

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1842.

No. 25.

POETRY.

From the Churchman.

THE DYING BOY.

"Do not forget me; I would not my name,
As a strange language to your ears became."

'Twas early summer, pleasant June had come,
Flinging her coronals on every bough,
And from the soft southwest, with perfume rife,
The light-winged zephyrs wooed the coy young
flowers.

The brooks like playful children babbled on,
Loosed from their icy bondage, and the birds,
Nature's unwearied choir, tuned their clear notes,
And in the wild-wood shades held revelry.
Earth wore her robes of light and loveliness;
There were no clouds athwart the deep blue heaven,
Nought that might toll of darkness or decay;
But in a cottage home, where the green vines
Clambered about the casement, and the sun
Peeped stealthily amid the clustering boughs,
And the red rose gave her sweet odours forth—
There Sorrow sat, and claimed her heritage
In human hearts.

Upon his lowly couch,
Lay like a broken lily, a fair child,
Just numbering then, his tenth bright summer;
His clasped hands were white as braided snow-
wreaths.

And his silken hair, once waving lightly
In the summer's breath, now wet with death dews,
Tell all heavily on his pure forehead.
There was no rose-tint on his wasted cheek,
It seemed like Parian marble, and his eye,
The lid half drawn, shone faintly, as a star
Mid parting clouds.

Beside him leant, heart-sick
With hope deferred, and worn with ceaseless vigils,
She who had borne him. There was much that told
Of patient suffering in her pallid face,
For she had struggled earnestly, till faith
Could spread its eagle pinions, and soar up,
From the cold bed where she must lay her boy,
To his bright spirit-home. O, only they
Who with a mother's speechless agony,
Have watched the life-blood ebb, and the young cheek
Grow pale; counted each feeble pulse; and seen
The full round limbs shrink in undue proportion;
Only they, can tell a mother's sorrow,
And may own, how hard to bow submissively,
And say, "Thy will be done."

Hush! he is waking,
The dim eyes re-open, and the white lips,
Long sealed as though in death, find utterance.
She had thought he slept, but when he turned
Those soft dark orbs to hers, she saw that tears
Were on their silken fringe, and o'er his face
Passed a deep shade of gloom. "Mother," he said,
And the faint tones were tremulous with grief,
"Mother, I know how soon the time will come,
When I must die; and as I lay but now,
And thought of the sweet spring and summer days,
Which each revolving year make the green earth
So beautiful, and how they all would pass
Over my grave, and I should see them not,
I thought how sad it were to be forgotten.
Will it be so, dear mother? I would care
But little if all others should forget.
But I was thinking, that you too, perhaps,

When you grew older, and your tears were dried,
And I had slumbered long, you might forget
The timid boy who wandered by your side
In the sweet garden-paths at close of day,
Or gathered wild flowers in the shady nooks
Of the old pasture-meadows; he who knelt
Each morn and eve to lip his childish prayers
Low at your knee, and grasped your gentle hand,
When the clear Sabbath bells rang joyously,
To seek our heavenly Father's hallowed house;
You might forget the hour when he was wont
To come with bounding step and gladsome call,
From his wood ramble to your open arms.
Will it be so, dear mother? Must I die,
And you forget your child?"

She pressed her lips
On his cold forehead, and her burning tears
Fell fast with his; but when the first keen pang
Was past, she nerved herself to comfort him,
And told him, in her heart were images,
And gentle names of loved and lost, which ne'er
Could fade from her remembrance, and that he
Would ever live among the brightest there,
Till death should bear her to his arms in heaven.

M. N. M.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

From the United Service Magazine.

A PICTURE OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

COURTEOUS reader, accompany us, I pray you
on board this slave vessel; come and see the
handy works of these blood-thirsty dealers in
human flesh. What a nauseous smell as we
approach; how slippery and dirty the vessel's
side; what a clamour of voices; we are on
board.

Look at that cool, villainous looking scoundrel
pacing up and down the deck, smoking a
cigar; his hands are in his pockets; he ap-
pears totally unconcerned about the number of
murders he has committed and the horrors that
surround him. He is captain of the slave,
and a Portuguese; but he declares that he is
only a passenger, and that the captain died at
sea. He is even now calculating how much
he has lost by this unfortunate speculation.
"Let me see," says he, "I own twenty of
the healthiest, for my blacks never die!"
and he grins,—"that would have given me
twelve thousand crusadoes, and Don Berna-
dino was to have given me four thousand for
the trip,—sixteen thousand clean gone!—con-
fusion take the English picaroons!" and he
mutters "curses not loud but deep." "Well,
well, I must be upon my guard now, however.
Santa Maria! I wonder if they will rob me
of these sixty half doubloons fastened round
my waist; if they do, may they never receive
absolution, the miscreants." He grinds his
teeth, lights a fresh cigar, and continues walk-
ing the deck.

Behold that skeleton form! the unfortunate
breathes! her pulse still beats; her heart even
yet utters faintly to the touch of humanity. A
few days since, an infant hung at her breast;
happy innocent, it died—it was starved—and,
she, the poor emaciated mother, has been
starved too! she has existed these last sixty
days on a few handfuls of farina, and two

gills of putrid water per day; she has lived
in the after-hold upon some hard planks
all this time; look at her excoriated flesh!
When she embarked, there were two hun-
dred of her sex stowed with her in Lulk?
—one hundred and thirty now remain. She
might have saved herself, and sacrificed her
child; nature gave her a mother's love for her
offspring: she nourished and hugged it to her
bosom, until the little corpse was taken from
her by force, and thrown into the sea. While
we are looking, she is dying!—she is dead!
—"Oh death! where is thy sting?"

Friend of humanity, turn to that nest of lit-
tle ones, all in the last stage of the small pox
—in the confluent state; their bodies are now
one mass of putrifying sores; their tongues are
lolling out of their parched mouths as begging
for water: they cannot speak; they utter in-
articulate sounds; but in a few hours they will
be quite still,—yes! they will be where the
"wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest,"—they will die without a groan;
watch them narrowly as you may, you will not
perceive the transition from life to death! The
black glassy eye is half open, and almost trans-
parent. It quivers!—it is fixed in death.

Mark that living skeleton! lying with his
face to the deck: one little month, and that
man was a Hercules; but fearful of his strength,
the villains have kept him in close iron; this
is the first time he has breathed the air of hea-
ven since he embarked. Look at his lengthy
frame—his sunken eyes—his lank jaws—his
attenuated limbs! the bones seem willing to
burst through the frail covering of skin that
surrounds them; you may count every rib.
He was one of the brave men of his tribe;
he was doubtless taken fighting hand to hand,
defending his wife, his children, his home;
even the rude hut in the wilds of Africa; but
he was surrounded and taken prisoner, and
driven with hundreds of others, like flocks of
sheep, to the sea coast. See, he moves,—

He leans upon his head—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low.

He is past all suffering: a few hours, and he
will cease to exist.

Yonder are some suffering from ophthalmia
—all more or less blind; one is totally so; and
every now and then he endeavours to throw
himself overboard, and when he is restrained,
he mumbles something and points to his eyes,
as much as to say, "Why should I live? I
am of no use—can only exist in utter darkness
—let me put an end to my misery!"

They are serving out the water!—See, what
a rush there is to the after-hatchway; men,
women, children, how eagerly they watch
their turn to grasp the little calabash which is
half filled for each one. It holds just a pint;
with what agony some of the little wreaths re-
gard the process!—afraid, dreadfully afraid,
they shall be forgotten. How they creep be-
tween the legs of the taller ones to get nearer
the tub! A dozen hands are thrust in at once:
with what envy they regard the unfortunate
possessor! and how they watch every drop

that passes down his poor parched throat, and snatch it from his grasp ere it is quite empty!—Main strength here wins the day; they have little respect for friends or comrades in misfortune; and no wonder—each is endeavouring to save his own life!

Hark! what splash was that? They have just hove two unfortunates overboard; their bodies were yet warm, but they were encumbering the crowded decks: the flies were swarming around them, and even the air was becoming tainted; they are now food for the sharks; two of these ravenous creatures have followed the vessel across the Atlantic: they have been gorged with human flesh, but they are never satisfied: they will await the last victim, and then go in search of more.

Nine bodies have been thrown overboard to day.

Just peep down into the men's slave-room; how close and poisonous the atmosphere! only three feet from the planks to the deck above; they must all squat down in one position: move they cannot. Immense leaguers for holding water are stowed away underneath; some little fellows manage to crawl between the planks—they find the bung-hole of the cask. Necessity is, indeed, the mother of invention: they tear off a portion of the rag that is tied round their waist, and it is their only covering, fasten it to a rope-yarn, and lower into the cask: lo! they draw it up, suck out all the moisture, and so again, until their insatiate thirst is somewhat abated. Some never come up again, perhaps cannot, and so die beneath the planks, and are not discovered until the confined air below becomes rank poison, and then search is made, and a putrid body found and cast overboard.

