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WEEKLY.]

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

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## POETRY.

### THE HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

(Suggested by an extract from the *Bechuana Mission.*)

THY voice hath filled our forest shades,  
Child of the sunless shore,  
For never heard the ancient glades  
Such wondrous words before:  
Though bards beneath our palms have poured  
Their tales of joy or dread,  
Yet thou alone the land hast cheered,  
With tidings of the dead.

The men of old who slept in death  
Before the forest grew,  
Whose glory faded from the earth  
While yet the hills were new;  
The warriors famed in battles o'er  
Of whom our fathers spake,  
The wise, whose wisdom shines no more,  
Stranger, will they awake?

The foes who fall in thousand fields  
Beneath the conquering band,  
Whose bones have strown the Caffer's hills,  
The Bushman's lonely land.

The young who shared my path of fame,  
But found an early urn,  
And the roses of my youth's bright dream,  
Stranger, will they return?

My mother's face was fair to see.  
My father's glance was bright,  
But long ago the grave from me  
Hath hid that blessed light:  
Yet sweeter was the sunshine shed  
By my lost children's eyes,  
They beam upon me from the dead,—  
Stranger, will they arise?

Was it some green grave's early guest,  
Who loved thee long and well,  
That left the land of dreamless rest,  
Such blessed truths to tell?  
For ours have been the wise and brave,  
Who feared not death's abyss;  
The strong in hope, the true in love,  
But none that dreamt of this.

Yet if the grave restore to life  
Her ransomed spoils again,  
And ever hide the hate and strife  
That died with wayward men  
Thou hast, my spirit, miss'd the star  
That guides our steps above,  
Since only earth was given to War,  
That better land to Love.

### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

SARAH MONTGARNIER.—BY MISS CLARK.

"I wonder where the years are fled,  
That frolicked in my boyhood's sight!  
O, how I blamed their tardy tread,  
And offer'd wings to speed their flight!  
I knew not then how gossamer-like  
They swirl like atoms in the beam,  
Grasping, unknown to curious sight,  
Save in the noontide's sunny gleam.

"But there's a void within can tell  
How fleet they mount the melting cloud,  
And hie where spirits like them dwell,  
With ages in their mighty shroud:  
Another joins that elfin crowd,  
'Mid shout, and glee and joyous chime,  
Whilst my full soul would rove abroad,  
Seek, and rebuke the slayer Time."

"I charged the wrinkled sprite, restore  
The buds of life's redolent morn,  
That laughed along youth's greenward shore,  
And blushing clasped the dewy thorn—  
Bade him reveal me whither borne  
The loved, the blooming, and the gay?  
Why from my side—my kiss—were torn  
The victims he had wrapped in clay?"

"He asked why I would doom to pain  
Renewed, the loved whose sands are out—  
Why lure them from their azure plain,  
To toil, to storms, and gloom, and doubt?"

"Then pointed 'cross the pebbly flood,  
While mists obscured the distance fair;  
Not as intent on flight he stood,  
Gave answer to my bended prayer—  
'Save, son! embark, seek, find them there?'  
'Ah! whither lies that land?' I said:  
Reply was not! All shapes were air!  
I wonder where those years are fled?"

"MONTGARNIER."

I took up Eloria's Bible, and, in turning over the leaves, discovered the scrap of poetry which I have just quoted, which, though exquisitely beautiful and touching, is tinged with the gloom and unrest of unbelief. "You are thinking, my friend," said she, after regarding me attentively while I perused it, "that those fine lines are unworthy of the place they occupy." "I was thinking," I replied, "that their misleading beauty might ensnare your mind from these substantial truths, which alone should guide and direct." "I confess they often attract my attention, even at my set times of devotion; but I cannot regret it. Did I think their influence prejudicial to me, admirable as they are, I would never see them more. But where should such mournful thoughts be listened to, if not in contrast with the bright hopes of the Gospel? Here I can look upon the yearnings of skepticism, sick of earth's vanities, 'seeking rest, and finding none'—beholding time, in rapid flight, still hastening on, while deep uncertainty rests upon the future, and regret and remorse dwell with the past. How applicable is the balm of the Sacred Word to answer these bitter and vague inquiries—to still these lamentations over by-gone years! By faith we see that 'azure plain' of which Montgarnier asks, 'Ah! whither lies that land?' In this sacred Volume we find a declaration of which he was unwittingly afforded full confirmation, 'Childhood and youth are vanity.' Here, also, do we meet that fitting prayer, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Then will we not exclaim, 'I wonder where those years are fled,' but we may look upon the record laid up on high of every thought and emotion of those departed years; and by the faith taught in this holy book, we may behold that record washed in the atoning blood, its follies cancelled, its transgressions pardoned, and we may look beyond the 'pebbly flood,' to an abiding home, where 'soil, and storms, and gloom, and doubts,' and 'time' shall be no more. Poor Montgarnier! His mind seems half-illuminated. How can it be otherwise with those who enjoy the privileges of our enlightened country? But still 'there is a void within'—a melancholy void; and thus Montgarnier died, without one hope more than is herein recorded."

"You know his history, then?" said I, inquiringly. "I do," resumed Eloria; "and although I never saw him, there are associations which connect it with my own, and render it best that these lines should serve as a memento of my past offences and a beacon to my future conduct, that I may avoid the rock on which I nearly split. I have experienced, in a degree, the misanthropic feelings which were the torment of Montgarnier; but the associations to which I refer are of a different character.

"You have never heard me speak of the fair Sarah Montgarnier—she being one of whom I seldom speak, but think the more. A deep sting of remorse is connected with her memory; and although I trust I am forgiven on high, yet I shall never rest until I have confessed my fault, and obtained the pardon of Sarah herself; and much I fear the grave has intervened. I can never sufficiently repent: but you shall hear the whole. Methinks my mind will be unburdened of an oppressive weight; and when I have unfolded to you my errors, my past sins, I know you will acknowledge that, imperfect as I still am, I, more than any other, am indebted to Divine grace for power to change a fiendish obduracy of heart. I will tell you, at some future time, all that I know of Sarah Montgarnier and her unhappy father; but at present"—Eloria was interrupted by tears; and with a soothing kiss I bade her "good night."

As we were walking, arm in arm, in the brilliant moonlight of a mild summer eve, on the banks of a romantic little tributary of the Hudson, I reminded Eloria of her promise to relate to me the history of Sarah Montgarnier.

"It was not in a scene like this that I knew the delicate and beautiful Sarah. In the midst of the confusion of the great metropolis, in the humble capacity of a house-servant, she might remind one of a snowy, exotic lily, thrown out to wither amid the chilling blasts of a November gale. One cold, stormy morning in March, she presented herself at our door, and in an easy and graceful manner solicited employment. A more interesting figure I have seldom seen. She was apparently scarce seventeen, tall and sylph-like, with a face which, though not precisely such as might be chosen for a classic model, yet characterized by a peculiarly noble and intellectual expression. She was very pale; but there was a high-souledness in her dark blue eye and lofty brow, a sensibility in the transparency of her complexion, and a dignity in her slightly-carved lip, which could not fail to appear attractive, and impressed me, at once, with the idea that she was educated in different circumstances from those in which she now appeared. Her dress, though of the plainest and poorest materials, was extremely neat, and her manner was peculiarly prepossessing; and as we were in want of a domestic, we at once engaged her services.

"The more we became acquainted with her the more evident it was that she was a child of affluence and unaccustomed to labour. In reply to my mother's inquiries, she related to us briefly her past history. Her father was the only son of a very wealthy merchant; and while yet a mere youth married his cousin, the heiress of an immense estate. With their conjoined fortunes they purchased a splendid mansion in the city, and a delightful country villa—furnished both extravagantly; and with the folly of young persons who have not learned by their own exertions the value of property, considered their riches inexhaustible. They were doomed to disappointment. In a few years they found themselves obliged to confine themselves to their city residence. A few years more, and that too was an-

o h r's; and Montgarnier, with his family, consisting of three fair girls, of whom Sarah was the eldest, found themselves dependent upon his income for support. His pride could not brook the coldness with which the fashionable friends of his prosperity now passed him by—for him the world's enchantment had departed—he became sad and misanthropic, and thus still more unfitted to enter successfully into business. His was

The gift of song—woe, for whose deep romance,  
Lawren in the soul;

and he now turned author, to earn a scanty pittance by the rich creations of his imaginative genius. Nought but his pride now remained to tell the world that he was the identical Montgarnier at whose gilded equipage they once started with astonishment—to whom they once owed to pay their court—whose least word they almost hushed their breaths to hear, and whose every act they hastened to applaud.

