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AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE VALE OF THE BRAMINS.

From *Krummacher's Parables*, translated by Prof. Agnew.

IN one of the most beautiful countries of India, under a perpetually serene sky, lies a vale begirt with mountains, which, since ancient days, has been the residence of the pious worshippers of the holy Brama.

Hither, over the mountains, there came one day a young Indian prince, and desired to speak with the father and head of the peaceful Bramin race. His wish was granted him. An old man of tall, noble form received the unknown youth. Welcome, young stranger, said he, to our peaceful vale, whether you have come to us intentionally, or have lost your way!

The former, replied the youth; I come designatedly.

The old man interrupted him, and said: The stranger is always welcome to our vale. We practise here the sacred right of hospitality towards every one, without asking who he is or wherefore he comes. For we still hold to the old custom of not inquiring the name and wishes of the stranger until after the third day. If, therefore, there is nothing urgent with thee, that requires our speedy assistance, come as a man and brother into our circle, and enjoy with a glad heart what we can offer you.

The young prince bowed, and followed the aged Bramin into the cooling shade of a lofty palm, where a numerous family circle was assembled.

Men and women, young men and maidens, all of noble figure and kindly nature, came to meet the stranger, and saluted him with as much frankness as if they had known and loved him for a year. Children skipped about him and presented him flowers.

Oh, what an abode of innocence and joy! sighed the young prince.

These dwell together here always, replied the old man. For Brama lives in our hearts, therefore our senses never grow old; and we see him in each of his creations and gifts, therefore joy never fails us; and so also we have no wants which we cannot satisfy. A deeper involuntary sigh heaved the breast of the youth.

You are fatigued by your journey, said the old man, and beckoned. Immediately two young men came forward and brought a foot-tub to wash the feet of the stranger, and two blooming girls offered to him of the choicest fruit of the vale.

The young prince refused to have his feet washed. It is the custom of the sacred law of hospitality, replied the old man, and a refreshment which the strong rightfully and cheerfully extend to the weary. Here no distinction is made between master and servant. We respect, in every wanderer, the human countenance which proclaims him to us as a son of Brama, who is perfect love.

The young prince was silent, but a glowing

red was diffused over his cheeks, and his knees trembled.

He is not well! said the youths who had prepared the bath for his feet; his knees tremble. Nor has he partaken of our fruits, said the girls compassionately.

The old man went up to him and took his quivering hand. My son, said he, the heat of the day has overcome you. I will lead you into our dwelling, that you may enjoy sleep. It will renew your strength, and prepare you for joyfully participating with us in the holy festival, which awaits us to-morrow.

The youth allowed himself to be led into the house by the good old man. Here was a couch spread with herbs of balmy fragrance, and over the herbs was spread a coverlet, glistening white, as newly fallen snow.

Here, said the Bramin, here you may slumber in quietness, for you rest in the arms of the all-loving Brama, who blesses this vale. That shall these tender, delicately fragrant herbs testify to you, on which you will recline. And these snow white coverings are an emblem of innocence!

While the old man was speaking, two boys entered, bringing a bowl full of dark red wine. He took it out of their hands, and said to the princely youth: Behold, we eat only the fruits of the field, and of the trees and vines, as nature presents them to us. But for the sick and weary we also press the grapes. It is the only blood we shed, added he, smiling; but it is done without occasioning any sighs, and indeed, to quiet sighing. Drink, my dear, it will do your heart good.

The young man took the cup with trembling hand, and whilst he drank, an awful shudder came over him.

As he handed back the cup, a soft solemn song sounded in the distance. What is that? inquired the prince. It is the evening hymn, replied the Bramin. The sun is going down. We offer Brama our united thanks for the light of heaven, which he has sent down upon us, and for the day's life which he has granted us. We believe that only the prayer of love and joy can be well pleasing to the most benevolent and most beneficent Being; therefore we offer him our thanks in song, and unitedly. Nor in our prayer shall we be unmindful of you; for are you not now one of our family circle? Brama grant thee quiet sleep and a joyful waking up?

So saying, with friendly spirit, the old man left the prince. But the latter covered up his head, and could not look into the face of the lofty, noble man, nor return his salutation.

The young man was now alone, but no sleep would close his eyes. It was to him as if the blood boiled in his veins; he heard the beating of his heart. The images of the past flitted incessantly before him, and the brighter and clearer it was without, the darker was it in his soul. The clear moonlight night which played through the rustling of the leaves into his chamber, seemed to him as if it would never end. He longed for the break of day. At last he fell into a feverish slumber, often disturbed by fearful dreams. He awoke with

the first gleam of the morning twilight. A lovely responsive hymn, sung by male and female voices, sounded in the distance, more serious and solemn than the evening hymn of the preceding day. It was the united morning hymn of the Bramin family at sunrise.

The young prince was inexpressibly affected by it. He wished to unite his voice in the universal petition, but was not able.

The door of his chamber then opened softly, and the old man looked through the opening. Anxious about the youth, whom he believed to be sick, he could not wait until he arose. He intended, if he were still asleep, softly to close the door and return.

When he found the stranger awake, he kindly saluted him, and inquired of his health. The youth was deeply moved, and exclaimed: Oh, what love meets me in this vale!

My son, said the Bramin, we worship a great Father, and love every one of his creatures, as a creation of his wisdom and goodness, but every man as his child and image, and all as our brethren. From childhood up, accustomed to simplicity of heart and every childlike thought, this has become natural to us, and we wish no thanks that are not due to us. You will now celebrate with us the joyful festival of love.

The old man had scarcely uttered these words when the youth broke out into a flood of tears, and begged the Bramin to accompany him out of the vale, on to the way by which he had come.

The old man was astonished at the singular stranger, and led him in silence to the way that led out of the vale.

The youth then commenced: I leave your vale forever. I thought to find peace in the midst of you, but I have suffered the most awful torments of my life.

I do not understand you, interrupted the Bramin, looking at the stranger with surprise. In our peaceful vale—

Your vale, reverend father, rejoined the youth, is the dwelling-place of peace and innocence.

There falls among us, said the old man, with celestial serenity, no tear but the tear of joy and gratitude; no drop of blood moistens the earth; and no sigh of oppressed innocence profanes Brama's breath. The ground which supports and nourishes us, the atmosphere which surrounds us, is pure and unattained.

But I, cried the young prince, I am an impure, profane! That it is which converts your innocent vale into an abode of miseries to me.

The old man was silent, and a stream of compassion and sympathy flowed out of his great eye upon the unfortunate youth.

They stood on the confines of the vale. The youth again broke the silence, and said: Reverend old man, your gentleness breaks my heart! Oh, if it might also heal it! Yet listen now to my unfortunate history.

Behold, I am the son of king Amandua; I was heir to his throne and the dominion of India. But these hands are stained with innocent blood. The only son of a widow fell

by my sword. Blood, and tears, and sighs lie heavy upon me. The image of my awful act troubled me. I deserted the palace, and hoped in your vale to find the rest which I sought. I found the bitterest hours of my life. Your praise became my torment. Your innocence seemed to me like a severe reproach of my guilt; and every friendly look of your love fell upon the darkness of my heart like a vivid flash of lightning on a dark gloomy night.

Alas, I forgot myself—myself that I would fly—to this dwelling of peace. Pardon me, and, if you possibly can, pray for me. I go, where I belong—to the Fakires.

With these words he left the Bramin, and the peaceful vale. The old man looked after him a long time, whilst he climbed the mountain. Then he lifted his hands towards heaven, praying, and returned to the circle of those who kept the festival.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

From the Pastor's Journal.

It is now twenty-five years since, as I think, the Lord appeared in mercy to my soul, by speaking pardon through the blood of Jesus. O, miracle of grace, if ever so faithless and unprofitable a servant as I have been, shall attain to the mansions of the saved! During the first summer after I entertained the hope of pardon, my mind was much exercised in behalf of the unconverted. I felt that I could persuade almost any man to be a Christian, if he would only listen to me, till I could have time to communicate my views. In this belief, I wrote many letters to acquaintances abroad, as well as held numerous conversations with individuals in my immediate neighborhood. But alas! soon I began to find that my efforts were unavailing. Probably my zeal was not according to knowledge, or I was working in my own strength; for I have never learned that much fruit resulted from my labors. I sunk down into a state of despondency and inaction, during which the following circumstance occurred.

