

Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

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POETRY.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

"GO AND SIN NO MORE."

Say, child of dust, with all thy sins, durst thou approach that throne,
Where 'mid the greatness of his power Jehovah reigns alone ?

Does not thy trembling bosom heave, with feelings of despair,
That God will ever pardon thee, or listen to thy prayer ?
Are not thy past transgressions seen by his all-searching eye—
Are they not written in his book—recorded in the sky ?
How oft in mercy has he shown a Father's fond regard,
Nor doom'd thy wickedness to meet its only just reward.
Yet has it never made thee think, when summon'd to the grave,
How thou canst rest thy hope on Him, who only then can save ;
When thy rebellious heart has turned, and sought his saving grace,
Has he denied thee thy request, or hid from thee his face ?
Then why so oft forsake his path, why tempt him to fulfil
The judgments he has doomed on all who break his holy will ?

In early life a parent's love on thee hast been bestow'd,
And thou hast felt the fond regard, which from their bosoms flowed,
Providing for thy many wants, their first, their constant care—
In all their happiness a part, in all their joys a share.
Oft have their watchful footsteps crept in silence to thy bed,
And o'er thy suffering couch of pain, has sleep their eyelids fled.
To such say could'st thou e'er refuse, thy warmest fondest love,
Or e'er forget how good they were, or e'er ungrateful prove ?
No !—Thou could'st never steal thy breast, 'gainst ties so dear, so strong,

To bid defiance to their laws, to see them suffer wrong.

Thou could'st not—Yet is not their love, how great so'er it be,

Like the regard, the boundless love, which God has shewn to thee.

He is the Parent we should serve, with more than mortal zeal,

His goodness fails not, and his Love no tongue can e'er reveal.

April, 1843.

J. D. M'D.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

I BEHELD, and there was before me a garden of vast extent, possessed by one master, to whom every labourer in the garden is responsible, and to whom all come for orders. The garden is in a state of gradual cultivation and improvement. I observed that the labourers were of both sexes and of all ages; not one who was willing to labour there was ever rejected on account of any infirmity or defect, for their employer could give power to the faint, and to them that have no might he could increase strength: but it was very remarkable that none ever voluntarily applied there for employment; they were all first solicited.—The Lord of the garden sometimes sent forth his messengers to look for labourers, and sometimes went himself; and he not only invited them, but he inclined their hearts to comply with the call, making them willing in the day of his power.

I saw part of the garden separated from the rest by a little hedge, and here the labourers seemed very numerous; advancing, I at first saw nothing very interesting; but, at the moment, I remembered what I had often heard, that the Lord of this garden "seeth not as man seeth." I looked again; there was a large wide bed, in which were plants that appeared but like dead sticks, which many a gardener would have thrown away; but here they were planted in the finest mould, and watered with perpetual care, if peradventure they might shoot again. "Yours must be a discouraging task," I said to a young labourer, as he stopped a moment, and looked at his work. "I am cast down indeed," he answered; "I may say with truth that I have seen no fruit of my labour, while a young companion who entered the garden later than myself was appointed to the fertile bed on the other side, and see what beautiful plants has he reared! Many still flourish around him, and some he has triumphantly carried away to decorate the king's own palace." An aged fellow-labourer close by looked upon him as he ended; a deep blush covered the cheek of the younger man: it was not the first time that his aged companion had been grieved by his murmuring, and now he meekly said these few words—"Do you not remember who planted these?" "Our Master," was the reply. "Yes," replied the venerable man, "these, as well as the flourishing and lovely shrubs, these are the planting of the Lord;

and he will be glorified in them. It is honour enough to labour for him."

Near this was another bed filled with plants different indeed, but not much more promising: they seemed strong and vigorous plants which had been neglected when young, and which, now that they had attained their full growth, were for the first time brought under the hand of the cultivator; the pruning-knife was greatly needed here, and the labourers had a difficult task to train the stubborn branches.

I soon reached another set of labourers; one I saw anxiously examining a beautiful tree, "green as the bay-tree, evergreen." I could not but congratulate him on its healthy appearance. "Alas!" he said, "these, beautiful and ornamental as they are, are but leaves; and leaves produce no fruit." Another tree, equally verdant in its foliage, and wreathed with brilliant flowers, grew near. "This one, then, promises well," said I. "Yes, it promises, and it promised last year, and the year before; O that the blossoms may not disappoint us now! But you know not how often a fair prospect is blasted; the most abundant blossoming has often failed, dashed off by the bleak winds. Nothing," he added, "but fruit satisfies our Master; the external beauty of a plant is nothing in his eye." I said in reply that there are many sorts of trees and plants which are valuable in their kind, although it is not their nature to produce any fruit. "Such trees," he said, "are never planted in this garden—every plant here has a capacity of producing fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some a hundred-fold; and, if it should not do so, it will at last inevitably be hewn down, and cast into the fire." "And how long," said I, "does your Master wait before he pronounces this sentence?"—The labourer replied—"He gives not account of any of his doings. None can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" For some he waits much longer than for others; and, though we do not now know the exact rule of his conduct in these things, he has assured us that the time will come when we shall know it."