His wife, unable to sustain the wretchedness to which they were reduced, faded away and died; and then Montgarnier, almost a maniac, cursed, and longed, yet dared not to die. He left his children, in the wide metropolis, to the mercy of strangers, and became a homeless wanderer. Some distant relatives compassionately offered an asylum to the younger sisters, while Sarah, then a heroic child of fourteen, determined to depend upon her own resources, and apprenticed herself to a milliner. She was a thoughtful child, serious, contemplative, and of deep religious feelings; and being now associated with pious persons, she soon experienced the renewing grace of God, and was able to believe herself an adopted heir of glory. Having learned that her father was in Baltimore, she wrote to him as an affectionate child, in such circumstances, would write to such a father. He was frantic with rage at the reception of the letter, that his daughter should presume to insult him by preaching to him so touchingly what he had long called 'cant,' and been endeavouring to prove foolishness. That she should disgrace herself and his family by attaching herself to the despised denomination of Methodists, was insupportable; and he hastened to see her, vowing to make her recant her principles, or to immerse her in a convent for life.

Arrived in New York, Montgarnier hastened to the residence of his daughter, and not finding her at home, he could not forbear venting some of the abuse which he had intended for her upon Mrs. Harlow, the milliner with whom Sarah lived and through whose instrumentality she had espoused the creed of his abhorrence. Such was the excitement of his feelings, that Mrs. Harlow would have trembled for the integrity of Sarah, had she not known the strength of her principles, and the fixedness of her decision. As it was, she was led to apprehend from the violent manner of Montgarnier, that his worst threats would be put in execution; and as she knew that Sarah would sooner die than renounce her joyful hope of immortality, she feared that she would be torn from her, and subjected to hardship and suffering. When Sarah returned, and Mrs. Harlow had informed her of her father's visit, and of the opposition which he manifested to religion, words cannot express the conflicting emotions which agitated and distressed her. Love for her father, and sorrow for his conduct—a desire to see him, and an endeavour to persuade him that her faith was founded on no vain illusion, joined to a fear, which her knowledge of his inflexibility of character rendered painfully certain, that she would be separated from her pious friends and the sanctuary of her God, and dragged to scenes of gaiety and amusement, or immured in that wretched prison, a Roman convent—grief that her duty compelled her to disobey him whom it had been her pride to honour—were too much for a being as frail as she to endure, and she fell dangerously ill. Her father continued to call; but her friends, fearing the consequences of interview in her weak state of health, refused to allow him to see her. Montgarnier, believing her illness to be feigned, watched her residence for a long time, hoping to detect her entering or leaving the house; and so several successive Sabbath evenings stationed himself at the door of the church which she was in the habit of attending, having a carriage in waiting to convey her away.

But Sarah had scarcely recovered, she learned that her father, in the vehemence of his passion, had broken a blood-vessel, and was lying

at the point of death, in a small public house in the vicinity of N—street. Sarah sent immediately, desiring permission to visit him, and received for answer, 'I have been murdered by my child—I will die alone!' She flew to his abode—she entreated—she demanded admittance—she was promptly refused, and sank senseless upon the threshold. When she recovered, her father was no more. The proud and impious spirit of Montgarnier had departed, and there was 'no hope in his death!'

"Sarah was, as might be expected, most deeply and painfully affected by her father's death; but she was also wonderfully sustained by Him who hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee'—'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' Her constitution, however, had received a severe shock; and her physician judging that a change of scene and employment would prove beneficial, Mrs. Harlow procured her a place as maid in the family of her friend, Mrs. Edgerton, who, though a nominal Christian, belonged too much to the class of worldly professors to render a residence in her family pleasing to the strict-religious Sarah.

"Mrs. Edgerton was a kind-hearted woman; and Sarah had endeared herself very much to her, by her consistency of character and gentle manners, and it was with regret that she parted with her; but Sarah fancying that a residence in a family of her own denomination could be a happy one, became our domestic, as I have told you. Alas, for the dear girl's disappointment! Alas, that I should have added so much bitterness to her cup of suffering! It is no excuse for me that I had imbibed the aristocratic prejudices against hired servants, which characterize some of the inhabitants of our large cities—it is no solace to my conscience to reflect that she received from me kinder attentions than many of my associates tendered to their domestics.—She came where she reasonably expected to find Christian charity, to solace, guide, and comfort her—she should have found a home—the desolate soul! have found in me a sister. Did I then possess a woman's heart, and remain all but untouched by Sarah's narrative of real woe, when a well-told fiction would have drowned my eyes with tears of unavailing compassion! O, the remembrance of those looks of scorn which repulsed her advances to my friend-ship! What cold-heartedness must have dictated such neglect—such inhumanity to the child of so much affliction!

"What inconsistency marks our American distinctions of society! They who are struggling with their poverty, and, to procure subsistence, consent to serve the more fortunate, are oppressed, despised, and treated as beings destitute of human feelings—too often even by those who consider themselves the most benevolent of beings, whose hands are ever open for charity, and who delight in searching out the wretched and miserable, and alleviating the wants of those who, from indolence or inability, neglect to provide for themselves. But let these once arise from their dependence, and attempt to support themselves by the labour of servitude, and they are assisted no more—kind words, kind looks are no more for them. They have lost caste in the estimation of our aristocratic republicans by their efforts to obtain a livelihood!

"But vain are all the distinctions of rank. Nature has her own nobility; and of this peerage Sarah Montgarnier was princess. I could not but perceive her superiority, and my haughty bearing toward her was increased. Her mind, educated as she had been, must have been peculiarly sensitive to the slights which she daily received; but she never, by word or look, evidenced the least discomposure.

"She had remained with us nearly a year when her delicate frame again sunk under the attack of a violent and dangerous fever. She was not neglected—she was refused no attention; but I fear that a lack of the kindness and affection so fraternal to the sick, rendered the services I tendered but ungraciously performed. Had I then known the last unkindest stroke of fate, which doubtless was the cause of her illness, perhaps my conduct would have relented; but, no! it was reserved to heighten my remorse in the day of retrospection.

"We left the city soon after Sarah's recovery, and she declined accompanying us. It was not until a few years had elapsed, during which time

I had become deeply sensible of the cruelty of my conduct to Miss Montgarnier, that I again heard from her. Meeting with Mrs. Harlow at Saratoga, I eagerly inquired after the fortunes of her quondam protegee; when she unfolded to me more fully than I had hitherto known, the romantic yet sad sketch of the vicissitudes of Sarah's existence. Surely she was born the sport of fortune! How painfully vivid did the recollection of the patient resignation of her pale face become to me! In what a novel and still more interesting light her character appeared. I had always thought her mind to be of a most sternly proud and unwomanly character—so inflexible, intellectual, so apparently stoical and indifferent to all the tenderer impulsions of the affections, and withal had such a natural air of hauteur as no affliction could entirely subdue; and I had misjudgingly inferred that if she ever had a heart for earth, that

her heart was chilled  
And dead to all its softest sympathies.

Well might one who was so well acquainted with the bitterest misfortunes appear stoical and indifferent to the minor sorrows of existence!

"During her residence with Mrs. Edgerton, she was introduced to an English gentleman of considerable fortune, who was so well pleased with her rare beauty and queenly manners, that she resolved to restore her to that rank in society which she was so well fitted to adorn. Mr. Barton was a Christian, in the fullest acceptance of the term, and as such he could not be disagreeable to Sarah. To be brief, she gave him her heart, without indulging in the coquetry so much beneath a mind like hers. Mr. Barton was obliged to visit New Orleans to transact important business, which would detain him for one or two years; but he left not Sarah until she had promised to become his at his return. He had too much regard for her independence of mind to object to her continuing to support herself as formerly, especially in the family of Mrs. Edgerton, who, he trusted, would befriend her for his sake.

