

# Christian Mirror,

## AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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### GENERAL LITERATURE.

#### THE COURSE OF INFIDELITY:

##### A SOLEMN WARNING.

MERLIN was a young man of respectable line, age, and ample fortune. His parents, although not evangelically pious, paid to religion an outward respect, and observed its forms. The son, therefore, was brought up in the general belief of religion, although without any very distinct views of its spiritual nature. Before he had arrived at his majority, he was left an orphan and an heir. Of a sanguine temperament, freed from parental restraint, possessing all the facilities for vicious indulgence, and withal encouraged by the society of those who abandoned themselves, took a pride in overcoming his scruples, he became, as might have been expected, criminal in his habits. He was not, however, easy; harassed by an unquiet conscience which would interpose in the midst of his guilty revels, and remind him of a judgment to come, he felt that his cup of pleasure was mingled with wormwood and gall. This conviction, instead of inducing him to renounce his guilty career, led him to inquire how he might pursue it without molestation. His happiness seemed to depend on his ability to disbelieve the Christian religion, and to cast off its restraints. For this end he willingly listened to the cavils of infidels, eagerly pursued their most malignant writings, and thoroughly imbued his mind with their sentiments. His efforts so far succeeded, that he regarded religion as a fable, and its professors as unhappy dupes, who were foregoing the pleasures of this life in the vain expectation of a heavenly reward.

The effect of this change became obvious in the increased eagerness with which he gratified the lusts of the flesh. Having no fear of God before his eyes, he restrained not his appetites, but indulged in "surfeiting and drunkenness, chambering and wantonness." Thus for a season he lived, and presumed to call himself a happy man. Conscience no longer accused him of his excesses; but his physical ability, too severely taxed, at length gave signs that it was no longer able to bear the burdens imposed upon it. His capacity for enjoyment daily declined—his lusts were as imperious as ever, but he had not the strength to gratify them, and his dearest pleasures palled on the appetite. Now came a season of reflection. He had tried the world, and drunk deeply of all its pleasures; he was satiated, but not satisfied, and while on the review he was persuaded that it could not impart happiness, he cried out with Solomon, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." For the first time, a feeling of regret entered his mind that he had so studiously rejected the belief of Christianity, and that he had thus consummated his misery by cutting himself off from the hopes of a future life, at a time, when the present one was forsaking him. He reflected upon the past, the present, and the future, but without comfort. The past was stained by his vices, the present was rendered miserable

by his diseases, and the light of the future had been extinguished by his infidelity. In a season of more than usual lassitude and discontent, he took up a Bible with the intention of discovering its consolations, if it had any to offer; but at each sentence, the thought would arise, it is a fiction, it cannot be relied on. When he read its promises and invitations, he would mentally say, this would be pleasant if it were true. He thought of God, and doubted whether he existed; of his own soul, and doubted whether he had one; of heaven, and supposed that it was but a dream of the enthusiast. It became his lot on one occasion to witness the power of religion in a poor man who was cheerful in his poverty and disease, and who, at length, met death not only with composure, but with joy sparkling in his countenance. What could have sustained him under these circumstances? said he. It was that thing they call religion; and yet it is a delusion. How willingly would I gave my fortune to be deluded in a similar manner! The arguments which he had with so much care and difficulty engraved upon his mind, were now more officious than ever, and like so many busy devils continually beset him to confirm him in his belief that religion was a fable.

He had made himself an infidel, but he could not reverse his work. His labour had been too successful; he had done a mischief to his soul to serve a selfish purpose, which could only be undone by an Almighty power, in which he did not believe. For several years his soul was corroded by its thoughts, for which he had no cure, and then death began visibly to approach. He was startled, and instinctively shrunk back from an event which he had ever endeavoured to exclude from his thoughts. But why alarmed? Is not death an eternal sleep? He found it not so easy to persuade himself of this as it had been in his gayer hours. The thoughts would obtrude—perhaps the soul is immortal—perhaps there is a God—perhaps there is a hell for the wicked! The reflection was misery. The minister of religion visited his dying bed; he spoke of the depravity of the heart, the fullness of a Saviour's love, the possibility of salvation to the chiefest sinner; but infidel cavils came thick to the remembrance, to turn off the point of these truths, and to prevent an impression from being made. He had deliberately chosen infidelity to countenance him in a course of vice, and now infidelity was his portion, it was a confirmed curse on his soul, it was God's judgment upon him, to stand in the way of his return to peace.—The last hour was approaching—the minister of religion with tearful eye stood beside his couch, still holding up the cross as the sinner's hope even in the eleventh hour; but it availed not, the eye was glazed, the hand clutched the bed clothes in the agonies of the dying strife, and the miserable sinner who was so soon to stand in the august presence of the Great Judge of quick and dead, to answer for his deeds, breathed out his last breath in the exclamation—*I do not—I cannot believe.—Presbyterian.*

#### THE ABBE DE LAMENNAIS.

OUR readers are familiar with the name of this distinguished Frenchman. Some years ago, he broke away from the bands of Popery. His book on the "Affairs of Rome," swept over France and Western Europe like a tornado; in a couple of years it passed through twenty-two editions; a severer blow has not been sustained by the Popedom since the days of Napoleon. His "Words for the People," has been translated by Mr. Green of Boston. It is a little volume of singular power, burning with eloquence; his master work was published before his revolt from Popery, on "Religious Indifference;" its extraordinary eloquence established his fame at once, and the literati of France placed him next to Rousseau in the catalogue of writers. His writings are distinguished by a power truly tremendous—a sarcasm scathing as the lightning—a polished eloquence of style, and a pathos, a genuine poetry of sentiment, which touches at times the very heart. For years he has now been battling with Popery, exposing its corruptions unceasingly. He is the staunch advocate of the popular rights. For his writings against the Government, he has suffered a year's imprisonment. A French correspondent of the New York Observer speaks thus of him:—

"Ought an old man to have been treated with so much rigor who has filled the world with his name? He has quit Paris, and lives in a small village in the west of France. It is painful to say that Mr. de Lamennais is so poor that he has been obliged to sell his library to get a morsel of bread. Ah! if he had consented to bow his head under the yoke of popery, he would now have been bishop, cardinal, prince of the Romish Church; he would have been in possession of all the grandeur and wealth which a worldly man can desire; but his independent soul rejected false authority, and he has hardly a hovel to shelter his weary old age."

But poverty is not the worst ingredient in his cup; like most distinguished Frenchmen, his mind, in recoiling from Popery, has plunged into darkness of doubt. He wrote a book in prison, which has just been issued. It was written, as we learn from the above correspondent, for his own satisfaction, and not for publication. It presents an affecting picture of a mind clouded with the despair of scepticism; sceptics may learn a lesson from it. We give a couple of his eloquent passages:—

"My soul, why art thou sad? Is not the sun beautiful? Is not its light sweet, now as we look upon the leaves and flowers, with their thousand shades, glittering beneath its rays, and all nature recuming new life? Every thing that breathes has a voice to bless Him who lavishes upon all his bounties. The little bird sings his praises in the bush; the insect hums them in the grass. My soul, why art thou sad, when there is not a creature but revives with joy, revels in love? Yes, the sun is beautiful, its light is sweet; the little bird, the insect, the plant, all nature renews its life and joy; but I sigh, because no sun

has risen upon the world of souls. While floods of light and torrents of fire inundate the external world, I have within me another world which remains dark and cold. Winter wraps it in her frosts like an eternal winding sheet. Let those wæp who have no spring."

We gave another passage, in which he shows still more strongly the misery of a soul "without God and without hope in the world."

"When faith, which unites man to God, fails, the effects are frightful. The soul left to its own weight, falls, falls unceasingly, unceasingly, carrying with it an intelligence detached from its source, and which catches, now with painful uneasiness, and now with delirious joy, at every thing it meets in its fall. Tormented with emptiness of life, the soul pursues amidst the void of fanciful abstractions, of floating shadows, forms without substance. Soon all its noble instincts are buried in profound slumber, all its secret powers are either extinguished or inflict upon it a sort of inward punishment, the unknown cause of which casts it into indescribable despair. Unhappy man! his soul is famished; what shall he do? He would kill his soul, not finding for it, where it is, any nourishment. He suffers, because he is too elevated. Descend, then, descend even to the animal, to the plant! make thyself a brute! make thyself a stone! But this cannot be! Into the abyss in which he is sunk, he carries with him his spiritual nature; and the echoes of the universe repeat the bitter complaints of this creature, who, leaving the place assigned him by the Supreme Creator in his vast plan, and unable to find a fixed place, floats without rest upon the bosom of things, like a disabled vessel which the winds drive forward and backward in every direction upon the desert ocean."