There was one division of this garden lately brought in from the waste, and but partly cultivated. Now I found that those who went to labour there had some privations from which the other labourers were exempt; they were few in number, and consequently separated from many who had once been their dearest associates; moreover, the situation of that part of the garden was so very unhealthy that death was ever busy there; the warning was frequently, perhaps usually, very short: the labourer might be seen busy at his work one day, the next laid on a dying bed, and the succeeding one carried out and buried by the little band of his survivors; but it was a happy and an honoured station; many were the visits the labourers received from their beloved Master, and many and rich the consolations he afforded them. And, for the plants they cultivated, they had indeed been suffered to grow wild and unpruned for a long time; but some well repaid the care of the husbandman

by bringing forth fruit in their old age, while many a young and vigorous plant promised to supply the vacant places when these should be removed. Influenced by various motives, several labourers in different parts of the garden earnestly desired to labour here; some became dissatisfied with their stations in other parts of the garden; they seemed to think the plants they cultivated there less valuable and less interesting than those which grew here; and the honour of labouring in that exact spot they have been heard to declare the first object of their desires.

I speak not of all in the garden; but many labourers, though truly devoted to God, were deficient in admission; their zeal and love were great, but they were often tempted to desire that they could choose for themselves; they aspired to some other station than the one appointed for them: but the Master could impart to his labourers wisdom to submit all their desires and all their affections to his disposal, and could teach them to say continually from the heart these few words—"Thy will be done." Language fails to describe the peace and happiness of those labourers who never wish to plan or order for themselves—"Here I am; send me," is their language when a new toil is to be undertaken; but, if his will is otherwise, they submit without murmuring; and thus, without one anxious desire to be employed in this or the other sphere, they feel an entire willingness at all times to go where he would have them, and to do his bidding. Moreover, in all their labours, they acknowledge him; they set him always before them, and endeavour to act as in his sight; they see that without him they can do nothing; they keep close to his directions, and anticipate a free reward for their services, which he who made them willing and who made them able shall bestow upon them according to the riches his grace.—*Church of England Magazine.*

THE MUTILATED ISLANDER.

(From Williams' South Seas.)

In passing one evening from Mr. Buzacott's to Mr. Pitman's station, my attention was arrested by seeing a person get off one of these seats, and walk upon his knees into the centre of the pathway, when he shouted—"Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island: to you we are indebted for the word of salvation."

The appearance of his person first attracted my attention; his hands and feet being eaten off by disease, which the natives call *kokovi*, and which obliged him to walk upon his knees; but notwithstanding this, I found that he was exceedingly industrious, and not only kept his *kainga* in beautiful order, but raised food enough to support a wife and three children. The substitute he used for a spade in tilling the ground, was an instrument called the *ko*, which is a piece of iron wood pointed at one end. This he pressed firmly to his side, and leaning the weight of his body upon it, pierced the ground, and then scraping out the earth with the stumps of his hands, he would clasp the banana or taro plant, place it in the hole, and then fill in the earth. The weeds he pulled up in the same way. In reply to his salutation, I asked him what he knew of the word of salvation. He answered, "I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners." On inquiring what he knew about Jesus Christ, he replied, "I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died painfully upon the cross, to pay for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved, and go to happiness in the skies." I inquired of him if all the people went to heaven after death. "Certainly not," he repli-

ed, "only those who believe in the Lord Jesus, who cast away sin, and who pray to God."

"You pray, of course," I continued. "O yes," he said, "I very frequently pray as I weed my ground and plant my food, but always three times a day, beside praying with my family every morning and evening." I asked him what he said when he prayed. He answered: "I say, 'O Lord, I am a great sinner, may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood, give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good Spirit of Jesus to instruct me, and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus, and take me to heaven when I die.'" "Well," I replied, "that Butevc, is very excellent, but where did you obtain your knowledge?" "From you, to be sure; who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?" "True," I replied, "but I do not ever recollect to have seen you at either of the settlements to hear me speak of these things, and how do you obtain your knowledge of them?" "Why," he said, as the people return from the services I take my seat by the way side, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by: one gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word."

This was altogether a most interesting incident, as I had never seen the poor cripple before, and I could not learn that he had ever been in a place of worship in his life. His knowledge, however, was such as to afford me both astonishment and delight; and I seldom passed his house after this interview, without holding an interesting conversation with him.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL.