There lived near to me an intelligent negro, of more than usual cultivation and business talent. This man was much abroad in the community, and had acquired a familiarity with men and things, which rendered him a fluent and adroit disputant, on almost every topic of common discussion, and few of the common people cared to get into an argument with him. He was, however, entirely ignorant of religion, as far as I have been able to learn, and in his life and conversation, gave too much reason to believe, that he was immoral and profane. My compassion was excited for his soul. I thought I would certainly speak to him about the things of eternity. Soon an opportunity offered. But his bold look, deep toned voice, and well known character for disputation, overawed me, and I put it off. Another occasion, and again another, came and went, unimproved; each furnishing, as I then thought, so a apology for deferring the duty.

At length I heard that the man was sick, and under circumstances where I could not very conveniently gain access to him. I then reproached myself with my negligence. "Perhaps he may die," thought I, "and no one has warned him to flee from the wrath to come. I certainly will embrace the first opportunity, to exhort him to take care of his soul." But still I neglected to fulfil my resolution immediately. I waited for an opportunity in stead of making one. What was my surprise and compunction of mind, when at the end of three days, I learned that he had been carried off by a violent disease, without one word of instruction or of prayer having been offered at his bed-side, and that he had gone into eternity in all the deep pollution of his sins? O, then how did my bleeding heart beat painfully

within me, at the thought, that the blood of that soul might be found in my skirts! And how often, in the street and in the crowd, as well as in the secret retirement of my closet, has that negro's form appeared to stand before me, and upbraid me with my guilt, in not saying, at least one word of warning! I trust I have repented, and that God has forgiven me; but I can never forgive myself that crime.

I have penned this brief account because I would have my Christian brethren avoid the stings that I have suffered. Since then, I have tried to be faithful to sinners, though, alas, I have done but little after all. Still, no other case of neglect haunts my conscience like the one I have detailed. And yet, reader, you are exposed to just such neglect and compunction, unless you "watch and pray" against the fearful evil of procrastination.

DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

I HAVE seen sinners brought to God amidst all the varieties of Christian experience; some by the terrors of the law, others by the attractions of the cross; some by a long and almost imperceptible progress; others, comparatively in a moment; but scarcely in a single instance have I found conversion, or even real awakening; dated from affliction. If ten were cleansed, where are the nine? "It has happened unto them according to the true proverb. The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," 2 Pet. ii 22. Would that piety which could not stand the test of a return to life, have availed the soul in death? Let conscience say.

I shall never forget an instance of disappointed hope which occurred in the early part of my career. A young man who had been instructed in a Sabbath-school as to the elements of religion, but had never made any pretension to piety, was stricken with an alarming disease. His concern about his soul was immediate and overwhelming. "What must I do to be saved?" seemed the one question which absorbed all his thoughts. Those around him did not fail to expound the reply of Paul and Silas—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." He listened most intently; hope sprung up in his soul, and passages of Scripture which he had learned at school, but which had till then escaped his memory, came pouring into his mind with a richness, propriety and consecutiveness, truly wonderful. Disease now gained upon him, and all hope of recovery fled. The surgeon plainly told him that nothing more could be done, and that a few hours would terminate his life. He received the announcement with perfect composure, and said that he had no wish to live; his only desire was to depart and be with Christ. Inexperienced as I then was, had he died, I should not have entertained a doubt of his safety. But the surgeon was mistaken; to the surprise of every one, his recovery was soon completed. He went to the house of God the first Sabbath he was able to walk, and returned thanks for his restoration. For the next few Sabbaths following he was there; afterwards I missed him. For some time I was unable to learn what had become of him; at last I ascertained that an act of gross immorality had rendered it expedient for him to leave the neighborhood.

After the lapse of twenty years, I very unexpectedly met with him once again. During the interval, he had become a hardened sinner. At the time of this interview, however, he was perfectly sober, but he appeared to have forgotten me. I reminded him of his vows in affliction. He then mentioned my name. I endeavored to recall his former impressions, but the attempt was hopeless; his conscience

was seared as with a hot iron; all I could get him to say of the affliction which once seemed so hopeful, was, "I have no wish to remember it."—*Decapolis.*

HAS EVERY MAN A RIGHT TO READ THE BIBLE?

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

[CONCLUDED.]

Gregory VII. forbids expressly Vratisslas, king of Bohemia, from allowing the Bible to be read in the vulgar tongue. "For," says this despotic pope, "a frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures teaches me that God Almighty has chosen that it should be obscure in some passages, lest if it was clear everywhere, it would be exposed to contempt." What pitiful reasoning? What? if the whole Word of God was clear, it would be exposed to contempt? But did Gregory VII. think then that God could say contemptible things? He adds: "Do not allege that some religious men have patiently borne with what the people now demand so loudly; for I answer that the primitive church has dissembled much (*multa dissimulaverit*)." This is plain language, and we believe that the Romish church dissembles much still. The art of *dissimulation* has been carried by her to great perfection.

But nations began to be tired of this spiritual despotism, not only in the east, but also in the south of Europe. Thousands of Christians, known afterwards under the name of Waldenses, claimed resolutely the right to read the Holy Scriptures. Besides, at Cologne, at Metz, in Provence, there were meetings of Christians to read the Bible. The popes were alarmed; they persecuted these Christians with fire and sword; torrents of blood flowed; and in 1229, the council of Toulouse, instigated by Gregory IX., decreed as follows: "Hereafter, laymen who, for purposes of devotion, wish to have pious books, must confine themselves to the Psalter, a breviary for devotional offices, or to the Hours of the blessed Virgin Mary. We forbid them strictly (*arctissime inhibemus*) to keep the books of the Old and New Testament in the vulgar tongue."

This prohibition is positive enough. The Romish church cannot free herself from the crime of having formally forbidden in a council the use of the Bible to laymen!

But God confounds and overthrows the designs of his enemies. The crusades began to revive a knowledge of the ancient writers. Then came the great discovery of printing, and it was impossible for the Romish court to resist the torrent. The first book which was issued from the press was a Latin translation of the Bible. Soon the Scriptures were translated into the German language, and fourteen editions had already been published, when the Bible appeared translated by Luther.

Rome was deeply afflicted, it may be believed, but what could she do? Her friends were divided in opinion; some advised to allow the people the free use of the Bible; others, on the contrary, feared to speak on the occasion: "To allow laymen to read the Bible, is to give holy things to dogs; is to cast pearls before swine."

The Pope chose a middle course. He authorized translations of the Bible in the country where protestant versions circulated; in Germany, for example; for how could he prevent absolutely the Scriptures from falling under the eyes of the people? But in Spain; in the Netherlands, wherever the Word of God was not known, he forbade the printing and distributing of it in the vulgar tongue. Thus the Court of Rome showed clearly that if it allowed in certain cases the reading of the Bible, this was only by constraint and by necessity.

The Council of Trent came in aid of Romish policy. It would not sanction any translation in the vulgar tongue, and prohibited, under penalty of excommunication, the printing, publication and sale of every other Bible but the Vulgate; and it forbade the reading of the Vulgate itself, either publicly or privately, without the bishop's leave. Surely precaution could not be carried further!

Pope Pius IV. knew his advantage. He prepared for the inquisitors ten rules, the 4th of which says among other things: "Permission to read the Bible ought to be given in writing. But whoever shall not have such permission, and shall still presume to read or keep the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, shall not receive

absolution of sins, at least until he gives up his Bible to the priest. Booksellers, who shall sell the Bible to persons not authorized, forfeit the price of the books. As to monks (*regulares*) they may not read nor purchase the Bible without leave of their superiors.

All this is plain enough; but these decrees of Pius IV. were rejected by the Catholics of Germany, France and Poland.

Other Popes, Clement VIII. and Gregory XV. ventured however to add to the rules of Pius IV. They decreed in express terms, that leave to read the Bible could not be granted hereafter but by the sovereign pontiff himself, or by the assembly of cardinals and prelates. Oh! if the court of Rome had been able to suppress, to annihilate wholly the reading of the Bible by laymen, how glad would it have been to snatch from the hands of men light which exposes its deeds of darkness and falsehood. But this was beyond its power; it had to bow to a power higher than its own.