#### A CHRISTIAN SUFFERER.

THE privilege is respectfully solicited of making known to your readers, a living example of the power of a living Saviour to support the soul amidst appalling sufferings. The case about to be presented is an extraordinary one, both in respect to the nature and duration of the disease, and the heavenly serenity and patience of its victim. Some publicity having been given to the facts at the close of a pathetic little narrative, entitled "The Rhode Island Cottage," the name and residence is given without invading the hallowed domain of private feeling, or wounding the delicacy of friends. The sufferer is a female, now about 31 years of age. Her name is Purbeck. She resides with her aged parents in the house No 34 Church street, Salem, Mass. (only about a stone's throw from a part of the Rail Road Tunnel.)

She has been confined to the chamber she now occupies, for 11 years; years, to her of almost incessant agony by night and by day. Her disease is a most complicated affection of the spine and nervous system, which baffles medical skill to classify or to cure; and its effects so strange as to remind one of the days of witchcraft and even of the demoniac possessions in the time of our Saviour. Her reason is generally unclouded, the will calmly enthroned over the moral feelings and intellect, but its control is every moment liable to be lost upon the whole nervous and muscular organization.

This seems to be actuated as by an independent force, which throws her with spasmodic violence into almost every conceivable position of body. And, in whatever posture the spasm leaves her, in that posture she must remain till the next succeeding spasm throws her into another and a different. This may occur after the lapse of a few hours or days, or not for months. Her position, however unnatural, cannot be altered. If, for instance, the hand be thrown back upon the arm, the joints remain as immovably fixed, as the bone itself. Her sufferings meanwhile are intense, but the volitions of the will exert no more influence over the nerves of motion than of sensation. It seems miraculous that her head,

and indeed her whole frame has not been crushed by the terrific violence with which she has been hurled against the partition of the room. One most wonderful feature in her case, is the privation of natural sleep. The facts in this particular must be learnt from the attending physicians, being quite too marvellous for common credence. She eats every little solid food. Some months since, her jaws were locked during a period of twenty days, when she was nourished by liquid aliment received through the opening caused by the removal of teeth. One of her most assiduous medical friends has remarked that he rarely saw her when the mysterious disease had not assumed some new aspect. Reader would you know her present state, please favor me with your company on a visit to that afflicted child of God. We ascend the staircase and enter the darkened chamber. She is now sitting upright in the bed, unsupported, in which position she has remained about eight months.

During three months past she has had intervals of unconsciousness, (except to a vague and dreadful sense of pain,) which last from half an hour to two hours. Her arms are thrown up and down convulsively, the hands striking the face of thrown behind the back, and her shoulders apparently dislocated from the intense action. But now, her deepened groans and struggles announce returning consciousness. The involuntary shrieks, the heaving of the convulsed lungs, and other manifestations of great suffering during the paroxysm, are soon succeeded by her usual calm, clear state of perfect consciousness. We approach and take her hand. Her sufferings are still terrible, the spasmodic action of the hands and arms much the same; but her mind! amid all the wildness of bodily anguish, it is serene and untroubled as the still waters of heaven. The voice is mild and firm. The brow is placid; thought seems to sit there as tranquilly as if all around was peaceful, though the expression of pain blends with that of confiding love and patient hope in the lineaments of the countenance. You listen with astonishment to her thanksgivings for favors received of God, her eager inquiries about the progress of His kingdom whom her soul loves, and to her expressions of conscious unworthiness. She "tries to suppress her groans, but cannot; is consoled by knowing that Jesus groaned and wept." The writer's last visit was made but a few days since—she was much the same, no murmuring—free to converse—full of pain. Suddenly she struggled as for breath, and sunk in an unconscious spasm, during which he left her. He would love to repeat some of her thoughts, but does not feel free to do so. And, after all, what are mere words? There is a true, deep language of the soul, which cannot be printed.

She utterly disclaims all idea of inherent merit, as the ground of acceptance with God. Her holiness is not innate, or the result of her own cultivation. Jesus Christ is her atoning Saviour, her righteousness, as well as her exemplar. And this leads us to notice the source of her peace. She feels utterly guilty and lost, but forgiven and justified by God for the sake of Jesus Christ. She deliberately and determinedly watches and strives against sin, and endeavors by keeping very close to Christ, in His strength, to feel and think aright. Her salvation is a living, conscious salvation from sin. She does not hope to be happy hereafter merely because Christ died, if she persists in rejecting that great salvation,—oh no; her free and eternal salvation is evidenced by present salvation from the prevailing love and dominion of sin. And herein differs the peace which Christ gives, from the delusive peace which Satan sometimes gives. She believes that all things work for good to those who love God, love him now—not for those who now hate Him, and hope somehow to love him after death.

Do not depreciate any pursuit which leads men to contemplate the works of their Creator! The Linnæan traveller, who, when you look over the pages of his journal, seems to you a mere botanist, has in his pursuit, as you have in yours, an object that occupies his time, and fills his mind, and satisfies his heart. It is as innocent as yours, and as disinterested, perhaps more so, because it is not so ambitious. Nor is the pleasure which he partakes in investigating the structure of a plant less pure or less worthy, than what you derive from pursuing the noblest productions of human genius.—*Southey.*

#### THE TRAVELLER.

##### RUINS OF ANCIENT CITIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THERE cannot, we think, be found a more appropriate emblem of the transitory and perishable nature of human glory, whether individual or national, than that presented by these ruined cities.

Embowered in woods which seem to be the growth of ages, they stand the sole monuments of a people, who had evidently attained a much higher degree of civilization and refinement than any of the tribes by whom this continent was inhabited when the enterprise and cupidity of Europeans first led them to its shores; and hence the enquiries are irresistibly, though vainly suggested, "Whence came they?" "Who are they?" "What has become of them?" "One thing I believe," says Mr. Stephens, in his description of Copan,— "One thing I believe, that its history is given on its monuments, but no Champollion has yet brought to them the energies of his enquiring mind. Who shall read them?"

The hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt had remained undeciphered throughout the lapse of ages, until Champollion discovered the key that unlocked their stores, though history had recorded the actions, the habits, the laws, the government, the religious observances of the people, and the natural productions of the country, from the earliest ages; nay, not a few of their symbolical representations were well understood. But no such aids presented themselves to him who would read the origin, or unfold the history of Copan or Palenque: for the race by whom they were built have "perished for ever, and their memorial with them."

Yet among those kings and heroes who founded, enlarged, or embellished those superb edifices,

"Where now the fox securely feeds,  
And where the poisonous adder breeds;"

who extended their dominions, and spread the terror of their arms through surrounding regions, whom Mr. Stephens suppose to have been deified, and to have had sacrificial altars erected to them, there were no doubt some who, proudly surveying the fabrics they had reared, exclaimed in the spirit of the Babylonish monarch, "Is not this the 'great city' that I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Vain boast! The monarch and his subjects, the conqueror and the vanquished, the deified and the worshipper have alike passed away. Oblivion has thrown her mantle of impenetrable darkness over every circumstance connected with their history, their origin, their achievements and their end; and Silence, with finger on her lip, points, in mockery, to the unintelligible records, sculptured on monuments now upheaving from their foundations, by the tangled roots of forests which have usurped the kingdom, overrun the cities, and planted themselves in the palaces of those by whom these monuments were reared.

Yet the very existence of such records declares that they were intended to perpetuate the fame of those whose "inward thought was," like that of too many in our own days, "that their houses should continue for ever, their dwelling places to all generations;" forgetful, or regardless, of the humbling truth, that "man, being in honor continueth not, but is like the beasts that perish."

Do we then desire an emblem of the instability of all human power, of the evanescent nature of all earthly honor, compared with "the honor that cometh from God only?" Let us contemplate, not the shapeless mounds of rubbish, those "scanty relics of a mighty name," which are all that constitute the remains of Nineveh and Babylon, but the splendid and still comparatively entire remains of those cities, buried in the depth of transatlantic forest, the only relics of an evidently once powerful and cultivated race,

"The sole memorial of whose lot  
Is, that they were—and they are not.