"The years of absence had nearly passed, and methinks Sarah could not but congratulate herself upon the prospect of a speedy escape from the worse than southern slavery which shakles our New-York domestics, when she received a letter, the messenger of the intelligence that Mr. Barton was no more. Poor Sarah! she had no friend in me to whom she could confide this cruel bereavement. With the same calm brow she veiled her bosom's agony from us all; but it was doubtless this struggle with her grief which brought her so near the verge of the grave, in that severe sickness which I have before spoken of as to me so poignant a cause of remorse.

"But the most strangely romantic part of her history is yet untold. A year had passed away, and Sarah's widowed heart had grown once more cheerful—perhaps happier than before; for she had fully proved the frailty of all earthly ties, and turned the torrents of her heart's best feelings all trustfully to her Redeemer. Her health was sufficiently recovered to allow her to support herself by her needle; and the world once more must have brightened to her vision. Calling one day upon Mrs. Edgerton, she found the hall door open; and as she was a frequent visitor, she walked gently in, and, tapping at the parlour door, was bade to enter by a voice which called the quick blood mantling to her cheeks, and sent it rushing back with fearful violence to her heart. The door was opened by Mr. Barton, and Sarah sank fainting in his arms. It was not, however, the Mr. Barton of whom we have spoken, but Dr. Barton, his twin brother, of striking resemblance, who had visited America to attend to the settlement of his brother's affairs. Dr. Barton was exceedingly struck with Sarah's interesting countenance, rendered doubtless still more beautiful by the excitement of her feelings at their first interview. He was touched by her sad history; and as a quickly-ripened acquaintance revealed to him the estimable qualities of her mind and heart, he resolved to accomplish the design of his brother, by making her Mrs. Barton as quickly as possible.

"Sarah, on her part, could scarcely fail to love so exact a counterpart of the friend she had lost, and a rainbow-tinted bubble of happiness once more sparkled from her lips. The wedding day was appointed; and but one week intervened, when Sarah received a hastily-written note,

desiring her presence at the bedside of Dr. Barton. It was now her fate to watch—

“the stars out by a bed of pain,  
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
And a warm heart of hope, though hope be vain.”

All hope, indeed, was vain; for ere the week was ended, which should have seen Doctor Barton bearing to his native England a happy bride, his ashes filled a stranger's grave.

“I have no tragedy with which to conclude my story. Sarah did not die of a broken heart, or lose her reason, or fall away in a most poetical consumption—her trust was placed in ‘One mighty to save,’ and the holy Comforter vouchsafed to be her support in her severe afflictions. By Divine grace assisted, she has been enabled to maintain a cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven; and she has doubtless enjoyed more real happiness in adversity than did the proud Montgarnier in his most prosperous days, when rich, renowned, beloved, he immersed himself in luxuries, whose blighting effects we have so fully traced out, involving him and all he loved in ruin. Sarah, too, might have exclaimed with Hafed—

“naught ever grew  
Beneath my shade, but perished too!”

But she forbore all such unchristian-like repinings; and devoting herself to a life of usefulness, proportioned to her sphere, knew how to enjoy the truest felicity on earth. I know not that she is living now; but methinks if she has ascended upon high, she has deservedly received a martyr's brilliant crown.”

#### THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

I shall never forget a visit I made, after a long absence, to the graveyard of my native village. It was a quiet Sabbath evening in June. The sun was setting behind the green hills—the lingering rays lighted up the heavens with a crimson glow, and dyed the clouds which hovered around the horizon with gorgeous hues.

The burial ground was situated upon an elevation overlooking the village scattered beneath it. Just below a bright stream couised onward: and between this and the graceful hills which skirted along in the distance, was a most beautiful country carpeted with rich fields and luxuriant forests, and dotted here and there with the neat farm houses and the sparkling lakes—all uniting to form a landscape of surpassing loveliness.

I seated myself upon a tombstone, and admired the beautiful scene spread out before me. All was still; not even a murmur disturbed the silence which reigned around, when suddenly a solemn knell burst forth from the neighbouring church. At the same moment a large funeral procession issued from a house in the village below. Slowly it advanced up the hill, and across the village green, and in a short time collected around a newly dug grave which was near the place where I was seated.

The bell now slowly tolled forth the age of the person about to be placed in the grave. Far and near its solemn tones told him who paused to listen, that an earthly pilgrimage of sixty years had ended.

I asked a bystander who it was they were lowering in the grave; he mentioned in reply the name of a widow in whose company I passed many happy hours. She had one only child; he was engaged in business in a Southern city when he received a letter mentioning the dangerous illness of his mother; he hastened immediately home, but before he arrived there, death had done its work. In an agony of grief, the son for a long time gazed upon the pale and lifeless form of his mother; he printed one kiss on her cold forehead, but he heard no groan, he spoke no word; his grief too deep for utterance. No empty consolations were offered him; his sorrow was too sacred to be disturbed. He had been much in the world, and learned from the selfishness of its busy throngs, a mother's true and disinterested kindness. He felt that he had lost his only friend, and that now he was alone indeed. The hope of being able soon to return to his widowed mother, and supply those comforts so much needed in her declining years, had animated him while toiling in a distant part of the land. He wished to acquire wealth, but it was only to place it at his mother's disposal. Just as his desire was about to be realized, death snatched from him the object of his exertions. The

last opportunity of returning her kindness to him had now passed away for ever.

Among the ground beside the grave, I observed an interesting youth towards whom the crowd manifested a silent respect. It was the widow's son. He had followed her to the grave; with an almost bursting heart he saw the clods heaped above her narrow bed. The last act was soon over. He took one lingering, farewell look at the grave, and overwhelmed with grief, he hastened home. Oh! how dark and cheerless now appeared that once bright and happy home. She whose smile was its light, had gone for ever. Here was the seat she used to occupy. Here he had made known to her sympathizing heart his future plans and present troubles. How invaluable were the consolations, the encouragement, the disinterested advice he had received. Alas! that seat is empty now, and she who was so often seated there, lies cold and silent and mouldering in the tomb.

Oh how lovely, thought I, is filial piety. And does it go unrewarded? No! Although in this world sorrow and affliction will come; although here death may disappoint our holiest purposes; still God never forgets the kindness of a child to a parent, and will certainly reward it either with temporal or spiritual blessings. How sweet to know that even in death his kindness was not forgotten, and the remembrance of the prayers and blessings which come from his mother's dying lips was to him a full, nay, a more than full recompense for all he had done for her.

All the villagers sympathized deeply with the bereaved son. Even light hearted children ceased their mirth in his presence, and seemed depressed with the sorrow felt by all. After the burial, the villagers were scattered in groups about the graveyard, conversing either at out the funeral which had just taken place, or reading the epitaphs on the tombstones around. I noticed that a large group of young persons had collected together. I joined them—I found they had assembled around a grave on which had been planted some delicate and fragrant flowers. This was the only grave that was thus decked. I asked who rested there. They told me that some time ago the village favourite had been buried there, and that the modest flowers I saw were emblematic of her who lay beneath. I asked her history. They told me that she was the pride of the village—that to extraordinary beauty were joined remarkable talents and the purest piety.

Alas! the loveliest and best are always first to go. Just as her life began; just as her attractive graces had filled each heart with love for her, she died. They laid her in this narrow cell; they heaped the soft mould above her breast, and mourned to think what a trench death had made. The piety which was her source of happiness though life had cheered her on the bed of death, and with a calm trust in her Saviour, she looked forward to her dying hour with holy exultation and joy. Her epitaph was this: “Oh, what a precious Saviour Jesus is.”

MARY.  
These were her dying words. Happy girl—who would not early choose a lot like thine! Who would not desire to return to his God “ere he had stained the plumage of his sinless years,” and the cup of life had grown bitter to the taste—ere the sorrows and selfishness of the world had dried up the generous emotions of youth.