However, in our age even, Popes have still tried to hinder the circulation of the Word of God. Pius VII. wrote in 1816 to the archbishop of Gnesen, in Poland, that the Bible Society was a diabolical invention,—a pest,—the destruction of the faith,—the greatest danger to souls,—an impious device of innovators; the ruin of our most holy religion contrived by its enemies,—the malicious work of a wicked Society (*cafarii concilii militiam*)—an irretrievable ruin." Could the most holy father Pius VII have employed stronger expressions to stigmatise the imposture of Mahomet or any similar enterprise? and he applies such terms to those whose only object is to distribute the Word of God without note or comment! What a proof of the hatred of papists toward the Bible!

The present Pope Gregory XVI. has also published bulls against the sale of the scriptures in the vulgar tongue. The conclusion from what has been said is: 1st. That the Romish church has not abandoned the system of preventing the reading of the sacred Book; 2d. That the Bible and Popery are irreconcilable, and reciprocally exclude each other; 3d. That, therefore, the Bible and Popery cannot both be divine institutions: a choice must be made between the two; 4th. That, to preserve the right to read the Bible, the influence of Rome must be opposed.

I believe I have somewhere read that the Roman Catholic Bishops in the United States have recommended to their flocks the reading of the Word of God. This is well; they have acted as Pope John VIII. before the opposition of the Oriental churches of Europe; they allow, they authorize what they cannot hinder in a country like America. But be assured that let them become masters to do as they please, and they will bind the Bible with an iron chain in the walls of their convents.

I am &c.

G. DE F.

THE TRAVELLER.

DECORATING THE GRAVE WITH FLOWERS.

THERE is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in these sweet and fragrant emblems of affection, which language cannot reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of soothing sympathy between the living and the dead. They speak of cords of love, too strong for even the grave to break asunder. This practice no doubt gave rise to the ancient custom which prevailed in the East, of burying in gardens, and is one which conduces to the gratification of the best feelings of our nature. It prevailed generally in and about the Holy City, and also among the Medes, Persians, Grecians, and Romans. The Persians adopted it from the Medes—the Grecians from the Persians. In Rome, persons of distinction were buried in gardens or fields near the public roads. Their monuments were decorated with chaplets and garlands of flowers.

The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; the urn of Philopemen was covered with chaplets; the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy; that of Anacreon with ivy and flowers. Baskets of lilies, violets, and roses, were placed on the graves of husbands and wives, white roses on those of unmarried females. In Java, the inhabitants scatter flowers over the bodies of their friends; in China, the custom of planting flowers on the graves of their friends, is

of very ancient date, and still prevails. The natives of Surat strew fresh flowers on the graves of their saints every year.

In Tripoli, the tombs are decorated with garlands of roses, of Arabian jessamine, and orange and myrtle flowers.

In Schwytz, a village in Switzerland, there is a beautiful little churchyard, in which almost every grave is covered with pinks. In the elegant churchyard in Wirfin, in the valley of Salza, in Germany, the graves are covered with little oblong boxes, which are planted with perennial shrubs, or renewed with annual flowers; and others are so dressed on fete-days. Suspended from the ornaments of recent graves, are little vases filled with water, in which the flowers are preserved fresh. Children are often seen thus dressing the graves of their mothers—and mothers wreathing garlands for the graves of their children.

A late traveller, on going early in the morning into one of the churchyards in the village of Wirfin, saw six or seven persons decorating the graves of their friends, and of some who had been buried twenty years. This custom also prevails in Scotland, and in North and South Wales. An epitaph there says,

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garlands, each returning spring;
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid."

In Wales, children have snowdrops, primroses, violets, hazel-bloom, and shallow blossoms on their graves. Persons of mature years, have tansy, box, ivy, and rue. In South Wales, no flowers or evergreens are permitted to be planted on graves but those which are sweet-scented. Pinks, polyanthus, sweet-williams, gilliflowers, carnations, mignonette, thyme, hyssop, camomile, and rosemary are used. The red roses are appropriated to the graves of good and benevolent persons.

In Easter week, most graves are newly dressed, and manured with fresh earth. In Whitsuntide holidays, they are again dressed, weeded, and if necessary, replanted. No person ever breaks or disturbs flowers thus planted. It is considered sacrilege.

In Cabul, burying grounds are held in great veneration, and called *Cities of the Silent*. The Jews call them *Houses of the Dead*. The Egyptians visited the graves of their friends twice a week, and strewed sweet basil on them, and do this to day.

While the custom of decorating graves and churchyards with flowers, and ornamental trees and shrubs, has prevailed so long and extensively among ancient and modern civilized nations, some of the American aborigines will not permit a weed or blade of grass, nor any other vegetable to grow upon the graves of their friends. With few exceptions, there has hitherto been in our country a strange remissness on this subject, which would surprise the heathen. Graves and churchyards are left to the course of gradual dilapidation and decay; which ever follows in the train of moral degradation.—*New-Haven Paladium*.

TRANSPARENT DEPTH OF THE SEA ON THE NEW-FOUNDLAND COAST.

My attention was caught by something moving on the bottom twelve or fifteen feet below me, and I soon found it to be covered with lobsters. One or two of these, by means of a pointed stick, we managed to capture. The singular clearness of the water is most remarkable; when the surface is still, the echini, shell-fish, and cretines clinging to the rocks, crabs and lobsters crawling on the bottom, in its depths, are as clearly visible to a depth of thirty or forty feet as in air itself.

In the passage between Trinity Island, or Lewis's Island, and the Frying-pan, the bottom of the sea consisted of huge peaks and mounds of white granite, rising from dark and deep hollows. The extreme clearness of the water rendered these cliffs and peaks all visible as we approached them, though none reached to within three or four fathoms of the surface, and the sensation experienced in sailing over them was most singular, and to me very uncomfortable. I could not look over the boat without extreme giddiness, as if suspended on some aerial height leaning over a tremendous gulf. The same sensation was described to me by a gentleman I afterwards met with, an

experienced hunter and sailor, as assailing him upon his once, in smooth water, taking a boat within the space of some sunken rocks off the Wadham Island's, on which the water broke in bad weather. These rocks he described as three peaks rising from an apparently unfathomable depth, and the sensation, as his boat gently rose and fell between them, was so unpleasant, and indeed awful, that he gladly got away as fast as he could.—*Jukes's Excursions*.

THE PERSIMON TREE OF GEORGIA.

AMONG the trees here, we saw some fine specimens of the persimon, which grows to a height of not less than 50 feet, and about 18 inches in diameter. The leaf is large and of a deep green; and as the branches spread well it forms an extensive shade. It produces a fruit of an oval shape, about an inch and a half in length, of a reddish colour and fleshy pulp, harsh to the taste when fresh, but said to be agreeable after the frost has shrivelled and softened it. The fruit adheres to the tree long after it has shed its leaves; but it ultimately drops off if not gathered, and is then greedily eaten by domestic animals. A single tree will often yield many bushels of this fruit, and it is sometimes pounded up with bran, and made into cakes. These are baked in the ordinary way like bread, and kept dry, when they are from time to time used to make a kind of beer, which is done by dissolving the cake in water, adding to this some hops and yeast, and fermenting it in the usual manner. Brandy even has been distilled from the fermented water in which the persimon fruit had been bruised; but this is rarely made an article of commerce, though frequently used by the households of farmers. The Cherokee plum, small, light red, and of a fleshy pulp, is also abundant here, but the taste was more bitter than sweet, and far from agreeable, and the red mulberry is also seen, but the fruit is not much used.—*Buckingham's Slave States of America*.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

"The crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming."—*Jeremiah viii. 7.*

The migration and periodical flight of birds, instinctively as they must certainly be considered, are yet peculiarly demonstrative of the providential superintendence of the Creator. The natural history of the crane furnishes striking evidence of this assertion. Immediately after landing, we were surprised and delighted with a flight of birds; which we discerned at first like a thick dark speck in the heavens, which gradually enlarged as it approached, and discovered at length the array and order of their flight. They wheeled along their airy movements in the form of a semi-circle, enclosing within itself numbers of smaller circles; the component parts of which were constantly shifting their relative positions, advancing to the front as if by a sudden impulse, then falling back to the rear, alternately occupying and giving place to others. The lively competition was constantly maintained; each of them every instant passing or passed by his fellow. All was grace and harmony, not one discordant movement throughout the whole array; every thing appeared as if regulated by a preconcerted plan, in which every member understood and performed his part with freedom and precision, alike the subordinates and the superiors. They were too high in the air for us to hear any noise from the steering of their wings, or to know what species of birds they were: but we judged them to be cranes. They held on their steady flight from north to south, following the course of the river as far as the eye could accompany them.—*Richardson's Travels*.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

ERRORS IN FAITH AND PRACTICE,
EXEMPLIFIED IN SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

A MOTHER'S TALE.

