

Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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POETRY.

THE FLOATING CHAPEL.

'Twas Sabbath morn. The summer sun in cloudless splendour shone,
And tinged with gold each curling wave, as soft it rippled on;
I was on the winding shore, bespread with pebbles rare,
For thus I hoped ere noon to reach the distant House of Prayer.

I came where by the river's bank some stately vessels lay,
And many seamen sought the beach in Sabbath raiment gay;
I marked not, as they passed along, their staid and thoughtful air,
But sighed and wished they'd turn with me and seek the House of Prayer.

At length a steamer fair and broad my fixed attention drew,
For in its folds it gave the Dove and Olive branch to view;
The seamen climbed the vessel's side which did that banner bear,
I followed, and with joy beheld a floating House of Prayer.

Above, beneath, each steadfast eye upon the preacher hung,
And sweet and holy was the strain the sons of ocean sung;
No vacant look, no wandering glance, no drowsy nod was there,
Nor did one listless form disturb the Seamen's House of Prayer.

I listened to the gospel's sound amidst a scene so new,
And saw at times the trickling tear a manly cheek bedew;
I prayed that He, who loves His own, might make that ark His care,
And many souls be born within the Seamen's House of prayer.

The rippling wave, the winding shore, no longer meet my gaze,
No more the snow-white Bethel flag my pensive footsteps stays;
But oft, amidst the sacred calm of Sabbath morning fair,
My thoughts with new delight recall the Seamen's House of Prayer.

Dr. Huie's "Sacred Lyrics."

GENERAL LITERATURE.

RELIGION IN OTHER LANDS.

LAPLAND.

THE inhabitants of Lapland are nominally all protestants, great pains having been taken for their religious improvement by Swedes and Danes; still superstition exists to a fearful extent among them, though there is good ground to hope that it is on the decline. They have so far well escaped the corruptions of the Romish see. Among their superstitions is the divining drum, which is supposed to be able to tell fortunes, to reveal secrets, or to detect criminals. This is simply a drum with a needle, somewhat with a hand like the hand of a clock, placed on its uppermost skin, acting in a magical manner in the estimation of the people, who do not perceive that the whole business is managed by means of a piece of magnetised iron, which could guide the needle as the wizard chose—the people's own alarm, or their simplicity, soon betraying to the "cunning man" which way to shape its course. But indeed the magnet itself would have been to them as much an object of superstitious awe, could they have ascertained its share in the business.

Superstitious notions of a very similar character are not unknown in our own country; where certain supposed wizards or cunning men are consulted by the weak and credulous under the silly notion that they can give information as to lost property, those who have been guilty of theft, &c.

There are many relics of heathen idolatry in Lapland—the deities of which are represented as of much the same character as those of the northern nations in general—which they imagined to be extraordinary charms in many of the diseases; and they held in fearful veneration the places where ancient sacrifices had been offered. These places are still marked by heaps of decayed reindeer's horns; and still, when they pass that way, the natives shrink with horror.

The worship of many of the Teutonic deities is still retained among them. They frequently worship the trunk of a tree, which they cut into the rude resemblance of a human face. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and set apart certain festivals for the worship of aerial spirits, and to invoke the dead.

It was once believed that there were necromancers in Lapland who had power to sell fortunate winds; and, what was worse, to send adverse ones after those who gave them offence.—So late as 1653; a French traveller in that country gives an account of going on shore with the captain of a Danish vessel to purchase a wind, in compliance with the wishes of his crew. A wizard was easily met with; for of course, as they found it a profitable business, there were always a sufficient number who pretended to this supernatural skill. They managed, as in the affair of the drum, to keep up their credit by diligently studying natural effects; in the wind case by attention to the signs of the sky, by which they

could, with tolerable certainty, promise from what quarter the wind should blow for the next few hours after they had sold their charm, or muttered their curse. Meanwhile their fellow countrymen were as much gulled as their customers. Thus in the old adage:—

"In Iceland and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapped,
Shall blow him unto what coast he will."

Even in the reign of queen Elizabeth witches and wizards were accused of dominion not only over the destinies of men and cattle, but over the elements themselves. If the wind or a storm arose, the cry was "Ring the bells and burn the witches."

The places of worship are generally very rude buildings of logs of wood, laid transversely together, and often in very bad repair. The following is an interesting account of that part of Lapland which belongs to Norway. The clergyman was a Norwegian. His dwelling was not very much more comfortable than a common tent; it was built, like the church, of logs of wood, and consisted of two rooms, and a small closet with a bed in it. The furniture merely a stove, a few wooden tables and benches, and a very scanty supply of other necessary articles. He had a couple of tame pigs; and these were kept more as curiosities than as a part of his stock of provisions. No poultry is to be found throughout the country, but in its stead they have an astonishing quantity of game. The black cock, the ptarmigan, wild ducks, teal, becassines, and fish of various kinds were always to be had. Potatoes could not be preserved through the winter; and it was with great difficulty that even a few were saved for planting. In the summer the clergyman, in whose garden they were cultivated as a luxury, not only ate the roots, but boiled the tops of the plant, which, for want I should suppose of better, he considered a very delicate vegetable. These potatoe-tops and also nettles, helped to make out a soup, with the addition of rein-deer's tongues.

He had, besides, rye-biscuit for bread; but this was obtained from Sweden. A little barley is generally the only species of grain sown. Sometimes the crop does not ripen at all; at others, according to the favourableness of the season, it is housed in seven or eight weeks from the time the seed is committed to the ground.

As a Lapland parish often extends some hundred miles, it may be imagined the clergyman's life is subject to much fatigue and hardship. In the depth of winter he is usually settled near the church; and here his parishioners assembled from their distant homes every Sunday, some arriving the day before, if they have a very long way to travel, and taking up their quarters for the night in the church, or in one of the few log houses close by.

Here, too, their marriages take place. On one occasion a son of one of Niel's old friends took unto himself a wife, and Karin was delighted to see the grand presents that were bestowed as bridal offerings. There were

ring, and silver spoons, and a cup silver gilt; a silver girdle for the lady's waist; one silk and two cotton kerchiefs for her neck. All her friends give some slight token of good will. The bridegroom himself made ready a great feast of reindeer flesh, brandy, and a brewing of malt for the occasion, with plenty of tobacco for smoking. The desire for ardent spirit is almost insatiable in Lapland.

After the wedding-dinner a collection in money was made for the new-married pair from all the guests. The father bestowed on his son, to begin the world with, some of his precious silver cups and dollars, and a line head of eighty rein-deer. The guests also, many of them, promised to contribute a few more to his stock, on condition that he would come to demand them, and bring with him a present of brandy in exchange.

Round the clergyman's hut there were several others of the same kind, inhabited by the merchants who came to deal with the Laplanders for the furs they got in hunting.

A Laplander's funeral is conducted somewhat in the following manner, and is on the authority of an eye-witness:—"Coming to the house of the deceased, we saw the corpse taken from the bearskins on which it lay, and removed into a wooden coffin by six of his most intimate friends, after being first wrapped in linen, the face and hands alone being bare. In one hand they put a purse with some money to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of paradise; in the other a certificate, signed by the priest, directed for St. Peter, to witness that the defunct was a good Christian and deserved admission into heaven. At the head of the coffin was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, a saint greatly revered in all parts of Russia on account of his supposed friendship for the dead. They also put into the coffin some brandy, dried fish, and venison, that he might not starve on the road. This being done, they lighted some fir-tree roots, piled up at a convenient distance from the coffin, and then wept, howled, and exhibited a variety of strange gestures and contortions, expressive of the violence of their grief.

When they were fatigued with gesticulations they made several processions round the corpse, asking they deceased why he died? whether he was angry with his wife? whether he was in want of food or raiment? if he had been unsuccessful in hunting and fishing? After these interrogatories they renewed their howling. One of the priests frequently sprinkled holy water on the corpse, as well as the mourners. The sepulchre is no other than an old sledge, which is turned bottom upwards over the spot where the body lies buried. Before their conversion to Christianity they used to place an axe, with a tinder-box, by the side of the corpse, if it was that of a man; and if a woman's, her scissors and needles, supposing that these implements might be of use to them in the other world. With the axe the deceased is supposed to hew down the bushes or boughs that may obstruct his passage to the other world; the tinder-box is for the purpose of striking a light, should he find himself in the dark at the day of judgment. For the first three years after the decease of a friend or relation, they were accustomed from time to time to dig holes by the side of the grave, and to deposit in them either a small quantity of tobacco or something that the deceased was fondest of when living. They supposed that the felicity of a future state would consist in smoking drinking brandy, &c.; and that the reindeer and other animals would be equal partakers of their joys."