I feel a hot puff of wind from the southwest—that dense cloud on the horizon is rising fast—a flash of lightning issues from it—it begins to spatter with rain—this portends a squall. Unhappy wretches! you must descend. With what reluctance they go!—the strongest shoving the weak before them. Look at the forest of human heads with the faces turned upward, peeping through barred-down gratings of the hatchway! What shoving, squeezing, cuffling, and yelling, to get the envied berth! Brute force again carries the day, and the weak squat down in despair—their breasts heave, and they gasp for a little air.

A short time before we captured her, they were all battered down in a gale of wind. Yes, they covered the hatchways to prevent the seas that fell on board from filling the vessel. What screams of agony, what yells must have been uttered, when they were suffocating! The weather moderated, the hatches were opened, and forty corpses were passed up and committed to the deep.

Thanks be to Heaven for the fine refreshing fair wind; how the sun shines and the vessel flies! The port is in sight, and we shall anchor ere sunset.

Lo! we are at anchor. What cries of joy the unfortunates utter as they leave the dirty, nauseous vessel that has brought them across the Atlantic! Those that are dying for a while partake of the joy, and fancy their sufferings all over; and, indeed, so they are, for no earthly aid can save their bodies, and, alas! they are ignorant of their souls. And thus they die, casting a last envious look on their comrades, who "eat, drink, and are merry,"—on the cool, clean, spacious decks of Her Majesty's receiving frigate *Crescent*. The healthiest are divided into messes, and are given beef, soup, and farina, and as much water as they can safely drink.

Some little urchins love to sit all day long by the side of the tank, and turn the water for every one who comes; that running stream

being to them the dearest sight earth can afford. The sick are laid on beds, and have the best medical treatment; they are given nourishing food to reanimate their debilitated frames: some poor skeletons would drink all day long (if allowed) so great is their thirst. By degrees they recover and get merry, and dance their native dances, and sing their national songs, and so in time, by care and kind treatment, forget all their past sufferings.—When they have sufficiently recovered, another scene takes place; one half of them are again sent on board the slave vessel; they are about to proceed to the British colony of Guiana; for if they remain in the Brazils they will again become slaves.

How the poor creatures dread another voyage!—How they cling to the sides of the frigate, as if to save themselves from a certain death! They recollect all that they previously suffered—the suffocation! the raging thirst! the burning heat of their bodies! comrade after comrade dying beside them! But their fears are in vain; happily for them they are no longer in the hands of the Philistines. 150 are now put into a space where 500 were crammed on leaving the coast of Africa. The water is pure and wholesome, and they are allowed a liberal quantity. They are all clothed; for the Guiana Immigration Society not only liberally provide clothing, but defray all the expenses of their transportation. The provisions consist of hung beef, salt fish, farina, rice, and lemon-juice; with tapioca, arrowroot, sugar, wine, &c. for the sick.—Each one is provided with a mat, which they take the greatest care of. The officer who is sent with them is very particular in keeping the vessel pure and clean, and regularly ventilated, sprinkling chloride of lime in the hold occasionally, and keeping the negroes as much on deck as possible. Twenty of the finest and strongest are selected to assist the seamen in working the ship. They keep regular watch, which they are proud of.

The passage is long and tedious, but they are merry and free from care, as the following extract from the prize officer's private log will show:—

"The negroes this evening established a band of culinary instruments. Such a din I never heard: kettles, frying-pans, baking-dishes, tin-pots, and spoons, &c. &c. all in concert! After the dancing a kind of pantomime was performed, in which the actors imitated all the actions and stratagems of the elephant hunter. One stout fellow appeared particularly excited, and for a moment, perhaps, fancied himself again in his native woods,—he handled a stick (his gun) with the greatest dexterity, loading and firing quickly, and with great minutiae of movement.

"The successful shot was attended with a yell of triumph, and a crash of pots, pans, &c. His movements were regulated by a song, in which all joined."

Thus, evening after evening, they amused themselves.—At length they anchor in the river Berbice; they are landed, and are located near a plantation.—They immediately demolish an acre of sugar-cane.

The men and women are now divided, and made to form a line opposite each other; the men are told to select a wife from the opposite party, when, if the lady be nothing loth, they are married by a magistrate, and henceforth are husband and wife.

In a short time they begin to work at the different plantations, and gain a livelihood, labour here finding a ready market; they are perfectly at liberty to change masters when they please; they are under the protection of a magistrate, responsible only to the government, and they enjoy as much liberty in every respect as those of our own race. They become

Christians, attend church, and, in the fulness of time, they depart this world,—not as worshippers of stones and serpents, but with a hope of everlasting happiness. And thus ends the liberated African's "strange eventful history." F.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the Correspondent of the *New York Observer*.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM EGYPT.

CAIRO, March 25, 1842.

This is the Mahomedan Sunday. I have visited the palace of Ibrahim Pacha today. The hall is airy and paved with marble, and it has a noble marble stair-case. Unluckily I did not get a sight of his majesty, as he was gone to the harem, it was supposed. He is much out of health since his return from Syria, and not easily accessible. We again passed through his grounds, and they appeared more charming than when I first saw them. An old Arab closing up the barrier of some beds sufficiently watered, reminded us of Virgil's sweet lines, giving them new beauty by a practical illustration. *Claudite muricis sat prata liberrunt.* From the palace we crossed over in a ferry boat to an island in the Nile called Rhoda, where the infant Moses is said to have been found, in the bulrushes, by Pharaoh's daughter. Ibrahim Pacha has purchased the island, and converted it into a garden, which is tastefully laid out. On our return we passed two funeral processions going out of the city to bury their dead. One seemed to have been a respected man among his Arab friends. A procession of about thirty Arabs of the middling class, preceded the corpse, which was wrapped in a red Cashmere shawl, and borne by a rude kind of bier. They moved at a quick pace, continually chanting passages from the Koran, in harsh monotonous tones, as is their custom. The other was evidently a poor, friendless man. He was simply borne of four, and covered with a dirty brown cloth. No creature followed him to the grave. Yet, doubtless, death in striking him down, blasted cherished hopes, and frustrated many schemes and plans.

On our return to Cairo, the janissary of Mr. Gliddon accompanied us to the door of his Mosque, where, by standing in the street, we might witness their worship. We could not be admitted into the Mosque; for our Christian feet would pollute its matting or floor, and the very pillars of their Mosque would be regarded as defiled and desecrated, should a Christian but lean his shoulders against them. We mounted upon a tailor's little platform, on the opposite side of the street, therefore, and looked over into the Mosque, the two doors of which opened directly into the street from the main body of the building, so that the congregation on entering passed from the upper stone of the steps immediately into the nave.

The congregation, all of men, for women are not admitted, was large and respectable. This was the chief Mosque of Cairo. Numerous horses held by servants, with elegantly embroidered saddles of crimson, purple, blue and buff silk velvet, or fine broadcloth, all profusely adorned with tassels, fringe and gold, and with bangles and breast-bands, whose rich ornaments of golden fringes and tassels half covered their necks and breasts, announced that the rich and noble were there. Many a Turk, Arab, Fellah and Bedouin came after our arrival, and went in to worship. Each one, on arriving at the door of the Mosque, and before stepping upon the floor, took off his slippers, and placing them in his left hand, sought out a place to seat himself cross-legged like a tailor. All the military officers took off their swords, and laid them with their slippers directly before them on the floor. An Imam, or Mahometan priest, read from the Koran, and expounded in a loud shrill tone, a part of the time.

I never saw a congregation more devout in appearance. There was no staring about, no loitering, no sleeping. All seemed absorbed in the business of their worship. It was a solemn spectacle, to see a whole congregation reverently lowering their heads together as before the Almighty, and then kneeling and bending till their foreheads all touched the floor. So far as I could observe, their worship was directed not to Mahomet, but Jehovah. They have no images or pictures, and their adoration is eminently spiritual. I confess I have been struck with the simple devotions of

the Mahomedans, as they have come under my notice. But when I look at the condition of the worshippers, and especially at that of their women, I can see that something is wrong in their religion, radically wrong. But O that Christians would exhibit more of their consistency, and like them carry religion more into the daily concerns of life.

It was an excellent opportunity to see the different classes of the most respectable, as well as of the middling and poorer people of Cairo, and therefore I waited to see the congregation disperse. This occupied a much longer period than an ordinary breaking up of one of our religious meetings, as each one had to put on his slippers on coming out of the door. There was the colonel with his golden hilted sword, who mounted the splendidly caparisoned horse; the Turk in his white turban, with reverend beard and graceful robes; the Bedouin, with his white blanket; the rich and the poor, one in embroidered garments, the other in rags.