THERE is something irresistible in truth when it comes to us with all the weight of personal experience, especially when the mind which receives it is calm and serene. One of the many reasons why the experience of others does but little good to us is, simply, that it is forced on us injudiciously, when our minds are under the strong excitement of present affliction. But let the warning be given before the very crisis of sorrow has

unnerved the mind, and it seldom fails to produce a salutary effect. With this brief preamble let my tale commence. May it act as a warning; to such as are prone to make unto themselves idols among the creatures of dust! to such as love the creature more than the Creator.

At the age of twenty years I was left a widow, with an infant son. The loss of a cherished and beloved husband, fell, like an avalanche upon my young and untried heart. For a long time my grief was too great to admit of consolation, nor do I remember having ever received positive comfort from any source. My anguish was too acute for calm endurance, and exhausted itself in unchecked paroxysms. These became less frequent as time brought its never failing mitigation to poignant sorrow, and I gradually gained composure, though not cheerfulness. Indeed, it was my maxim that real grief can never be overcome; that true sensibility defies control. I unhesitatingly pronounced all people to be cold hearted who bore their afflictions unrepiningly. Nothing exasperated me more than to be told by my friends that they were pleased to find I was conquering my inordinate sorrow. To these I always replied sternly, true sorrow can never be conquered; those who love as I did must grieve forever.—Cold hearts may talk of subduing their feelings—where they are really strong they are unconquerable. Such sophistry convinced my own reason, though I was all this time a professing Christian. I read my Bible with due attention, and heard the doctrines of Christianity ably expounded from the pulpit. I thought myself in the safe path of Christian practice, when I resisted the will of Providence with vehement complaints, and avowed murmurs against its decrees.

Meanwhile, my son grew like a well watered plant before my eyes. He was a singularly lovely and intelligent child. Yet I never thanked the Giver of this precious gift, but complained loudly that my happiness was blighted in the bud. My child evinced strong passions from his very cradle, and some of my best friends urged me to check their violence from the commencement. But my constant reply to this salutary counsel was: how can you impose such a task upon a broken hearted creature? Do you not see plainly that I am incapable of any such exertion? Alas! every attempt to speak harshly to my child, would open the fountain of my griefs afresh. He is the living semblance of his father! how can I impose restraints upon such an infant without being guilty of positive cruelty. Ah! it is for cold-hearted people to talk of discipline. The very word brings to my mind chains, fetters and all the horrid implements of tyranny. My only comfort is to indulge this cherished being in every thing; I cannot cross either his wishes or his passions. Besides I see clearly that he has a heart overflowing with sensibility. To check what you call passion, would be to destroy the fine feelings of his heart. I cannot consent to an experiment which might counteract all the noble propensities of his nature.

Thus did I discharge the duties of a Christian mother. My only excuse for nourishing an idolatrous attachment to my son was, that my conjugal affections having been nipt in the bud, all my repressed feelings must needs flow into the newly opened channel of maternal love. Years passed away, and my lovely boy was approaching his tenth year. At this period a malignant disease visited our village, and was peculiarly fatal to children of his age. Many were carried off by it, and I was surrounded by mourning parents. My mind was thrown into a state of disorder which can scarcely be explained in words. I felt agonizing sympathy with the afflicted, but I never could realise an apprehension that their doom might become mine. No, I had a vague idea connected with my notions of heavenly goodness, that I had borne my full burden of sorrow, and should not again be tasked so heavily. That, in short, I was to be spared now, nay, had almost a right to claim exemption from future trouble, because I had been already borne to the earth by one surpassingly heavy stroke. Although I knew many widows, some struggling under complicated adversities, some called to suffer this new grief by my very side, yet I never compared my case with theirs. A strange idea possessed my mind that my having mourned so deeply over one sorrow, was to give me a title of exemption from another. Thus, I laboured

under the miserable delusion of supposing that my self-indulgence was to be rewarded by the future forbearance of Heaven.—That the All-merciful would spare one who had shown such keen sensibility, and such an incapacity to bear sorrow. Alas! what will not self-love devise to save itself from conviction and condemnation.

One night I was appalled by signs of indisposition in my child; I passed the night in agony by his bed-side, in tears and incoherent supplications. At day-break I summoned medical assistance, and fell into a swoon, when the physician gently communicated his apprehension that the epidemic had seized my idol. On my recovery I turned from a well meaning old friend who was whispering lessons of resignation in my half insensible ear. Talk not of resignation, said I, almost fiercely, that virtue may belong to the poor in spirit and the cold in heart. I never could, and never can be resigned; when my adored husband died he carried more than half my existence with him; the rest was only sustained by love for his child.—If he is to go, rely on it, grief will carry me off before him. When I know to a certainty that he is to be taken, I shall go before him. My heart was not made for endurance. It can break, but not bend. My old friend sighed, but said no more.

The progress of my son's illness was inconceivably rapid. I could see that almost every body around me thought it a desperate case. Yet my strange feeling of security remained. I prayed incessantly, with almost frantic impetuosity, that this cup might pass by me, but I shrank vehemently from the closing sentence of the blessed prayer. The fact was, that I never had attempted to submit to the will of my Creator, nor could I bear to dwell upon the idea that submission was an imperious Christian requisition. At length my child's illness reached its climax, and I was gently and with tender sympathy informed that his recovery was hopeless. What! said I, starting wildly from my seat, do you mean impudently to set bounds to the mercy of God? Who shall dare affirm that my child cannot yet be raised from his dying bed? I have asked it in faith; let us all pray for my recovery. Yes, as surely as we are permitted to ask that we may receive, so surely may the only son of his mother, and she a widow, be saved from death; let us all unite in prayer for my precious boy. A clergyman of approved piety was present. I besought him to lead our intercessions, and cast myself with a frantic gesture upon my knees. All who were present bent humbly before God, and the voice of prayer arose amid almost breathless attention. The holy man prayed with earnest and touching fervour; he besought the Lord to have pity upon the widowed mother; to spare her only child to be a comfort to her future days. He asked forgiveness for all our sins in the name of the blessed Saviour, and spoke of the gracious promises of heavenly mercy, like one who had hitherto confided wholly in their sustaining power. His voice softened as he spoke of a mother's love, stronger than death—of the blessed privilege of intercessory prayer, so often the solace of human misery at its most awful crisis. He dwelt on the omnipotence of God, and of his infinite mercy which so often prompted the exercise of that boundless power. Nevertheless, added he, if it should be thy will to take this much loved sufferer from a world of sin and misery, Oh, grant thy fullest grace and most powerful strength to the bereaved parent; uphold her in her hour of keenest anguish, grant her resignation.—Stay, exclaimed I, half frantic with mental agony, ask not for resignation, I do not desire to be resigned if I must lose my darling; I ask nothing of Almighty power, but that my grief may be permitted to destroy me speedily—say nothing of my resignation, but ask the life of my child. If the Scripture be true, the prayer of faith will raise the sick, nay even the dead. This strange unholy interruption of the general devotions seemed to appal my assembled friends. The clergyman remained silent for some moments, then concluded his prayer in a lower tone of voice.

Reader! this prayer so vehemently urged—so presumptuous in its requisition, was heard and answered. The inscrutable wisdom of the Most High answered a petition which contained no humble reference to His will. My child arose from his bed of suffering, and became once more the light of my eyes—the joy of my

heart. There were some who ventured to whisper that they thought me worthy of this blessing. A signal mercy—almost a miracle had been granted to one who declared herself unwilling to let the will of her Father in Heaven be done. Did not this savour of presumption! For myself, I exulted in what I regarded as the triumph of faith; but mark the sequel. This idol of an erring and presumptuous heart; this child who was dearer to me than my hopes of heaven, lived to be the scourge of a miserable existence. Yes, he grew up to manhood with a person like the fallen Lucifer, beautiful even in its degradation.

But every vice that ever polluted the earth rioted and triumphed in his bosom. He lived—a heaven-defying sinner; was arraigned again and again before the tribunal of human justice, and escaped again and again by the subtleties of legal subtlety.

But the cup of his iniquities was at length full. Without a dream of penitence—without a thought of repentance, he cast defiance in the teeth of justice; challenged the wrath of an avenging God, and swore away his last breath on a scaffold.