Dr. Clarke relates in effect the following extraordinary scene in a Lapland church of Enontakis:—"The whole church (he says)

was crowded, and even the gallery full; many of the wild Nomade Laplanders being present in their strange dresses. The sermon appeared to us the most remarkable part of the ceremony. According to the custom of the country, it was an extemporaneous harangue; that is, preached without being previously written down. It was delivered in a tone of voice so elevated that the worthy pastor seemed to labour as if he would burst a blood vessel. He continued exerting his lungs in this manner during one hour and twenty minutes, as if his audience had been stationed on the top of a distant mountain. Afterwards he was so hoarse he could hardly articulate another syllable.

"One would have thought it impossible to doze during a discourse that made our ears ring; yet some of the Lapps were fast asleep, and would have snored, but that a sexton, habited like themselves, walked about with a long stout pole, with which he continued to strike the floor; and if this did not rouse them, he drove it forcibly against their ribs or suffered it to fall with all its weight upon their skulls.

"After the sermon singing commenced; it consisted of a selection of some verses from the psalms, which, notwithstanding what has been said of the vocal music of Lapland, were devoutly and harmoniously chanted. It was impossible to listen to the loud and full chorus of a rude people, thus celebrating the triumph of religion over the most wretched ignorance and superstition, without calling to mind the sublime language of ancient prophecy, 'the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.'

"As we accompanied the minister to his house, we ventured to ask the reason of the very loud tone of voice he had used in preaching. He said he was aware that it must appear extraordinary to a stranger, but that if he were to address the Laplanders in a lower key they would consider him as a feeble and powerless missionary, wholly unfit for his office, and would never come to church; for the merit and abilities of the preacher are always estimated amongst them by the strength of his voice."

Still, when we compare the condition of the Laplanders with that of the nations who have never heard the doctrines of the bible, we shall find that, though rude, the advantage is greatly on their side.

The population is estimated at sixty thousand souls; yet there are no annual wars amongst them, such as Franklin in his "Journey to the Polar Seas," speaks of as constant among the northern Indians of America. Murders are seldom perpetrated. They are comparatively industrious. They work as far as is necessary to provide honestly for their moderate wants. Their mode of life seems in many respects dreary and comfortless certainly; but we know from repeated instances, that so dearly do they "love their mountains, and enjoy their storms," that, whenever any of them are induced to leave their native land for any length of time, they pine and sicken, and probably would die if they could not once more breathe their keen air.—*Church of En. Mag.*

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—A lady in genteel, but very moderate circumstances, when presenting the clergyman of — with a small sum for a charitable object, said, "You may put it down as the *Widow's Mite*, Sir." "Not so, my friend," replied the worthy pastor. "I beg you may," the lady earnestly added, "it is but a trifle." "I am aware of that, Madam, but it is not *all your living*." How very few have in truth presented the widow's mite, although many apply the passage to themselves.

THE TRAVELLER.

NANKIN PORCELAIN TOWER.

A LETTER from Nankin furnishes the following particulars respecting this great city:—"Numerous have been the pilgrimages made to the far-famed Porcelain Tower, and for the first time, in inspecting any of the monuments of this country, no disappointment has been experienced, while comparing what actually is, with the legends of the book-makers in China. It is, indeed, a most elegant and singular structure, as remarkable for its correct proportions as for the rare material of which it is partially composed; I say partially, because the mass of building is not of porcelain, but is composed of common brick, with a facing and lining of beautiful white glazed porcelain bricks or slabs, fixed into the masonry by means of deep keys or shoulders, cast like a half T, on the brick. Its form is octagonal, and running up each of the angles is a moulding of large tiles, of very fine clay, glazed and colored red and green alternately; round each story runs a light balustrade, formed of green porcelain, upon which four arched door ways open, set to the four cardinal points, the arches being elegantly turned, with large glazed tiles, cast in all imaginable fancies of design and variegation of color, representing wild beasts, demons, deities, monsters, &c. It appears to be a 'sight' amongst the Chinese themselves, for there are priests or bonzes attached to the building to keep it in order, who earn their consideration by distributing to the visitors lithographed elevations of the tower with descriptions attached, and seem to have the duty of illuminating it on gala occasions. This is effected by means of lanterns made of thin oyster shells, used in lieu of window glass by the Chinese, which are placed at each of the eight angles on every story; and the effect of this subdued light on the highly reflective surface of the tower must be most striking and beautiful. The walls of Nankin are more remarkable for their extraordinary height and great extent, than for the strength which has been given to them by the builders; in some places they are not less than seventy feet in height, and at very few points along an *excuse* of full twenty miles extent, are they less than fifty. There are, however, several points at which they are open to exaldate with twenty-six feet ladders. The Chinese engineers, though they have evidently bestowed extensive repairs upon the fortifications this year, have, as usual, forgotten to raise their ramparts where the undulations of the ground alter the levels of their foundations."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the Christian Advocate & Journal.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

LET us, for a moment, dwell upon some of those situations in life in which we are deprived of the blessed means of grace which makes the Lord's day so welcome. By estimating the loss of such blessings, we can best estimate their value. How listless and lonely to the pious one is the Sabbath at sea! No comforting ministrations of the sanctuary cheer its weary hours. Retired and alone he must pour out his supplications to God. There is nothing to cheer and revive him. Instead of the prayerful responses of the devoted band with whom he has been accustomed to worship, he hears nought but the hoarse, careless voices of the seamen, or the whistling of the breeze through the shrouds above. In place of the pleasant rural scenes over which he has so often seen the Sabbath shed its delightful stillness, he sees nought but a weary, watery waste.

The loss of many of these precious privileges of the day of the Lord is also frequently among the privations of the devoted missionary. He has torn himself from the endearments of home and friends, and the holy delights of a land of Bibles and Sabbaths. Perchance he has reached the destined inhospitable shore. With a spirit worthy of the early martyrs, for the sake of his Lord he is willing to perish by the breath of the pestilential breeze, or fall by the assaults of the savage. But, despite of all this noble firmness of purpose, and the consolation from above which he so freely receives, when the Sabbath comes he cannot but feel that there is a sad change. Every thing

around him reminds him that he is in a land of benighted heathen. No quiet throngs are seen assembling for worship. No Sabbath-bell sends its inviting tones over the landscape. It is as other days to the careless idolaters around him. Instead of the sacred exercise that once reminded him of God and Heaven, perhaps he is compelled to witness the symbols of superstition and cruelty, or the degrading worship of some rudely-carved image. On that day more than any other he feels that he is alone. Tocher its pensive moments, perhaps he indulges in some favorite sacred air; but it only reminds him of happy seasons departed, and of friends with whom he once chaunted it in his distant native land. Gladly would he take wings, and fly, for a single hour, to the loved circle that, perhaps, at that moment are remembering him, while bowed at the shrine so dear to him far away.

O! how should we prize the blessed Sabbath of a Christian land!

This religious festival is unlike any other ever instituted. It bears the impress of the religion of the Bible. Its observance by the early Christians must have produced a striking and favourable impression among the surrounding heathen. The enlightened pagans of Greece and Rome had never before been accustomed to anything like the Christian Sabbath.

Unlike their celebrations of the mysteries of Eleusis, or the feasts of Bacchus, its holy rites of prayer and praise were as pure and spiritual as the heaven to which they ascended. They were so unostentatious, and yet so fervid, that they seemed to afford a lively example of the spirit and genius of the religion of Jesus. Refreshing as the Sabbath is, even now when we enjoy so many blessings unmolested, it must have been still more so to the first oppressed disciples of the Saviour. If the wrath of rulers or emperors threatened a storm of more fierce persecution, it was doubtless the set time when they met together to make special prayer and intercession, with "one accord, in one place."

In order to form a proper estimate of its value to them, let us picture to ourselves, for a moment, what we may suppose to have been some of the Sabbath exercises of the first Christians.

For fear of being disturbed by the violence of their enemies, they met in some secluded spot. There they comforted each other, and sweetly conversed of their departed Lord. The miracles they had so lately witnessed, and all the touching incidents connected with the ministry and death of the Redeemer, must have been themes upon which they dwelt with deepest interest. The tones of Him, who spoke as "never man spake," had scarcely died away in the ears of those devoted followers. One could speak of the time when he approached his Saviour as a trembling leper, and was healed. Another, who had been blind, rejoiced to think of the happy hour when the balmy touch of the Son of God first revealed to him the light of heaven. Many still remembered the affecting scene when Jesus wept by the grave, and the involuntary exclamation burst forth, "Behold, how he loved him!" Others discoursed of the time when their hearts burned within them, while He talked with them by the way.