“Oh, what a precious Saviour Jesus is.” Comprehensive epitaph! Would that it might with truth be written over every grave. Would that every soul responded to its meaning—then, when called to part with those around whom our purest affections twine, the exalted state which that sentence betokens, would cause our sorrow to be half removed; then knowing his own unworthiness, but trusting through the merits of the Saviour soon to meet his loved and lost in heaven, each Christian mourner would bow with cheerful submission to his loss; then to the departing spirit, death would lose its sting, and each one would

“approach his grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dream.”

As the mere external structure of the Church has little more to do with its essential elements than the scaffolding with a building, or the clothes with the men who wear them, there is very little said of it in the Word of God.

#### A DREAM.

DURING the night of the first of January, 1797, a man of about sixty years of age might have been seen leaning on a window in a small village in France. His windows were lifted towards heaven, where the stars were peacefully shining—as if to implore the mercy of God; then turning to earth again, he seemed to feel that it was in vain to seek for pity;—for he could not see any one so void of joy and comfort as himself—and he felt that the tomb was not far distant. Already he had descended sixty steps of the ladder which was to lead him into eternity, and since his youth he had only been surviving along with him crime and remorse. His health was destroyed, his soul diseased, and cast down, his heart torn by remorse, and his old age was embittered by vexation and grief. The days of his youth appeared before him, and reminded him of that solemn day, when his venerable father placed him at the entrance of those two roads, one of which leads to a peaceful and happy country, covered with fertile pastures and harvest, on which a bright sun shines continually, filled with most harmonious murmurs, and watered by clear springs;—while the other leads to an abode of darkness, to a den inhabited only by serpents and filled with every thing that is loathsome.

But, alas! the serpents clung to his breast, the poison polluted his lips, and he now could tell where he was, for he had chosen the latter path.

Again he lifted up his hollow eyes to heaven with an unspeakable anxiety, and exclaimed—“O youth, return! O, my father! place me again at the entrance of life, that I may choose the other way, which leads to happiness and joy!”

But neither youth nor his father returned, for they were both gone for ever. He saw a light rise above the level of the marshes and again disappear; and then he said to himself—“Thus was I in my days of folly!” Then he saw a meteor dart across the heavenly vault, waver for a moment, and then vanish.—“Ah! thus am I now!” exclaimed he again: and the sharp, bitter stings of repentance struck deeper than ever into his criminal heart.

Then he remembered all the men of his own age; those whom he once knew, and knew no more—who now, scattered over all parts of the earth, were sowing the seeds of truth and virtue, and were now spending the New-Year's eve in the midst of their happy families. The sound of the village bell, which celebrates this new step of Time, sounded from the church in a tone of praise and thanksgiving. It reminded him of his beloved parents—of the petitions they used to offer up to Heaven in his behalf on that solemn day—of the counsels and reproofs which in this awful moment he would willingly have received, to hear again the familiar sound of their voices. Prayers and wishes which had never been realized; counsels by which he had never profited. Overburdened with grief and shame, he could no longer turn his eyes to that heaven where his father was; but filling with tears, they fell on the snow which covered the ground; he sighed, and seeing nothing to console him, he could not refrain from again exclaiming: “Oh! happy youth, beloved father, I mourn your loss: return, O return to me!”

And his youth and his father did return—for all was but a dream that had disturbed him, on the first night of the new year; he was still young, and his father was still living;—the faults he had committed were alone a reality. He returned heartfelt thanks to God that his youth was not indeed past, and that he might be able to leave the path of vice to regain the path of virtue, which would lead him to the land of happiness, covered with abundant harvests.

Return with him, O my young readers; regain the path of virtue and happiness, if, like him, you have wandered away from it. This terrible dream will, hereafter, be your judgment. Some day, like him, you may be worn down with sorrows and perhaps crimes; and then in vain will you cry out, “Happy, innocent youth, O return to me, that I may choose the path which I have forsaken!”

Your happy youth will never return.

The body is the shell of the soul, and dress the husk of that shell; but the husk often tells what the kernel is.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

## THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

[The following remarks are extracted from the Rev. Mr. Slight's New Work—which will shortly be ready for delivery. Orders for copies of the Work will be received at this office.—CHR. MIRROR.]

Having given as brief an account as I could of the various efforts to benefit this interesting class of men, especially so far as the Methodists have been concerned in them; I must now proceed to examine the benefits the Indians have realized by the introduction of Christianity among them. To any Christian philanthropist, it must be interesting to contemplate the blessings Christianity confers upon any heretofore pagan people. The difference between the pagan and Christian Indian is very striking, and only fully appreciated by such persons as have duly contemplated the appearance, manners, and domestic comforts of both classes. Leaving religion out of the question, and considering the Christian Indian in reference to temporal matters only; it would appear that they have repaid all the expense, labour, and pains bestowed upon them. But many of them are also truly pious and devoted Christians.

The Gospel is suited and adapted to man; and wherever there is a man there is a Saviour, no matter what circumstances may be attached to his condition. It is rather too late in the day to echo the outcry which used to be made concerning the hopelessness of attempts to evangelize the heathen. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation wherever it is faithfully and fully preached, and whenever cordially believed and received; and so many are the triumphant proofs of its power actually realized in the salvation and elevation of savage Indians, that it would require a greater degree of effrontery than is generally possessed, to reiterate the assertion. The Negroes, the Hottentots, and, lately, the North American Indians, have been excepted by men, who are wise above what is written. But, happily, we can make our appeal to facts, and to facts selected from different portions of the family of man, so as to form a wide induction, and from which a solid conclusion may be drawn. The eloquent Watson said, when he contemplated the rising state of the spiritual temple,—“It is a joyful sight, as it opens the gate of the most splendid and delightful hopes. What light breaks upon the gloom of ages, and the gloom of millions! What sweet and refreshing verdure springs up in the desert! What sounds of praise fall upon our ears from Negro huts and Indian cottages; the hum of schools, where heathen children read of Christ; the happy families that have been created by Christian truth and renewing grace; the eye of age lighted up with celestial scenes; the bed of death made soft with hope! ‘Where?’ say you? ‘Wherever you have made the attempt.’”

In the face of all this evidence and unvarying experience, Sir F. B. Head had the hardihood to come forward, and make assertions highly derogatory to Missionary operations. “The men,” he says, “having lost their hardihood, perish, or rather rot in numbers by consumption; while, as it regards the women, it is impossible for any accurate observer to refrain from remarking, that civilization, in spite of the pure, honest, and unremitting zeal of our Missionaries, by some accursed process, has blanched their babies' faces; in short, our philanthropy, like our friendship, has failed in its professions. Producing deaths by consumption, it has more than decimated its followers; and under the pretence of eradicating from the female heart the errors of a Pagan's

creed, it has implanted in their stead the germs of Christian guilt.

“What is the reason of all this?—Why the simple virtues of the Red Aborigines of America should, under all circumstances, fade before the vice and cruelty of the old world, is a problem which no one among us is competent to solve—the dispensation is as mysterious as its object is inscrutable. I have merely mentioned the facts, because I feel that before the subject of the Indians in Upper Canada can be fairly considered, it is necessary to refute the idea which generally exists in England, about the success which has attended the Christianizing and civilizing of the Indians. Whereas, I firmly believe every person of sound mind in this country, who is disinterested in their conversion, and who is acquainted with the Indian character, will agree,—

“1. That an attempt to make farmers of the Red men, has been, generally speaking, a complete failure.

“2. That congregating them for the purpose of civilization has implanted more vices than it has eradicated; and, consequently,

“3. That the greatest kindness we can perform towards these intelligent, simple-minded people, is to remove and fortify them, as much as possible, from all communication with the Whites.”

This is a daring blow at all missionary operations. While Sir Francis appears to yield some meed of praise to the missionaries, he boldly intimates, that the “errors of a Pagan's creed,” and the “simple virtues” of a drunken, cruel, barbarous, savage people, are superior to the blessings of Christianity; and the still bolder assertion that the idea of success having attended the efforts to Christianize and civilize the Indians is refutable, and that more vices have been implanted thereby than eradicated. Whereas, there is no proof attempted for all this, only a belief expressed that all disinterested persons of sound mind, will agree with him. Now I happen to know, that there are many persons not at all biased, and who might make some pretensions to sanity, who will not agree to the assertion. I for one, at the risk of having these imputations applied, and the addition of want of accuracy of observation, will not shrink from coming forward to disagree.