Say! ye who have bent submissively over the dying bed of a cherished babe! who have mourned the early dead with child-like resignation to a Father's will, say would you exchange conditions with the unhappy being whose story is before you? Learn from it that God sometimes spares in his just anger what it would have been mercy to have removed.—*So. Churchman.*

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE MINISTER'S DEATH-BED.

Oh! that death-bed scene! On earth there is nothing like it? Whether the monarch or philosopher die, there is no thrill of agony or delight felt in other worlds like that created by the departure of the minister of God from the scene of his mighty responsibilities. Almost can the eye of sense discern the scroll in the hand of the recording angel, bearing on its flaming page the deeds of the summoned spirit, and the forthcoming sentence—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—or "Bind him hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth for ever."

The gay drapery of the world falls off—the airy fancies that had filled his imagination vanish away; and the material universe, like a naked skeleton, stands out before him bearing on its front, in broad capitals of lurid light, the oft-forgotten truth—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

Around him mingle the angels of light, and the fiends of darkness. Heaven opens. Hell discloses its fiery deep. All is solemnity, now—whether "the angel of mercy" bear the spirit triumphantly upward, or despair seize its victim, and drag him downward to the realms of endless night! But then comes the day for which all other days were made—when the good man and the mean, the mighty man and the slave, the priest of the altar and the door-keeper of God's house, shall stand together before the bar of eternal judgment.

"O, my soul, hast thou fought the good fight, and kept the faith—has the word of God been within thee as a burning fire, shut up in thy bones—hast thou conducted others through tears and prayers up to heaven's gates—have none perished through thy negligence, and love of ease, and fear of man; canst thou meet the Judge of all, and appeal to him that none have stumbled over thy bad example, formality of service, vain glory, and ambition in the world of wo? Hast thou no accusers there, who will testify—"You saw me in the way to hell and held your peace—you knew me to be thoughtless, and did not warn me—to be presumptuous, and did not rebuke me—to be entangled in the mazes of error and vicious indulgence, and did not extricate me—if you spoke it was but flattery—if you smiled, it was to secure favor—if you labored, it was but for the meat that perisheth!" "Ah me! what cursing then is heaped upon my head by ruined souls that charge me with their murder!"—*Rev. Dr. Storr's Nat. Preacher for Ang.*

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST ALL-SUFFICIENT.

No obedience or suffering of any mere creature can atone for sin. Conscience, wounded by guilt, dropping in the glimmerings of tradition, besotted with ignorance, and abused by imposture, has tried various expedients to propitiate Deity. Ablutions, pilgrimages, penances, and a thousand other superstitions, abound in pagan and anti-Christian nations. Wealth is lavished in offerings of peace, and the body is tortured for the relief of the soul. Lying vanities all! Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, and ten thousand rivers of oil?—Shall I give my first-born for my transgression; the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? Ah no! The evil lies infinitely deeper than to be reached by such remedies. The sacrifice, which will be to God a sweet-smelling savour, cannot be offered by men, nor by angels, nor by man and angels united. Not by men—for the end of an atonement is to deliver them from that very curse which must be borne in making it. Not by angels—for this would be inconsistent with the truth of God, which denounced the curse upon the *human nature*. Not by an angel-man—because no combination of created natures can sustain the wrath, or magnify the law, or vindicate the government of God. An overwhelming difficulty therefore remains. Where is the sufferer to be found? Who shall yield an obedience to merit heaven for millions, or offer up for their soul the redeeming sacrifice? The mere possibility of relief without a friend to apply it, only adds to our distraction. The light which was dawning upon our darkness recedes, and leaves us to deeper horrors. But hark! it is the voice of the Deliverer! Lo, I come. Who art thou, most gracious? I, that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. It is the only-begotten Son of God, who comes, clothed with humanity, for the salvation of perishing sinners.—*Dr. Mason.*

WITHIN—NOT WITHOUT.

Look at the mass of mankind; they are seeking happiness; but whence? From outward delights; from wealth, from honor, from friendship, from the pleasures of sense. It does not occur to them that an inward preparation of mind is necessary to make even these objects the ministers of solid good;—to say nothing of the higher sources of happiness, which pertain to man's spiritual nature. O, blindness unparalleled! Will a sick man neglect the disease that is wasting his vitals and racking his frame with agony, and seek health, and strength, and rest, from delicious lands, from sweet odors, from soft music, from goodly prospect? Will he quench the flame of a fever by the fragrance of a rose? Will he cure an ague by arraying his body in gorgeous apparel? Will he remove a deep-seated consumption by listening to a jovial song? Will he heal a dropsy by feasting on a dainty meal? Will he eradicate a cancer by gazing upon a pleasant garden? Will he restore a mortified limb by resting it upon a downy pillow? Will he do all this sooner than the sinner will find peace from objects of external good. The torment is within him. His soul is a den of corrupt passions, a cage of impure desires. It is desperately diseased with pride, self-will, rebellion, discontent, envy, fear, inordinate affections of every kind. These are the fever, the ague, and the dropsy of the mind. These he carries to the pursuit of earthly good, and it is all one whether he is successful or unsuccessful. If successful,—if, for example, he gains wealth,—then he is a miserable rich man; if unsuccessful, he is a miserable poor man. The wretchedness is in the soul itself, and all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them can neither remove nor palliate it.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CHRISTIAN.

How great and honourable is the privilege of a true believer! That he has neither wisdom nor strength in himself is no disadvantage; for he is connected with infinite wisdom and almighty power. Though weak as a worm, his arms are strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob, and all things become possible, yea easy to him, that occur within the compass of his proper duty and calling. The Lord whom he serves, engages to proportion his strength to his day, whether

it be a day of service or of suffering; and, though he be fallible and short-sighted, exceedingly liable to mistake and imposition, yet while he retains a sense that he is so, and with the simplicity of a child asks counsel and direction of the Lord, he seldom takes a wrong step, at least not in matters of consequence—and even his inadvertencies are overruled for good. If he forgets his true state, and thinks himself to be something, he presently finds he is indeed nothing, he is sure to find a seasonable and abundant communication of all that he wants. Thus he lives, like Israel in the wilderness, upon mere bounty; but then it is a bounty unwearied, inexhaustible, and all-sufficient.—*Rev. J. Newton.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

"GOD SHALL SEND FORTH HIS MERCY AND HIS TRUTH."

Mr. PRESSENSE, the Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Paris, has recently communicated the edifying narrative which follows. It is a vivid, practical illustration of the glorious prophecy, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—*Chr. Int.*

"About twenty months ago, a young man from the neighbourhood of Chartres, the son of a farmer in easy circumstances, felt himself called upon to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, house and lands, and to betake himself to Paris. He had led a gay life; and, though brought up in the Romish Church, had thrown off the yoke, and, as an infidel, ridiculed the Priests and the Clergy. In this state of mind—which, alas! is the state of the great majority of the population of our country—he was accosted one day by a colporteur, who offered him a Bible for sale, and at the same time addressed him in an earnest tone upon the great doctrines of salvation which it contained. Astonished at this address, the young man made some further inquiry; and at once declared that what he heard was *altogether different from the religion professed by the Priests*. After suitable explanations, he soon discovered that the New Testament made known to him things, both respecting God and the way of his own salvation, which he had not previously been taught. He immediately purchased a copy, and such was the impression produced on his mind by the conversation of the colporteur, that he resolved without delay to examine the Scriptures, and to make a diligent and careful search after the Truth. The Lord, in mercy, blessed his endeavors; and, by the aid of his word, caused the scales to fall from his eyes; convincing him of his state of guilt and condemnation, and leading him to the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ, where, through faith, he was enabled to obtain the assurance of pardon and reconciliation. Rejoicing in the happiness of the children of God, his first care was to devote himself wholly to the service of Him who had so greatly loved him; and calling to mind the instrument by which the Lord had been pleased to rescue him from a state of infidelity, he could not refrain from considering the calling of a colporteur as that by which he himself would be best able to glorify his God and Saviour. Under this impression, he arrived in Paris, with the full intention of offering his services to those Christian friends who had colporteurs in their employ, and respecting whom the individual who sold him a Bible had given him some cursory information. The persons of whom he first made inquiries concerning the object of his search, in the public streets, either did not understand him, or treated him with ridicule. As, however, he persisted in speaking of Bibles and Testaments, some one whom he encountered thinking he wished to visit our depot, gave him my address. I was greatly affected and edified by the love which he manifested towards the Lord and his fellow creatures; and it struck me that I had providentially met with one who was likely to prove a valuable assistant in our work. Accordingly I engaged him; and sent him to one of our oldest colporteurs, a man of unfeigned piety, but who had not had the advantage of a good education: recommending him to profit by the opportunity afforded him, in learning of his new companion to read more fluently, and to write, when they should retire to their nightly quarters. The Lord has eminently blessed the