From the Mosque we rode to another part of the city to attend a meeting of the "Howling Dervishes." We took off our boots on entering their place of worship, which stood retired, and resembled a small Mosque. Between twenty and thirty dervishes were standing in the middle of the room, in an elliptical ring, on mats of black and white sheepskins, with their head man or Scheik in their centre, as we entered. A company of musicians, with African drums and pipes, stood near. They soon struck up a kind of negro music, and the worship of the Dervishes commenced. They began by laying the palms of their hands together before them, and bowing and raising alternately the head with a violent spring, rapidly repeating at the same time the name of God—Al-lah—Al-lah—with a hollow grunt. One with long hair, like that of a female dishevelled, threw it completely over upon his face at each bowing, and back again upon his shoulders, on raising his head. The bowing and utterance of Al-lah—Al-lah became more and more violent, and the time and loudness of the music increased to a gradual climax, when a young Dervish became possessed with the inspiration. He began to toss his hands and to struggle like one convulsed by fits. Two other Dervishes seized him, putting their hands over his eyes and mouth. They whispered to him, and at length laid him by main strength on the floor, putting their knees upon him, and folding his arms upon his breast. And now the din of music, the jerking of heads and shoulders up and down, to the right and to the left, became more and more violent. Their inspiration was at its height. They tossed their heads and vociferated until their strength failed them, and their brains became utterly confounded. Some had jerked off their turbans by the violence of the motion, and most began to wipe the sweat from their brows. The music and bowing finally ceased. The chief Dervish took his station in front of a little niche or chapel, and all passed round and kissed his hand, which he complacently held out to them. Afterwards they touched each other's hands and then kissed them. At the close of the service, the Scheik invited us into a private room to sit down with him and his brethren. A divan ran round three sides of the room. The Scheik, with a dignified wave of his hand, requested us to sit down at his left, which is the seat of honor with the Arabs. Coffee was brought to us by those who had been dancing, and pipes were offered. As many of the brethren as could be accommodated sat down cross-legged on the divan with us, and took their cup of coffee. The Dervishes were a beggarly looking crew for the most part, though a few had faces of some intelligence. The Scheik was a Hurd, had a clear black eye, a good physiognomy, and an enviable beard. He was evidently the master spirit among them. The old man showed that his worship had been arduous, and that the pores of his skin were well opened. He told us there were about 300 Dervishes in Cairo. A venerable Dervish on our left, with a green turban, informed us that he had made his pilgrimage to Mecca. Their appearance and exhibitions formed to me a striking chapter in fanaticism. I was often reminded of an Indian "Pow wop." At length the Dervishes, who had not the honor of a seat within, began to enter one after another, to take leave of his excellency the Scheik. They approached him reverently, and bowing and kissing his extended hand, each retired backward to the door and departed. We ourselves presented him with

a dollar Baksheest, which he cheerfully accepted, and then bade him adieu, with the usual Arab salutations.

On our return we met a procession of mourners of the higher class of Turks. A company of well dressed men, in white turbans, singing a mournful dirge, preceded the bier. The deceased was covered with a rich red Cashmere shawl, and a red turban was elevated above his head. A considerable number of well dressed females followed as mourners, some on horses, some on donkeys, some on foot, and all closely veiled.

In passing through the street I saw a boy bastinadoed. He had offended a shop keeper, who, seizing him, threw him upon his back on the floor, and tying his feet with a cord, lifted them up so that they projected from a low window. He then inflicted some cruel blows, with a large stick, upon the poor fellow's feet. Each blow of the brute made my nerves to tingle, and my flesh to crawl upon my bones.

I also visited the tomb of Kleber, and the garden of Defterden Bey, in which he was assassinated. His monument is a square block of marble standing in the open street near a corner. On two sides are laurel wreaths, and on the two others two crossed swords. The monument is much defaced and soiled. What is human glory? Has a gallant Marshal of Napoleon, who was honoured and promoted come to this, literally to be "cast out into the street?" The garden looks abandoned and in ruins. It contained, however, the most extraordinary growth of the Prickly Pear (Cactus Indicas) I have any where seen. They were larger than our pear trees, and not less than fifteen feet high. They were putting forth their yellow blossoms. The fruit which they bear is much eaten in Egypt. The date trees too were thrusting forth their yellow blossoms from their long, dark, sheath-like buds. The stem and blossoms, when fully unfolded, resemble a head of Oroom corn. The blossoms burst forth around the foot of the tuft of long leaves at the top of the tree. The leaves are often fifteen or eighteen feet long.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

At the Sabbath School Anniversary, recently held in New York, the Rev. Mr. Everis, of the Baptist Tabernacle, said that "Sunday Schools are a test of the prosperity of the church. In revivals they are blessed abundantly, and a vast number of converts are always made from the children there taught. He regarded them as at the head of all the Christian institutions of the day; and, therefore, entitled to peculiar favour. He introduced a great variety of illustrations to show the power of early instruction in giving direction to the human mind. You would not attempt to tame a wild beast of the forest, without taking him young. You would not attempt to straighten the crooked trunks and branches of the trees in the wood; but you might take the twig, and train it to your taste."

Another speaker compared "the Sabbath School to a beautiful garden, and the pupils to the flowers—all heliotropes—opening their bosoms and turning toward the sun, in whatever part of the heavens he may appear."

ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM PRAYER.

We have lately been much gratified in hearing of an instance where all the teachers in a school came to the determination, at one of their meetings, of spending a certain portion of time each day in special prayer for a blessing upon their labors and the children in their separate classes. Thus, every teacher is engaged in that act of devotion, whether in the retirement of the closet, or amid the busy scenes of life; the answer to those prayers has already been given, in the fact that at the last celebration of our Lord's Supper, no less than three of their elder scholars were admitted as members of the church to which the school belonged. Is not this pleasing? Is it not an incentive for us to follow their example, and with them to unite daily in supplicating the throne of grace? I should propose then, as a teacher, that each of us (feeling the importance of prayer, and knowing how little good can be

effected without it) do not apart five minutes every day, for the purpose of specially asking the Holy Spirit's influences to rest upon each child in our class. Then shall we find that in the endeavour more abundantly to water others, we ourselves are watered; and remember that time is not the limit for the joys we feel, but we are encouraged to look forward to a state, where, with the children for whom now we pray, we shall be permitted to join in an endless song of praise.—S. S. Journal.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

From the N. Y. Observer.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

The Salvation of the Heathen to be accomplished through the instrumentality of the Gospel.

It does not become us to enquire whether God might not have accomplished his purposes in the conversion of men, independent of human instrumentality, and without the intervention of the Gospel. We may not suppose that he was shut up to the necessity of pursuing any particular method. He might, for aught that appears to us, have accomplished his purposes in a very different method from that in which he actually does accomplish them. He might, (if he pleased) move upon the sinner's heart without human instrumentality: or he might make a direct revelation of his will to every man, as he did to the penmen of the Bible. But we are not called upon to indulge in speculation as to what God might do.

What is the method of salvation which he actually has revealed? By what method does he really accomplish the salvation of men? If we look at the history of the church from the earliest ages, it will appear manifest that the conquests of divine grace ever have been achieved, through the instrumentality of the Gospel. How were the citizens of Rome, and Athens, and Thessalonica made the converts of God's grace? Every one knows that it was through the ministry of the word. Paul had no expectation that their unaided reason would guide them to heaven. Nor that God would make to them a direct communication of his will. Also, he might have spared the labour, and toil, and suffering which he endured for their salvation. The apostles evidently acted upon the principle that the heathen were to be converted through the instrumentality of God's word, and not by a direct revelation from heaven. Either the apostles mistook the Gospel method of salvation, or else it is indispensable that the heathen world become acquainted with the revealed will of God. But did they mistake? If so, the parting command of Christ was well calculated to beget such a mistake in their bosoms. They had heard the lips of the Saviour himself utter the words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." It was almost while these words were on the lips of their Divine Master, that he arose in the clouds of heaven, and ascended to his throne in glory. They gazed after him, as did Elisha after "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," as they conveyed his spiritual father to heaven. While they gazed, they caught his descending mantle; they were fired with his spirit; and they were resolved to live and die for his glory.

Now, let us follow their footsteps, as "they went every where" preaching the gospel; and learn to act under the same holy influence. Nor were the apostles actuated in this by a blind, misguided zeal. Paul understood the fact, and he expressed it to the Corinthian church, that "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." He also taught the church at Rome the truth, that while sinners can be saved only through faith in the blood of Christ, this faith can never be exercised without a knowledge of his character. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

I wish that every Christian would seriously ponder on these emphatic inquiries.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1842.

TO OUR PATRONS.

OUR readers are respectfully informed, that the first volume of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR terminates with the next number. In making this announcement, we feel it to be our duty to tender our sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those respected friends, by whose exertions and personal support the publication has been continued to the close of its first year, as well as to our subscribers generally, for the interest they have manifested in its prosperity.

Whilst grateful, however, for the measure of encouragement hitherto extended to us, we must, nevertheless, remind our friends, that in consequence of the low price at which the MIRROR is published, a large circulation is necessary to defray the expense and trouble consequent thereupon. Judging by the success which has attended our humble yet well meant endeavours to disseminate religious and other useful information, we confidently anticipate an increased exertion on the part of our friends, to extend the circulation of our journal. Our friends throughout the country, and especially those who have kindly consented to act as agents, are respectfully requested to make a special effort, previous to the commencement of the second volume, to increase the number of our subscribers.