If these assertions are facts, then they falsify all our statements and nullify all our efforts. We must cease at once all our operations, and we can never more, either on a platform or in a report, state that good has been effected. No facts are mentioned; but we have facts to offer counter to the assertion.

I have already considered the last of these propositions, which Sir F. has deduced from his previous remarks, in a former chapter. This is the result at which His Excellency aimed all his statements. The intention of his Excellency was to form a pretext to banish the poor Indians from their lands, their improvements, and their comfortable homes. But I think I have sufficiently demonstrated that it would not be the greatest kindness which we can perform towards them; but an absolute and glaring evil, and injustice!

If the premises Sir Francis has laid down were true, still his conclusion would not follow as a matter of course. The conclusion ought to be: endeavour to find out the reasons why these attempts do not produce the desired end; and having discovered the cause, remove it, that the effects may cease. But mine will not be a hard task to prove, that the premises themselves are false. This is the task which now devolves upon me.

Lord Glenelg, himself a pious Christian, and for many years the warm friend of Christianizing the world—to whom, as Secretary of

State for the Colonial Department, the Despatches were addressed—was better instructed, and better disposed, than to credit all these assertions; and, therefore, thus rebukes Sir Francis: “I should most reluctantly yield to the conviction, that, in the prosecution of the object, we must abandon the hope of imparting to the Indian the blessings of Christianity, on the ground, that those blessings were necessarily more than counterbalanced by the evils with which they have been unhappily associated. I shall rather be disposed to attribute those evils to the counteracting tendency, which, under unfavourable circumstances, ordinary intercourse with white men has had on the instruction and example of Christian teachers, than to any inherent inaptitude in the Indians for the reception of a religion, in itself peculiarly qualified to elevate and raise the standard of morality.”

Let us consider,

1. Their industry, and, consequently, the increase of the comforts of life, and their elevation in society, are promoted by their instruction in Christianity. Their capability and willingness to cultivate the soil, has in these Despatches, been denied; yea, the contrary has been taken for self-evident:—“The attempt,” it is affirmed, “to make farmers” of them, is in general a complete failure—“it is against his nature to cultivate the soil.” I grant it is against his habits; but a habit for such an employment may be—has been acquired. Every one must believe, that it is a difficult matter, and must be a work of time, to take a wandering savage, and to bring him to such a state as to possess all the diligence, regularity, and application necessary to be a successful farmer. And we do not blush to say, that the Indians are not, in this respect, every thing we could desire. Those who are acquainted with history well know the great difficulties which always have attended the bringing of roving tribes to the condition of settled husbandmen. Gibbon affords abundant evidence to substantiate this remark. He states, that the highly-cultivated lands of Europe, which were overrun by the barbarians, were suffered to become wastes. And let it be remembered, that the Indians, when first emerging from a state of barbarism, have forests to subdue; but this, to a certain degree, they accomplish. We do, however, without fear of reasonable contradiction, say, they, as a body, are gradually and regularly advancing to such habits, and to a respectable standing in society.

The Credit Indians had nearly nine hundred acres enclosed for pasturage and tillage. The whole Reserve is, I am informed, three thousand acres in extent. This, therefore, forms nearly one-third of the whole Reserve—which is as much, or more, than the major part of the settlers in a new country have cleared, in the same number of years. Each man has fifty acres allotted him. There is scarcely one who has not some improvements on his lot. Chief Sawyer said, the young men have been a little backward for the last year and a half, in consequence of the discouragements they have received. They did not feel a wish to improve lands from which they might be immediately removed, and in which in fact they had no permanent possession. They raise grain of all kinds, hay, potatoes, and other roots, apples, and vegetables. They also raise pork and beef, have milk and butter. They possess cattle, horses, and pigs. They own two public stores, in which they receive produce and goods as forwarding merchants—two saw mills, one blacksmith's shop, one carpenter's shop. They are the proprietors of two-thirds of the shares in the Credit Harbour Company. They had built eight or nine barns, and twenty-four or twenty-five hou-



see, since Government commenced their settlement at the Credit village. The village had been improved in appearance, having boarded the side-walks through the village. There were a few idle, worthless men; but for the most part, I can testify that they were very industrious, for, in addition to their agricultural produce, most of the men will make from eighty to one hundred and fifty dollars per annum by hunting and fishing. Some were engaged in the lumber business, and cutting firewood for sale. From the review, I think we may warrant the conclusion, that, with due encouragement, the Indians would soon become respectable and wealthy members of civil society.

They enjoy domestic comforts, and the blessings of social and civilised life. To contemplate the poor wandering Indian, without home, house, (excepting the wretched wiggewaum, consisting of a few poles and a little bark placed around them) without means of subsistence, except what he can casually acquire by the chase, and sometimes, after several days fruitless toil, returning home without a supply to their famishing families, and being driven frequently to pick up mere carrion and to devour it as subsistence; and now to see the contrast; the Indian, with his wife and family, in a comfortable cottage, with decent furniture and comfortable provisions in his cellar, barn, &c., must afford conviction to every unprejudiced, sound mind. The following entry in my journal will substantiate this observation:—"Oct. 12, 1836—In the course of visiting from house to house, I was much struck and highly gratified on coming to the house of Bunch Sunnegoo. There are but few white people in the middling stations of life that have houses so neat, clean, comfortable, and respectable as this house is." The excellent wife of this individual is elsewhere mentioned as distinguished for her superior piety. I remember once especially having been forcibly struck with this contrast. On a tour with the Rev. J. Stinson, in approaching Muncy Town, we came up to a wretched, filthy, and destitute wiggewaum, and some of the half naked and filthy occupiers were outside. On enquiry, I learnt the owner was a Pagan. Casting my eye forward, at some distance I espied a very neat and even handsome cottage, and learnt it belonged to one of our pious Christian Indians. I felt deeply impressed; I could not help exclaiming to my companion, "Here, Sir, is Paganism—and there is Christianity." The artist has caught the same idea. On the portrait of Peter Jones, in the Wesleyan Magazine for June, 1833, we have the same representation made to our visual organ. Many of the Indians are really respectable people; and I have elsewhere remarked, that many of them have cultivated their talents to a respectable degree. Indeed, the improvement of the Indians in these respects is a matter of notoriety. I have conversed with numbers of respectable and intelligent individuals, who have lived contiguous to the Credit Indians, and who have marked them before and after their conversion, who have testified, in the most unequivocal terms, of the very great difference there is in their present state, compared with their past. This has been expressed with marked emotions of astonishment and admiration. Soon after I commenced preaching to the Indians near Amherstburgh, an old man was present at one of our meetings, who was originally from England. He was taken prisoner by the Indians when a boy, attending Sir W. Crawford's army, and has resided with the Indians ever since. He married an Indian, and has a daughter, a fine looking woman, married to an half-cast, who has an interesting family. The man seemed

much affected; and, at the close of the service, shook me heartily by the hand, being particularly glad to see me so recently from England. He expressed himself heartily glad to see the poor Indians so employed, and said—"Oh Sir! I am glad to see these people listen to the truths of the Gospel. I have been with them for sixty years, long before any white man showed his face here: and then Sir, they were a lost people. I hope they will continue to listen to the same great truths." One of our coloured members, who resided at Amherstburgh, called upon a poor old white man, who occupied a house upon the Indian Reserve. Upon his introducing the subject of religion the old man observed,—"These Methodists are the finest people in the world. Look only at the Indians. Formerly they were the most abandoned people in the world; but since the Methodists have preached among them, they have become like white men—they are civilized, moralized, and Christianized." In the place of these two testimonies, I might have introduced numerous others from persons in all ranks of life; but I have chosen these from persons whose interests seem incorporated in theirs, and who had marked every progressive change.