STILL MORE REMARKABLE RUINS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—We have lately looked over some drawings made by a traveller, recently returned from Central America, representing the ruins of an ancient city, not yet visited by any traveller, which are, perhaps, more remarkable than

even those visited by Stephens and Catherwood. They have the same general character, but their preservation in some respects is more perfect. The principal of these ruins are at a place called Chichen, situated in the midst of a vast plain, almost midway between the two oceans. On the tops of the pyramids, resembling those which Mr. Stephens met with in other places, and which he conjectured to be the bases of public buildings, this traveller actually found massive edifices in a state of tolerable preservation. Among them was one differing from the rest, in possessing a circular form, and in being rounded at the top, in a manner somewhat resembling a dome. He found walls, vaults, and floors, covered with a hard composition bearing a high finish, colored interior walls, sculptures in bas relief, stone rings for the hanging of large doors, and various other evidences of art and skill in the construction of habitations. We understood that it is the intention of Mr. Norman, the traveller in question, to publish an account of his visit to Yucatan, and a description of these curious remains.—*Evening Post.*

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

### MOUNT MORIAH.

Believe what God commands,  
Obey his precepts given,  
Thus shalt thou fill his just demands,  
And find the way to heaven.

THIS mountain is situated in the eastern part of Jerusalem, and is one of the four hills upon which the city was built. It was known at a very early period in the history of the world, as Abraham was directed to go to it and offer a sacrifice thereon. God wishing to tempt Abraham, or try his faith, called to him out of heaven, and commanded him to go to the land of Moriah, and there upon a mountain which he would show him, to offer up his only son as a sacrifice. What a strange command! a father to kill his own son, and offer him as a sacrifice to God! No doubt Abraham thought it very strange, but he knew that it was best always to do just as the Lord commanded, and so he took up his son with the wood for the burnt-offering and a knife, and came to the place which God had appointed. When he arrived at the spot, he built an altar, placed the wood in order, then bound Isaac and laid him upon it. And now what will he do? Perhaps he said, "Shall I indeed kill my son, my only son Isaac? Does God truly wish me to kill my darling boy? Can he be a just and merciful being to require this act at my hand?"

His heart yearns within him. There is Isaac bound upon the altar. The father hesitates. He struggles between duty to his God and love to his child. What will he do? Will he kill him? He stretches forth his hand—he seizes the knife—he raises the fatal weapon to strike, and Isaac is—

"Hold! Abraham, hold! Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing to him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." Isaac is saved, and Abraham in the fullness of his joy, calls the place *Jehovah-jirih, the Lord will provide*. For his obedience, God pronounces his blessing upon him, promising that his seed should be numerous as the sands of the sea-shore, and possess the gates of their enemies; and that in his family, all the earth should be blessed.

The next important thing connected with the history of this mountain, is the building of the temple of Solomon. The summit or top of the hill was anciently used by Orman the Jebusite as a thrashing floor, or a place where grain was trodden out by cattle. David wishing to secure it for the purpose of devoting it to the Lord, bought it of Orman for six hundred shekels of gold, or about two thousand dollars, and began to prepare for building the house of the Lord. As it was to be a building of great splendor and magnificence, he made large preparations, bringing gold, silver and precious stones from foreign lands, and gathering hewn stone and timber until the quantities became so great that they could not be told. David did not, however, build the temple. He had made many wars and shed much blood, and on

this account the Lord directed that his son who should reign after him, should build a house to his name.

After the death of his father, Solomon was made king, and began, as he had been directed, to build the temple. He had very many persons employed, some in hewing timber, some in preparing stones, and others in carrying them to the place where they were needed.

There were eighty thousand men who worked in the mountains and seventy thousand who carried burdens, besides all the persons who were set over the work; and though there were so many laborers, yet so great was this house that it required seventy years and a half to finish it. When it was completed, Solomon assembled all the elders and chiefs of Israel, made a great feast and solemnly dedicated it to the Lord. For a long time the temple stood, and the Lord was pleased to dwell there, and meet with his people. But at length they sinned against him, and it was destroyed. A new temple was built, which remained until Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans, when it perished, never to rise again. As the Saviour told his disciples when they showed him the great and beautiful stones of the building, *not one stone was left upon another, that was not thrown down.*

Mount Moriah, the place where Abraham sacrificed, and where the temple once stood, is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, a building considered most sacred by the Mohammedans. No Christian or Jew can go into it, nor even step into the yard which surrounds it, without suffering death or embracing the Moslem religion.

While we sorrow that this great work has been destroyed, and this sacred mountain desecrated by the abomination of desolation, let us remember, that there is another temple, not made with hands, but eternal and secure in the heavens. God is there. Seraphim and cherubim are there. Angels and the redeemed spirits of all ages are there; and you, my reader, *you may be there.*

Beyond the clouds, beyond the sky,  
There is a house of God;  
Unknown, unseen to mortal eye,  
A palace for the good.

It knows no change—it knows no sin—  
Destruction or despair;  
Sorrow nor pain can enter in,  
Nor death or curse is there.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

*From the Watchman of the South.*

### BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN CONTINUED.

THE foregoing narrative is commonly spoken of as a parable; but it has nothing of the nature of a parable in it. There is nothing figurative or parabolical in the whole discourse. It is a simple, touching, historical narrative. Probably a real statement of authentic facts well known. Or if we suppose it to be a fictitious narrative, yet in this view it has none of the characteristics of a parable. But what should hinder us from viewing it as a true statement of such facts? Certainly there is nothing improbable in the whole account. The country between Jerusalem and Jericho is dreary and desolate; in a great measure uninhabited, and infested with robbers; and in that age, and afterwards, nothing was more common than for the banditti, or *sicarij* as they were called, to fall upon the unarmed travellers, and rob and murder them; as is taught abundantly in the history of Josephus. And our blessed Saviour was not unacquainted with this dangerous road; he having travelled it more than once; but in his deep humiliation, neither horse nor ass carried him in his tedious journeys from Galilee to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Jericho. All his journeys, we have a good reason to believe, were performed on foot. It is true, that his little company was not likely to be attacked by the robbers. They furnished no sufficient prospect of booty to tempt these lawless men, who lived by plundering travellers, and had no disposition to attack those from whom nothing was to be expected but perhaps a few loaves of bread, and a few pence carried in a scrip.

The object of this narrative is explicitly stated to be an answer to a certain lawyer who "stood up and tempted our Saviour, saying, Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law, how readest thou? And he answering, said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.' And he said unto him, thou hast answered right; this do and thou shalt live. But he willing to justify himself, said, 'And who is my neighbor?' And Jesus answered and said, 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' &c. And when he had finished the narrative, he said, "which now of these three was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" And he said "he that shewed mercy on him." And Jesus said unto him, "go thou and do likewise." That is, whenever you find a fellow creature in distress, of whatever nation, tribe, or sect he may be, be ready by every means in your power, to show mercy unto him. While the priest and Levite, through bigotry or selfishness, violated the second commandment of the law, the Samaritan obeyed, and loved his fellow creature as he did himself; and obeyed that golden rule, "Whatsoever you would have men do unto you, do you the same unto them; for this is the Law and the Prophets." That is, whatever moral duties are obligatory upon men, and inculcated in the whole Bible, as due from one to another, they are briefly summed up in this short precept. And the case of the good Samaritan also exemplifies that precept of our Lord, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." The Jews had a corrupt proverb which they handed down from generation to generation, which was, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." But our Lord teaches them that those they counted their enemies, were really their neighbors, whom they were bound to love.

While the Christian is bound by the moral law to love all men, even his bitterest enemies, with a sincere benevolence, he is especially commanded to love the brethren, the disciples of Christ. This, though virtually comprehended in the precept already considered, which binds us to love our neighbor as ourselves; yet after Christ was fully manifested as the head of the Church, and all believers were represented as united to him by a bond of peculiar tenderness, so as to form one spiritual or mystical body, this new relation, thus clearly brought to light, laid the foundation of such a new application of the general precept, that it might with propriety be called "a new commandment." Thus immediately after the institution of the Lord's Supper, he said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye love one another." And again, after beautifully illustrating the intimate spiritual union which subsisted between Him and his disciples, by a vine and its branches, he reiterates this new commandment, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." And to impress it still more deeply upon their minds, after a few exhortations, He says again, "These things I command you, that you love one another." And he evidently intended that this should be a distinguishing characteristic of his disciples; for immediately after he had called this "a new commandment," he added, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another. And the apostles, in their epistles, were not negligent in the inculcation of this characteristic duty. Thus Paul to the Romans, says, "Let love be without dissimulation. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." And again, "Owe no man anything"—or "thou dost owe no man any thing, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this that shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." This last cited passage, it is true, relates to the general duty of loving all men; and teaches us that all the duties of the

decalogue which have our neighbor as their object, are comprehended in love; but the special duty of loving the brethren is also comprehended under this general precept.