As they again partook of the bread and wine, in memory of his sufferings and death, so they seemed to keep the "first day of the week" in memory of his glorious resurrection. On that blessed day some of their company had gone early in the morning to the sepulchre. It seemed still to remind them of the time when an angelic messenger was sent to tell them, "He is risen; he is not here. Behold the place where they laid him!"

Each time of meeting must also have seemed more deeply interesting from the consideration that it might very likely be their last. Surrounded by bloody persecutors, they knew not but before another should come they should purchase the crown of martyrdom with their blood. They seemed to spend their Sabbaths in preparing for the heavenly mansion which the Saviour had promised them. On these occasions were doubtless read these comforting and edifying letters which they had received from their distant brethren in bonds and affliction. One had cheered them by writing, "Behold, I shew you a mystery!"—and anticipa-

ting the resurrection of the just, with exulting faith exclaimed, "O death! where is thy sting?" Another had caught a prophetic vision of the New Jerusalem itself, and saw the white-robed throng "which came out of great tribulation." And he had learned that the Lamb should "feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters," and that God should "wipe away all tears from their eyes." He had even listened to the songs of the redeemed before the throne.

Amid such dangers, and blessed with such holy exercise, the Sabbaths of the early Christians must have been truly welcome seasons.

If ever there has been a *time-honoured* institution, it has been this holy day. It gladdened the hearts of the ancient patriarchs and prophets, the apostles and martyrs; and it still remains as the portion of God's children to the end of the world. Indeed, it would seem as though God had designed to impress us with a reverence for this day, by the most solemn and momentous acts. It was first consecrated, as a crowning gift, by the Deity himself, amid the song of the morning stars at the birth of creation. The command to keep it was engraved upon the tables of stone, and reiterated in the thunders of Sinai. We now observe it as the time when the Saviour triumphed over the grave, and arose from the dead.

Surely we devoutly respect and love the day that has been so distinguished by God, and has been thus a season of consolation to the saints of all ages.

Brooklyn, Nov., 1842.

J. W. C.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE LADY HUNTINGDON.

THE noble and elect Lady Huntingdon, had lived in the highest circle of fashion; by birth a daughter of the House of Shirley, by marriage united with the Earl of Huntingdon, both bearing the royal arms of England, as descendants from her ancient monarchs.

In very early infancy, when only nine years old, the sight of a corpse about her own age conveying to the grave, engaged her to attend the burial. There the first impressions of deep seriousness about an eternal world laid hold on her conscience; and with many tears, she cried earnestly to God on the spot, that whenever he should be pleased to take her away, he would deliver her from all her fears, and give her a happy departure. She often afterwards visited the grave, and always preserved a lively sense of the affecting scene.

Though no views of evangelical truth had hitherto opened on her mind, yet even during her juvenile days, she frequently retired for prayer to a particular closet where she could not be observed; and in all her little troubles found relief in pouring out her requests unto God. When she grew up, and was introduced into the world, she continued to pray that she might marry into a serious family. None kept up more of the ancient dignity and decency than the house of Huntingdon. With the head of that family she accordingly became united. Lady Betty and Lady Margaret Hastings, his lordship's sisters, were women of singular excellence.

In this high estate she maintained a peculiar seriousness of conduct.—Though sometimes at court, and visiting in the high circles, she took no pleasure in the fashionable follies of the great. In the country she was the lady bountiful among her neighbours and dependents; and going still about to establish her own righteousness, she endeavoured by prayer, and fasting, and alms-deeds, to commend herself to the favour of the Most High and Most Holy.

The zealous preachers, who had been branded with the name of Methodists, had now awakened great attention in the land. Lady Margaret Hastings happening to hear them, received the truth as it is in Jesus from their ministry; and was some years after united with the excellent Mr. Ingham, one of the first labourers in this plentiful harvest. Conversing with Lady Margaret one day on this subject, Lady Huntingdon was exceedingly struck with a sentiment she uttered, "that since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." To any

such sensation of happiness Lady Huntingdon felt that she was as yet an utter stranger.

A dangerous illness having soon after this brought her to the brink of the grave, the fear of death fell terribly upon her, and her conscience was greatly distressed. Hereupon she meditated sending for Bishop Benson, of Gloucester, who had been Lord Huntingdon's tutor, to consult him, and unburden her mind. Just at that time the words of Lady Margaret returned strongly to her recollection, and she felt an earnest desire, renouncing every other hope, to cast herself wholly upon Christ for life and salvation. She instantly from her bed lifted up her heart to Jesus the Saviour, with this importunate prayer: and immediately all her distress and fear were removed, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing. Her disorder from that moment took a favourable turn; she was restored to perfect health, and what was better, to newness of life. She determined thenceforward, to present herself to God, as a living sacrifice holy and acceptable, which she was now convinced was her reasonable service.

On her recovery, she sent a kind message to the Messrs. Wesleys, who were then preaching in the neighbourhood, that she was one with them in heart, cordially wishing them good speed in the name of the Lord, and assuring them of her determined purpose of living for Him, who had died for her.

The change thus suddenly wrought on her Ladyship, became observable to all, in the open confession she made of the faith once delivered to the saints, and in the zealous support she began to give the work of God, amidst all the reproach with which it was attended.

To the noble circle in which Lady Huntingdon moved, such professions and conduct appeared wondrous strange; but she had set her face as a flint, and refused to be ashamed of Christ and his cross. There were not wanting indeed some who, under the guise of friendship, wished Lord Huntingdon to interpose his authority; but, however he differed from her Ladyship in sentiment, he continued to show her the same affection and respect. He desired, however, she would oblige him, by conversing with Bishop Benson on the subject, to which she readily acquiesced.

The Bishop was accordingly sent for, in order to reason with her Ladyship respecting her opinions and conduct. But she pressed him so hard with articles and homilies; and so plainly and faithfully urged upon him the awful responsibility of his station under the great Head of the Church Jesus Christ, that his temper was ruffled; and he rose up in haste to depart, bitterly lamenting that he had ever laid his hands on George Whitfield, to whom he imputed, though without cause, the charge wrought in her Ladyship. She called him back; "My Lord," said she, "mark my words, when you come upon your dying bed, that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency."

It deserves remark, that Bishop Benson, on his dying bed, sent ten guineas to Mr. Whitfield, as a token of his favour and approbation, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers.

I hope the present venerable Bishop of Worcester will not be displeased if I record a similar instance of his candour lately reported to me. As he preaches frequently, he had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After a while he missed his humble auditor, and meeting him, said, "John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle, as usual?" John, with hesitation, replied, "My Lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists, and I understand their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since." The Bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect, "God bless you, and go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul."

I know no place more proper to preserve another anecdote, which I received from my excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. Talbot, of St. Giles, Reading. When Archbishop Seeker was laid on his couch with a broken thigh, and sensible of his approaching end, my dear departed friend, who had lived in great intimacy with him, and received his preference from him, visited him at Lambeth. Before they parted, "You will pray with me Talbot," said the Archbishop. Mr. Talbot rose and went to look for a prayer book, "This is not what I want now," said the dying.

prelate, "kneel down by me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to do." With which command my dear brother readily complied, and prayed earnestly from his heart for his dying friend, whom he saw no more.

Lady Huntington's heart was now truly engaged to God, and she resolved, to her best ability, to lay herself out to do good. The poor around her were the natural objects of her attention. These she bountifully relieved in their necessities, visited in sickness, conversed with, and led them to their knees, praying with them and for them. The late Prince of Wales, one day at court asked a lady of fashion, Lady Charlotte E. where my Lady Huntington was, that she so seldom visited the circle. Lady Charlotte replied with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntington's mantle, to lift me up with her to Heaven."

During my Lord Huntington's life she warmly espoused the cause of God and truth, though her means of usefulness were necessarily circumscribed, and her family engagements occupied much of her time and attention. On his demise, she was left the entire management of her children, and of their fortunes, which she improved with the greatest fidelity. Become her own mistress, she resolved to devote herself wholly to the service of Christ, and the souls redeemed by his blood. Her zealous heart embraced cordially all whom she esteemed real Christians, whatever their denomination or opinions might be; but being herself in sentiment more congenial with Mr. Whitfield than the Mr. Wesleys, she favoured those especially who were the ministers of the Calvinistic persuasion. And with an intention of giving them a greater scene of usefulness, she opened her house in Park street, for the preaching of the gospel, supposing, as a peress of the realm, that she had an indisputable right to employ as her family chaplains, those ministers of the church whom she patronized. On the week days her kitchen was filled with the poor of her flock, for whom she provided instruction; and on the Lord's day the great and noble were invited to spend the evening in her drawing-room, where Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Romaine, Mr. Jones, and other ministers of Christ, addressed to them faith fully all the words of this life, and were heard with apparently deep and serious attention.