One proof of the benefits they have realized by Christianity, is the elevation of their women in social life. "Experience has proved (says a popular historian) that savages are the tyrants of the female sex, and that the condition of women is usually softened by the refinements of social life." The Rev. R. Watson, when treating on the actual effects produced by Christianity upon society, observes,—"It has put an end to polygamy and divorce; and by the institution of marriage in an indissoluble bond, has given birth to a felicity and sanction in the domestic circle which it never before knew. It has exalted the condition and character of women; and by that means, has humanized man, given refinement and delicacy to society, and created a new and important affection in the human breast—the love of woman founded on esteem: an affection generally unknown to Heathens the most refined."—(Works, vol. ix. p. 323.) The condition of females among the Indians in their savage state, is truly deplorable. They are merely beasts of burden, and are beaten and abused worse than such animals usually are. But now, you will see as much tenderness, affection, and consideration paid to them, as you will usually see among civilized men. The Christian females at our Mission stations are very gratefully sensible of all this; and will frequently, in their prayers, with tears acknowledge it before God; and it is very remarkable that our Christian females are more faithful to their profession, and more diligent in the means of grace, than the males; although, in their pagan state, they were as much, and perhaps more, addicted to dissipation than the males.

#### MR. ROBERT HALDANE'S VISIT TO GENEVA.

About the time of Dr. Malan's separation from the Church, a native of this country was directed to visit Geneva; and I supposed that no foreigner has been the instrument of doing so much for the revival of the knowledge of evangelical truth and of vital religion there, as the excellent person to whom I allude. I refer to the late Mr. Robert Haldane. He visited Geneva in 1816, unquestionably with the purpose of doing as well as getting good, (for such a purpose in some measure of habitual activity seems inseparable from the character of all who have the mind in them which also was in Christ Jesus,) but whether with any definite intention of attempting anything among the students of theology there, I do not know, having had no positive information on the subject. But from one who knew him well, who was personally and intimately acquainted with him in Geneva, who was then a

young pastor, and profited greatly by his intercourse with Mr. Haldane, I was informed of the providential circumstances by which he was so happily brought into intercourse with these young men. Mr. Haldane, soon after his arrival in Geneva, became acquainted with one of the best of the pastors at that time in the Church; and the sentiments of that minister being very vague, little therefore to the taste of Mr. Haldane, some discussion took place betwixt them. The minister not understanding English, and Mr. Haldane at that time not speaking French with much facility, a student was brought, either at the first or at some subsequent meeting, to assist as an interpreter betwixt his two seniors. The young man was at once struck with the sound sense of the English stranger, and particularly with what appeared to him, his remarkable acquaintance with the Word of God, and the readiness and judgment of his apt quotations from it. He communicated his impressions to two of his fellow students, and requested them to accompany him in a visit to Mr. Haldane, which the readily agreed to; and they were not less struck than their companion with the intelligence of Mr. Haldane.—These three talked of the interview to the rest, brought first one and then another along with them until the whole of the students in the theological institution, I believe almost daily, either together or separately or both, waited on Mr. Haldane in the Hotel in which he lodged, and eagerly received his instructions. His only text-book was the Bible; the book he chiefly selected was the Epistle to the Romans; the divinity of the Son of God, his obedience unto the death as the sole ground of the remission and acceptance of the sinner, universal fall and depravity of the race the impossibility of life by the works of the law, the free access which the sinner has by the grace of God to the Saviour, the duty of immediately trusting in him for life and salvation, and the fruits of a living faith in repentance, love, and new obedience, were the great subjects of his addresses and conversations. He invited them to a free communication of their sentiments to him, of their difficulties, their objections, their feelings; his constant unvarying practice was, to lead them directly to the scripture to explain itself, in showing that his interpretations and replies were safe, because scriptural, in comparing spiritual things with spiritual, Mr. Haldane was peculiarly expert and successful.

During six months of his residence in Geneva, these exercises were continued; and, with such divine teaching were they graciously accompanied, that of the eighteen students who attended them, sixteen were savingly converted, and gave evidence, by their future life and labours, of the genuineness of the change. It cannot be wrong in me to mention, because it is not concealed by the illustrious person himself, and has, indeed, been noticed, I believe, by the press, that one of these converted youths was Merle Dubigne.

Who can imagine the result of the visit of this one man to Geneva; who can estimate the amount of good direct of which, through the grace of God, it has been productive! If it is one of the many animating examples, with which the history of religion abounds, of the blessedness of doing good, of the amount of good of which one individual may become the instrument, and of this shortest, safest, and most effectual method of attempting the work of spiritual beneficence, the employment of God's own word, with judgment, assiduity, humility, and prayer.

Britain owes much to Geneva, and it is pleasing to observe how in the case of Mr. Haldane the intangible treasure we derived thence was thus brought back to Geneva. O it were well, if the British, who in such multitudes visit this city, would aspire after something purer and more exalted than to admire the beauty and magnificence of the region in which Geneva is situated, and that, deploping the fallen state of this once favoured city, they bethought themselves of leaving at least some spiritual memorials of their presence, were it only by suggesting some counsels to some of her thoughtless inhabitants, leaving behind them some Bible, book, or tract, or enquiring after and aiding some of those institutions which have recently been formed for rekindling there the light of the gospel, or at least pouring out their souls in prayer to the God of salvation, that he would arise and have mercy on poor Geneva, that he would appear in his glory, and build her up!—*Geneva and Belgium, by Dr. Hough.*

## THE CASKET.

## WORDS OF TRUTH.

"No men in the world want help like them that want the gospel. Of all distressers, want of the gospel cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was: a man may want peace, and yet be happy, as David was: a man may want children, and yet be happy, as Job was: a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Micaiah was: but he that wants the gospel, wants every thing that should do him good. A throne, without the gospel, is but the devil's dungeon: wealth, without the gospel, is fuel for hell: advancement, without the gospel, is but going high to have the greater fall. What do men need that want the gospel?"

"They want Jesus Christ, for he is revealed only by the gospel. He is all in all, and where he is wanting there can be no good. Hunger cannot truly be satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ: and what shall a hungry man do that hath no bread? Thirst cannot be quenched without that living spring, which is Jesus Christ: and what shall a thirsty soul do without water? A captive, as we are all, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Christ Jesus: and what shall the prisoner do without his ransom? Fools, as we are all, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ; without him, we perish in our folly. All building without him is on the sand, which will surely fall. All working without him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without him have wings, and will fly away. A dungeon with Christ is a throne, without Christ is a hell. Nothing so ill but Christ will compensate. All mercies without Christ are bitter, and every cup is sweet that is seasoned but with a drop of his blood; he truly is the love and delight of the sons of men, without whom they must perish eternally, for there is no other name given unto them whereby they may be saved. He is the Way; men without him are Cains, wanderers and vagabonds: he is the Truth; men without him are liars, like the devil who was so of old: he is the Life; men without him are dead, dead in trespasses and sins: he is the Light; men without him are in darkness, and go they know not whither: he is the Vine; and those that are not grafted in him are withered branches, prepared for the fire: he is the Rock, men not built on him are carried away with a flood: he is the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last; the Author and the End, the Founder and the Finisher of our salvation; he that hath not him, hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have an end of misery. O blessed Jesus, how much better were it not to be, than to be without thee! Never to be born than not to die in thee! A thousand hells come short of this—eternally to want Jesus, as men do that want the gospel."—OWEN.

## SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is that principle in the mind, which enables us to feel the suffering or participate in the happiness of others, and, considered in this light, is one of the greatest blessings which Providence has dispensed to man; it is one of those bonds which unite society together, and were its influence more extensively felt, would render the human family an assemblage of brethren.

But the most perfect pattern of benevolence that ever was exhibited to the world, was in the life and sufferings of the Saviour of mankind, who went about continually doing good, without the hope of private emolument, or a wish to obtain the applause of the world.

The blessed effects of sympathy are not confined to making a man useful to his fellow creatures; they also advance his own happiness. For he who is under the influence of this benign principle, derives more pleasure from viewing a well cultivated farm, or witnessing the arrival of a ship laden with the rich productions of foreign countries, than many do from the possession of them: he feels that every blessing a fellow creature enjoys is so much added in the stock of human felicity, and therefore participates in the enjoyment of it: he feels for the sufferings of individual misery, and therefore endeavours to alleviate them. But his sympathy is not that poignant grief which we feel for our misfortunes: it is rather an active principle which incites him to do

good; and in following its dictates he receives more pleasure than is equivalent to the pain that is produced by contemplating the object of it.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1844.