#### THE CENTURION AT THE CROSS.

ARE there any of us who have shrunk from confessing Christ before the world? Has the fear of man been a snare to us? Have we quailed under the frown of power? Have we shrunk from the sneer of ridicule? Let this centurion reprove our consciences. Let the timid Christian learn a lesson from the boldness of the converted heathen. Or, are there any who have thought too meanly of Christ; who have seen no beauty in him that they should desire him; who have acknowledged him as a righteous man, but not as the Son of God? Let them consider how the hearts of these soldiers were melted even at the very foot of the cross itself; even in the humiliation of that hour they were enabled to see the true character and dignity of the Lamb that was slain. The Jews remained strangers to it; those heathen saw, in that stupendous sacrifice, the wisdom of God, and the power of God to salvation, to every one that believeth. So it is ever with the true child of God who is taught of the Spirit. That which is a mystery to the world, a stumbling-block to pride, an offence to the natural man, is to him the foundation of all religious truth; he rejoices in confessing the faith of Christ crucified; he ceases not from the open profession of his Lord and his God.—*Bishop of Winchester.*

#### GOD'S PECULIAR NAME.

WHEN the Lord speaks of himself with regard to his creatures, and especially his people, he saith *I am*. He doth not say *I am* their light, their life, their guide, their tower, or their strength, but only *I am*. He sets his hand, as it were, to a blank, that his people might write under it what they please that is for their good. As if he should say, Are they weak? *I am* strength. Are they sick? *I am* health. Are they in trouble? *I am* comfort. Are they poor? *I am* riches. Are they dying? *I am* life. Have they nothing? *I am* all things. *I am* justice and mercy. *I am* grace and goodness. *I am* glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supremacy, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah. *I am* whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions. *I am* whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable to their souls; whatsoever is pure and holy, whatever is great and pleasant, whatever is good, and needful to make them happy, that *I am*. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as one universal good, and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires; he saying only in general, *I am*.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

#### INTERESTING MISSIONARY NARRATIVES.

REV. ANSON GLEASON, formerly missionary to the Choctaws, arose and related some incidents connected with the conversion of one of that tribe, for the purpose of affording encouragement to the missionaries present. The Indian referred to was an old warrior, who boasted of having fought for our country. Being conversed with at some length by one of the brethren of the mission, he closed the interview by saying that there might be some hope in teaching these things to the children, but that he was an old man, and could not learn them. This was done in such a cold manner as to dishearten the missionary and excite painful fears with regard to the salvation of those advanced in life. About five years after, when the Holy Spirit began to be poured out upon the mission, among those who presented themselves for religious conversation and prayer, was this old man, leaning upon his staff. After light had broken in upon his mind, he said that his first serious impressions were received at the time of the above mentioned conversation, and that those impressions he had never been able to shake off. His hopes brightened from this time forward. At length some of the natives, hostile to the gospel, threatened those who had become Christians with persecution and death, if they

did not unite with them in their vices and customs. A relative of the old Indian came to him, anxiously inquiring what he would do if the demand to return to his former habits was made of him. He coolly and deliberately replied that he would first erect a pole in his yard, with a white cloth upon it,—which among the natives was an emblem of peace; that he would point to that, and would endeavor to dissuade them from violence, assuring them that he had no longer war in his heart, but was at peace with every one. If this, said he, should prove unavailing, and they should be determined to have my life or my Jesus—opening at the same time the folds of his hunting dress, and making upon his bosom a ring for a mark to shoot at—I would say, take my body, for my mind is made up. I have now but one thought on this matter, and that arises from the bottom of my heart, and goes up straight through my head to God.

REV. H. R. HOISINGTON, from the Mission Seminary, Batticotta, Ceylon, followed with some remarks upon the former and present condition of the heathen near his station, in respect to the education of their female children. He stated that the first girl taught by the missionaries, was hired to come upon their premises by the offer of a string of gold beads, and that the girl was now a pious woman, the wife of a native assistant, and herself an excellent teacher. At the present time more girls can be obtained than the missionaries can teach, and that too upon the condition that the parents supply their daughters with clothing. Any number of these, even from the highest ranks—which is a point of great moment as it regards their influence—may be employed by the Board as teachers, and some of them are very zealous to be so engaged. One, Amelia Gregory, he mentioned, who had commenced a school upon the verandah of her house, of her own accord, and was in this way doing great good.

REV. J. F. LANNEAU, of Jerusalem, followed, and made some touching allusions to the present moral condition of that most interesting city. If there was any spot on earth where the Saviour ought to be loved, and where it would be presumed he was loved, it surely would be the place where every object in nature is associated with some event in the life, sufferings, death, resurrection, or ascension of our blessed Redeemer. Mr. L. had resided nearly four years of his missionary life in Jerusalem, and it was a painful reflection to his own heart, and he doubted not it would also be to the hearts of his fellow Christians here, to know and feel that as far as he was acquainted there, he could not refer to a single native who gave good evidence of loving the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. There were a few connected with the American mission to the nominal Christians, and the English mission to the Jews, who were believed to be hopelessly pious, but these were not Jerusalemites, so that "we could say of this and that man among them, he was born in Zion." God, however, had stationed watchmen upon her walls, who would not hold their peace day nor night. And while they were thus actively and faithfully laboring for her spiritual prosperity, he would most affectionately and earnestly urge upon all those who "make mention of the Lord not to keep silence, and give him no rest, till he establish and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

REV. S. R. RIGGS, of the Sioux mission, said that nearly two years ago, when but a small portion of the Scriptures had become familiar to the Indians of his station, the missionaries heard them in their prayers give utterance to their deep devotional feelings in sentiments so akin to those expressed by inspired writers as to enable them to translate passages which otherwise they could not have done. This, he remarked, was a fact affording great encouragement, since it showed that the same spirit which indies the language of the Psalmist, wrought also in the latter day upon the minds of these Indian converts.

Mr. R. added, speaking of the manners of the Sioux—that he had often had forced upon his attention their indefatigable zeal in the adaptation of means to an end, in the education of their children. All their feasts and dances aimed directly to kindle and cherish in their boys the feeling of revenge, and society was so constituted that to be great, was necessarily, to be a great warrior. He had seen, he said, an old grey-headed man teaching his little grandchild these principles of revenge, telling him that the Ojibwas had killed his father, and he must never be con-

tented until he had taken a scalp. In like manner as they exert every influence to render the boy a warrior, they spare no pains to fit the girl for her sphere of life, which is that of a beast of burden. As soon as she is able to tottle along through the prairie grass, she is taken on their hunting excursions, and has a little pack to carry. A leather strap passes from around the forehead over the back, and to the ends of this the bundle is attached, increasing in size as she advances in strength, from a pound upwards, and when she becomes a woman, it consists perhaps of a great tent made of ten or twelve buffalo skins, and to the ends of this will be hung her kettles, axe, and other utensils, and upon the top of all, her child is placed if she has one too small to walk. "The children of this world," said Mr. R. in the language of Scripture, "are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Let us then derive a lesson from the example of the heathen. Let us early put the strap upon the heads of our children, and teach them to bear more, and more, and more of the Master's burdens, until they are able to stand up under the great work of converting the world to God.