A MOTHER LEFT TO PERISH.

AMONG the poorer classes it is, indeed, struggling for existence; and when the aged become too weak to provide for themselves, and are a burden to those whom they brought forth and reared to manhood, they are not infrequently abandoned by their own children, with a meal of victuals and a cruise of water, to perish in the desert: and I have seen a small circle of stakes fastened in the ground, within which were still lying the bones of a parent bleached in the sun, who had been thus abandoned. In one instance I observed a small broken earthenware vessel, in which the last draught of water had been left. "What is this?" I said, pointing to the stakes, addressing a Africaner. His reply was, "This is heathenism;" and then described this parricidal custom. A day or two after, a circumstance occurred which corroborated his statements. We had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early in the morning, and leaving the people to get the wagon ready to follow, I went forward with one of our number, in order to see if we could not perceive some indications of water, by the foot-marks of game, for it was in a part of the country where we could not expect the traces of man. After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing a considerable way on the plain, we discovered, at a distance, a little smoke rising amidst a few bushes, which seemed to skirt a ravine. Animated with the prospect, we hastened forward, eagerly anticipating a delicious draught of water, no matter what the quality might be. When we had arrived within a few hundred yards of the spot, we stood still, startled at the fresh marks of lions, which appeared to have been there only an hour before us. We had no guns, being too tired to carry them, and we hesitated, for a moment, whether to proceed or return. The wagon was yet distant, and thirst impelled us to go on, but it was with caution, keeping a sharp look out at every bush we passed.

On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared

terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear, "My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm." I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless, or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, "Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?" to which she replied, "I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die." "Your children!" I interrupted. "Yes," raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, "my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone," pointing with her finger, "to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die." "And, pray why did they leave you?" I inquired. Spreading out her hands, "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." This last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, "I hear the lions, but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent." At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the wagon, and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. "It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again." The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her we should return in two days, and stop the night, when she would be able to go with us; only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

On our return to the spot, according to promise, we found the old woman and every thing gone, but, on examination, discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards I learned, from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot, where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive, and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and, dreading the vengeance of the great chief whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice; in reply to which they would only laugh. It may be imagined, that people might devote their friends, and nobles their first-born, like the Carthaginians, to appease some offended deity; and that mothers, too, should smile on the infants their own hands had murdered, from similar motives; but it appears an awful exhibition of human depravity, when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, from no other motive than sheer laziness, or to get quit of those on whose breast they hung in helpless infancy, whose lips first directed their vocal powers, whose hand led them through many a weary waste, and who often suffered the most pinching want, that the babes whom nature taught them to love might be supplied. I have more than once handed food to a

hungry mother, who appeared to have fasted for a month, when she would just taste it, and give it to her child, when, perhaps, that very child, instead of returning grateful service to the infancy of old age, leaves that mother to perish from hunger.—*Rev. R. Moffat's Southern Africa.*

THE PROFLIGATE'S DREAM.

CONCLUDED.

For several days he did not quit his bed, nor would he permit his servant to admit any one into his chamber. He confined himself day after day to his bed, but sleep or rest he could not enjoy. Terror and anguish overwhelmed his soul—the awful sights which he had seen were ever present to his eye, and the words which he had heard resounded fearfully in his ears day and night.

The result was, that he formed the resolution of abandoning the Profane Society for ever: and that there was none among his boon companions that could prevail with him to attend the next anniversary, were he to live to see that period.

His companions were much amazed at his conduct. They gathered around him, and they employed every means and stratagem in their power to win him back, and to remove the melancholy which evidently seemed to prey upon his mind. They were much afraid that he was about to forsake them, for he was the life of their society, but he manfully withstood their solicitations. One of his foolish sinful companions entered his chamber one day, as he was employed in reading his Bible. A deep crimsoned blush suffused the face of the miserable youth, as he concealed the sacred book under his pillow. What shameful and foolish conduct! Had he now had sufficient fortitude and energy to read the Book of God, and to pray for the Spirit's enlightening and sanctifying influence, how blessed, how happy he might have been! After several schemes which they devised for removing his melancholy feeling had proved abortive, one of the members of the Infernal Society pretended that he was under deep concern for his soul—that he was much distressed on account of his guilt and danger. He thus, under the mask of hypocrisy, prevailed upon the young man to disclose the cause of his melancholy. At length he told his dream, and concealed nothing of what we have just related. He acknowledged that his dream was that which produced those serious and melancholy feelings under which he laboured, and which induced him to abandon the Society with which he was so long connected, and to enter upon a new and reformed career of life. The object of his companion was attained. He told all that he had heard. They again assembled around him; and by the powerful influence of sarcasm and ridicule, it is easy to believe that they soon prevailed with the unfortunate youth, who consented to return to his former path of sin and folly.