To be continued.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the Protestant *Vindicator*.

ROMISH PERSECUTION IN MADEIRA.

THE REV. MANUEL J. GONSALVES.—TO THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.

Christian Brethren:—Grace, mercy and peace to you. The Rev. Manuel J. Gonsalves, a young minister of the Baptist church, is a native of the island of Madeira, and a sincere convert from Romanism;—or, to use his own words,—“One whose feet God hath taken out of the horrible pit of popery, and from the mirey clay of superstition.” He visited these United States, and had been here some time, making arrangements to return and preach the gospel in Madeira. On his arrival there, he found that Dr. Kalley, a distinguished physician and a Presbyterian minister, was not only a successful practitioner of medicine, but a devoted preacher of the gospel to the crowds which flocked to him with eagerness to hear the gospel. Having made some remarkable cures, the envy of the native physicians roused up the wrath of the priests against the Doctor. For as the cause of Daniel, his enemies could bring no charge against him, except on the ground of the rejection of his God. The priests perceived that their prey was in danger, and anticipated an overthrow of their idols, if the Protestant religion should gain ground by the schools which the Doctor had established there, and his preaching of the gospel. Hence they resorted to the peculiar bias of their church taught and practised by legislators. They raised a storm of persecution against him under the patronage of the civil powers. He appealed for protection to the queen Donna Maria da Gloria. This matter was favourably represented to her; and being pleased with his efforts in educating the children of the island, she sent him a license to proceed in his usual way of doing good. He accordingly went forward with more zeal than ever.

This was the state of matters when Mr. Gonsalves once more left the island, to visit the United States, to obtain aid in prosecuting his ministry there. Dr. Kalley had urged him into the field in this holy enterprise. “The harvest you see,” said he, “is great, and the labourers are few.” Our beloved friend and brother has for some time been doubling his diligence, & hastening his arrangements to return to his native island, where some interesting cases of conversion had, by God's grace, taken place among his friends and relatives, particularly those of his brother and his sister. But he has lately received the painful news of Dr. Kalley's being again subjected to unrelenting persecution, and driven from his field of evangelical enterprise. It is utterly impossible for Roman Catholic priests in papal lands, to live without persecuting Protestants. And just in proportion to the amount of the good that is done in converting souls from the cross of Antichrist to the cross of Christ, is their persecution unrelenting and protracted. Hence Mr. Gonsalves is compelled to abandon his intention of returning to Madeira. He remains here among us.

The following is a copy of the Letter received by him, announcing the painful intelligence. We copy it from the Baptist Advocate of April 22, 1843.

MADEIRA, February 1st, 1843.

“Friend and Dear Sir,—Two days after you left us, Dr. Kalley was arrested by the proper officers and carried before the administrators of the Council, who charged him to preach no more to the Portuguese in the Island. In the night, some of the baser sort went up to his residence, and soon commenced the work of destruction, by demolishing the premises with large stones. The mob is still increasing, full of madness, backed up by a few of the ignorant priesthood, so that I shall not be able in this to tell you the results. The fury of the clergy knows no bounds, when their temporal interest appear to be in danger. They far exceed laymen in this respect. The Roman clergy have heard with much indignation of your intention to come with your family, to preach the gospel to your countrymen.

It was providential that you left us as soon as you did. Had you remained a few days longer, no doubt you would have shared in the persecutions of our friend Dr. Kalley; and probably, you would have suffered the most of the two, being what the ruffians call an apostate from the only true faith. I feel it my duty, as a true friend, to inform you of this sad state of things. I regret very much your being prevented from coming to this wretched Island, to do good to your fellow men. I consider it a hazardous undertaking for you to come at present with your dear family; and I hope, you will not come until the Lord opens the way in his merciful providence.”

STRIKING TESTIMONY AND PROPHECY.

The following extract from a *Hindoo paper* in Calcutta, speaks volumes. Who that reads this will doubt the efficiency of Christian missions, or be wanting in zeal to sustain them? It is enough almost to make the aged pioneers in this blessed enterprise cry out, like good old Simeon,—“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!”

“O most holy men, do not boast any longer of being Hindoos! You think your children will remain faithful to the religion of their fathers, and join your religious bodies to defend Hindooism. Give up such hopes! The missionary gentlemen who have left their own country to come to India are now in whole bands perambulating every lane and corner, in order to destroy the Hindoo religion; and foolish boys, like greedy fishes, being deceived by the hope of gain, are caught by the hook of their sorceries. What will happen hereafter nobody can tell. Like the sacrificial block at Kalee-ghaut, the blocks of the missionaries are ready day and night, and whenever they find an opportunity, they bring their oblation and kill their victims. We are more afraid of the padres than either cholera, fevers, or snake-bites; for these may be healed by charms and medicines, but for the diseases which the padres inflict neither charm nor medicine avail anything. We cannot find great fault with the padres, for it is the glory of their own religion that they have crossed seven oceans and thirteen rivers, to come into this country, and are now spending immense sums to convert the Hindoos. Our religion, having no means of defending itself, is dying; it is

going to its home—to the house of Jum. The holy men of Dhurmastola will not even once apply the medicine of their endeavors for the restoration of their dying religion. Why quarrel with each other? If the children join the white-faced sages, you will soon have nothing to quarrel about.”

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—This Reformation has been instrumental in saving not less than half a million of our citizens from degradation and ruin—has restored more than 100,000 drunkards—has dried up the fountains of pauperism in a great degree—has made the poor rich—the wretched happy, and the idle industrious. It has greatly diminished crime, as has been certified by eminent judges in various portions of the land, as well as by Reports of State Prisons in several of the States. In Massachusetts of 148 discharged prisoners who signed the pledge, but 3 have been re-committed. It has given the death blow to the traffic in ardent spirits—which has so cursed the land. A strong feeling has been excited against the License System—two thirds of the inland Lake trade is now carried on without ardent spirits—many of our vessels on the ocean now sail with no spirituous liquor except in the medicine chest—it has penetrated the army & navy, in spite of that curse of the service, the spirit ration—it has added greatly to the wealth of the nation—every department of honest industry, every police office, every school, every military company has felt its operation, and it has aided the cause of piety and true religion throughout the land.

The Report alluded then to Foreign Lands: to Ireland, where six millions have received the pledge; to England, Scotland and Wales, where the progress of the cause is highly cheering—to Canada, where 100,000 have received its benefits; Bermuda, Nova Scotia, and Hayti; to Sweden, where 50,000 persons have received the pledge; to Norway, whose Parliament has resolved that after ten years there shall not be a distillery in the land; to Africa, to Polynesia, and especially the Sandwich Islands, whose King, with all his chiefs and 1500 of the population, have signed the pledge, and whose King lately addressed 1400 children, and exhorted them to sign the pledge. *Extract from Report of the American Temperance Union.*

LETTER FROM DR. ABEEL, OF CHINA.

KOLONGSOO, October 30, 1842.

To-day I have done nothing in public. I generally take the Chinese service; but being exhausted, and probably injured by the efforts of the last two Sabbaths, Mr. Boone took this duty to-day. Since the weather has become cooler, my lungs have been more or less troublesome. That disease goes on I have very little doubt. I fear from present weakness, pain, and cough, that I shall suffer during the winter. Our houses and arrangements are not for invalids. But I believe I have mentioned this in a previous letter. I have health enough at present to be somewhat useful, and God grant me genuine and fervent zeal to improve it. The day has been so boisterous that I was afraid of increasing my cough, and did not venture to the English service. It gave me the more time in my room, which I always enjoy, if I am in a frame to enjoy anything. My soul, with Mary, is made to magnify the Lord, and my spirit to rejoice in God my Saviour. How delightful to realize a present, loving, indwelling God! “Vile and full of sin I am; He is full of truth and grace.” Is there not in him everything to admire and desire? What a heaven there is in his favour and love! I know of nothing on earth to be compared with it. I trust you enjoy this highest of all happiness. When I was lying ill at your house, I was favoured with new views, or rather deeper impressions of God as Love. Those impressions have continued. And is it a wonder? Has not all his dealings with me, an ungrateful, selfish, disobedient child, proved this truth? To find one has been kept by the power of God through many temptations and trials of almost every kind, is a sufficient evidence that God is love. What says your experience? Can you not look back with wonder and gratitude too?