REV. HIRAM BINGHAM, of the Sandwich Islands mission, followed. The gross darkness which covered the people of the Sandwich Islands at the time of his arrival there, and the wonderful progress of the Gospel among them since, were facts well known. He wished to illustrate them by reference to one of the natives, who, since his return to America, had gone to her last account. An intoxicated wife of one of the chiefs visited us on board the vessel before we disembarked. Mrs. Bingham gave her a needle, thimble, thread, &c., to excite her curiosity, and, if possible, to induce her to pay more attention to her clothing. This disgusting inebriate had a paramour besides her husband. She, however, received from time to time the kind offices of our females and others, and early began to avail herself of their attentions. She learned to read and write, and to dress herself tidily. One of our missionary ladies remonstrated with her about her paramour, and she discarded him, and treated her husband as a husband. A few years after the time of our landing found her on the side of the gospel. She became the decided friend, patron and coadjutor of the missionary, a member of the church, and a reformer in the nation. She visited a great volcano, and disturbed its fires, for the purpose of convincing her superstitious countrymen that Jehovah, the God of Heaven, had killed those fires, and not Pele, their imaginary goddess of the volcano—and that, to touch or disturb them was not death, as they supposed would be the case on account of the anger of Pele. She prayed much for her countrymen, and rejoiced in the progress of our work. She was grieved by the encroachments of Romanism; which she regarded as a species of idolatry analogous to that which the natives had abandoned. The following conversation once took place between her and a Romish priest. He demanded of her where she learned that Romanism was idolatry. From the Bible, she replied. What part of the Bible? The second Commandment. But where did you get the Bible? From God, originally; men brought it to us. But the translation is not good. Yes, the translation is good. Our missionaries have gone over it and carefully corrected it; we think it is good. But what do your missionaries mean by filling your books with pictures? These pictures are to illustrate the subjects taught. When we understand the subject, we can tear the picture and throw it away if we choose; but you bow down to yours and pray to them. Thus she triumphed over this advocate of Romish delusion in the Islands. When the officers of our navy visited her, she entertained them genteelly at her table. One little fact illustrative of her character, whether to her credit or discredit, is worthy of notice. On visiting a neighbouring station, having divested her own person of every thing merely ornamental, she requested a missionary lady to take off a ring from her finger as an example to the natives. Mr. H. of Charles-town, a friend of ours, who knew her before and after her conversion, has said, he had never marked a greater change in any person. In her the inebriated adulteress became the sober and discreet matron; the ignorant, superstitious, and degraded pagan became an intelligent Christian reformer, the friend and patroness of the missionaries, and the hospitable chieftain among her countrymen and strangers; and she united her

sympathies, prayers and efforts with those who love Zion. Now let us inquire, how could this change have been accomplished in Kapiolani (for that was the name of this female chief,) without the aid of Christian missionary females? But what has been done for the Sandwich Islanders should be undertaken for all the unevangelized nations without delay.

MR. S. N. CASTLE, of the Sandwich Islands, added to the account of Kapiolani given by Rev. Mr. Bingham, a brief notice of the elevated Christian character which she sustained while at his station (Honolulu,) during her last illness, and of the rich proof which she gave in her sufferings of the high and holy consolation which the gospel only is able to afford. He also mentioned her being visited by the Roman Catholic bishop and priests, and the shrewdness and skill which she manifested in refuting their arguments and sophistries by quotations from Scripture.

REV. SAMUEL RUGGLES, formerly of the Sandwich Islands mission, bore still further testimony to the great change in the character of Kapiolani. For five years while his family resided near her, they were supplied by her with such productions of the country as they needed. He also alluded to similar changes in other individuals. He referred particularly to an aged female chief who embraced Christianity, and learned to read after having arrived at the age of seventy. This chief was much interested in the growth and fruit of a grape-vine which the missionaries had taken with them to the Islands. Upon seeing one of the missionaries cutting off some of its superfluous leaves and branches, she composed the following lines:

Hookahi no o ika ka mea nani  
He mea kupanehu, he mea hemoolele wale no,  
He mohola ka kani, he mac ole ke ano.  
He hao ke kumu he miliohe, he hookahi;  
Hookahi no kumu waina maoli, o ka Haku;  
O ka lala i pili aku ia ia ua hua ia,  
Ua hua hoi ka hua, he hua maikai,  
Malaila hoi ke ano e akaaka loa!  
O ka lala e hookamakamani ana, e oki aku  
O luulu hewa ka hua  
O kaumaha bowa wali hoi ia ia.

Of which the following is a translation:

Once only has that which is glorious appeared,  
It is wonderful and excellent altogether;  
It is a blooming beauty of unwithering form.  
Rare is its stock, and its beauty is unrivalled;  
The true vine is but one, it is the Lord;  
The branches that adhere to it bring forth fruit;  
They bring forth fruit, and the fruit is good;  
And by this its character is fully developed.  
Let the branch of mere show be cut off,  
Lest the fruit be seriously injured,  
And the vine be wrongfully encumbered.

FINAL EXPLOSION OF THE SOCIALIST COMMUNITY AND FLIGHT OF ROBERT OWEN.—Socialism is at last, by the confession of its dupes, declared to be impracticable. The whole scheme in Hampshire has failed, and after having spent 37,000*l.* in the half-formation of their grand New Moral World Establishment, that during the present year was to astonish us all, they are at length compelled to admit that the whole matter was founded in folly. The workmen have been discharged—Robert Owen has fled—and the parties sent down to wind up the affair announce that Robert Owen is “childish,” and unfit for the office of the New Moral World manufacturer. He left the “New World” on Sunday, the 10th of July, driving himself off in the fine carriage presented to him by two silly women, named Pierce, whom we have before referred to, and whom he has left minus 7,000*l.* They make the most bitter lamentations, and declare themselves completely ruined by the loss. Owen, it is believed, has taken himself off to America, from which place he is not likely to return to England. We sincerely pray it may be so, and that even yet, although with him the harvest is past, and the summer ended, that now, in the eleventh hour, he may be led, by God’s grace, to see his awful condition, and, like the thief on the cross, seek the Saviour’s intercession. We also learn, that, after all their boast of possessing land and estates, they have not even paid the deposit money for Rose-hill! A farming gentleman, living in the same parish, writes in reference to the bad state of their crops:—“To those who may have observed the manner in which they dressed and behaved to their land, it must be evident that some extraordinary power must have been exerted to

prevent their prospering—or, at least, that his blessing, without which nothing prospers, has been withheld in the present instance.” No expence was spared in cultivation, and all that human labor and human skill could do was done, yet are the crops singularly bad. They, like the fig tree, bear no good fruit, therefore are they dried up and withered. They are now so completely destitute of funds, that they cannot even employ labourers on the necessary farming operations. Thus have all their prospects been nipped in the bud. They have not been permitted so much as to enter upon the new arrangements, but they have been permitted to waste all their strength in erecting what they can never occupy, and effecting improvements which they can never enjoy. Verily, “there is that maketh rich, but it tendeth to poverty.” “Oh, that they were wise, that they would understand this, and would consider their latter end.”—*Antidote*, a monthly magazine for the refutation of modern delusion.

SABBATH PLEDGE.—Mr. Harmon Kingsbury, who has for many years devoted a considerable portion of his time and property to efforts to rescue the Sabbath from profanation, proposes the following pledge, to be adopted in accordance with the recommendation of the Rochester Sabbath Convention:—

“Whereas, hunting, fishing, sporting, and all carnal amusement; holding stock in any establishment that does not rest on the Sabbath; travelling or encouraging others to travel on business, or riding for pleasure; going or sending to the post-office; delivering, receiving, carrying, opening or distributing the mails; running of boats, stages, or railroad cars; tending locks, granting clearances, or receiving tolls, as well as doing or encouraging to be done other secular works on that day, (works of mercy only excepted) are violations of the 4th commandment; therefore, we agree that we will not, in any of the things above specified, transgress; but in all suitable ways will strive to secure full and universal obedience to this holy and heavenly precept.

HARMON KINGSBURY.”

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1842.