It is unnecessary to relate the melancholy recital. He gradually forgot the good resolutions which he had formed. The prayers which he offered up to God while under the influence of the gloomy feelings above described, became cold, lifeless and few. He delighted in the society of those companions whom he had for a while forsaken. He became a backslider, but not without many a severe struggle, without fear and remorse of conscience.

The ruddy bloom of youth faded from his cheek, and was succeeded by the pale hue of disease, the sure harbinger of approaching dissolution.

The time now approached when their anniversary was to be held, and he resolved that there was no power on earth that should induce him to attend it. His associates, aware of his determined purpose, resolved at all hazards to overcome all his scruples. O! how diligent, how pains taking, how inconsistent, how untable the sons of men, without the strength and grace of God!

How it happened we know not, and perhaps he knew not himself; but the day arrived on which the anniversary was to be held, and we grieve to say that this ill-fated young man formed one of the number who were present on that occasion.

Feelings of the most painful nature possessed his mind, so that he almost lost the use of his senses when he heard the first part of the Presi-

dent's address. "Gentlemen," said he, "ye members of the Infernal Society, there are precisely twelve months since we assembled here before."—Scarcely did this youth hear one word more of what was spoken. He was seized with an universal tremor, his knees smote the one against the other when he heard the awful words, "this day twelve months," for he instantly recollected the warning which he received twelve months before that day.

"We shall meet again, but we shall never separate any more." The first desire which awakened within him, was to arise and return home; but the united contempt and derision of the company he could not withstand. How many are there in this wide world, who like the young man of whom we speak, sell their immortal souls in like manner, and who have more fear of the laugh and scorn of their sinful companions than a dread of the wrath of Almighty God! His companions used every possible means to render him cheerful, and gay as usual, but in this they failed. His heart sank within him. He repeatedly endeavoured to join in the laugh and gaiety which he saw on every side of him, but this he found impossible. There was something unnatural in his voice and laughter. His unearthly appearance and manner terrified his associates.

The night was dark and cloudy—a flash of vivid lightning illumined at intervals the midnight darkness. The young man ordered his servant to saddle his horse, informing the company at the same time that he felt extremely ill. He looked at the company which sat at the table with a wild and vacant stare as he arose from his seat. His horse was in one moment at the door. He mounted the saddle. He rode homewards with all speed. But in the morning, the horse was found with the saddle on his back, quietly grazing in a field which was near the dwelling-place of this man, and at a little distance from the door was found the lifeless corpse of this unfortunate youth!

Reader, have you ever been warned by the voice of Providence and of conscience: Have you ever been deeply concerned for the welfare of your never-dying soul! Have you formed good resolutions, that you would at some future period reform your life and manners, and have you acted up to these resolutions? Beware! Ere the expiration of twelve months you may be summoned to prepare to meet your God.

Reader, have you been accustomed to sit in the company of the profane, and to join in drinking of the inebriating cup? Awaken from the sleep of death! Arise, and leave them without a moment's delay, lest you open your eyes in that miserable place where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever and ever.

The reality of the dream is unquestioned.—We have endeavoured to record it as it had been told by the unfortunate young man who dreamed it, but alas! heeded not the awful warning which it conveyed. The dream was related by him shortly after it occurred, and there yet live many who can recollect the miserable fate of the dreamer.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the New York Christian Advocate & Journal.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. DURBIN.

My Dear Dr. Bond.—It is now eight o'clock Christmas eve. The report of guns and fireworks fills the air. The streets are full of life and gaiety, but my thoughts are with my home and friends. I should like to be in my own native land for one day, but this may not be until next spring—if Providence permit, we shall accomplish our tour thoroughly, and shall return wiser if not better men.

France is a beautiful country, just recovering, physically and morally, from the shock of the French Revolution. Public and private order is firmly established: and the morals of society are more modest and decent externally, if not sounder under the surface: and there is a returning sense of religion in the nation, and with it a corresponding return of the Church to power and alliance with the government, with which it was at variance, or rather which was at variance with it, six or seven years since. There is also a great improvement in the public and private morals of the clergy: and all these things taken together, close up, rather than open, the field to Protestants. Liberal principles pervade the

French nation, and this produces the conflict between the parties. The friends of liberty distrust the citizen king, and he distrusts the people: hence the vigour with which he prosecutes the fortifications around Paris, notwithstanding there is no apprehensions of foreign war. They are meant to control the capital, and thus the nation. The hostility of France to England is wonderful, perhaps inexplicable.