labors of these his children since their meeting together, so that in the space of twenty-two months they have actually sold nearly 6000 copies of the Bible or New Testament. At the same time, the young person alluded to has made the most satisfactory progress with his friend in the knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, so that he has become an intelligent and active defender of his principles; and it may with justice be said of him, 'He lives, and therefore he speaks.' Full of faith and joy, he wrote to his parents, to inform them of the great change which had taken place in him, and of the happiness and peace which reigned in his heart; entreating them also to devote themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ. His father paid little attention to his appeal; and his mother, who was a bigoted Roman, alarmed at the state of her son, and instigated by the Priests, first accused him of heresy, and then broke off all connexion with him. It happened, however, that some time afterwards a colporteur visited the village in which the mother resided, and the Lord was pleased to conduct him to her house. His address interested her; she listened to him attentively, and was not a little struck at the great resemblance between his conversation and the contents of her son's letters. Her curiosity was more and more awakened; she became less reserved; spoke in terms of deep regret of the heresy of her son; and seized with avidity upon the assurances of the colporteur, who sought to undeceive her in regard to him. In fine, so greatly did the Lord bless the conversation to her soul, that before it was brought to a close, the poor woman felt convinced that the views of her son were correct, and that it was she herself who was wandering in the mazes of error. She quickly wrote to her son, begging him to return to her; alleging, that she wanted much to see him; and to be instructed by him in the way of salvation, of which she stood so much in need. Our young colporteur was labouring on the coast of the Mediterranean, when his mother's invitation reached him. He immediately requested me to grant his dismissal; and set out on a journey of more than 200 leagues, anxious to communicate to his friends and relatives some portion of that Gospel light which had been vouchsafed to himself, and by which he had been instrumental in opening the eyes of many of his fellow sinners."

THE JEWS AND THE HOLY LAND.

ON Thursday evening last, the Rev. R. Murray M'Cheyne, of St. Peter's, Dundee, who formed one of the deputation appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to visit Palestine and the neighbouring countries on a mission to the Jews, delivered an interesting and highly instructive address in Brunswick Chapel, in this town, (Newcastle-upon-Tyne) on the present condition and prospects of God's ancient people, which was listened to with devout attention by a crowded audience. We cannot presume to present our readers with anything approaching to an account of the subject so ably elucidated by the Rev. gentlemen, and which seemed to make a very deep impression on his hearers.—We have had many narratives of visits to the Holy land, but we never listened to one where our minds were so strikingly presented with God's truth and faithfulness in the exact and literal fulfilment of prophecy, as when the Rev. Mr. M'Cheyne, in his simple and graphic manner, described the scenes he witnessed, and we have no doubt many who heard him will now look with deeper interest into the prophetic allusions in Scripture, regarding that people so wonderful from their beginnings hitherto. We have a fearful picture of the deplorable condition and spiritual degradation of the Jews in Palestine, Moldavia, Wallachia and other places which the deputation visited, showing that they are a depressed and disconsolate people, sighing for the restoration of Jerusalem and Zion. The Rev. Gentleman forcibly pointed out the duty incumbent on Christians to plead for, and do much for that scattered people; and the blessings promised to that Church or people, who anxiously and sincerely sought their welfare, exhibiting as a beacon and a warning the present condition of Poland, a country that had treated them unkindly. On the whole, we felt much gratified and edified by the observations of Mr. M'Cheyne, and have no doubt he has awakened a lively interest in the object he has in view.—*Newcastle Advertiser.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1842.

The responsibility which is attached to the Christian character should never for one moment be lost sight of. This responsibility is in proportion to the talents, circumstances, and influence enjoyed by the Christian, and increases in proportion as opportunities for usefulness present themselves, whether in the Church or in the world. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven," is a Divine command that should constantly influence the conduct of every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Whilst the claims of the perishing heathen world demand, and are entitled to, our sympathies and most zealous exertions, the spiritual necessities of those more immediately within the sphere of our influence cannot be neglected or trifled with, without incurring the displeasure of heaven. Are there none of our relatives or acquaintances living without the enjoyment of religion—urging their downward course to eternal misery? And can we associate with them from time to time, conscious of this fact, and never administer one word of reproof or exhortation; but, on the contrary, by our silence and apparent indifference, encourage them in their neglect of God, and in trifling with the interests of their undying spirits? Alas! we fear we are too generally guilty in this matter. Was their temporal life threatened with imminent danger, should we not immediately fly to their relief, and use every exertion to rescue them from death? And shall we behold them standing on the brink of ruin, and exposed every moment to the bitter pains of death eternal, and put forth no effort to snatch them from the awful gulf?

Let us at once awake from this state of criminal supineness and indifference, and if any go down to the pit who may have been accessible to us, let us see to it that we are not chargeable with their ruin. Rebuke should be administered faithfully and affectionately, so as to secure their attention, and to convince them of the sincerity of our motive; and not in that harsh manner which will invariably produce the opposite conviction, and which, we regret to say, is far too generally practised.

Were we, as Christians, more alive to the spiritual condition of those around us, our own souls would more abundantly prosper, and we should be made the happy instruments in the salvation of those with whom we are associated here—be the means, under God, of introducing them to the blest society of heaven; and thus, extend the kingdom of the Redeemer in the world, and augment the number of those who shall be eternally saved.

JUVENILE SABBATH SCHOOL TEA MEETING.—We were much gratified, on the evening of the 5th instant, by witnessing an assemblage of the children belonging to the Wesleyan Sabbath School in Griffintown, who

were convened by their teachers in the commodious school-room of the Wesleyan Chapel, and treated with tea and cake. We believe this is the first attempt of the kind ever made in this city; and the success which attended it will, doubtless, induce other Sabbath Schools to follow the example. Notwithstanding there were about one hundred and seventy children present, the utmost order and good behaviour prevailed throughout the entire evening.

The Rev. W. Squire conducted the religious services, which consisted in singing several appropriate hymns selected for the occasion, and prayer. Interesting addresses were delivered by several friends of the school, who expressed themselves highly gratified by the quiet, and general good behaviour of the children. It was truly delightful to listen to the praises of God ascending from so many young voices, and to witness the happy expression that sat upon every countenance. The excellent arrangements gave entire satisfaction, and the conduct of the children reflected much credit upon the superintendent and teachers of the school. At an early hour the little ones were dismissed, who will no doubt carry with them a lasting and grateful recollection of this expression of love on the part of those who have the care of their religious instruction.

GIDEON OUSLEY.

The following beautiful and striking miniature likeness of that great and good man, Gideon Ousley, is from the pen of Dr. Elliott, editor of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate. There was something in Mr. Ousley's refusing the peerage and estates of his ancestors, and "choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God," so strange that we question if his parallel can be found in all history, except in the case of Moses. Blessed man, his reward must be great!—*N. Y. Advocate.*

Mr. Ousley was a marvellous man. He possessed a strong mind, well cultivated with a good university education. He was of a noble family, but became an itinerant Methodist preacher early in life, and for about fifty years kept the field, in labors most abundant. He preached in the Irish and English languages with equal fluency. The Irish language (the opinion of others to the contrary notwithstanding,) is the foremost language under heaven for the pulpit. In this he preached with power to those who understood it. His pulpit performances usually amounted to twenty-one each week; two each day, in the open air, and one each evening, in a church, house, barn, &c., as the case might be. He preached thousands of sermons on horseback, in the markets, at horse-races, cock-fights, &c.; and when the multitudes were inclined to leave, which was seldom the case, he followed them in their movements. He was often persecuted, way-laid, and beat so as to be left for dead; but God always raised him up. The Popish clergy hated him to execration: and though many attempts were made on his life, he always escaped except with the loss of one eye. His violent persecutors mostly came to an untimely end. So manifest was the hand of God in his preservation that the Papists concluded it would not do to kill him, as by this means he would obtain the reputation of a martyr. He controverted, most freely, the errors of Popery, and exposed them unsparingly, always remembering to point the errorist to the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Many thousands were converted from Popery through his instrumentality.