“And can He have taught us
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought us
To put us to shame?”

Let us strive then to press onwards and upwards with more devotion to our God and Saviour.

our then ever. We have been redeemed that we might be a peculiar people zealous of good works. Let us not grow weary in well-doing—lose our interest in this world or in life, while God gives us strength to work or breath to pray. Has any of your hymn-books the hymn in it commencing "Hail the day that saw him rise?" For several weeks it has periodically elevated and refreshed my spirits, especially the last four verses—"Master, will we ever say." How beautifully it closes:—

"There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee."

We need not wait long for this heaven of heavens. Will not our enjoyment of Christ be heightened by the sympathy and love of each other? Yes, saints must assist each other in loving, praising and serving their God. What a meeting!

EXHIBITION OF THE BLIND.

THE Annual Exhibition of this benevolent Institution at the Tabernacle drew together one of the largest audiences ever assembled there.

The performances were highly creditable both to teachers and scholars, and elicited great applause. Among the most interesting of the pupils were two Chinese children brought to this country a few months since by Mrs. Gutzlaff. Although not a year in the institution, their performances of all kinds were given with more correctness and promptness than any of the others of the same age.

The music was excellent. The performances of the band and choir would do credit to performers with all their senses perfect.

The regret, however, which arises in one's mind, and which is the inevitable consequence of witnessing a number of our fellow mortals deprived of that chief of all blessings—that of sight—was much enhanced by the recital of the following piece of poetry composed by Miss Frances J. Crosby, for the occasion of this anniversary.

They tell us of the starry train
That sparkless on yon sky of blue,
When gently e'er you verdant plain
The evening sheds its verdant hue.

And of the glorious orb of day,
That lumines the spacious earth we tread;
But vain, alas! its golden ray
Upon our sightless eyes is shed.

They tell us of the landscape fair,
The gushing fount, the pleasant shade;
Of Spring's young flowers, that blossoms there,
In nature's lovely garb array'd.

The smile that decks the human face;
The brilliant eye, the joyous brow,
Are beauties we may never trace!
A rayless midnight shrouds us now.

But why, oh why, the falling tear?
Why heave the sad, unbidden sigh?
The lamp of knowledge, bright and fair,
Fours lustre on our MENTAL eye.

And, oh! Religion's heavenly ray,
Our bosom lights with sacred love;
And bids us look from earth, away
To an eternal world above.

To us our Father hath denied
The blessing He on you bestows;
Yet sweetly now our moment's glide,
He gives us friends to sooth our woes.

And though we never can express
The gratitude to you we owe,
God your benevolence will bless,
And His approving smile bestow.

The death-like stillness which pervaded the vast assemblage gathered together as these verses were recited in a low, sweet, melodious voice, was almost awful. To see that sightless girl standing in front of that sea of upturned faces, recalling, in her own language and that polished verse, to their recollection the beauties of the heavens and the earth, and the ever-changing and interesting study of the human countenance, the sight of which is denied to herself and associates, was most touching.—*N. Y. Rel. Int.*

GOD IS WITH THE MISSIONARIES.—Mr. Mason, in his memoir of Ko Thahbyu, quotes the following language from the lips of Mr. Judson, which he says expresses the feelings of every Karen missionary.

"The dying words of an aged man of God, when he waved his withered, death-struck arm,

and exclaimed, 'the best of all is, God is with us,' I feel in my very soul. Yes, the great Invisible is in these Karen wilds. That mighty being who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts, He is present, and accompanies the sound of the gospel with conquering, sanctifying power. THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US."

FAITH IN CHRIST.—Gideon, a converted Indian, was one day attacked by a savage, who presented his gun to his head, exclaiming, 'Now I will shoot you, for you speak of nothing but Jesus.' Gideon answered, 'If Jesus does not permit you, you cannot shoot me.' The savage was so struck with this answer, that he dropped his gun, and went home in silence.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS AT TAHITI.—It seems, by the last news from Europe, that communications have taken place between the English and French governments respecting the English Protestant Missions at the Society Islands. The result is stated to be a distinct assurance from M. Guizot, the French Prime Minister, that not only the English Protestant Missionaries, but missionaries and congregations of all denominations, would be not only tolerated, but equally protected by the authority of France in the South Sea Islands; and that the same protection would be carefully and impartially extended to all the mercantile and temporal interests of the subjects of a friendly power. This assurance will quiet some apprehensions which have been felt as to the influence and purposes of the Romish Propagandists, and of the ulterior design of France in extending its conquests in the Pacific.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—There appears to be no pause in the preparatory arrangements of the probable seceders. A series of three plans have just been issued for churches, suited to the numerical circumstances of the different localities. According to these plans, a church containing three hundred and fifty sittings may be erected at a cost of two hundred and thirty pounds; one containing six hundred and fifty sittings, four hundred pounds; and one containing one thousand sittings, for seven hundred and twenty pounds. These estimates are made on the supposition that they are built above ground, principally of brick. Their appearance is sufficiently handsome, and the architects speak positively as to the essential points of safety and comfort.—*Scotch Paper.*

TEMPERANCE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Rev. Mr. Damon, Seaman's Chaplain at Honolulu, in a recent letter to the Seaman's Friend Society, states that the cause of temperance is rapidly and triumphantly advancing among the native population; and that the king, governors, and chiefs, and many thousands of the people who have signed the pledge of total abstinence, still persevere in the good way. The movement has not been without its influence upon foreigners, and there were some encouraging indications among the seamen. Two sailors called upon Mr. Damon to join the temperance society, and as there was none among the foreign residents, Mr. D. drew up a pledge, which he and the two sailors signed, and which may be a nucleus for a large society among the foreigners.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1843.

THE SEASON.—We trust, now that the busy season has arrived—that season so dangerous to the Christian—no professed follower of the Saviour will so far forget his duty, as to plead worldly engagements in excuse for his non-attendance on the means of grace. The ministers of the Gospel are exceedingly anxious on this subject, and we venture to say, that in no place are they more faithful than in Montreal. It should ever be remembered,

that the means of grace are *divinely appointed* channels, through which the blessings of mercy and grace are wont to be communicated to the sincere and devout worshipper, and that, consequently, they cannot be neglected with impunity.

The cause of this neglect, generally, is to be found, not so much in a want of time, as in a disinclination, arising from that worldly dissipation in which, at this season of the year, we are so prone to indulge. It is positively a fact, that we *may*, if we *will*, attend the means of grace, on the week days as well as on the Sabbath. From the consideration of that respect we owe to those who are placed over us in holy things, and who watch for our souls as they that must give account—from a conviction of the brevity and uncertainty of human life, and the near approach of eternity—let us not trifle with those hallowed opportunities, but cordially embrace and diligently improve them, that our growth in grace may bear some proportion to the rapid flight of time, and the solemn realities of an eternal state.

PUSEYISM.—To the exclusion of other matter, we have devoted a considerable space in our present number to the following interesting speech, by the Rev. John Hayden, Church of England Minister, on the subject of the Tractarian doctrines, which have exerted so mischievous an influence in our Father land, and which, we exceedingly regret to learn, have been introduced into this country, and are being industriously, though covertly, circulated amongst the people. May the great Head of the Church mercifully prevent the dreaded consequences. We are indebted to the politeness of a gentleman for a copy of the *Londonderry Sentinel* containing this excellent speech—which will well repay a perusal. In alluding to it, this paper remarks:—"It is an eloquent and powerful *expose* of some of the principal errors of Puseyism, forming an admirable sequel to the invaluable speech of the Rev. George Scott, which we recently published. Such addresses cannot be circulated too widely at a crisis like the present, and we have no doubt that several of our contemporaries will transfer it to their columns, long as it is, and pressing as the claims which other subjects have on their attention just now."

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PROBABLE RESULTS OF PUSEYISM.

Address delivered at the Monthly Meeting of the Londonderry Church Missionary Society, held on Thursday, the 7th Feb., by the Rev. John Hayden.