In Switzerland there is the combination of the rugged and sublime with the delicate and beautiful. The magnificent image of Mt. Blanc is actually thrown the distance of sixty miles over the rich fields and hills, and reflected in the deep blue waters of the Lake Lemman. As I sailed down from Villeneuve to Geneva, on a beautiful day; with vineyards, villas, and towns on one side, and the snowy Alps on the other, I felt the wondrous charms that attracted Gibbon, Byron, Madame de Stael, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other great minds, to its banks. But the Lake of the Four Cantons (Lake of Lucerne) is the most wild and sublime sheet of water I have ever beheld; it is literally Alp-bordered, and the hundred snowy and thunder-riven crests and turrets which look down into its deep clear waters are reflected back as if another Alpine world was below you. Yet the great charms of this lake are the associations of patriotism and daring with which the Swiss patriots have invested it. On its banks the three laid the conspiracy against the Austrian tyrant. On its banks Tell leaped on shore in the storm, and escaped to the head of the lake and shot Gesler. As I gazed on these consecrated spots I felt; the sublimity of great and patriotic deeds. I can never forget the castellated Rhine, any more than the arroyo Rhone. From the Rhinegan to Mayence the scenery is wild, sublime, and rendered magical by the ruined towers which beetle over every lofty point that hangs over the waters. These were the castles of noble chiefs, who laid a toll upon the transit of goods on the river, and often determined the amount by their avarice, and balanced the scales by their swords, and not unfrequently turned away the unfortunate merchant empty-handed. These exactions, together with the piracy of the Northmen in the German and Baltic seas, produced the Hanseatic league, which extended itself until it embraced seventy or eighty free cities, all of which have been absorbed into the surrounding governments, except Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubec.

Holland! what a wonder is Holland! I shall never forget her canals, her dikes bearing up against the sea-floods, her wind-mills working like giants in the air; her gardens, pleasure-grounds, and tea-rooms, the latter built on the edge of the great road, and not unfrequently over a ditch of green stagnant water. Amsterdam is a great curiosity: large, rich, watered by a hundred sluggish canals, and crowded with a world of shipping. But Rotterdam I dislike, because it rained when I arrived, and I was put into a damp room, and took cold; so I hastened away to Antwerp, once the northern capital of the commercial world; with 200,000 people within her walls, 2500 ships on the bosom of her noble Scheldt; and a race of artists to decorate her; but when I saw her, her streets were deserted, her artists had gone to the grave with Rubens, and only one or two lonely ships were anchored in her stream. Superstition drove away her active and intelligent children, and she is now reaping the fruit of a narrow, bigoted religious policy. London took her place commercially, and has had the good sense to preserve her ascendancy.

Belgium is a pretty little country; her capital an epitome of Paris; her churches rich, and her people religious in their way. I walked over Waterloo, the grave of Napoleon's power, and the liberty-field of Europe; examined the positions of the two greatest generals of any age, judged of their plans and movements, picked up the arm-bone of some warrior, and hastened away to Ostend, and over to London. London is like Mt. Blanc, or Vesuvius, in one respect—the imagination is fatigued in endeavouring to take in the mighty. I cannot write of London tonight. I well remember that stepping out of a shop into the street was like leaping from a quiet nook on the banks of a river into the rapid whirling stream so dense, irresistible in the crowd into which you plunge. As I brushed hurriedly by a man, the buttons of my coat caught his watch-guard, and away went his gold key upon the pavement; to stop to look after it was hazardous, for one sta-

tionary body acts instantly like a dam suddenly interposed in a cataract; the pressure bears down with increasing force, and the resisting power must give way.

I cannot stop to tell you of Auld Røekie, (Edinburgh,) where I waited hours in the hot sun to see her Majesty land, but she did not. The next day she took the magistrates and citizens by surprise, and was in their capital ere some of them were out of bed, nor yet can I tarry to speak of the "banks and bracs o' bonnie Doon," nor of the Trosachs, the scenes of the Lady of the Lake, nor of the Highlands—I enjoyed them all, and then hastened over to Ireland, and travelled from Derry to Cork, by Dublin, Limerick, and the Lakes of Killarney. I looked carefully into the condition of this wonderful people. They are a problem in society yet to be solved. Perhaps something concerning them will reach you from another direction.

We went to the north of Germany by way of Hamburg, up the Elbe to Magdebourg, thence on to Berlin. Here I found a splendid capital built in the midst of sandy plains, rich and prosperous, all created by the genius of one man, Frederick the Great. I endeavoured to study his character and genius as I rambled over his palaces and grounds at Potsdam, and looked upon the graves of his horses and dogs near his summer-house, covered with marble, and inscribed with their proper names. He desired to be buried among them: and why not? I would rather lie there in the sweet summer garden than under the cold marble church-floor. But why not be buried as the Romans were, and the clean calcined bones be deposited in the family columbarium, inclosed in a neat little urn? I have felt favourable to this since I descended into the family tomb of Augustus at Rome, and saw 1500 thus dwelling together quietly, each with his own inscription.