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

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

At the recent Social Meeting of the Missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions, held during their attendance upon the services connected with the public anniversary meeting, at Norwich, Con., a most remarkable and truly pleasing coincidence occurred: not less than fourteen different languages were spoken in the course of the evening, by missionaries from foreign stations. The correspondent of the *N. Y. Observer* remarks:—“After the mutual introductions, compliments, congratulations, and hearty welcomes incident upon such an interview, and after the company had partaken of the hospitable repast provided for the occasion, the missionaries arranged themselves for the pur-

pose of illustrating the languages of their several fields of labour. Then followed a truly Babel scene. Rev. Messrs. Bingham, Ruggles and Stewart, Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Spalding, conversed with each other in the language of the Sandwich Islands; Rev. Mr. Perkins and Bishop Mar Yohannah, in Modern Syriac, the language of the Nestorians; Rev. Messrs. Read, Bardwell and Munger, and Mrs. Munger, in the Mahratta; Rev. Mr. Hoisington and Mrs. Scudder in Tamul, Mr. H. repeating the Lord’s Prayer in the same language; and Rev. Mr. Lanneau and Bishop Mar Yohannah in Arabic, Mr. L. also repeating the Lord’s Prayer. No two persons present being acquainted with either of the following languages, as a substitute for conversation, Rev. Mr. Powers repeated the Lord’s Prayer in Turkish; Rev. Mr. Tracey repeated a few sentences in Chinese and Malay; Rev. Mr. Lanneau illustrated a conversation in modern Greek; Rev. Mr. Riggs repeated and sung a hymn in Sioux; Rev. Mr. Bingham chanted a sentence in Hebrew, and repeated one in Marquesas. Rev. Messrs. Bingham, Ruggles and Stewart, and Mrs. Spalding, then sung in the language of the Sandwich Islands; Rev. Mr. Perkins and Mar Yohannah chanted the first Psalm in the modern (ancient?) Syriac, as the Nestorians do in their churches; after which, Rev. Mr. Gleason concluded this part of the exercises by repeating a portion of an oration, and singing some verses in Choctaw—there having been spoken by those present fourteen languages besides our own.”

On another page will be found a report of the most interesting speeches delivered on the occasion, exhibiting in a striking manner the power of the Gospel on the minds of the benighted heathen—to which we invite the reader’s attention.

Rev. G. D. Abbott, at the close of the meeting, remarked, that “the occasion was one of uncommon interest. It is not common in this or any other land for so many missionaries to be assembled together. It is not common for any social meeting to hear of the things of Zion in fourteen different languages. These languages and our own are spoken by a very large proportion of the human family. And when we consider, too, the circumstances of the present meeting of the Board, the number of missionaries who have gone forth from the place of its session, and the interesting coincidences of this evening, we must feel that we are enjoying what has not often been enjoyed in this world before. He begged leave to make one request before the exercises closed. God has promised to pour out his Spirit upon all flesh. The promise is explicit; and it is to us and to our children. It has never been fulfilled. Let me then ask all to earnestly pray that God may fulfil his promise, that he will grant the baptism of the Holy Ghost to the Board, its presiding officer, its Prudential Committee, and all its members; that all their deliberations and measures may be guided from above; and that the meeting on the morrow may witness the de-

scent of the Holy Ghost, that shall be only the harbinger of the baptism of all nations."

In the first number of our present volume, we published a short account of "A Sabbath in the Wilderness," as related by the Rev. John Todd at a Missionary Anniversary held at Boston last spring. The Rev. Gentleman has lately communicated the following interesting details of his second visit to those destitute inhabitants of "the desert":—

#### THE SECOND VISIT.

I HAD not heard from Long Lake for a whole year, and on the return of the annual vacation which my people kindly allow me, I felt an unspeakable desire to see them again. About a month ago, I was accordingly once more penetrating the wilderness. Our course was from Lake Champlain west over the most "unsmooth" mountain that I ever passed, for about fifty miles, when we struck the Saranac. Here we procured a little boat, such a one as a man can carry on his head through the woods, from river to river, and from lake to lake. Here too, we left the habitations of men, and entered the wilderness. Our course was up the Saranac waters, through its beautiful lakes, and passing the spot where was once a village of the red men, we entered upon the ponds which empty into the Racket—at whose head is Long Lake. We must carry our provisions, and of course sleep upon the ground, *sub dio*. This did very well when it was good weather; but when we had rain day and night for six days, we found it not quite so comfortable. One of our three, too, was sick, very sick, and we began to form plans how we could carry him out on a rude bier, and to ponder over the more gloomy picture of digging a grave in the wilderness. But after some days of anxiety, God graciously raised him up, and we could go on. It was Saturday again when we reached the lake. I had procured some Tracts and a few books, as many as I could well manage to carry over the "carrying places," and now made them into as many little parcels as there were families on the lake. I found they had now increased to eleven families, and almost sixty souls. While my friend who had been sick and our woodsman were gone to find a camping place for our home during the Sabbath, I got a little boy to row me up the lake; and the first little boat we met, was the boat of Mr. S., (the man who was so profane that they did not want to hear him read sermons,) containing his family on their way to a *Temperance meeting*! It was then that I learned that there was need of this. I told them I could not conceive what need there could be for temperance societies away up in that wilderness. But they said that before they had a road, before they could get flour or comfortable food, they used to get in whiskey by the barrel! On the fourth of July last they formed a temperance society, and now, as I understood, all the little community belong to it, or act on its principles. I visited every family, having a little book and a small parcel of Tracts for each. Oh! how eagerly and joyfully and gratefully they received me and the little parcel! They had not seen a minister, nor heard a sermon, since I was there last year. But the Spirit of God had been there; and that Mr. S. who was so profane had, without human instrumentality, been led to Christ. He had become a new creature, had family worship, and was ready to do good. Some who had been professors in other years, and in other places, had been revived. They had established a Sabbath school, and in it was every child of suitable age, and around it all were clustering on the Sabbath! In all things there was evident and striking improvement. Some new families had come in, and among them professing Christians. The State too, is aiding to open a road to them, and shortly there will be a travelled road in and out, and then the beautiful lake will be filled up with inhabitants. I reached our camp late in the evening, and the little boy who had rowed me at least twelve miles greatly preferred to have a book, rather than money for compensation. I gave him Abbott's Child at Home. I found one woman, a mother of little children, very sick, without physician, or medicines, or nurse. But the neighbors, five miles off, were ready and prompt to watch with her, and do all

in their power for her. There had been no death among them the last year, and no one had gone to join the sleeper in her forest-circled graveyard.

The Sabbath again broke in silence and beauty. At the appointed hour we were on our way to church—and swiftly along came the little boats, stopping here and there just long enough to drink at the spring which gushed out of the mountain at the edge of the lake, or to pluck the wild water-lily, instead of the rose, for a nosegay. How still, and solemn, and appropriate their behavior! How eagerly they listened! How kindly they received the Word, and hung around the door all day, not one going away for food during the intermission. And what an intermission was that! I spent it in conversing with them, and in trying to lay such plans, as would be permanent. The Sabbath school was held in the meantime. In the afternoon there stood a bowl of water on the little stand by the side of a small new Bible. What could I do? They were here alone. I knew of no church or minister within 60 or 80 miles, and knew it would be out of the question to get a council there. So I took upon me the responsibility of going forward. There were eleven ready—five men and six females—and so, at the close of the service, I organized them into a church of God, by the name of "The First Congregational Church on Long Lake." I baptized eight of their children, including six little boys belonging to Mr. S., who, with his wife, was among those who wept for joy and trembled in weakness on this occasion. It was the most solemn season I ever witnessed. And when in the name of my own church, and in the name of the beloved churches of New England, I gave them the right hand, I felt safe in assuring them that we should remember and sympathize with this young and feeble sister, who was thus "now planted in the wilderness." I ventured to assure this little flock that we would not forget her; that he would pray for her, and would minister to her spiritual wants. They promised to have a weekly prayer meeting every Friday afternoon, to hold up the Sabbath by means of the Sabbath school, and to have sermons read on the Sabbath, as soon as they could get some that are suitable, and to pray that God would in his own time and way send them a pastor. When I reached home and told the story, the children of my Sabbath school immediately set about making a collection to send them books of a high order, and as soon as may be; and if any friend of Zion shall commit money or books to me, thinking I shall refuse them, he will find himself mistaken. I wish to supply them with good books, till the time comes when they can have a minister of the gospel. As soon as the road is open, population will roll in, and I may yet live to see the day when a church shall be erected on one of their beautiful islands, and a hundred little boats lie moored around, while they keep holy time. What a day will that be! and how sweet will be the notes of the church-going bell, as they float up and down and across these beautiful waters, and are echoed from the mountains which stand around and glass themselves in the lake? This little church is to be at the head of a great population! May the handful of corn scattered upon the mountains, shake like Lebanon. I left the little band feeling feeble, but not forsaken, and believing that a brighter day is to come to them. Two little boys, whom I had baptized, rowed me down the lake very late Sabbath night, after the labors of the day, to my camp, and after they had landed me, for a long time I could see their little forms in the boat, as they turned to go back to their home. They rowed away in silence and in the darkness, but I knew they were under the eye of Him to whom they had been given that day, and that they were safe. Though we were sick, and out for twenty days and nights without shelter, and in storms, I felt on my return, that it was all nothing in comparison with the joy of that Sabbath, in which the little church was "planted in the wilderness."