Having ordered several religious periodicals, we hope to be enabled to render the MIRROR increasingly valuable, as a medium of communicating, without partiality, the latest information respecting the movements and operations of the great religious bodies, by whose instrumentality the principles of pure religion are now being rapidly disseminated throughout the world.

We may be allowed to add, for the information of those who may not have had an opportunity of ascertaining the principles upon which our journal is conducted, that it is strictly, and undeviatingly, ANTI-SECTARIAN in character. We have made choice, in common with our fellow-Christians, of that section of the Christian church which we believe will most effectually conduce to our spiritual improvement; but, at the same time, we deeply deprecate that narrow-minded feeling too prevalent, alas! among professors of religion, which prevents that unity and affection that ought ever to characterise the disciples of the Saviour. We hold it to be our duty, as religious journalists, equally to rejoice in the good effected by each and every body of evangelical Christians, by whatever name or peculiarity they may be distinguished, under a solemn impression of the truth, that "whatsoever good is done upon the earth, it is the Lord that doeth it."

It is matter for devout gratitude, that the followers of the Saviour are daily becoming more alive to the necessity of union; and if our very humble efforts to promote this desirable object be crowned with any measure

Can the heathen world be saved without the Gospel? Have we not reason to conclude that the belief that they can, (if indeed such a belief is found to exist,) originates in a spirit of sluggishness, and an unwillingness to engage in active effort for their salvation?

If it were true that the heathen did not stand in need of the Gospel, much self-denying effort might be spared; and such effort to many of those who profess to be Christians is very unwelcome. But whatever may be our dispositions as to active labor for the salvation of men, it is beyond all question that such labour is most imperiously demanded. It is a well-established principle, that it is through the Gospel that men are saved, whether they dwell in the midst of Christian churches, or of heathen temples. JEREMIAH.

A LIVELY FAITH.

LET me invite you to the cultivation of a lively and vigorous faith. It was this that gave to the preaching of the first ages all its resistless power—this which bore along, as on a march of triumph, the apostles and primitive evangelists, amidst the scoffing and the mockery of the world. Their faith it was which taught them to glory in disgrace; enabled them to rejoice in tribulation; filled their lives with labour and their death with peace; this which made them impenetrable to every assault, and inaccessible to every fear. Actuated by this power, they were superior to ambition, to interest, to the love of ease, to the allurements of speculation, and even to the affections of nature, so far as those affections would have neutralized or hindered their efforts in the cause of Christ.

If we were required, on the other hand, to assign the reason of our comparatively inefficient efforts, and our languishing zeal, we should trace them all to the defect and weakness of our faith.—We are dwellers as Christians; and it is not surprising if we do not achieve, as ministers or as missionaries, what demands a man's strength. We want that faith which outstrips the speed of ages; which seizes on the imperishable, and grasps the ends of the infinite; which leans upon the arm, or wears the mantle of omnipotence; which brings the distant near, and turns the invisible into a present substance; which gives swift wings to hope, and swifter to devotion; strengthens the hand for labour—braces the nerve for endurance—and dilates the heart with emotions, the very germs and pledges of our immortality; which rears us up from the dust of human frailty, to become as princes and prevail with God—and teaches us, while halting and wearied in the contest, still to retain our hold, and say, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me!"—although it is an angel's might with which we struggle, and an angel's pinion that is hid unfolded, and already spreading to the wind.—*Dr. M. H.*

THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

HAD not the covenant of mercy been infinitely holy, man could never have been saved. We stand in need of holiness as well as mercy. The grace of God in the child of God, is infinitely more glorifying to God, than the sun which shines by day, or the moon and stars which govern the night. Holiness raises man more highly above his fellow-men, than reason elevates him above the brute creation. The holiness of God reigns in hell, and ever will reign there: not is the holiness of God less glorified in the condemnation of the wicked than in the salvation of the righteous. The law which executes the criminal, is just as holy as the law which declares, "thou shalt not kill."—*Roe. II. Howels.*

FORBEARANCE.—The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up; for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. Though there was a little superstition in this, yet truly there is nothing but good religion in it, if we apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there, that thou knowest not of. The name of God may be written upon that soul thou treadest on; it may be a soul that Christ thought so much of, as to give His precious blood for it; therefore despise it not.

of success, even in a single instance, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that we have not laboured in vain. We ardently long to see every species of bigotry rooted out of the Christian Church, and all who name the name of Christ giving scriptural evidence of their attachment to their Divine Master, by loving "the brethren," and coming forth, as one great and united army, "to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

THE following important "sign of the times" is extracted from the letter of a correspondent of the *New York Observer*:—

The quarrel with the pope is not less serious. The government seem desirous of making the Spanish church independent of the Holy see.—Their intention is,

1st. To forbid all correspondence with the pope for obtaining pardons, indulgences, or ecclesiastical privileges.

2d. To forbid sending any money to Rome for religious purposes.

3d. To refuse to receive into the kingdom ambassadors of the pope, who shall be sent to grant exemptions.

4th. To suppress agencies for praying.

5th. To abolish all foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, consequently that of the Holy See, and only to retain the authority of the bishops over the priests their immediate subordinates.

6thly. Lastly, To forbid asking the pope's confirmation in appointment to offices in the church.

This would be, indeed, a thorough reform.—The Spaniards, by adopting these resolutions, would create a schism as great as that of Henry VIII. in the English church. All connection with the Holy See would be sundered. Pope Gregory XVI. has also published apostolic letters, in which he pours out his complaints: "The Catholic religion," says he, "is threatened publicly in Spain with utter destruction. An execrable law has been proposed to the supreme assemblies of the kingdom, tending to destroy from the foundations the lawful authority of the church, and to establish the impious maxim that the power of the laity is superior, rightfully, to that of the church. Indeed, this law declares that the Spanish nation should pay no heed to our apostolic see."

Gregory XVI. in his deep grief, has ordered prayers for Catholicism in Spain by all the faithful adherents to the See of Rome. It is not probable that Espartero's government will be strong enough to effect so great a reform. The priests have still numerous partisans in the peninsula, and they will not be wanting in address to frustrate the plans of their adversaries.

WHERE IS THE CHURCH OF CHRIST?

IT is, as it ever has been, built on the rock Christ Jesus, and its superstructure has been raised by the Apostles and martyrs, and stamped by Divine immutability. But where shall we find it now, in its purity and original simplicity? We shall endeavour to answer this important enquiry conscientiously, distinctly, and charitably. We may arrive at a safer conclusion by asking, first, where is it not? It is not to be found in schism, that excludes charity; it is not to be found in outward pomp and ceremony—the form without the power—which enslaves the passions, (because appealed to them only,) and plays with the feelings, as doth a beautiful scenery. It is not to be found in the hearts, or participating in the interests, of those where the love of money reigns supreme. It is not to be found among the smoking incense, the fascinating music, or the gorgeous trappings of the papal hierarchy. It is not to be found with those who maintain an outward profession of the Christian faith, while backbiting their neighbours is their favourite employment. It is not to be found amongst those who preach up the doctrine of universalism. It is not to be found with those who attempt to rob Christ of his

divinity, and religion of her most brilliant gemmed coronet. It is not to be found in the families or houses of those where the morning and evening orisons are dumb. And further, we dare to assert it is not to be found with those who neglect self-examination, that most exalted duty and privilege, which distinguishes the true and sincere worshipper, and which is the most useful and un-failing means of bringing the Christian near to perfection. It is not to be found in the short-lived extacies of ignorant excitements, that bear off the mind from the solid pillars of truth to the aerial wanderings of an ideal world that never had existence.

But it is to be found with those who love their enemies, at the same time that they hate their sins—with those who dwell in unity with their brethren—whose every action flows from love to God, while the world is kept below the level of the soul's full tide of charity—who really live with reference to another and a better state, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," and as though they expected to be judged by their Creator. The number, we fear, is small. It is an age of deceiving appearance and ephemeral forms; but we hope that every one who may peruse these brief remarks will practically apply this question, "Do I belong to the Church of Christ, and am I following my adorable Redeemer, in every rule, action, and motive of my life?" Beware that the test of Scripture proof is sincerely and unshrinkingly applied—for the deceivableness of unrighteousness is abroad, in a disguised and specious garb.