We sojourned in the gay luxurious capital of Austria, crossed the mountains of Styria, sailed over the Adriatic, and spent a week in Venice, the silent tomb of departed wealth and greatness. As I lounged in St. Mark's Place, walked through the cathedral, roamed around and over the grand, gloomy ducal palace, descended into the pozzis, or dungeons, and "stood on the Bridge of Sighs," I felt she had deserved her fate.

Sweet, luxuriant, smiling Italy! for a month we have been amidst groves of orange, lemon, citron, figs, olives; and amidst clambering vineyards. But who can think of Italy and not immediately see Rome rise in her ruined palaces, arches, amphitheatres, temples, tombs, that are now fortresses, coliseums, &c., the evidences of concentrated power and wealth, unfriendly to the happiness and liberty of the people, yet so dazzling to them as to steal away their freedom by gratifying their senses with splendours and sports. From Rome we came to Naples by the Via Appia, along which Paul passed to Rome. We have been in the city of the Lazzaroni for several days,—have rambled over Pompeii in its silence and devotion,—up Vesuvius, and down its lowest crater,—over the Phlegrean Fields, around Avernus, and into the cave through which Æneas descended into hell,—we crossed the fearful and far-famed Styx by torch-light; trod the banks of Acheron, and regaled ourselves in the Elysian Fields, a truly sweet, beautiful little haven, now filled with vineyards and ancient graves. We examined the classic fields of Cumæ and Baia, and are now en route to Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, and Egypt, of which we cannot report till our return. So good by to you, my dear doctor, and a happy new-year to you all.

Naples, Italy, Dec. 24, 1842. J. P. DURBIN.

[We learn that private letters from President Durbin, dated subsequently to the above, have been received at Carlisle. The latest was from Alexandria, Jan. 6th. He is expected to return to his post at the college the last of June.—Ed. Chr. Adv. & Jour.]

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

[THE following excellent article on this most interesting and heart-cheering doctrine, (which in consequence of its length, we are obliged to divide into two numbers) will be read with much pleasure and profit by every devoted Christian—for there is no doctrine of our holy religion more eminently calculated to endear the Saviour to his followers than that of a particular providence.—Ed.]

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI LADIES' REPOSITORY.

THE word *providence* is from *pro* and *video*, and signifies "to look after, or see to." In theology it denotes that care which God exercises over his creatures. It embraces divine agency in three forms—namely, creation, preservation, and control.

We must distinguish the creative acts of providence from the six days' work of Jehovah. The latter originated, or brought into existence, this world, and the species of beings which inhabit it. The former produce the means of sustaining and perpetuating these species of beings. They are done in secret as it were. No open voice commands, and no song or shout of the sons of God accompanies these life-giving acts of providence. These spring forth amidst the solemn stillness of nature. To devout minds they are no less, on that account, the tokens of God's creative energy.

To illustrate this feature of providence, we introduce the following thought from a sermon on providence by an aged travelling preacher. It is taken second-hand from one who heard the discourse, and it may not be penned in the very words of the preacher; but it is in substance as follows:—

"My coat," said the venerable man, "is much more the gift of God than though my heavenly Father had sent it to me by a company of angels from heaven. For, in the way I received it, God has been employed in preparing it for months. First, he formed the sheep. Then he breathed on the fields with the breath of spring, and produced the green grass for the sustenance of the sheep. Next he brought out fibres of the fleece, and furnished the material for my garment. Lastly, he gave the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, and the tailor the skill by which the material was fashioned into cloth and fitted to my frame. When, therefore, I got my garment, it had passed through the hands of my heavenly Father some half-a-dozen times."

These remarks of the preacher illustrate our views of the creative energies of providence. When the Lord causes grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, he puts forth creative energies, and in a form which we denominate providential, because the end to be subserved is the sustenance of his nobler creatures.

But, secondly, providence implies *preservation*. We mean by this, that God directly interposes to preserve the lives and the happiness of his creatures. This is what is denominated "a particular providence." We will adduce some examples.

Not long since, two miners, Verran and Roberts, were sinking a shaft, and had reached to a depth of ten fathoms from the surface. They had one day drilled into the rock, inserted the fuse, and tamped it ready for blasting. On these occasions the men are drawn up by a windlass, and as there are only three in a corps, there is only one man at the brace, and he can only draw up one at a time; consequently, after the whole is ready, one man is drawn up, and the kibble lowered, ready to receive the last, who has to put fire to the fuse, and then both men at the windlass draw him up with the utmost speed, in order that all may get out of the way when the explosion takes place, which is sometimes so violent that large stones are thrown up at the top, carrying with them part of the roller and windlass to a considerable height. It unfortunately happened that as the safety-fuse with which the hole was charged was longer than was necessary, they inconsiderately took a sharp stone to cut a piece of it off, and ignition immediately commenced.