## VALEDICTORY.

The present number of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR is the last that will be published, at least for the present. This announcement is made with feelings at once painful and humiliating; but it is a measure we are unavoidably compelled to adopt—indeed, we should have discontinued its publication before now, were it not that we felt ourselves pledged to those subscribers who have punctually paid up the amount of their subscriptions.

Our reasons for this step are simply these: that it is not sufficiently sustained by the public to pay the heavy expenses attending its publication; and also, that a very large sum is now due by many whose names are enrolled among its patrons, and from whom we had expected better things.

The MIRROR would not have been continued after the close of the second volume, were it not that we had strong hopes that the issuing of it weekly at so low a price would have tended considerably to increase its circulation; we were also influenced by other prospects, which need not here be mentioned. Our hopes, however, have not been realized; and the consequence is, that we must, though very reluctantly, take leave of our readers.

In doing so, we may, perhaps, be permitted to say, that we have used our best endeavours to make the MIRROR a useful religious family newspaper. How far we have succeeded our subscribers can best determine. It is, however, a matter of no small gratification to us, to know, that those whose judgment we highly value have borne testimony to the useful character of our paper, and expressed a high opinion of our humble and unostentatious efforts to do good.

Why the religious public have not patronized our journal is best known to the individuals composing that public. We blame no man, or body of men; and yet, we cannot help thinking, that we were entitled to a more extensive patronage, considering the character and the low price of our paper.

We are aware that connected with the publication of the MIRROR there have been many imperfections—these, however, to a greater or less degree, attend the issuing of every periodical—especially when published under the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed.

To our subscribers and friends generally we return our most sincere thanks for the support and encouragement so generously rendered to us; and beg to assure them, that no one regrets the discontinuance of the MIRROR more than ourselves. From the personal tokens of favour we have received, we are persuaded that many of our kind friends would be willing to make personal sacrifices, did we require them. This, however, we do not solicit—be-

ing fully satisfied, that after having made so protracted a trial (three years) at considerable pecuniary loss, we would not be warranted in doing so. We trust we shall be able fully to appreciate their kind and disinterested friendship.

We also tender our grateful acknowledgments to those intelligent friends who have, by their valuable contributions, from time to time, rendered the MIRROR more interesting and useful than otherwise it would have been.

To the public we say, FAREWELL!—and while we do so, we may be permitted to pray, that any future attempt to diffuse religious information in the manner and on the principles which we adopted, may meet with better encouragement. Such a religious periodical as the MIRROR, is, we are convinced, wanting in this colony—a paper free from religious strife and sectarian prejudice. But such a publication, we are inclined to think, the public are not yet prepared to support.

It is a matter of deep regret to us, that we have not been able to complete the year of our weekly issue; a few numbers only remain. Those subscribers who have paid for the year, may, if they think proper, call at the office, and we shall endeavour to refund them the difference.

As this is the last opportunity we shall have of soliciting through our columns the unpaid subscriptions, we earnestly but respectfully request the prompt remittance of the amounts respectively due by our subscribers.

## PROGRESS OF POPERY.

THE powers of Popery are everywhere, at this moment, acting in concert—an impression is universally prevalent among the Roman Catholics that the time is at hand when their religion will regain the ascendancy in Christendom—and towards this end, they are directing all their most strenuous and united efforts. In New South Wales, Popery is making terrible strides; in Canada, it is all but universal; in Germany, it has just been detected in devising most insidious means to propagate its principles, and to crush whatever of Protestantism there is in that country; in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, and other places, it is almost the only religion. Most surprising of all, it is spreading with an incredible rapidity even in the Republican United States, where there is no established religion to assist it, as in this country. The dreadful riots which have just taken place in Philadelphia are clearly traceable to its agency. The Irish party who were the aggressors in that frightful collision, were to a man Roman Catholics, and were all actuated by the blindest and most ungovernable religious fury.

I believe there is not a man in the kingdom, who watches, with any attention, what is going on in Christendom, that does not feel a conviction, amounting, in his own mind, to a moral certainty, that we are on the eve of a more terrible conflict with the Man of Sin than has yet taken place since he established the seat of his empire in Rome. Puseyism continues to do the work of Popery in this country. The Roman Catholics feel and admit that they could not confide the task of spreading their principles to better hands. Here therefore, they are not making open aggressions on evangelical Protestantism. They find it is done more effectually by covert means. In other countries the Roman Catholics act in a different manner. In France they are openly assailing the King and his Government; and they have boldly bearded both on the rough conviction that they will eventually succeed in defeating Louis Philippe and his Ministers.—*Correspondent of Witness.*

Cato Major would say: that wise men learned more by fools, than fools by wise men.—*Bacon.*

## PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

(From the Scottish Guardian.)

The last number of the *Archives du Christianisme* announces a decision of the Cour de Cassation, the supreme judicial tribunal of France, which shows how completely the civil power in that country is becoming the tool of the Man of Sin; and which, taken in connection with the innumerable signs of the same tendency, every hour appearing with more and more frequency on the political horizon in all parts of Christendom, but too plainly indicate that the grand and final struggle with antichrist is near, yea, even at the very doors. Some time ago, M. Maurette, a French Roman Catholic priest, was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and in consequence abandoned the pale of the idolatrous and apostate Church, in which he had been brought up. Being convinced himself of the danger of continuing in Babylon, he wished to induce as many of his countrymen as possible to flee out of her infected communion. With this view, he published a statement of the reasons that had led him to adopt the Protestant faith, and plainly and forcibly exposed the superstitions of Rome, by the usual arguments employed by the divines of the French Protestant Church. For this he was condemned, on the 17th of May last, by the Court of Assizes of L'Ariège, to a YEAR'S IMPRISONMENT, AND A FINE OF 600 FRANCS!! as being guilty of "insulting, and turning into derision, a religion, the establishment of which is legally recognised in France." From this decision he appealed to the Cour de Cassation; but although his case was ably pleaded by M. Delbore, and the decision in question was shown to be utterly at variance with the constitutional charter, his appeal was, on the 19th ult., rejected, and the sentence of the inferior court affirmed. And this is the result of all the struggles made by France for civil and religious liberty! In announcing this monstrous decision, "We have been struck," says the editor of the *Archives*, "by a sort of stupeur, on learning that in France, in 1844, a man honourable, and honoured by all that know him—a man, to whose excellent conduct, charity, disinterestedness, humanity, and moderation, public testimony has been borne by those who sympathise not with his new faith, but who have seen his labours in the parish of which he was curate, (witness the *Emancipation*, a Toulouse journal, of 1st June last) that such a man has been condemned to imprisonment for a year in company with robbers, because he has ventured to publish the reasons that led him to forsake the Pope and embrace the gospel!" This is certainly an astounding fact; and if it be not followed by a burst of indignation from this country, and if Protestants throughout the world will not combine and concert measures for their common defence, it is easy to see that the Man of Sin will be tempted to proceed to still greater excess. Many are apt to flatter themselves, when they hear that Dr. Kallej is delivered from prison, and that sentence of death is not to be inflicted on Maria Joaquina, that something is gained to Protestantism. But though the wave goes back, the tide is still flowing. In spite of individual and local defeats, the power of Popery is every day, and everywhere, upon the whole, pressing steadily forward, and narrowing the bounds of the evangelical Church. When will professing Protestants be wise—when will they be wakened to the danger that is impending over them? We can account for the apathy that now prevails no otherwise than by supposing that men are given to judicial blindness.