ANOTHER CHEERING "SIGN OF THE TIMES." SCOTLAND, at the present moment, exhibits a scene of the deepest interest in the proceedings of its General Assembly. That venerable body has done itself vast honour in repealing part of an act passed in 1799, which forbade all the ministers of that Church from allowing any ministers of other denominations to preach or dispense ordinances in their churches. This act was hurled against Messrs. Rowland Hill, Haldane, Ewing, James, &c., and it is a delightful sign of the times when such a restriction can be repealed with so little opposition. They have also declared, "that patronage is a grievance, attended with injury to the cause of pure religion in this church and kingdom, is the source of all the difficulties in which this Church is now involved, and therefore ought to be abolished." This was carried by a majority of 69 in a house of 363 members. What the end will be of these proceedings it is impossible to predict, but fervently do we wish that Divine wisdom and knowledge may direct men who are prepared so fearlessly to avow opinions that are opposed to the notions and tastes of the men of this world.—*London Congregational Magazine for June.*

Our Quebec friends are respectfully informed, that Mr. Robert Patton has been appointed Agent for the *Christian Mirror*, in that city.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of an interesting communication from our friend B. Having reached us too late for this number, it may be expected in our next.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, is at present assembled in this city. The Rev. Henry Esson is chosen Moderator for the current year, in the room of the Rev. James George, Minister of Scarborough.—*Transcript.*

The Lord Bishop and a numerous body of the Clergy of the Diocese, in connection with the Church of England, have also been engaged in Church business for several days. On Thursday the 10th inst., a Diocesan Society, for the purpose of disseminating copies of the Holy Scriptures and affording religious instruction to those in connection with the English Church, and for the promotion of education, was organized, and branches established in various parts of this District, to be under the supervision of this the Central Society.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

NO. IV.—ORIGIN AND AGENCY OF DISEASE.

(Continued.)

WE shall now proceed to investigate the origin of dissolution and disease.

It may be considered highly probable that the fruit of which our first parents partook, contained a certain property, that infused itself into every organ of the physical frame, and transformed the hitherto immortal being into corruptible matter. We are told, as one consequence that followed, that they knew good from evil—implying that the latter, up to the time of the act of disobedience, was unknown. We may, I apprehend, infer from this, that the seeds of dissolution were likewise contained in it, which insinuated themselves into the corporeal frame, and became commingled with every particle of the human fabric.

A similar idea, I imagine, gave birth to the mythological box of Pandora of the ancients, from whence they supposed issued all evil—and hope remained at the bottom. Death implies a previous, gradual decay,—an agent sufficient, without the aid of artificial means, (as we hope to prove disease to be) to accomplish the fulfilment of the sentence passed upon mankind.

Let us for a moment direct our attention to the vegetable world, inclusively cursed in the earth for the "sake of man." They progressively acquire maturity, and in a proportionate ratio decay and die. We hear naturalists speak of the diseases of plants and trees—the causes have been as artificial as the effects are altogether unnatural. The very moment maturity is attained, decomposition commences, until the substance it acts upon becomes changed, and falls back into its original gaseous state, to nourish successive productions. Nothing, the most remotely connected with man's physical or moral condition here, can be stationary—that belongs to perfection; therefore, what is not advancing must be retrograding. The vegetable world is continually emitting nitrogen gas, and imbibing oxygen. This very circumstance, of receiving support, were there no other cause to be found in the natural world, were sufficient to bear out our argument, simply because it implies TERMINATION.

In the animal world, of which man forms the most perfect, interesting and numerous part, from the minutest invisible world of insects, that bring forth myriads in the petal of a flower, to the now extinct mammoth—precisely the same process is carried on. Before proceeding further, let us bear in remembrance the already repeated, but important truth, that God, perfect himself, has made nothing imperfect, nor has left any part of a whole partially disfigured in all his boundless dominion. But to return.

The longevity of a certain genus of animals illustrates more pointedly our position, than those whose life is less extended—although in each, according to their peculiar structure, the dissoluting process is carried on. In them, at least in their wild state, we have ocular demonstration that disorder is not a necessary concomitant to existence, or an indispensable auxiliary to death.

The elephant, for instance, will live for upwards of a century, until a course of regular, slow but certain decay, almost unconsciously, and devoid of pain, terminates in dissolution; and so of every species and kind that inhabit land, air, or water—unless, indeed, some departure from, and infringement of, the relative natural laws causes an untimely end, accompanied, doubtless, by disorder and pain, its precursor and forerunner.

Is man, then, whom Jehovah hath "crowned with glory," and made "a little lower than the angels"—man, the heir of heaven, who wears the semblance of his Maker—man, immortal, the delegated sovereign of this lower creation—is he, I ask, to be excluded—an exception to the general economy of Divine ordination? Is he, the only accountable creature who exists on this planetary ear, and for whom all other life rotunds—is he absolutely, without qualification, to be branded with this additional mark

of God's displeasure? Is there one in this wide world so deluded—so ignorantly prejudiced, as to suppose, that the most perfect of God's perfect workmanship, is set apart as the scape-goat of creation, in whom was to centre continued pain, misery, sickness, and all the artificial ills that afflict the human family—which the minor world of being is freed from? Some may say, perhaps, unpossessed of reason, they could not sin. True, with one exception, viz: the *nachash*, (improperly translated, according to Dr. Clarke's opinion, serpent—properly, ourang-outang,) which, it appears, possessed speech, and the faculty of thought; but why, then, were they included in the curse at all? Be it recollected, that with the brute-creator, death annihilates being—but man has to await the award of his actions here, in another state.

For my own part, I would as soon believe that heaven were a fabled invention, as the doctrine that man is the decreed hereditary subject of disease. Degeneracy of physical habit and constitution is begot by imprudence, wilful ignorance, and a non-exercitation of the talents which have been bestowed upon man, and which he is bound, by the most powerful ties, to employ to the glory of God, and for the service of his fellow-creatures.

We shall, in our next, see what proof can be adduced from historical facts to confirm our arguments.

Montreal, July, 1842.

OVERTURE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE.

FROM A FEMALE MISSIONARY.

IN Dr. Leifchild's interesting speech at Exeter Hall, in February last, he proposed a plan, which I could not but at once approve and admire. It was, to form an Auxiliary Society, in which the names of children, as soon as they could understand, were to be enrolled, and to continue until they arrived at their majority. He said, "I believe there are thousands of little ones, throughout the country, of both sexes, who would be glad to be enrolled for some amount." Now, I could not help thinking at the time I read it, that in this respect the poor deluded idolaters here afford a striking example, worthy of the imitation of Christians. I scarcely ever remember meeting a procession for idolatrous worship, that there was not a number of children bearing some part in it. On one occasion I met a man and woman, with three children, on their way to Amoor's Temple. I asked them where they were going.—They said, "To make pooja," or worship. I asked "Why?" They said "One child had been sick; they did make vow, and were going to pray." I said, "Why, for such a little child?" They smiled, and said, "Why not?"

The man carried in one hand a fowl, for sacrifice; and with the other led a little boy about six years old, who had in his hand three sweet potatoes.—On his shoulder the man carried a little girl, about three years old, who had in her hand a cocoa nut. The woman carried a brass plate, with a little rice, some saffron, a little sugar, and some flowers. She had an infant about twelve months old; and O, ye Christian mothers, think with compassion on this little one, who also had its sacrifice for the devil. In its little hand it carried a plantain. I asked, "What it was for?" They replied, "It is for sacrifice!" (p. 193.) They looked satisfied with themselves. They thought by doing this, they should so far secure the favour of the demon, that no evil should befall them. Oh, how I longed to lead them to Him who is the friend, and not the foe, of our little ones; who, though the mighty God, has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christian mothers, will you not teach your little ones to do something for the cause of Him who has died for them? If it is worth no more than a plantain, you may teach them, as did this heathen mother,—"*It is for sacrifice.*" Endeavour to sow in their young warm hearts the seeds of benevolence, and teach them, as one of their earliest lessons, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

And oh, my beloved children and young friends, will you allow me to appeal to your benevolent feelings on behalf of these poor, neglected, and destitute little girls and boys, whose souls, you know, are worth more than a world! Perhaps

you will say, "Well, but I cannot save their souls." No more can I; but we can direct them unto Him who can, and will, if they seek him. Many of these poor children have been rescued from scenes of the greatest misery and distress. Great are the cruelties and sufferings that some of them have endured. Many were brought to us during the famine, almost dead: it was some time before they recovered, but now most of them are tolerably well. We have a large school-room for them, in which they are taught, and sleep, for in this country they do not require beds, as they do in England, but they sleep upon a little mat. They take their meals in the verandah, without knives or forks, which curry and rice do not require.—They eat out of a little earthen catty, or dish, and if you could see some of their little merry faces, you would say they were quite as happy as many young ladies in a boarding-school in England.—*London Miss. Mag.*

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The correspondent of the *Mercantile Journal* relates the following incident that occurred at a late Colonization Meeting in the city of Washington:—

"Dr. Parker, the well-known and most worthy Missionary to China, attended the meetings of the Society, and appeared to take a lively interest in its welfare and future prospects—and after an affecting appeal was made to the feelings, and generosity of the audience, by one of the officers of the Society, Mr. Parker arose and addressed the president. He said, 'That a full heart often lacked words with which to express its feelings. That the statements that had been made, called upon every one of benevolent feelings to step forward, and lend what aid was in his power to further the ends of this noble institution. As to himself, it was well-known his destiny was sealed. His life and strength were dedicated to the benighted and suffering Chinese—but were it not so, nothing would prevent him from making an offering of himself to a cause, in which his sympathies were so strongly enlisted. I hold in my hand, Mr. President, said he, the remains of a small patrimony that descended to me, amounting to forty-three dollars; it is a mite, but it is my all; I know not how soon my widow may, by divine Providence, be made to require it—but I will trust her in the hands of the widow's God; and I now offer it to you for the benefit of the poor Africans who are waiting with anxiety, in a neighbouring port, the action of this Society in their behalf.' The effect of this address was electric, and although the assembly was not large, it being a very rainy and unpleasant evening, more than four hundred dollars were raised, ere it was dismissed."