At the death of Sir Gore Ousley, his uncle, he became heir to his estate and his peerage; but he relinquished both in favor of the next heir, and continued his preaching till death. Few men of the age equalled him for usefulness and labors.

MARRIED.—On the 11th inst., at Lachine Grove, by the Rev. John Taylor, the Rev. Henry Eason, Minister of St. Gabriel's Church, Montreal, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Campbell, Esq., W. S. of Carbrook, Surlingham.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

ON THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the passing day;"
"Live while you live the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let each united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

DODDRIDGE.

THE pursuit of happiness is what men generally make their first care; all desire to be happy, and this is natural to the human heart; but there is a wide diversity of opinion as to the manner by which this end is to be attained. Some consider it to consist in the possession of one thing, and some in another—consequently, many are the paths in which happiness is sought; yet the result is frequently the same, and those who have proved themselves most industrious in the search, have been forced to acknowledge, that they have "spent their labour for that which satisfieth not."

To one just entering upon the career of life, the acquisition of wealth seems to be "the one thing needful," and in the pursuit of this, youth passes away—health is often sacrificed—the mind, like an uncultivated field, lies waste—and the heart becomes cold, its natural affections blighted by the idolatry of mammon, and death lays his hand upon the seeker, ere he has "got ready to die." Is this doubted? Look around in the crowded city, and observe the fate of many of the most ardent votaries of wealth, and it will be seen that the picture is not exaggerated.

Look at another, whom fortune seems to have favoured by the inheritance of the fruits of the labour and toils of others. He considers that all he has to do, is to enjoy life. He thinks he possesses the means to purchase happiness, and he seeks it in the indulgence of the senses, in the haunts of dissipation, in the wine cup, the "broad way" that leads to the destruction of all that is noble, and of "good repute" in man—not employing the "talents" which Providence had so bountifully bestowed, in a manner that might have produced good to himself and to others, but abusing them to his own injury, as well as to that of those around him, by an example of ruinous folly and extravagance. He has drunk of the poisoned cup which promised him pleasure; instead of which, he reaps decayed health, premature old age, a blasted reputation, and the gnawings of remorse, that "worm that dieth not," and a mere lumberer of the earth, he descends to the grave, without living out half his days, unhonoured and unmourned. How truly do such "spend their money for that which is not bread."

Another, fired by the name of glory, seeks renown in the battle field, and he may succeed in winning a high place among the great ones of the earth; yet he is not satisfied. Napoleon, in the midst of unrivalled success, presented a life in which there was little to be envied; and the great Alexander, after vanquishing the then known world, wept that there remained no more for him to conquer.

Another may enter the enticing path of literature, full of the determination to seek his happiness there: and his is a nobler and a better aim. Years may be passed in the acquisition of languages, in the pursuit of science—and the reward may be great. Besides the high degree of pleasure attending the occupation of the mind thus, the world may admire and respect his talents, and fame may weave a wreath around his name, which it is destined to preserve after he has gone down to the grave; yet is the end attained? Has he found happiness? Does not the nature of man demand something more than this? Can fame place him beyond the reach of "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," or present a balm that has power to soothe and heal the wounded heart? No! Religion alone can do this, and a knowledge of its truths, and grace to practise them, is of more importance to man than all that can be offered by wealth, pleasure, or fame. Of how little consequence do these appear in the hour of death! How vain their ability to dry the tear of sorrow, or to console the mourner, under the various trials of life. At such seasons there is but one fountain of consolation that sends forth "living waters"

—all others avail not. Religion, and that alone, can support the mind under the afflictions that all, sooner or later, must be called upon to endure. And those only can be said to be happy who believe in its promises, and seek to conform their lives to its precepts.

The Christian religion forbids nothing but what is hurtful to man, and enjoins upon him the practice of all that can improve the heart, elevate the mind, and, by exalting his nature, approximate him to the divine example of Him, who was "without spot and without blemish." Unbelievers themselves frequently acknowledge that they consider Christians as the most happy; and if this is conceded by the enemies of religion, how much should those who have felt its power to bless, prize the inestimable gift. O that men would make it their first care to acquaint themselves with God. What other knowledge can be half so important to them? "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth."

Man is and was designed to be an active being, and the exercise of his energies and talents in a manner consistent with the character of a Christian, is not only proper, but a positive duty, which he owes to himself and others. A moderate and honourable pursuit of wealth may enable a good man to extend his sphere of usefulness, and by giving him the means to assist his less fortunate brethren, it opens a source of pure and disinterested enjoyment. But let the prosperous beware of the *deceitfulness of riches*—that the love of gold does not become an all-absorbing passion, for which what is of far more consequence, is forgotten and neglected.

Are we not all taken up too much with the things of time and sense? Does not their influence veil from our sight much that would exalt the mind and refine the affections? Could we be induced to commune more with God, and our own hearts, and to look up to the Creator through his great and glorious works, we should be rewarded by obtaining pure and living waters, satisfying to the soul; whereas we may drink deeply of every worldly spring of happiness, yet the result is the same—we "thirst again;" for earth has nothing to offer that can fill the desires of the immortal spirit.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon
Gutting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR,—On Tuesday evening last, a meeting of the teachers and friends of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools in this city, was held in the school-room adjoining the St. Anne Street Chapel. The Rev. M. Lang presided. After tea, the Rev. T. Osgood, who was present, addressed the meeting, and stated some highly interesting and important facts connected with Sabbath Schools. Several speakers followed, and a number of anecdotes were related, tending to show the blessed results, under God, of Sabbath School instruction; and we parted, greatly encouraged to persevere in our work of faith and labour of love.
Quebec, Nov. 7, 1842. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HEATHEN AT THE JUDGMENT.—A Presbyterian minister, addressing an audience in this city, once said:—When I contemplate the heathen as immortal, the subject swells into a magnitude beyond the range of imagination. Every one of them will be an angel or a devil, millions of ages after the funeral of this world. Each of them will experience happiness more than all in heaven have yet enjoyed, or misery more than all in hell have yet endured. To think of the perdition of one pagan soul, is enough to awaken the deepest sympathy of the whole human race. But to contemplate the ruin of the hundreds of millions now on the earth, whose numbers are to be renewed once in twenty years, what heart

can fail to dissolve in grief, and vehemently cry out for help to God and man? The fashion of this world is passing away, the sign of the Son of Man will appear in heaven, and you and all the heathen nations will be before his bar. When I ask you if it will not appear of more importance to have converted a single pagan, than to have amassed the treasures of the Indies? I behold one of those heathen brought along in chains to receive his doom, and looking down into an eternal lake of fire "Ah me!" says he, "and am I born to this?" He casts an eye of anguish on those who once composed these churches, and raises his piercing lamentations—"How could you see me perish? Why did you not send the Gospel to me? Ah! you never felt the pains of damnation!"—*Foreign Missionary.*

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—One of the deaf and dumb in the Institution of Paris being desired to express his ideas of the eternity of the Deity, replied, "It is duration, without beginning or end; existence without bounds or dimensions; present without past or future. His eternity is youth without infancy or old age, life without birth or death; to-day without yesterday or tomorrow."

THE SABBATH.—It is like a stream which has no cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course.

THE GRATEFUL SCHOLARS.—A few years ago a number of boys, who had been taught in a Sabbath-school near Sheffield, met in a field; and instead of spending their money in oranges, on what is called Shrove-Tuesday, they agreed to give all they had to their teacher, who they knew was in great distress. They tied up the money in an old cloth; and when it was dark, they opened his door, and threw it into the house. Inside of the parcel was a small piece of paper, on which was written; "Trust in the Lord, do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PROVINCE OF CANADA.

ILLNESS OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—We regret to learn that Sir Charles Bagot has been seriously indisposed; but, according to the latest account, we are happy to say, he was considered convalescent. We subjoin the following paragraph from the *Toronto Herald*:—

By arrivals yesterday, we learn that on Saturday evening, when the boat left Kingston, His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot was lying dangerously ill. It is also stated, on good authority, that His Excellency the Governor General received by the *Caledonia* despatches from the Colonial Secretary, censuring, in no measured terms, the fatal policy pursued by His Excellency towards the Loyal party in this Province. A few days will confirm or disprove the rumor.

EARTHQUAKE.