**FREE CHURCH MISSION TO NAGPOOR, IN CENTRAL INDIA.**—Our readers are aware of the munificent contribution of £2500, made by a gentleman residing at Nagpoor, towards the foundation of a mission in that interesting locality. The same generous individual has asked Dr. Wilson to send, at his expense, a very considerable quantity of illustrative apparatus for the use of a missionary and the general attraction of natives, along with the Rev. S. Hislop, who is about to proceed to their station as the first missionary. Another gentleman, of the East India Company's Civil Service, at present residing in the north-western provinces, has signified, through Dr. Willson, his intention to do the same, on certain conditions most favourable to its advancement,—while he remains in India. Surely the

friends of the Redeemer's cause in Scotland will bestir themselves to do something for a mission which is so highly favoured abroad. They might easily, by special contributions defray the whole expense, at least, of conveying the missionary to the shores of India.—*Witness.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

We understand that Sir William Drummond Stewart, the celebrated traveller, has just returned from another excursion to the distant regions of the Rocky Mountains. He is now on his way to Europe. During his recent excursions, he has been traversing by the sides of the Rocky Mountains for a period of nearly two years. He carried with him a large party, amongst whom were botanists, naturalists, and artists, some from Germany, and some Scotch and English. He has made a very large and valuable collection of botanical productions, part of which he shipped down the Columbia river to England, by the way of Cape Horn, and a part he has brought here to carry with himself to Europe. First and last, Sir William has spent about ten years round and about the Rocky Mountains, traversing those wild regions which are in the neighbourhood of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and encountering innumerable hair-breadth escapes from the Indians. Perhaps no individual of the present age possesses so much personal knowledge of these regions as Sir William; and if he would give a narrative of his adventures, it would outstrip in romantic interest anything yet given. Sir William is now on his way to Scotland, to his paternal residence, Hally Castle, Perthshire.—*New York Herald.*

## UTILITY AND SAGACITY OF SIBERIAN DOGS.

Of all the animals that live in the high north latitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the islands of the South Sea, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish, he here pays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals in draught. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Oni to Behring's Straits, in Greenland, Kamschatka, and in the Kuril Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and with goods, and for considerable journeys.—the dog here much resembles the wolf.—They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail: some have smooth and some have curly hair; their colour is various; black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven and a half inches in height, and three feet three quarters of an inch in length (English measure.) Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the mosquitoes; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best trained dogs are used as leaders; and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education; so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. If travel-

ling across the wide tundra, in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms, or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the shelting pavarna, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the pavarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut is deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it, he will suddenly stop, and indicate significantly the spot where his master must dig.—*Von Wrangell's Polar Seas.*

From the Christian Guardian.

## THE MORMONS.

The death of the two Smiths has not opened the eyes of the deceived Mormons. They still hold fast to the untruth. Yet there is a division among them; and one party has moved from Nauvoo and commenced a settlement near Rock Island, Illinois. Two brothers of the name of Law are at the head of the seceders, and large numbers have joined them. The Mormons regard the death of the Smiths as martyrdom. A young female disciple, named Eliza R. Stone, has written a sort of elegy on the "assassination of Generals Joseph Smith and Hiram Smith, first presidents of the church of the Latter Day Saints in Carthage, Hancock co. Illinois, on the 27th June, 1844." She thinks a worse deed has not been perpetrated since the death of the Saviour. The following are the young lady's verses:—

For never, since the Son of God was slain,  
Has blood so noble flow'd from human vein,  
As that which now on God for vengeance calls,  
From "Freedom's ground"—from Carthage prison walls!

Oh, wretched murderers! fierce for human blood!  
You've slain the prophets of the living God,  
Who've borne oppression from their early youth,  
To plant on earth the principles of truth.

Great men have fall'n and mighty men have died,  
Nations have mourn'd their favorites and their pride;  
But two, so wise, so virtuous, great and good,  
Before on earth, at once, have never stood  
Since the creation—men whom God ordain'd  
To publish truth where error long had reigned.

A depth of thought, not human art could reach  
From time to time, roll'd in sublimest speech  
From the celestial fountain through his mind,  
To purify and elevate mankind.

The rich intelligence by him brought forth,  
Is like the sun-beam, spreading o'er the earth.

Now Zion mourns—she mourns an earthly head:  
The Prophet and the Patriarch are dead!  
The blackest deed that men or devils know  
Since Calvary's scene, had laid the brothers low;  
The noble martyrs now have gone to more  
The cause of Zion in the courts above!  
Nauvoo, July 1, 1844.

**BLACKS IN OFFICE.**—The Chief Justice of Dominica, Clanville, is a mulatto, Sharp, the Attorney General of Barbadoes, is a mulatto; Garraway judge of the appeals in Barbadoes, is a mulatto; the Governor of the Nevis is a mulatto; thirty two editors of newspapers in the British West India colonies are negroes and mulattos; twenty one magistrates are mulattos; in all the Legislative Councils and Houses of Representatives there are no less than seventy-two mulattos and two negroes making laws for their former masters—the whites. Two thirds of the army or garrison in these colonies, is already composed of African soldiers, commanded by white officers. The Church is abundantly supplied with blacks and mulatto clergymen: the judges are almost all negroes and mulattos.—*Dr. Costa's "Facts for the People."*

**MARTIN LUTHER'S RING.**—A silver-gilt ring, with ruby stone, on the interior of which are engraved the following words:—"D. Martino Luthero Catherina von Boren, die 31, Octobris, 1525," has just been found on the public road, near Stettin. It evidently results from this inscription, that this ring was presented to the great German Reformer by his wife. It cannot, however, be considered as their marriage ring, for that event took place in June, 1525. I may, therefore, be supposed that Catherine presented it to her husband as a remembrance of their marriage anniversary of the publication of his famous "Theses" (Oct. 31, 1517,) which made so much noise in Europe.

**A TIGER STORY.**—You will be sorry to hear that the tiger shooting party has been broken up by a dreadful accident. James Ferris, Captain Hodgson, and young Wroughton, of the 12th, went out; they commenced with splendid sport; up to the 14th they killed eleven tigers. On the 14th, after they had come home to tillia, intelligence was brought of a tiger which had just attacked a man; they got ready and sallied forth. Captain Hodgson was a head of the party when he saw the tiger; he fired and wounded her. She charged the elephant, sprung into the howdah, seized Hodgson by the arm, and carried him out on the other side. Wroughton came to the rescue, and saw the tigers standing over Hodgson, and succeeded in killing her. When they went to Hodgson he was insensible; his right arm was fearfully lacerated and the thumb bitten off; the back, body, and shoulders much scratched; he had in all nineteen wounds. They did all that they could at the moment, and immediately made arrangements to take him into Snettapore, where he now is in a rather precarious state, although not in positive danger.—*Calcutta Star*, April 10.

#### FRUGALITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

“Of the extraordinary frugality with which some persons in humble life live, even where prices are high, I may as well in this place as any where, give an example which came under my observation. In Arbroath, near the magnificent ruins of the Abbey of Arbroath, I heard the movements of a hand loom, and I took the liberty, with due ceremony, of going in. A middle-aged Scotch woman, of pleasing appearance and neatly dressed, was weaving. I asked her how much she was able to earn. She replied, if she rose early, at five o'clock, and worked all day through the week, after paying for the use of the loom and the cost of winding her spools, her week's work would amount to four shillings. She paid three pounds sixteen shillings for the rent of her house. Her fuel cost her ninepence per week; and out of the remainder—less than two shillings—she had to support and clothe herself and an aged mother, who was infirm and incapable of helping herself. What the support that either of the poor creatures could have under such circumstances, must be difficult, but she made no complaint; and present an example of true Christian philosophy which would have done credit to a superior education and the highest condition in life.”

#### ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

On Saturday week, Edward Jeffrey, of Devonport, who in 1837 was on board the schooner *Ebenezer*, which was lost in the North Channel, and who has for the last six years been mourned by his family as dead, arrived at Portsmouth, in the cruiser *Arrow*, from the coast of Africa. Mr. Jeffrey was a passenger in the *Ebenezer*, and when she was wrecked, he and a companion clung to the rigging, and were taken off by a foreign vessel bound to India. They were put ashore at the Cape; but being destitute of money, Jeffrey entered on board the *Arrow*, which, after a cruise of several years, having taken two large slavers, has returned home. All hands on board the *Ebenezer* were supposed to have perished.—Jeffrey's family went into mourning for him, and his father died about three years ago. The joy of his surviving friends may be conceived

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