BIBLE FOR THE NESTORIANS.—In one of the churches in the city of Boston, when a contribution was taken up for the American Bible Society, a paper was found in one of the boxes containing three \$5 gold pieces, and the following direction, written on the envelope. We trust the Bible Society will comply with the wishes of the liberal donor.

"\$15.00. This small sum is presented to the Lord expressly to aid in giving and distributing his divine word to the Nestorians, whose good bishop informed us that they had no Bibles—no Bibles."

Therefore, let his petition be granted, and the word of the Lord be multiplied, till the nations that now sit in darkness and the shadow of death shall see great light in the divine Revelation, and bow to Jesus."—*Bos. Recorder.*

THE SABBATH.—The Tuscaloosa Presbytery (Alab.) at their last meeting, directed every minister and licentiate of the body to preach to each of his congregations on the observance of the Sabbath, previously to the next meeting. They also directed each church session to adopt such measures as they may think most advisable to promote the observance of the Sabbath, with special reference to the prevention of travelling by members of the church on that day, and that they report on the subject at the next stated meeting of the Presbytery.

ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH.—It is stated in the *Christian Observer* that nine hundred have been added to the evangelical churches in Richmond, Va., since the commencement of the late

powerful work of grace in that city; and, that many others hope they have passed from death unto life, who will probably join at no distant day. It is to be feared, the precipitancy of admissions to the Church will be the subject of future sad regrets.

MORMONISM.—In regard to Mormonism, we may state that we saw a highly intelligent gentleman, a day or two since, who has just come from Nauvoo, where he saw and conversed with Smith, and many of the Mormons. Our friend computes their number at 70,000, (they say 100,000;) says they are governed by a military despotism; that all the orders of the chief are obeyed as the words of inspiration; and that the numbers of his followers are constantly increasing, especially by emigration from England. Their temple is of magnificent dimensions; their printing press in constant operation; their military regularly drilled; and their preachers active with "a method in their madness." Our friend showed us a printed order or revelation of the prophet, which was a sort of hieroglyphic, with a brief explanation and application subjoined. As an instance of their infatuation, he told us that he showed Smith a Greek psalter, who pronounced it a valuable Egyptian manuscript: but though the matter was explained to many of the Mormons, it was found impossible to shake their confidence in the inspiration of the prophet. Smith is called by many the Mohammed of the west; and Prof. Jackson inclines to the opinion that he and Rigdon (who is the master knave) are preparing systematically for an invasion of Missouri, to redress their alleged grievances.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

BY SUMMERFIELD.

As a specimen of the interesting manner in which he addressed children, the following passage is selected from his sermon on I Chron. xxviii. 9.

O! if you only knew how much they [your parents] love you, you would love them yet more and more. Some of them are poor, and obliged to toil almost day and night to preserve you in a little decency, and to give you a little useful learning. Perhaps, when you are asleep in bed, your anxious mother is yet sitting by her little fire consulting with her husband about your welfare. You are their last concern at night, their first care in the morning; and it is very hard work to make their little pittance afford you a plentiful meal! Perhaps they are very often obliged to deny themselves of their scanty store that you may have enough, and that you may be clothed as well as their little will allow. When you go home tonight, my poor little ones, whose parents' lot appears so hard, look up into your father's face, and see the furrows which his daily labor has made upon his wasting frame! Take hold of his hand! feel how hard, how rough it is; more like horn than human flesh. See there the effects of his daily toil, in the sweat of his brow earning his daily fare; and while you hold his hand, again look into his face, which perhaps betrays the decline of his natural health and strength, and ask him, "Father, for what have you toiled so hard! Father, what have you laid up for your later years after so much hardship! What is to support you when these hands are no longer able to perform your daily task?" Ask him these questions; and when the feelings of his heart will permit him, I doubt not but he will give you this reply: "It is true, my child, I do toil hard, but it is not for myself! My own wants could be easily supplied. I want but little, nor that little long; but I labour for my boy, I weary myself for my girl, that they may be comfortable, and that I may give them some useful learning to fit them for their future walk through life. This has always been my care, and it was not possible for your mother or me to make any reserves for that time when the infirmities of age should lay us aside. Your wants have always swallowed up our little earnings; and the only dependence we look to for these few remaining days or years is the love of our little ones! That is all the treasure we have been endeavouring to lay up in store, and we have spared no pains to increase it."

O, my poor little ones, would not your heart swell at hearing these words? and could you be hindered from clasping your parent's neck, min-

gling your tears with his, and saying, "Father, you shall have my love?"

But some of you have not a father.

The commandment is beautifully expressive: "Honor thy father and thy mother." The mother is the weaker vessel, and she requires more of your love; her tender heart is more susceptible than a father's, and that will wound her delicate spirit which would only grieve your father. If she be your only parent, you owe her double love! The father's and the mother's should be offered to her! And O! what is a mother's love! Ask a mother! nay, she cannot tell you, but you may read it in her actions. You forget the time when you were a little loathsome creature, covered from head to foot with the small pox—one mass of putrefaction, disgusting spectacle to every one. Your nearest friends would scarcely touch you. Who but a mother would press the loathsome object to her bosom? Who but a mother could gaze on the spectacle without a feeling of abhorrence? she, with increasing love. The more you suffered, the more she loved! the more disgusting you became to others, the nearer she pressed you to her heart. "She could not forget her sucking child." Or when your body was filled with deadly fever, and your very breath tainted the air with impurity and filled the house with infection; when all forsook you, who but a mother would hang over you and breathe the putrid atmosphere, regardless of her own life in the preservation of yours?—O! the love of a mother! Grieve her not; the least token of disregard to her mild restraints will wound her tender frame; will you, then, instead of joy, give her sorrow? You will only know her full worth when you know her want, as I do. For nine long years that sweetest word in human speech could never hang on my lips—"my mother!" O! the very remembrance of the slightest provocation will wound you in the tenderest part, when she is removed! and I do think that such a remembrance would be the angry ghost of me!

THE FARMER.

A HAPPY FARMER.

In one of those beautiful valleys in which the country abounds, where the surrounding hills in June are covered to their summits with the richest herbage, and dotted over with the rejoicing herds, at the foot of the hills, near a small stream which here and there spreads itself like a clear mirror encased in a frame of living green, and then at other places forces its gurgling waters through some narrow passes of the rocks, you may find an humble, unpainted cottage, with the various appurtenances of sheds, and styes, and barns, around it. Three or four stately trees present themselves in front of it. The door-yard is filled with flowers and shrubs, and the buildings seem to stand in the midst of a flourishing and full bearing orchard, the trees of which are clothed with living green, with no suckers at their roots, unadorned with the nests of the caterpillar, unscathed by the blight of the canker-worm, and with their bark clean and bright, indicating alike the health of the tree and the care of the proprietor. Every part of the premises exhibits the most exact order and carefulness. No battered axe lies at the wood pile; no rotten logs, no unhooused sled, no broken wheels, no rusted and pointless plough, encumber the roadway; no growling sow, with her hungry and squealing litter, disputes your entrance into the gate; no snarling dog stands sentry at the door. The extended row of milk pans are glittering in the sun; and the churn, and the pails are scrubbed to a whiteness absolutely without a stain.

The house is as neat within as without; for such results are not seen but where harmony reigns supreme, and a congeniality of taste and purpose and character exists among all the partners in the firm. The kitchen, the dairy, the bedrooms, the parlour, all exhibit the same neatness and order. The spinning-wheel, with its carded rolls upon its bench, keeps silence in the corner for a while, during the presence of the guest. The kitchen walls was hung round with ornaments of their own industry—the long tresses and skeins of yarn, the substantial hosiery of the family, and the homespun linen, emulating the whiteness of the snow-drift. The floors are carpeted, and the beds are made comfortable, with the produce of their own flax and the fields, all wrought by their own hands. The golden products of the dairy; the transparent sweets of the hive, obtain-

ed without robbery or murder; the abundant contributions of the poultry-yard, the garden and the orchard, load the table with delicious luxuries. There are books for their leisure hours; and there stands to the revered bass-viol in the corner, constant like its owner to appear at church on Sundays, and kind always to assist in the chant of the daily morning and evening hymn. Better than all this, there are children trained in the good old school of respectful manners, where the words of age, and grey hairs, and superiority, still have a place; inured to early hours and habits of industry; and with a curiosity and thirst for knowledge stimulated the more from a feeling of the restricted means of gratifying it. There is another delightful feature in the picture; the aged grandmother in her chair of state, with a countenance as mild and benignant as a summer evening's twilight; happy in the conviction of duty successfully discharged by training her children in habits of temperance and industry; and receiving, as a kind of household deity, the cheerful tribute from all of reverence and affection.