They both flew to the kibble and cried out to the man at the brace to "wind up;" but alas! after trying with all his might he could not start them. At this moment (when the hissing of the fuse assured them that their destruction was within half a minute,) Verran sprang out of the kibble, exclaiming to his comrade—"Roberts, go on, brother, I shall be in heaven in a minute!" consequently, Roberts was drawn up, and Verran threw himself down, placed his devoted head under a piece of plank in one corner of the shaft, awaiting the moment when he should be blown to atoms.

Just as Roberts got to the brace, and was looking down with trembling apprehension on the fate of poor Verran, the whole went off with a tremendous explosion, and a small stone struck Roberts severely on the forehead as he was looking down the shaft. To the inexpressible surprise and joy of the men at the brace, they heard Verran cry out, "Don't be afraid, I am not hurt!" Roberts immediately descended, and found that the great burden of the blast was thrown in every part of the shaft except the corner where poor Verran was coiled up.

This occurrence produced a state of serious feeling in the neighborhood, and was considered, as it must be by all but infidels, a direct, if not a miraculous interposition of Providence. To contradict this would be atheistical. We know of little difference between discrediting the existence, and denying the providence of God.

We derive our being from God. He who creates must preserve. The uncreated or self-existent needs no preserver. To live is the law of his nature. He *must* be, and must be as he is, without the possibility of change. But the creature exists by the will of his Creator, and by that will he must continue to be, or not to be. A creature has no inward principles of being; he is like the stream which flows only by the supplies derived from its fountain.

To be continued.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

A SCENE IN THE LATE CONVOCATION.—Matters were rather in an awkward position; for though all were quite at one on the great principle, objections, referring to secondary matters, seemed the order of the day; not a few of the speakers had something to mention with which they were not quite satisfied; so that altogether it seemed scarcely possible to unite so many different shades of opinion. It was at this critical moment that Dr. Chalmers stood up to speak.—As soon as his massive and venerable head was observed over the house, cries of "hush, hush," proceeded from every corner. He laid a small slip of paper on the table, containing a few memoranda of subjects to be alluded to, but his speech was not read, nor was it fully prepared beforehand. It was easy to see that his whole heart and soul were speaking; never did his eye flash more brightly, nor his noble countenance exhibit more expressiveness and energy. He addressed himself successively to the different classes of objectors in a tone of solemn earnestness and persuasion that could not be resisted.—Had he been pleading for the lives of his nearest and dearest friends, he could not have been more solemn, or persuasive, or earnest. And it was not simply by appeals to their feelings that he tried to gain them over, but by dwelling on the great principles which they held in common, by showing that they compromised nothing by agreeing to the resolutions, and by painting the lamentable and ruinous consequences that would follow from their keeping aloof from their brethren. The noble-minded man sat down amid thundering peals of applause; and never, in the course of half an hour, was such a victory gained. It seemed as if all disagreement and difference had been charmed away by the spells of his eloquence. The promise seemed to be literally fulfilled, "I will give them one heart." One member after another rose, and while before some speakers had started some fresh difficulty, it now happened that each one that rose did so to profess himself satisfied, or very nearly so. Mr. Begg withdrew his motion on condition of being allowed to bring the Antipatronic question in another shape under the

notice of Government. Mr. Paul also withdrew his amendment. - Other objectors became satisfied with a few slight alterations in the terms of the resolutions. And then happened a most touching and Christian-like scene. A member who had spoken of another with undue warmth in the course of discussion, now rose to express his regret at having done so; and the injured party responded with equal generosity to this beautiful spirit, and hoped that nothing further would be said or thought on the matter. Each successive manifestation of this refreshing spirit awakened fresh delight in the breasts of members; and in the course of an hour, the expression of fear, and disappointment, and anxiety, that had been apparent over the house, was succeeded by one of full confidence and joy. Many members could not refrain from tears. The cause seemed half gained, when such unanimity was so strikingly brought about.

It seemed as if the spirit of peace had suddenly moved over the troubled waters and said to them, "Peace, be still." Certainly, if ever the Divine presence was manifested in any assembly, it was there. This, we instinctively felt, is what a Church court ought to be; but how different from what Church courts generally are! How opposite the spirit which six weeks before was manifested in the Synod of Aberdeen! We thought the evils of a secession would be almost counter-balanced, if all our Church courts should be composed of men like-minded with these. If such a spirit should always reign, how would the mouths of the adversaries be closed!