It has often been a subject of remark, how much practical contradiction exists between the conclusions of our judgments and the dictates of our feelings. The word of God informs us—whether we contemplate the history of the Church in the records of the past, or the prophetic warnings of the future—that we cannot hope to escape many trials and temptations, and yet, when the hour of trial arrives, we are filled with as much anxiety and alarm, as if these things had not been foretold. "These things have I told you," said our Lord to his apostles, "that when the time cometh you may remember that I told you of them." He requires us, as he did them, to stay our hearts and calm our fears in the lively exercise of faith in his word, and to be confirmed instead of being shaken in mind, even by offences to the faith, remembering that he hath told us that these things "must needs come." The Cap-

tain of our Salvation was made perfect through sufferings. "Christ," says Bishop Hall, "expoused his church to himself on the bed of his cross, his head begirt with a pillow of thorns, and his body covered with his own blood; and it is not meet, while the head was crowned with thorns, the feet should tread on roses." The Church is militant here, against internal as well as external enemies. The external enemy proceeds by open violence to suppress or eradicate the truth; while the internal enemy, having the same end in view, proceeds by a far different method. He commonly professes a love for the truth, lulls our suspicions asleep, and, presenting a counterfeit truth to our eyes, endeavours to persuade us that that is the truth itself. The parable of the tares is, in this respect, a prophetic history of the Church; the tares represent counterfeit truth, in their resemblance to the good seed; they are sown while men are off their guard, and 'tis only when they have obtained some root and growth, that the alarm is felt and the distinction is perceived. The enemy attempts by no act of violence to eradicate the good seed, he is satisfied to draw off the nourishment of the soil from it, to prevent the expansion of the blade, and keep off the genial influence of the air and sun.—But so far as we are permitted to see, the time in which the enemy sows his tares is the most alluring circumstance of all. The husbandman has toiled—every furrow is broken; the soft winds of heaven blow over the crumbling glebe; alternate sun and shower shed their glad and genial influence around; and then, when the seed has been cast in, in the full assurance of a rich return, the enemy sows his tares. Had the husbandman not toiled, and left the ground untilled, the enemy had been content to leave the field to the thorns and the thistles which it might spontaneously bring forth. 'Twas the cultivation of the ground which afforded the opportunity for sowing the tares. How just the picture of the Church's trials. The more earnestly is the word of God preached, and the seed widely sown on hearts prepared for its reception, the more dangerous are the efforts of Satan, and the deeper and the darker are his schemes. There is, therefore, no season in which we are more loudly called on for watchfulness and prayer, than when everything around seems prosperous and smiling; nor need we look further than the history of our Church for the last few years, for an illustration of this truth. Consider for a moment the position she occupied at home and abroad. Long had it been the crime and reproach of England, that while her navies encompassed the globe, and her merchants were princes of the earth, she made but little general effort, in return for the tributary riches of foreign climes, to turn her vast opportunities of usefulness to any spiritual account, by preaching to the heathen under her sway the unsearchable riches of Christ. She left the dark places of the earth as she found them, "full of the habitations of cruelty." The Indian devotee might ascend the funeral pyre—the innocent child be crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut; superstitions, impure and cruel—exactions, merciless and severe, be practised; she cared for none of these things; nay, she tolerated and protected them, if she did not make them a guilty source of revenue. Coeval with the establishment of this Society, another spirit arose. Benevolent Christians were generally awakened to a sense of responsibility. 'Twas felt that upwards of one hundred millions of heathens, perishing in their blindness, had some claim on our compassions; and then was vindicated the mysterious ways of Him whose path is in the great waters and whose footsteps are not known. Long had the question been asked—Why has God invested England, one little spot of earth—a scarcely discernible speck in the world's map—with such vast resources and illimitable territories? The great question was solved. He was preparing a way for the dissemination of the Gospel, and the enlargement of his true Church; and the Christian's heart was filled with holy triumph as he saw the word of life speeding its blessed way to every known region of the earth, and witnessed the realization of the vision of St. John, when he beheld the "angel fly through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to all them that dwell on the earth, to every nation and kindred and tongue and people." And, oh, with what grateful homage did we bend before the throne, and utter our thanksgivings to him who alone doeth marvellous things; as we heard, day by day, of the triumphs of the cross, of the heathen casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, till the wonder was presented to our eyes of the spirit's divided work at Kishnagur, while all men were forced to exclaim, "the days of Pentecost are come." Thus was the Church but a short time since presented to our eyes—awakened to a sense of responsibility at home and abroad—honoured as the instrument of everlasting good—entrenched in the affections of her children—commanding the homage of those who were without—walking in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. But, brethren, the tares have been sown. Only think of chaplains in India losing the precious opportunities of enlightening the heathen in questions ministering to endless strife—seeking, like Romish missionaries, to captivate the heathen imagination, instead of to con-

vert the heart—spoiling the truth with a mixture of vain philosophy after the traditions of men—placing in the foreground the rites and ceremonies of religion, instead of its substantial truths, as if to turn men from one species of ritual religion to another, that that was to convert the soul—entering, like modern Romish missionaries, into other men's labours, not to build up but to destroy, perverting the right ways of the Lord. Well may we enter into the grief and alarm of the good Bishop of Calcutta; and fervently should we pray to the great head of the Church, that this good man's hands may be strengthened, and that he may long be spared as the faithful and zealous guardian of the truth. I need not dwell on the effect of the new views at home. An attempt has been made to poison the fountain of knowledge, and to send forth the bitter waters of error and disunion over the land. Our Church had been deemed the very bulwark of Christianity, but the disciples of the new school have done much to render her an object of distrust and suspicion. Daily had she been receiving into her bosom the enquiring and conscientious members of other communions, but now—grievous is the crime, and awful the responsibility of those by whom the offence has come. The youngest amongst us will not live to see the end of the evils we deplore. But we are naturally anxious to inquire into the origin of this late change; and if we were obliged to assign in one word the great cause, we should say, because men, wise in their own imaginations, turned to other sources than the Bible for the information and direction of their faith—"to the traditions of men, after the rudiments of this world, and not after Christ." As regards external symbols, we know that the only image used in public worship, and that after a long period, was the picture traced by the workers in glass of the city of Alexandria on the communion chalice, of the Good Shepherd carrying home on his shoulders the lost sheep which had strayed into the wilderness. That images were not used, or any symbolical representations in the very ancient Church, we have abundant authorities among even Roman Catholic writers to testify. Chateaubriand, not very long since Prime Minister of France, a man of undoubted genius and learning, and at the same time a devoted son of the Church of Rome, thus expresses himself in a book of modern travels in North America—"When Christianity sprung up amidst a civilized world and spectacles of Paganism, it was simple in its exterior, rigid in its morality, metaphysical in its arguments, because it aimed at drawing from error people seduced by the senses or misled by system of philosophy. When Christianity passed from the delights of Rome and of the schools of Athens to the forests of Germany, it surrounded itself with pomp and images, for the purpose of enchanting the simplicity of the Barbarian."—Chateaubriand had too much honesty to wrest, too much learning to deny the plainest facts on historical record: he makes a defence, ingenious and eloquent, for the use and introduction of images and exterior pomp, but he candidly admits that "from the beginning it was not so." Only think, my brethren, that amidst the full light of gospel truth, the importance of postures and forms should be so magnified, and that the simple effusions of our beautiful Liturgy should be uttered by the officiating Minister, with his back turned to the people, in a tone and manner better suited to the low mutterings of heathen incantations. And yet all this is defended on the ground of Christian antiquity, while the fact is incontrovertible, that among the various Churches of antiquity no uniformity in customs, habits, prayers, or Church fabrics, prevailed; and touching this turning to the east, we know that in the cathedral of the Syrian Antioch, the altar (for we will not quarrel for a word) and the principal window faced the west. A real or supposed conformity to the spirit and practices of the early Fathers, is no doubt, a source of consolation to a Christian mind; but we must not forget that the solemn admonition, "cease ye from man," is not only the warning of inspired wisdom, but the dear-bought lesson of melancholy experience. I entertain too serious a respect for my present auditory, too jealous an apprehension of the evils that might be effected by the experiment, to bring in detailed enumeration before you the errors and infirmities of many of the most distinguished Fathers of antiquity; but what will the admirers, or rather the worshippers of antiquity (many of whom really worship "they know not what") say to a practice which we know prevailed, of popular preachers being applauded during their discourses, as in a public theatre—of the preachers themselves calling for the plaudits of the people; while the house of God, instead of presenting the solemn stillness of heart-searching and conscience-struck sinners, resounded to the acclamations of an excited auditory, who had heaped to themselves teachers, having itching ears. What will the advocates for ecclesiastical subordination and order say to the well-known fact, that the celebrated Origen had been suffered to preach in the Churches throughout an extensive district before he was admitted to the office of either Priest or Deacon? If we venerate antiquity, let us love it in its inspired form. The scriptures of the Old Testament contain some of the most ancient records in the world; and surely the scriptures of the New Testament must

be the oldest Christian document we have. With all their faults, infirmities, and irregularities, the ancient Fathers possessed one virtue, which should endear their memories to every sincere lover of the Bible. They upheld and maintained, with a holy simplicity and ardent eloquence, the fulness, sufficiency, and completeness of the written word, for all the purposes of Christian life and doctrine. This is a fact too often overlooked, as well as a merit that cannot be overrated. I feel that I have too long detained you by matter which is merely preliminary, from the two important questions which I propose to examine. 1st—How, with regard to these new views, are we to guide our judgments. 2dly—How are we to regulate our practice.