We have been kindly favoured with a copy of "The Wesleyan-Methodist Almanac, for Canada," for the year 1843, published at Toronto, by Rev. A. Macnab. It is well "got up," and contains much valuable information not generally found in works of the kind. It will doubtless be appreciated by the religious body for whose use especially it is designed.

THE Anniversary meeting of the WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was held in the St. Anne St. Chapel in this city, on Wednesday evening last, and was numerously attended. The chair was taken by P. Langlois, Esquire, and several interesting addresses were delivered on the occasion.—The amount of the collections taken up at the different services, is stated at £40. On Sunday last, when the preparatory sermons were preached, we are told, that notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather hindering the attendance of many friends of the cause, the amount collected was larger than that of the preceding year.—*Quebec Gazette*.

TEMPERANCE AMONG BOATMEN.—The following interesting facts are mentioned in the report of the Bethel Society:—

"Going up the lake a few weeks since, in a steamboat, I talked temperance to the crew, and found a drinking man among them who was unwilling to sign the pledge. I succeeded at length in getting his name for six months—he did not think he could keep from drinking longer; but that which decided the poor fellow, was the countenance and support promised him by his shipmates; this is one only, of many similar cases. Then, again, vessel owners are refusing to employ any other than pledged total abstinence men. Engineers and Captains of steamboats are doing the same with respect to 2d engineers and firemen. Vessels are entering our ports with the Temperance flag flying. Reformed drunkards (sailors) are found seeking employment as officers, and resting their claims for a berth upon the fact of their sobriety. In addition to the above, there has been a great augmentation of temperate seamen on Lake Ontario, the results of the movement in Temperance along the lake shore during the past winter. At Oswego, Sacket's Harbour, French Creek and Ogdensburg, large accessions have been to the ranks of the temperate, from among the hardy sons of the lake."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### HIGHLAND COMMUNION SCENE.

THE celebration of the communion in the parish of Ferintosh took place on Sabbath last, and attracted greater numbers even than usual. The Gaelic congregation on Sunday must have numbered from 10,000 to 11,000, and the church, where the English service is performed was crowded to excess. The situation for the tent or out-preaching is particularly suitable for hearing. The tent is erected in a small glen or valley, on each side of which the people seat themselves, or are perched, in the form of an amphitheatre. The sound consequently ascends to the audience, and is not drowned or taken away. Close to the tent a rivulet gurgles through the valley, and by the side of the stream the tables are placed. From these upwards, the congregation accommodate themselves, and a more picturesque and truly grand scene cannot be imagined than the *tout ensemble*, particularly during the time of prayer, and the singing of the Psalms. The Gaelic psalmody is peculiarly sublime. A wild melody prevades the simple lay as it dies away in the lower, or swells in the higher, cadences, which equally transport the mind; and as the thousands stand uncovered, with the canopy of heaven above, re-echoing the animated and fervent petitions of the preacher between them and their all-powerful and all-merciful Father, the effect is in the highest degree solemn and inspiring. The behavior of the people, too, is devout, and it is evident from the general demeanor that no trivial purpose has collected so many human beings to worship their Maker. The sacraments at Ferintosh may be really viewed as a pilgrimage without its superstition. Many from near as well as remote parishes think that there a more sanctified intercourse may be vouchsafed, and in consequence a vast concourse assembles. This state of things is, no doubt, mainly induced by the genius and piety of the respected pastor of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, who may be denominated the Chalmers of the Highlands. We refer particularly to Mr. Macdonald's preaching in the Gaelic language, which is alike redolent with eloquence and pathos.

**THE SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER, ON LEAVING HOME FOR A BOARDING SCHOOL.**

Now, daughter, ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh:—ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, haith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and curls, the ribbons and the rose knots, the gilet kames, and the top-pings o' weel-sleekit-up hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yourself, and act for yourself, for you canna always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my child, of which you are sure never to be ashamed, either in this world, or in the one that's to come.

If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will be nair depend on your head than your hands; but yet you are nae the waur o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yourself a new gown atorra time, or a frock to a bit we ane.

But now for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching ower of all, and there's nought else that I am unqualified to gie advice in. Keep it ay free o' malice, rancour and deceit; and as to the forming of any improper connexions, or youthful partialities, it is sae dangerous at your time o' life, that no advice nor guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

I might have mentioned the management of the tongue, as another and a separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and the heart; and if these are kept in proper order, the other wiinna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the snappy English pronunciation. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in an auld Scotch phrase that she learned in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit o' them. But mind aye this, my child—that good sense is well faured and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken; and an's mother tongue suits always the lips of either a bonny lass or auld carl the best.—*Eltrick Shepherd.*

**AMBROSIAL ATMOSPHERE.**

Know'st thou the land where the citron blows,  
Where midst its dark foliage the golden orange glows?  
Thither, thither, let us go.—*Goethe.*

For several days past, the atmosphere of Monrovia has been the most delightfully fragrant that we have ever experienced in this or any other country. The sweet and agreeable gales of aroma which were wafted from the newly opened coffee flowers, and swept across the village upon every rising breeze, or gently gliding zephyr, was to us the sweetest breath that had ever visited our olfactories. Morning, noon, and night, the melliferous perfume filled every chamber and accessible aperture with such a sweet scent, as nature only can prepare, which art may not imitate, nor prose describe. This had scarcely passed away, before a new source, another full gushing fountain was opened: and the ambrosial breezes came again more sweetly than before. The latter are from the fresh blown blossoms of the orange, lemon, (or citron,) lime, and several kinds of aromatic gums. The fragrant odors are such as to make us more than realize all that we have read of "India's spicy groves," or the "scented bowers in undiscovered seas." Surely at present, no "Poisonous tongue lurks in each breeze."

**THE COLLIER BOY AND HIS CANDLE-BOX.**—Many of our readers have heard the affecting story of the collier boy, who was one of the sufferers in the dreadful accident which took place in Heaton Main Colliery, near Newcastle, in the year 1815. It was often related by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond. After the bodies were put in coffins, the relatives were permitted to go down into the pit for the purpose of recognizing their husbands or children; and Elizabeth Thew, whose husband and two sons had perished, was among the foremost. She readily found out her son William's body by his fine auburn hair. In

one of his pockets was discovered his tin candle-box, on which, in the darkness of the suffocating pit, or with only the dim light of his Davy lamp, he had with a nail engraved on his candle-box the following touching words: "Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did." And then on the other side, were found the following words, which, it is supposed, must have been dictated by his father, as it bears his signature, though he could not write: "If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God and thy mother.—John Thew." The narrative, with some appropriate remarks, now forms a tract, containing a *fac simile* of the box and the writing.—*Christian Spectator.*

**DOCTOR FISK IN EARLY DAYS.**—Going to one of his appointments, with Mrs. Fisk, their route lay across a lofty range dignified with the classical name of Mount Olympus. When they commenced the ascent, the snow was falling thick and fast, and there was every prospect of a stormy and uncomfortable ride; but when they got midway to the top, the snow ceased, and dense clouds settling below, obscured the view on all sides. Above, the sun was veiled by a thin cloud, as if to screen its dazzling brightness, and make their way more pleasant. Descending, they found, when about half-way down the mountain, that it was still snowing as fast as ever, and that much snow had fallen while they were enjoying their ride above the clouds. Such scenes are not uncommon in mountainous regions.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass. Fear lest I had made me grieve as if I had broken it; but alas, how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal; each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought, but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. "Teach me to number my days." An hour-glass to turn me, "that I may apply my heart to wisdom."—*Thomas Fuller.*

**SUMMARY OF NEWS.**

**PROVINCE OF CANADA**

THE extremely liberal proposals contained in the Governor General's letter to *Mr. Lafontaine*, published in our last, and which, in the first instance, that gentleman indignantly spurned, he has since substantially acquiesced in; and the result has been a change in the composition and aspect of Sir Charles Bagot's Cabinet, which has caused a profound sensation throughout the Province. The great measure of the Union is now about to be subjected to a fair practical test on the broad basis of responsibility. We await the issue of an experiment with which the destinies of the Province are so intimately connected with trembling solicitude, but not without hope. Important as are the changes that have lately taken place, and startling as has been their effect upon the public mind, we think they must be viewed by every intelligent person as the natural, and—may we not add—the legitimate and inevitable consequences of the system of government which was introduced by the late Lord Sydenham, and which Sir Robert Peel, on his accession to the Premiership, deemed it inexpedient to supersede without trial. The late Governor General, with his characteristic energy and adroitness, managed indeed, during his short administration, to keep the working of the system in abeyance, so far as Canada East was concerned. But such an unnatural and unconstitutional repression could not continue. The reaction, the development, must come. It has come. We fervently trust that those whom recent events have placed in power, will have the wisdom and magnanimity to make a proper use of their elevation.—*Westlyan.*

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER,  
{ Kingston, Wednesday, 12th October, 1842.