WE copy the following particulars of the late Earthquake from the *Montreal Transcript*; conceiving that the account of so unusual an occurrence in this country, is worthy of being preserved:—

Extract from a letter dated River du Loup, November 9, 1842:—

"This parish and environs was visited by a most severe shock of an earthquake on Monday, the 7th instant. The earth was agitated to such an extent, that many house chimneys fell. Its commencement was at six minutes to nine o'clock, and its duration about one minute. The thundering noise was great and powerful, and a general consternation was the result. During the remainder of the day the weather was still cloudy and heavy, and many were fearful of a repetition of the shock, which providentially did not take place."

We were informed, this morning, that several violent shocks of an earthquake were felt, on Monday, at Three Rivers, Sorel, and Berthier. The inhabitants, it is said, were much alarmed, and many fled from their houses, and from Divine Worship. Fearing exaggeration, we delay further particulars, until received in some more authentic shape.—*Mercury of Tuesday.*

Several shocks of an earthquake were felt at Three Rivers, Sorel and adjacent parts, on Monday morning, the 7th instant, about nine o'clock. They were preceded by a noise like that of an explosion, and the

shocks were sufficiently strong to excite some apprehensions. Something of the kind is said to have been perceived in the neighborhood of Quebec about the same time.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The *Canadian* of Wednesday evening last, gives the following account of the recent shock of an earthquake, received in a letter from Three Rivers:—

"This morning, about 10 o'clock, we experienced a violent shock of an earthquake. I was present at a marriage, (we omit the names of the parties) and the grand vicar, Mr. Cook, had reached the *Agnus Dei*, when on a sudden a sound was heard resembling the rolling of a cart over hard frozen ground; this noise continued, perhaps, for four seconds, and was followed by an explosion resembling that of a twenty-four-pounder; the trembling of the earth then commenced, shaking the walls of the church, and making its arched roof crack in a fearful and surprising manner; I thought the building, which was crowded with people, would have crumbled over our heads. The scene which ensued baffles description; the piercing lamentations of the females, and cries of terror of the men, with the piteous, despairing shrieks of the children, were truly awful. A general rush was made to the door, by the congregation,—the reverend pastor and the affianced couple alone retaining their position,—not without however feelings of great apprehension, as to what might happen. The weather-cock on the steeple spun, as in a high wind. This trembling lasted for five or six seconds; had it endured beyond, the church must have fallen, and many would have perished. Descending the steps, I raised three females whom the crowd, in the crush of their escape, had thrown to the ground, but they were so affrighted as to be incapable of standing. The shock was violent throughout the town. Glassware was destroyed, stones detached from the chimneys, and window-panes broken in many houses; universal terror reigned. It was strongly felt at the St. Maurice Forges, at Yamachiche, and Point du Lac, and still more so at Beaucour, Nicolet, and St. Gregoire. The waters of the Saint Lawrence were seen by many to be violently agitated."

In addition to the above, we have been favoured with the following particulars, by a friend, who was at Three Rivers, at the time; and have received the subjoined letter, on the subject, by post this morning, from Riviere du Loup. We further learn that it extended down the St. Lawrence to St. Anne, and even to St. Augustin, in the neighbourhood of this city.

"Precisely at 9 o'clock, A.M., on Monday, the 7th instant, I was sitting at breakfast, at Bernard's Hotel, on the Stein Boat Wharf, at Three Rivers, when a sudden shock, or concussion, was felt, so severe as to cause my "compagnon du dejeuner" and self, to stare at each other perfectly aghast;—the house actually seemed to reel to and fro, like a drunken man—the floor trembled beneath us, the table shook, as though suddenly grasped by some one in the act of falling, and all the breakfast apparatus jingled again, from the violence of the shock!—my own impression was, that some large steamer, in coming into port, having suddenly lost her helm, had come crashing against and destroying the wharf, and would also shake or break down the house, which, to say the truth, is none of the steadiest or most secure on its foundation. Of course the whole of the windows rattled a good deal for the instant, which, with the jarring of the whole house, caused a considerable noise, but I myself heard none that could be said to accompany the earthquake—though I understood that other persons, particularly on the south side of the St. Lawrence, heard a low rumbling (or, as mine heat at Port St. Francis, expressed it, a "lumbering") sound, immediately preceding the shock.—A gentleman, who was at Nicolet, at the time of the earthquake, described the sensation he experienced, as similar to that which would be felt by a person sitting in a house which, moving at a rapid rate, should suddenly bump upon some solid obstruction, which, in effect, would be somewhat similar to my supposed case of the steamer.

Doctor Gilmour, who was in the act of passing along the street to visit me, at the Hotel, describes his sensation to have been as though suddenly electrified, his legs tottering under him in a most unaccountable manner. I heard several rumors of plates knocked down from the stove on which they were warming, of a chimney thrown down, an old ruin ditto, &c., but whether authentic, or not, I had not time to enquire: the whole passed over in an instant. I have experienced two earthquakes in the West Indies, both lasted considerably longer than this, but the latter was very much more violent than either of the former. I have no doubt but that we shall find hereafter that some terrible commotion has taken place further south."

At River du Loup, District of Three Rivers, on the 7th instant, at a quarter past nine o'clock in the morning, was felt a heavy shock of an earthquake; duration about fifteen seconds. The inhabitants were greatly alarmed, but we have not heard of any serious damage being done. In the shop of Messrs. G. H. Hyde & Co. several articles of glassware were shaken from the shelves.

POETRY.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

HYMN.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

O THOU great Being, by whose power,
The glorious orbs of heaven were made—
Whose mandate guides the circling hour,
And "earth's foundations strongly laid."

The mighty seas are kept by thee,
As in the hollow of thine hand;
The mountains, rising bold and free,
Fix'd in their places firmly stand.

Revolving seasons, in their turns,
Display thy love, thy wondrous power—
And each bright star in heaven that burns,
Proclaims it to the humblest flower.

In vain we seek to cast our eyes,
Beyond the impress of thy hand;
The sun's warm rays, the moon-lit skies,
Reflect thy might from land to land.

O if there are, who coldly turn
Away from Nature's glorious book,
And her pure teachings dare to spurn
With the blind sceptic's scornful look;

Wilt thou, O Lord, the veil remove
That hides the bright, the glowing sight?
Smile on them with thy heavenly love,
And turn their darkness into light.

A WANDERER.

Woul'st thou with deep repentance bring
A wanderer to the fold of God?
Use not Reproaches' bitter sting,
Or hold to view an iron rod.

With pleasant words—and looks that speak
The warm out-gushings of the heart,
Go—and the adamant will break,
And tears of deep contrition start.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

↪ We beg respectfully to announce to our country subscribers, that their accounts for the half year of the present volume of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR, have been prepared and sent to them. As our terms are "in advance," we hope our friends will not regard the application as premature; but, on the contrary, will be induced, from a consideration of the expenses consequent upon the publication of our paper, (which are considerable), promptly to remit, through the Agents or Postmasters, the amount of their respective subscriptions.

The accounts of those who are still in arrears for the first volume, have also been forwarded—from whom, immediate payment is respectfully requested. A list of Agents will be found on our last page.

GEORGE MATTHEWS,
ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND
COPPERPLATE PRINTER,
NO. 10, ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
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Fac Similes, Circulars, Plans, Views, &c. &c. &c. on the most liberal terms.

N. B.—Funeral Circulars on the shortest notice.
Montreal, November 3, 1842. 7

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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.

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Notre Dame Street.
MONTREAL.

EDWARD HOWELL,
GROCER,
OPPOSITE MESSRS. H. BENSON & CO.
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August 12, 1841.

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IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER
IN
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.
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August 12, 1841.

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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.

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He will give his best attention to the sale of consignments, and purchase of every description of GOODS, PRODUCE, &c., Liquors excepted, and will spare no exertions that will render his services advantageous to those who may confide their interests to his care.

He begs to say, that for the last eleven years he has been employed in one of the most extensive HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENTS in this city, during the last seven of which he has had the charge of the business, and that for the seven years preceding he was employed in the GROCERY LINE, and has engaged the services of a person who possesses an intimate knowledge of DRY GOODS.

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ALEX. BRYSON.

Montreal, April 21, 1842. 19

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PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
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opposite Dr. Holmes's.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR, respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that having purchased a NEW PRINTING OFFICE, and established himself as above, he is prepared to execute, in the best style, every description of PRINTING, viz:

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All Orders entrusted to his care, shall meet with immediate attention.

Charges very moderate.

JOHN E. L. MILLER.

Montreal, May 5, 1842.

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