Some may call this poetry; it is indeed the true poetry of humble rural life, but there is no fiction nor embellishment about it. The picture is only true; and, if it were not a violation of the rules which I have prescribed to myself to mention names in such cases, and that I might offend a modesty which I highly respect, I would show my readers the path which leads to the house, and they should look at the original for themselves.

The owner, when I visited him, was forty-five years old. At twenty-one years old he was the possessor of only fourteen dollars, and with the blessing only of friends no richer than himself.

His whole business has been farming, and that only. He married early; and though he did not get a fortune with a wife, he got a fortune in a wife. They have comforted and sustained their parents on one side of the house. They have brought up three children; and, with the co-labor of the children, they have given them a substantial and useful education, so that each of them, now of sufficient age, is capable of keeping a good school, as they have done, with a view to assist their own education. He began with thirty-five acres of land, but has recently added fifty five more to his farm at an expense of nearly thirteen hundred dollars, for which there remained to be paid five hundred; a debt which, if health continued, he would be able to discharge in two years. The products of his farm are various. He raises some young stock; he fattens a considerable amount of pork for market, and occasionally, a yoke of cattle. He sells, in a neighbouring village annually, about one hundred dollars worth of fruit, principally apples and peaches. Such a situation may be considered, in the best sense of the term, as independent as that of any man in the country.

Now what are the causes of such success? Persevering industry; the strictest and most absolute temperance; the most particular frugality, and always turning every thing to the best account; living within his own resources; and above all things, never in any case suffering himself to contract a debt, excepting in the purchase of land, which could be made immediately productive, and where, of course, the perfect security for the debt could neither be used up, nor wasted, nor squandered.—*Colman's Report.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WORD TO PASTORS.—He is not a pastor who is never met by a smiling child in the streets; and such a man, minister as he may be, we pity for his unpardonable negligence of a pleasing duty. It is a fixed part of our belief, that a Christian minister should be well acquainted with every family where he has a member of his church; and as many of the families of his hearers as possible; not the heads only, but the children and the servants. They expect it, and the expectation is reasonable; and he will do little good in any house who leaves neglected the youth and domestics. To notice them regularly, affectionately, and religiously, is to engage and obtain many hearts, members for the church, and saints for glory; and these shall honor the good man, as he passes through the streets, with their pleasing looks and blessings. The Saviour exercised a lovely supremacy, when, as he entered into Jerusalem, children strewed his path with branches

of palm trees. Wesley never appeared more like St. John than when with children on his knees, and others thronging him as he sang songs for them on the rural heath. And to us no part of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' is more pleasing than that which says of the village preacher:

'Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.'
Christian Guardian.

THE WILLOW.—The first weeping willow grown in England was planted in Pope's garden at Twickenham on the Thames, and is said to have been sent to him as a present from Turkey, by his friend the Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THERE is no material alteration in the state of public affairs since our last advices. Trade still continues very much depressed; the accounts of the sufferings among the operatives in various parts of Great Britain are still heart-rending, notwithstanding the efforts made to alleviate their distress.

There is nothing important from the seat of war in India. The reports given in the journals of our former reverses in that quarter, are extended, and we are happy to say show them to be of a character less disastrous than was anticipated.

An extract from the proceedings in the House of Commons on the timber trade shows that various important changes were attempted to be introduced, but were lost, throwing the house back on the Ministerial bill.

The crops through England, especially the southern countries, are exceedingly promising.

The vintage in France, promises better than for years past.

The trial of the youth, John Francis, for high treason in shooting at the Queen, took place on Friday in the Central Criminal Court, London. He was found guilty on the 2d and 3d counts of the indictment, charging him with having fired a pistol, loaded with some destructive substance, at her Majesty, the jury having a doubt that it contained a bullet, but believing that it was loaded with something else besides wadding and powder. The prisoner, who was dreadfully affected, was sentenced, in the usual form, to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

It is rumored that the session of Parliament will close in July, and that there will be no further discussion on any important question. The only question of any interest now to be discussed, is the Poor Law Bill, and that had already been commenced in the House of Commons.

Several severe shocks of an earthquake were felt in Italy the fore part of the month, extending also along the south of France. Mount Vesuvius was at the last accounts giving forth great quantities of smoke and flame.

The Paris papers continue to discuss the question of the Right of Search, more, we believe, because they find it annoys the English, than from any real interest which they take in the matter.

The attempts at revolution in the Turkish province of Bulgaria, appear to be more formidable than was at first supposed. The insurgents issued from the mountain fastnesses, and committed their depredations in open defiance of any force which the government authorities could bring against them.

Latest accounts from the Cape of Good Hope represents that the expedition fitted out against the rebellious boors at Cape Natal, had been completely successful. There had been a large influx of negroes captured by the British vessels engaged in suppressing the slave trade, and many inducements had been held out to them to go to the West Indies as hired laborers to work on the plantation, but without much success.

From all quarters of Ireland there is the most cheering promise of an abundant harvest. The corn, fruit, and potatoe crops will be at market fully a month before those of last year's harvest.

The cholera has been raging in Calcutta, carrying off many scores of natives and several Europeans.

The Silesian Gazette states that the greater part of the manufacturing town of Belchatow, in the district of Petrikauwart, was, last month, destroyed by fire.

At Boston, a reduction of ten per cent and in some instances of more, has been made by the masters, and the operatives, under the pressure of the times, have been compelled to submit to it.

By an order in Council, inserted in Tuesday's Gazette, the ports of Toronto and Hamilton, in Canada, are declared free warehousing ports.

The colliers employed in the works belonging to the Earl of Balcarres, received notice on Saturday last, that the employment of females working in the colliery would in future be discontinued.

An immense fossil elephant, or mammoth, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface, has just been discovered, in the Wealden formation of the Marden-hill, at Maidstone, during the excavation of the cutting for the South-eastern Railway.

It is stated that pirates are again beginning to infest the Eastern waters of the Mediterranean.

At the Cheltenham Sessions, George Jacob Heyvoake, lecturer on Socialism and home-colonization, was held to bail, himself in £100 and two sureties of £50, for denying, in one of his lectures, the existence of a God.

Captain Basil Hall, with the ladies and children of his family, have completed their tour of Thebes, Syria, the River Jordan, and the Red Sea, and are now proceeding to Greece and Constantinople.

The Journal de Frankfort, of the 10th instant, states that on the sixth, the ceiling of the theatre at Schleitz fell during the performance, wounding many hundreds of persons and killing several.—Twenty-nine dead bodies were taken from the ruins.

Riots of a very vicious character have occurred at Cork, Limerick, Ennis, and other places, in consequence of the high price of potatoes and other articles of food. At Ennis, the police were forced to fire on the mob; two or three lives were lost, and several persons wounded.

Her Majesty has conferred a Grand Cross of the Bath on the gallant Sir Robert Sale, the defender of Jellalabad.

A rumour is very prevalent, and is believed in well-informed quarters, that six sail of the line are to be immediately commissioned.

Up to the 31st of May the amount of contributions for the sufferers at Hamburg was about £1,943,000.

THE DISTRESS.—The Earl of Radnor drew the attention of the Lords; to the unmitigated distress among the people, with an inquiry as to the measures of relief. He was sure the House were not aware of the extent of the distress. In Manchester, a soup-kitchen has been established, and 16,000 quarts of soup are issued weekly: the kitchen opens at eight o'clock in the morning; but so eager are the recipients, that they assemble before three. In Sheffield, matters are worse: the number of poor in the Work-house has increased from 261 in 1836 to 600 in 1842; the able-bodied men receiving out-relief from 900 to 1,000, whose families make up a gross number of 4,000; the total expenses, from £10,548 to £40,000. Two thousand houses are standing empty. The trade-funds are all exhausted. Crime has so much increased that the Sessions are held twice instead of once a quarter. Mr. Ferrand brought forward a similar motion on the subject in the House of Commons. He called on the representatives of the people to save the industrious classes in the manufacturing districts from starvation and death.

The whole of Lord Ashburton's homestead, situated at Chapham, a romantic village about two miles from Bedford, together with 12 houses in the village, were recently totally destroyed by fire.

LATEST FROM INDIA.

The English papers now received, contain full particulars of the army operations in India, from which it would appear that with the exception of the fall of Ghuznee, the results had not been so disastrous to the British arms as the telegraphic account had given us reason to apprehend. The fighting immediately preceding the fall of Ghuznee was of the most sanguinary character.