To be continued.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

High hopes were entertained of the King of Prussia, when in England, that he would pursue a liberal course in his own country. This, it now appears, is not the case, if several articles in recent English papers are to be received as correct. For our part, we never could divest ourselves of the fear that he was going too far for those who believe that Puseyism is allied to Popery. Read this:—"The King of Prussia has revived the order of the Swan, created by Joachim I., Elector of Brandenburg, in 1440, in honour of the Virgin Mary, and as a reward to persons eminent for their Christian virtues. The order was abolished by Joachim II., 1539, when he had embraced the doctrines of Luther. The person on whom the King has bestowed the order, is the Queen. His Majesty recently placed the image of the Virgin, which is the principal ornament of the order, round the neck of the royal consort, in presence of the whole court."—*Galignani*.

In the *London Watchman* there is a Petition to the House of Commons, in behalf of the Scotch Church, signed by thirty-four Wesleyan Ministers resident in London and its vicinity,—the names of the Missionary Secretaries, the Editor of the Magazine, and the Book Steward, being first. Should we have room we may insert the whole document; at present an extract must suffice. They say, "In the judgment of your petitioners, the distressing and injurious results of a final refusal of the Legislature to afford the desired relief to those whose consciences will compel them, in that case, to take up a new and different position, will not be confined to Scotland and its Church, but must eventually lead to consequences which will endanger the stability of other Churches, and weaken the other Protestant institutions of the empire; inasmuch as, in the opinion of your petitioners, it will be impossible to defend, on Scriptural grounds the Established principle itself, if it once become plain and unquestionable that the advantages of an Establishment, whatever those advantages may be, will only be conceded by the State on the condition that a Church so specially countenanced and encouraged shall purchase its distinctions, honours, and privileges, by the necessary sacrifice of its spiritual liberties, and the violation of its spiritual allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Christian Guardian*.

A writer in the *London Evangelical Magazine* in speaking of a neighbouring clergyman of the Established Church, and a thorough Puseyite, represents him as so exemplifying the Oxford spirit, that in order to save his parishioners from the taint of evangelical religion, he has burned a number of the publications of the London Religious Tract Society, among which are the lives of Janeway, and Flavel, and Bunyan's *Barren Fig Tree!* The Bible, it may be expected, will share the same fate.—*Presbyterian*.

THE GREAT CONFLICT.—The belief is expressed by the leading Tractarians of Oxford, that the "two systems of doctrine," which he calls the "Catholic and Geneva," by which we understand formalism and spiritual religion, "are now, and probably for the last time, in conflict." We echo the sentiment: the conflict will be a dreadful one—a war of extermination—of principles. If "the signs of the times" are not mistaken, this country will constitute the theatre of that struggle, and the Great Valley of the West, already the scene of such animating interest, may be the Waterloo of truth and error. In such a contest, whatever may be the value of the fortified posts furnished by our educational institutions, or of the strong phalanx of educated and pious ministers, the artillery of the press, and the cavalry corps which our colporteurs will furnish, will be found no invaluable forces in the great struggle.—*Am. Tract Soc. Messenger*.

From the Morning Courier.

DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAGOT.

THE death of Sir Charles Bagot, which we announced yesterday, will put an end to the storm which has been raised over that lamented gentleman's policy. Every one acknowledges the kindness of heart, and many other excellent qualities which distinguished the late Governor General.—Regret will follow him to the grave—for he was in the strictest sense of the word a true English gentleman. With him death has disarmed no enmities; for in truth there were none to disarm. Of his acts as a politician it would be unfeeling as it is unnecessary to speak. What he did we firmly believe he did for the best, and the consciousness which the public feel that this was the case will preserve his memory from reproach.

The *Kingston Chronicle* gives the following particulars connected with Sir Charles Bagot's history, and last illness:—

During his seven months' illness, Sir Charles Bagot bore his sufferings with a degree of fortitude and suavity of temper that endeared him to all who approached him. The patient exhibited powers of vitality and resistance to disease surprising to his medical attendants, and far beyond the average force of such powers in the human species. He might have even triumphed over the last paroxysm of his disorder, but for the debility of his frame, attenuated by long and exhausting sickness and confinement. The approach of death was most gradual, and he finally yielded up his last breath without effort, tranquilly. It is not for us to lift the veil on domestic grief. All can understand what must be the feelings of the bereaved one, at the moment of that separation which the grave makes, from one with whom there has been enduring conjugal harmony for more than half a life. Lady Bagot has been an assiduous, unremitting, anxious watcher by the sick couch of her partner throughout his long term of suffering. The natural strength of her mind, sustained by a high sense of duty, and the special kindness of Providence, can alone have enabled her to come through a trial so severe both to the body and the mind.

It is, we hear, the intention of the family that the remains of the deceased be taken to England for interment in the family vault.

Sir Charles Bagot, as all persons in this country know, was connected by marriage with the eldest daughter of Lord Maryborough, with the great Wellington family—the most illustrious of modern days.

Sir Charles was Member of Commons and Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1807. At the continental peace of 1814, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, and remained in that capital during the eventful Hundred Days of the ill-fated Napoleon after he had invaded and over-run the mighty Kingdom of France from the insignificant island of Elba in the Mediterranean. Sir Charles Bagot was afterwards, in 1820, Ambassador to the Court of Russia; and at the Hague in 1824; and in the same capacity at Washington. Of the manner in which he executed the various duties of the many offices he filled in the interest of the British crown, the best proof we have of the opinion of the British Government is to be found in the appointment of Sir Charles to the important post which fell vacant by the sudden death of Lord Sydenham. We have reason to believe that no one in the British dominions was more opposed to the appointment than was the lamented Sir Charles Bagot himself. It was pressed upon him by the British Ministry in a manner that would have rendered his continued refusal selfish, and wanting in a proper sense of public duty. To that sense of public duty Sir Charles finally yielded: and at the post of duty, upon the altar of his country, he has nobly sacrificed his life.

We cannot conclude this article without advertising to the considerate and delicate conduct of His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe towards the whole of Sir Charles Bagot's family, from the time of His Excellency's arrival in Kingston to the final catastrophe. The columns of a newspaper are not the fitting chronicle for the detail of such matters; but, if we are rightly informed, no member of that family will ever cease to feel towards Sir Charles Metcalfe otherwise than as to a Father or a Brother.

From the Transcript.

On the morning of the 24th inst., the remains of the Right Honorable Sir Charles Bagot were removed from the Government House, Kingston, on board H.M.S. *Traveller*, to be conveyed to Oswego, thence along the line of Canal to New York, where lies H.M.S. *Warspite*, in readiness to convey them to England, to be interred in the Vault of the Bagot Family.

The Mayor had issued an order that all the shops should be shut on the occasion.

We learn from the *Kingston Chronicle* of the 24th inst., that the embarkation of Lady Bagot and her daughters was postponed until next day, on account of high winds. We sincerely join in the wish of the *Chronicle* that "prosperous gales may waft the mourners to their home beyond the mountain wave, and that all happiness possible, under the circumstances of their bereavement, may await their arrival, and attend their future career!" The remains of Sir Charles Bagot will be conveyed in a Barge specially sent across the lake from Oswego, which will be taken in tow by Her Majesty's Steamboat *Traveller*, in which the Family will embark for the opposite shore. The body will be taken by Canal to New York, where the *Warspite*, commanded by Lord John Hay, is in waiting. It was the filial wish of the deceased that his remains should be placed in the same vault with those of his mother.

The whole ceremony of the removal from Alvington House will be conducted with privacy. A wish had been expressed to mark the melancholy occasion with some public demonstration on the part of the citizens of Kingston; but this was waived upon consultation with the family.

SIR CHARLES METCALFE.

