	5	6		0 0
Barley	2	0	-	2 4
Pease	2	9	-	3 9
Lint Seed	5	0	-	5 4
Buckwheat	1	8	-	2 1
Turkeys, per couple	5	0		6 0
Fowls	1	3	-	2 0
Geese	2	4	-	3 4
Ducks	1	6	-	2 0
Chickens	1	0	-	1 6
Patridges	1	0	-	1 3
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	5	-	0 6
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	7½	-	0 9
" " Salt	0	0	-	0 6
Pork, per hund.	25	0	-	30 0
Beef	25	9	-	30 0
Flour, per cwt.	12	0	-	14 0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2½	-	0 5
Pork	0	2	-	0 5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	-	10 0
Mutton	1	3	-	5 0
Lamb, per qr.	1	3	-	2 6
Lard, per lb.	0	5	-	0 6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	-	1 6
" " new,	2	0	-	2 6
Corn,	2	0	-	2 9
Eye,	2	6	-	3 0
Beans,	4	6	-	6 8
Honey,			per lb.	4 0 5
Hay,			per 100 bds.	25 0 30 0
Apples, American,			per barrel,	15 0 17 6

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