The gallant General Sale, besieged in Jellalabad by Akbar Khan, at the head of 6000 Afghans, being apprehensive that Akbar was about to raise the siege to attack General Pollock in the Khyber Pass, made a sortie, in which he completely routed the Afghans, burned their camp, seized all their stores and ammunition, and recovered four of the British guns taken at the Cabul massacre. The victory cost the life of one of the bravest and best officers in India, Colonel Denham. In a style equally gallant and daring, General Pollock forced the Khyber Pass, on the 5th of April. Lieut. Cumming, a promising young officer, was here killed. There was not the least doubt entertained of the junction of the forces under Generals Sale and Pollock being safely effected. Lord Ellenborough was commencing a course of rigorous operations. Accompanied by his secretaries, he had proceeded to the Upper Provinces of Bengal, to be nearer the grand scene of action. The news of the murder of the Shah Soojah, by his own people, was confirmed.

CHINA.

From China we have a "celestial" proclamation against the "red-bristled barbarians," which may serve to amuse the plenipotentiary. The forts along the Canton river were nearly finished, and part of them had been unmasked. A proclamation had been issued by Sir H. Pottinger, in which it is declared that Hong Kong and Chusan will remain in the possession of England till the demands are complied with by the Emperor; and that they shall be considered free ports, equally open to the ships of all nations. The Chinese inhabitants are invited to return and reside under British protection. Amoy is also to remain a free port in our possession. The force with the expedition were in excellent health.—The head-quarters of the general staff was at Ningpo.

CHEAP STANDARD WORKS.

THE Subscriber solicits attention to the following excellent assortment of STANDARD WORKS, which (having been received in a damaged state,) he has rebound, and now offers for sale, at Reduced Prices, for Cash:—

Blair's Sermons,
Paley's Works,
Josephus' do.
Robinson's do. 2 vols.
Hervey's do.
Young Man's Best Companion,
Goldsmith's Animated Nature,
Logan's Sermons,
Boston's Fourfold State,
Hume & Smollett's England,
Wesley's Sermons, 3 vols.
Watson's Study of Divinity,
Dwight's Theology,
Wesley's Hymns, from 1s. to 5s. each,
Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books,
Morrison's Book-keeping,
Smith's Wealth of Nations,
And a great variety of other Works.

R. MILLER,

No. 9, St. Dominique Street.

Montreal, June 30, 1842.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN
BOOT AND SHOE MART,

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

EDWIN ATKINSON, in tendering to his Patrons, the Gentry and inhabitants of Montreal generally, his thanks for the distinguished encouragement he has received, begs to assure them that the advantages that have hitherto signalized this Establishment, and gained him a preference for a good article at a moderate price, will ever be adhered to; and as it is his intention to sell ONLY FOR CASH, he will be enabled to offer a further Reduction of from FIVE to TEN PER CENT.

This Establishment is constantly receiving from England BOOTS and SHOES, of the first make and quality.

Montreal, August 12, 1841.

W. GETTESS,

IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER & DEALER

IN
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,Of every description, Wholesale and Retail,
CENTRE OF ST. PAUL STREET.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied at the lowest Rates.
August 12, 1841.

THE MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT,

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

TERMS.—In Montreal, 12s. per annum; when sent by post, 18s.; and 15s., in advance, when money is transmitted post-paid.

THE WEEKLY TRANSCRIPT

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

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

The *Weekly Transcript* contains 40 columns of close reading matter, and is in a very convenient form for binding—forming, at the end of the year, a handsome volume of 416 pages, containing 2,650 columns.

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

June 30, 1842.

SEIGNIORY OF MONTREAL.

THE SEMINARY OF SAINT SULPICE of MONTREAL being under the necessity, in compliance with the requirements of the Ordinance, to REGISTER THEIR CLAIMS to the ARREARS of SEIGNIORIAL RIGHTS, request all TENANTS in the TOWN AND SUBURBS OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL to call and settle immediately their accounts for LODS ET VENTES; and also to bring with them their Title Deeds.

Office hours, from 9, A.M. to 4, P.M. every day, (Sundays and holidays excepted.)

JPH. COMTE, P.TRE.

March 24, 1842.

17-h

JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,

SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.
St. Paul Street.

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

THE SUBSCRIBER.

HAS just received from his brother in London, an excellent assortment of—
BRACKET and OFFICE CLOCKS,
PATENT LEVER, LEPINE and OTHER WATCHES,
MUSICAL SNUFF-BOXES,
Gold, Plated and Gilt JEWELLERY, and
GERMAN CLOCKS, Warranted at \$6 each.
JOHN WOOD,
St. Paul Street.

November 18, 1841.

AGENCY & COMMISSION BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he will be prepared, on the opening of the navigation, to transact business as a GENERAL AGENT, COMMISSION MERCHANT, and GOODS BROKER.

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

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

In offering his services as a Goods Broker, he begs respectfully to remind Importers and Consignees of Groceries, Produce, &c. that this mode of effecting sales substituted for auctions, would save the Provincial and Municipal Auction Duties.

Will purchase Goods merely as an Agent, not in his own name.

Will have correspondents in QUEBEC, NEW YORK and LIVERPOOL.

Charges very moderate.

Premises St. Jean Baptiste Street.

Has the pleasure of referring to
Messrs. FORSYTH, RICHARDSON & Co. Montreal.
Messrs. FORSYTH, WALKER & Co. Quebec.
Messrs. H. & S. JONES, Brockville.

JOHN WATKINS, Esq. Kingston.

T. D. HARRIS, Esq. Toronto.

DANIEL MACNAB, Esq. Hamilton.

Messrs. HOVE & HODGE, St. Thomas, (U.C.)

Messrs. EDWARD FIELD & Co. New York.

Messrs. WILLIAM SMITH & SONS, Liverpool.

ALEX. BRYSON.

Montreal, April 21, 1842.

JOSEPH HORNER,

SILK-DYER,

Notre Dame Street.

MONTREAL.

August 12, 1841.

N. Y. CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

PROPOSITION

To Clergymen, Students, and Others.

ANY Clergyman, Student, or other person, who will send us the names and Post-office address of six new subscribers to the CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, together with fifteen dollars, current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to Prof. Robinson's work, and Maps complete,—delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.

And any person who will send us the names and Post-office address of four new subscribers, together with ten dollars current money, free from expense to us, will be entitled to the "ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE," delivered to his order at this office, and the paper will be sent one year to the address of each subscriber.

Any person who will send us the names of FIVE new subscribers, together with twelve dollars and fifty cents in current funds, free of expense, will be entitled to a complete set of Dr. Chalmers' Works, viz. seven volumes.
New York, May, 1842.

EDWARD HOWELL,
GRO CER,

OPPOSITE MESSRS. H. BENSON & CO.

Notre Dame Street.

August 12, 1841.

J. H. TAAFFE,

GENERAL GROCER,

No. 85, Notre Dame Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,
MONTREAL.

ROBERT MILLER,

BOOK-BINDER,

No. 9, St. Dominique Street, St. Lawrence
Suburbs.

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

N. B.—Orders for the Country punctually attended to.
May 5, 1842.

NEW

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,Next door to Messrs. R. Robinson & Son, and
opposite Dr. Holmes's.

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

Catalogues,
Law Blanks,
Circulars, Cards, &c.
Funeral Letters,
Bill Heads,
Labels of all kinds, &c. &c.

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

Charges very moderate.

JOHN E. L. MILLER.

Montreal, May 5, 1842.

WILLIAM GEMMILL,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public in general, that he still continues the business at the old stand, No. 2, Place d'Armes; where he will be happy to execute all orders on the shortest notice and LOWEST TERMS, for cash or short approved credit.
February 10, 1842.

AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Mr. ROBERT PATTON, . . . Post Office, Quebec.

" WM. GINNIS, . . . Three Rivers.

" Wm. KNIGHT, . . . Saint Johns.

" ABRAHAM MINTYRE, *Coteau-du-Lac*.

" B. J. KENNEDY, . . . Philipsburgh.

" W. FOSTER, . . . Isle-aux-Noix.

" T. VAN VLEIT, P.M. *Lacolle*.

" W. VAN VLEIT, . . . Odell Town.

" E. BAKER, P.M. . . . Durham.

" A BISSETT, . . . Lachine.

" PETER MAIR, . . . Granby.

" T. B. MACKIE, P.M. *Saint Sylvester*." C. A. RICHARDSON, *Lennoxville*." A. W. KENDRICK, *Compton*.

" A. DELMAGE, . . . Napierville.

" A. B. JOHNSON, . . . East Bolton.

" A. ANDEN, . . . Sherbrooke.

" H. HAZELTINE, . . . Hatley.

" R. MORE, P.M. . . . Durham.

" C. BESWICK, . . . Henningford.

" D. B. LEE, . . . Carillon.

" E. H. ADAMS, . . . Woonsocket, (R. I.)

" THOS. JEFFERSON, . . . St. Andrews, (Olla.)

" COCHRAN, . . . Bytown.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,

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

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

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