A LATE number of the *Quebec Gazette* contains a report of a speech made by Mr. John Neilson, at the meeting held in Quebec, to prepare an address of congratulation to His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe. The remarks are sensible and manly; but the part which will be read with the most interest is, that which introduces the admirable reply of Sir Charles Metcalfe to the people of Jamaica:—

If there was any occasion on which an address should not be dispensed with, it was the present. Sir Charles Metcalfe came to the Province accompanied by his reputation acquired in other parts of Her Majesty's dominions, and particularly in Jamaica, where he had succeeded in restoring peace to a Colony where dissensions had long prevailed in the Legislature, to a degree that the Island was on the point of losing its free representative constitution, where the inhabitants consisted of a great intermixture of people, and particularly of two classes marked by nature as distinct, only a short time before consisting of masters and slaves. It is not a year since Sir Charles Metcalfe left Jamaica, honoured with the approbation and affection of the whole population.

It was only yesterday that a gentleman of this city connected with Jamaica, had favoured Mr. Neilson with a volume containing the addresses of the Island to the Governor on his departure. These were addresses from the parishes of every county and town in the Island, from the Clergy of the Church of England, the Agents of the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Methodist, Native Wesleyan Methodist, Baptists, German Jews, Portuguese Jews, Physicians, Society of Arts, St. George, and St. Andrew's Agricultural Societies, Roman Catholic Clergy and Congregations, African Benevolent Society, &c. &c. All these addresses are expressed in the highest terms of approbation and affection, and the answers are replete with the kindest, the most philanthropic and Christian feelings.

We would take the liberty of reading part of His Excellency's answer to one of these addresses, as giving, from his own lips, some circumstances relating to his personal history and his appointment to the Government of Jamaica, which give an idea of the Governor's character, which, it is hoped, may produce results as favourable in this Province as in Jamaica:

"I must ever regard, as the happiest event of my life, that I came to Jamaica. One minute before I accepted the totally unexpected offer of the government of this Island and its dependencies, if the idea of my going to the West Indies had suggested itself to any of my friends, I should have laughed at it as something so utterly improbable, as to be next to an impossibility. The offer reached me, when I was living in retirement, with no other plan before me but that of making my retirement more complete—I had no desire for official employment of any kind.

I had no pretensions to any claim on the ministry—I had no connection with any party in the state; I had no local influence that could place me in Parliament, the only sphere of public duty for which I had any inclination. No individual could have been found more totally unconnected with public men and public life than I was at that time—none more studiously retired from general society and intercourse with the gay of busy world. I had returned from India scarcely a year before, after thirty-eight years uninterrupted absence from home in the service of my country, with the intention and hope of passing the remainder of my days in England. Excepting as to my own family and friends, and near neighbours in the country, I was, in fact, a recluse. It is due to Her Majesty's Ministers of that time, and especially to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, one of your former Governors, the Marquis of Normanby, who made the offer to me, and whom I had never seen, to remark, that whether their selection was good or bad, their sole motive must have been the advancement of the public service.

"When I received this offer, a moment's consideration satisfied me that my duty to my country required that I should accept it. Had Jamaica been in a perfectly satisfactory and happy state, I should have declined the honor, having, as I said, no wish for official employment; but under the circumstances which then existed, there was something of importance to be done, and I considered myself by the offer made, as called on to it. I did not therefore hesitate. I undertook the trust, encouraged by the hope of success, human nature being the same in all parts of the world.—I thought that you were wrong, but I also thought it probable that you might be induced to put yourselves right, and that the Mother Country and the Colony might be reconciled. I conceived that coming among you as a stranger, who had never been engaged in any strife regarding the Colonies, I should derive facilities from that circumstance. After my arrival, I was at first rather appalled by the violence of party spirit which seemed to prevail.—But the first proceedings of the House of Assembly assured me that all in time would be well. My task since, has been an easy one. The good sense of the Colony has done all."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Fox gave notice that on the 11th of May he should call attention to the system of repeal agitation carried on in Ireland, and submit a motion requiring Government to take effectual steps for its suppression.

Lord Elliot brought in a bill to continue and render more effective the act regulating the importation and sale of arms and gunpowder in Ireland. Notwithstanding some opposition from Irish members, the bill was read, and ordered to have its second reading on the 1st of May.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle, that advices have been received from the Sandwich Islands as late as the 8th of March. On the 25th of February, in consequence of demands made by the British officers which the King could not or would not comply with, the Islands were conditionally ceded to Queen Victoria. Possession was taken of them the same day by Lord George Paulet, commanding H. B. M. ship *Carysfort*, and the British flag hoisted under salutes from the fort and ships.

Nearly 200 tons of sugar manufactured at the Sandwich Islands arrived at New York last week, and the quality is said to be very fair; also a quantity of molasses, nut oil, and other products of the industry of the people of these Islands. The history of the reformation in these Islands is among the most remarkable triumphs of Christianity.

NINETEEN DAYS LATER FROM CANTON.

The ship *Ann M'Kim* arrived from Canton at New York, on the evening of the 22d inst., in the very short passage of 95 days. Advices have been received up to the 15th Feb.

Thus far Sir Henry Pottinger has been unsuccessful in his attempts to negotiate a commercial treaty, and had returned to Macao from Hong Kong on the 4th Feb.

Business is said to be excessively dull. No sales of imports could be made, and about 450 chops of teas remained unsold. There seems no likelihood of any change in duties taking place this season.

The pirates were exceedingly active and daring on the river, and Sir Henry Pottinger had proposed to co-operate with the Chinese authorities in suppressing their enormities.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR EDUCATION.

The following eloquent observations are selected from a speech of Mr. T. B. Horsfall, delivered at a great public meeting of the inhabitants of Liverpool, assembled at the Royal Amphitheatre, on the 27th ultimo, to adopt a petition to Parliament in favour of the bill brought forward by government for the extension of religious education in the manufacturing districts of England.

Give to your children secular education without religious instruction, and you give them power without the principle to guide it; give your children secular instruction without religious instruction, and you send them forth to combat with all the difficulties of this world, with the name of Christian warriors, it is true, but you rob them of the shield of faith, the helm of salvation, and the sword of the spirit. Give your children secular instruction without religion, and you send them forth to tread the dark and dreary way of this world, without that guide which is their own—which is given them to be a "lamp to their feet" and "a light to their path;" you send them to dig in the mines of lead and copper ore, while the rich vein of gold remains untouched: you profess to educate them for usefulness in this world, to stand behind the counters of your shops, or at the stalls in your markets, but you forget to teach them, to your own cost, and to their ruin, that "a false balance is an abomination to the Lord;" you educate your children in the wisdom of this world which must pass away, but you neglect to educate them in the wisdom of that world which must endure for ever. He who advocates secular instruction without religion, I contend, begins at the wrong end. They say, "Give secular instruction first;" but we have a higher authority, which says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge. And I would only observe, in conclusion, that whilst we oppose any system such as secular instruction without religion, let us join most cordially, not only in supporting the bill now before Parliament, but in supporting every measure which is likely to inculcate this Christian principle on the rising generation, which shall enable them to stand forward, and to fight and contend against all the difficulties of this world, and clad in which, they will be clad in more than Spartan armour, to contend for the faith, and, if needful, to die in its defence.

BUIWER.—This celebrated romancer has intimated his intention of writing no more works of fiction, as his severer studies have gradually unfitted him for the task of the Romancer, and he bids adieu to his light labours and flowing dreams. He regrets the necessity, and styles his farewell a mournful one! To us the position of this man is unenviable in the extreme. The retrospection should have confounded and grieved him. His crimes as a novelist are great, and the poison which he has diffused by his writings, and which has been injected with fatal efficacy into many a young heart, should cause him to be distrusted and abhorred by others, and to distrust and abhor himself. Yet he looks upon the past only with regret that his failing powers should disqualify him to persist in his iniquitous course. How fearful will be the doom of such a man, who has perverted his fine talents to the cause only of sin.

VAIN PERSECUTION.—During the reign of Diocletian, in the third century, the Christians were persecuted by the Heathens for ten years, with scarcely mitigated horrors; and such multitudes were massacred in all parts of the empire; that at last the imperial murders ventured to erect a triumphant column, bearing the barboously boastful, yet false inscription, that they had extinguished the Christian name and superstition, and restored the worship of the gods to its former purity and splendor?

SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM PAINS.—Take unmix'd tar, and cover the parts of the body where the pains reside; roll flannel round upon the top of the tar; let it remain three days and three nights, then take off the flannel; anoint with salt butter, and wash it off with warm water and soap, and by this time the pains are removed, but care must be taken not to catch cold; to prevent this, therefore, get clean flannel, and roll round the parts where the tar was on for a few days and then all is right again.

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