This day at one o'clock, P.M., His Excellency the Governor General proceeded in state to the Chamber of the Legislative Council in the Parliament Building. The Members of the Legislative Council being assembled, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, the following Bills were assented to in Her Majesty's name by His Excellency the Governor General, viz:—

An Act to provide for the Freedom of Elections throughout this Province, and for other purposes therein mentioned.  
An Act to make the Law, for vacating the Seats of

Members of the Legislative Assembly accepting Office, uniform throughout this Province.

An Act for the qualification of Justices of the Peace.

An Act to amend the Act therein mentioned, relative to the desertion of Seamen and others in the Sea Service.

An Act for better proportioning the punishment to the offence in certain cases.

An Act to regulate the Inspection of Pot and Pearl ashes.

An Act to regulate the Inspection and Measurement of Timber, Masts, Spars, Deals Staves, and other articles of a like nature, intending for Shipment and exportation from this Province, and for other purposes relative to the same.

An Act to authorize the raising by way of loan, in England, the sum of One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds, Sterling, for the construction and completion of certain Public Works in Canada.

An Act to appropriate a certain sum to enable Her Majesty to remunerate Doctor Thomas Rolph, for his past services as Emigration Agent.

An Act to continue for a limited time the Ordinance to facilitate the Despatch of Business before the Court of King's Bench, for the District of Montreal.

An Act to continue for a limited time certain Acts and Ordinances therein mentioned.

An Act to amend two certain Ordinances therein mentioned, relative to Winter Roads in that part of the Province formerly called Lower Canada.

An Act to repeal certain Ordinances of the Governor and Special Council of the late Province of Lower Canada, relative to the administration of Justice.

An Act to repeal certain Ordinances therein mentioned, relative to the Establishment of a system of Police in Canada East.

An Act to extend the time allowed by the Ordinance therein mentioned for the registration of certain charges of incumbrance on Real Estates and to repeal certain parts thereof.

An Act to restore for purposes relative to the Election of Members of the Legislative Assembly, the Ancient Boundaries and limits of the cities of Quebec and Montreal.

An Act for better preventing the obstruction of Rivers and rivulets in Canada East.

An Act to amend certain acts therein mentioned, relative to the establishment of Mutual Insurance Companies in Canada East.

An Act to confirm certain Rules, Orders and Regulations made by the Chief Justice and Judges of Her Majesty's Court or Queen's Bench for Canada West.

An Act to extend the time for the payment of the loan to the Cobourg Harbour Company.

An Act to change the place of the Registry Office for the County of Middlesex.

An Act to grant further powers to the Montreal Fire Assurance Company, and to change the name of the said Corporation.

An Act to incorporate a company under the style and title of the Quebec Gas Light and Water Company.

An Act to incorporate the charitable association of the Roman Catholic Ladies of Quebec.

An Act to extend the powers of the British America Fire and Life Insurance company to Marine Assurances.

An Act to extend the charter of the Commercial Bank of the Midland district, and to increase its Capital Stock.

An Act to extend the Charter of the Bank of Upper Canada, and to increase the Capital Stock thereof.

An Act to offer relief to the Estate of late Thomas Clarke.

An Act to authorize the courts of Chancery to admit William Vynne Bacon, to practise therein as an Attorney and Solicitor.

His Excellency was pleased to reserve the following Bills for the further signification of her Majesty's pleasure thereon, viz:—

An Act to impose a duty upon foreign wheat imported into this province.

An Act to make provision for the management of the temporalities of the united Church of England and Ireland, in the Diocese of Quebec, in this Province, and for other purposes therein mentioned.

The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly then presented the following money bill:—

An Act to grant certain sums to her Majesty for defraying certain indispensable expenses of the Civil Government, during the periods therein mentioned.

To which his Excellency the Governor General gave the Royal sanction in the usual terms, and closed the second Session of the first Provincial Parliament with the following Speech:—

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

Although I anticipated, when I called you together, that your consideration might have been given at the present season to such public business of importance as seemed to require your early attention, yet I am induced by reasons of public convenience, and with a view to an early resumption of our joint labours, to put a close to the present Session.

I have to thank you for the zeal and assiduity with which you have considered and perfected the various measures in which the short period of the Session has been occupied. These, I trust, will be an earnest to the Country of the principles by which I am guided, and of the advantages which may be expected from the cordial and united efforts of the several branches of the Provincial Legislature.

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

I thank you, in the name of Her Majesty, for the liberality with which you have voted the supplies requisite for the Service; and for your ready co-operation in carrying out the views of Her Majesty's Government.

Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen:

In relieving you for the present from further attendance in your Legislative capacity, I would express my confident hope, that when you return to your homes you will use your just influence in promoting in your several Districts that unanimity and good feeling which it has been my endeavour to establish, and in diffusing these hopes of permanent peace and prosperity in which I trust you will unite with me in believing that we may now, under Providence, be permitted to indulge.

The Honorable the Speaker of the Legislative Council then declared the Provincial Parliament prorogued to the 18th day of November next.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### 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.

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ALEX. BRYSON.

Montreal, April 21, 1842.

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May 3, 1842.

#### BIBLE WARNING!!!

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the people of every Religion based upon the Word of God, that I, J. P. WILSON, a man of the common people, (having been brought up as a farmer,) have read the Discussion which took place in the year 1838, between the Rev. Mr. Gregg, Minister of the English Church, and the Rev. T. Maguire, Roman Catholic Priest, the great advocate of the Church of Rome; in which a man of the common people, that is, an ignorant Protestant, as the Rev. Gentleman is pleased to call one who is not learned in several tongues, is called upon to come forward, and to let him know how long such a man would take to read the Bible, and how he could interpret it.

Whereupon I call upon all men holding either the Bible of the Church of England, or the Bible of the Church of Rome, to commence and read them through from beginning to end. All such as are not bound to the hours of a labouring man, may read it through in one year from this date; and tradesmen and labourers can have it read by the year 1843.

Further, in the year 1843, God willing, I will challenge the great Rev. T. Maguire to stand to his writings. I will also call upon the Jew to come forward, and I will engage to confound him out of his own Scriptures.

In this great undertaking, I will ask the opinions of some on the 11th chapter of Ecclesiastes, 2d verse, and will expound the SEVEN, wherever an opportunity is afforded me. The contents of this verse order my expenses to be borne.

You may now see the three men that the Prophet DANIEL saw, as recorded in his last chapter.

Four different Scriptural Questions have been proposed to me by four different Clergymen, since the year 1830; who, however, denied me the privilege of answering them in public. The Rev. T. Maguire will, however, I trust, give me an opportunity of answering those questions, in the presence of himself and others.

The fact of the Church of Rome having called upon "a common man" to explain so wondrous a book, planned by the wisdom of the Most High, in visions, parables and numbers, and prepared to meet the times and laws of the lover world, furnishes proof that "the clouds have emptied themselves upon the earth."

But I address you, friends, in the language of David, "Let no man's heart fail;" I will go and interpret the Book. Four great men have already fled from before me. Newry in Ireland, St. Helen's in England, and the township of Clarke, Upper Canada, can and shall prove the fact.

I hope that Brother Jonathan will put his hand under this garment.

The prayers of all are earnestly entreated, that I may be enabled to act justly with the Word of God. Peace be to man, woman, and child.

Editors of papers are requested to notice the above. The attention of the authorities is also respectfully invited.

Those who will not hear this, must be ranked amongst the dead; those who will hear this, must stand up, and give their voice among the living; for it is written, "He that is not with me is against me."

The public's humble servant in the Word of God,  
J. P. WILSON,  
Or, WILSON THE LAYMAN.  
MONTREAL, September 14, 1842.

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