The 4th and succeeding verses of the 90th Psalm having been sung, a prayer of thanksgiving for unanimity was offered up by the Rev. Charles Brown; and never, we firmly believe, did four hundred hearts unite with such fervour in praising God for his unspokeable goodness.

As we left the meeting, we felt that a time might come when, in looking back to the proceedings of that morning, we should feel more pride and pleasure than if we had been present at Trafalgar or Waterloo.—*Aberdeen Banner.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1843.

REMOVAL.

Our friends and the public are respectfully informed that the Office of the Christian Mirror is removed to Notre Dame Street, a few doors from St. Francois Xavier Street, over the Dry Goods Store of Mr. D. Milligan—where every description of Printing will be neatly executed.

The present number of our paper, though dated the 4th May, is, in consequence of the removal of the office, issued on the 29th April.

UNION OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

THE most heart-cheering display of Christian union between ministers of different religious denominations we ever remember to have witnessed, was exhibited on the evening of the 24th ultimo, at the Wesleyan Chapel in this city. We were delighted to observe ministers of the Scotch Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Secession, Congregationalist, American Presbyterian, and Baptist Churches, assembled on the same platform, giving utterance to the same sentiments, and cordially expressing their mutual love and confidence, as disciples of one great Master, engaged in the same glorious work.

The awful condition of heathen nations while destitute of the Gospel of Christ, and their claims upon the sympathies, prayers, and contributions of Christians of every name, were the principal topics enlarged upon by the different speakers—and never have we heard the duty of Christians in reference to the heathen world, more powerfully and eloquently enforced and brought home to the conscience, than upon this occasion. An unusual solemnity pervaded the large assembly during the entire evening; and we have no doubt that impressions were made, which will

result in the manifestations of an increased interest in the evangelization of our benighted fellow-men, who "sit in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death."

At the close of the meeting, a committee was appointed, composed of the ministers of the respective churches, to correspond with the different Missionary Societies now in operation, with a view to obtain information respecting their progress—to be communicated to the respective churches at such times as the committee may deem it necessary.

We shall conclude this very hurried notice of one of the most important events which have ever taken place in our city, by extracting the following remarks on Christian Union, from a late member of the *London Watchman*.

"As it is only the Father of Lights who can communicate the perfect gift of true unity, there should be earnest PRAYER for the larger effusion of the Spirit on the Churches:—and believers should beware of grieving the Holy Spirit by carnal contentions, or by offending one of Christ's little ones. In order to attain such dispositions or promote unity, we should think how the Saviour feels towards each member of his body; each is dear to him,—can we not find room in our hearts for all? We should also study the history of vital religion, which will show that God has greatly owned other Churches beside that of which ourselves are members. Let us remember how important are the points on which believers agree with one another, and in which they differ from the world; and how comparatively small are those on which they disagree. Let us cultivate a friendly intercourse with sister Churches. Have we not sometimes found those on whom we looked at first with shyness and suspicion, prove agreeable neighbours, or valuable friends? "Because I am a Presbyterian, must I have no dealings with Episcopalians or Congregationalists? Or when I see the sequestered and unworldly simplicity of the Moravians; the all enlisting liveliness of the Wesleys, finding use for every talent and a talent in every member; the deep fervour and spirituality of Welsh Methodists; the serene piety and child-like faith of the Swiss Protestants; and the practical every-day theology and business-like enterprise of the American Churches; must I forgo all these as denominational peculiarities, which a Presbyterian may not without felony appropriate? Or because I worship in Regent-square, am I to be hindered as I go along Great Queen-street or Bedford-row, as I pass Surrey or John-street Chapel, and think of our friends and brethren who worship there, from saying, 'Peace be within thee.'"

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.—It is a painful task to find fault with professing Christians; and yet, it is no less perilous to shrink from duty. Were Christians generally to understand what is included in a profession of Christianity, as also the solemn responsibilities connected therewith, the truly pious mind would not so frequently be pained by witnessing gross inconsistencies in those who worship in the same sacred building with themselves, and, it may be, gather around the same sacramental board; and the men of the world, instead of drawing arguments from the inconsistent walk of Christian professors to strengthen them in their neglect of the Saviour, would be attracted by the beauties of holiness, exemplified in the daily walk and conversation of those who name the name of Christ, and who "depart from iniquity."—"Well, well, I hate hypocrisy, but especially religious hypocrisy," said an individual to us a few days since, who is not a professor of religion; "I could act the hypocrite in anything but in religion. If what I have heard respecting Mr. ——— should prove correct, as I fear it may, I shall be strongly inclined to believe there is no reality in religion!" Oh, Christian professor, here is one, and we fear not a solitary instance, of the fearful effects of inconsistency. Eternity alone can disclose the awful condition of that unhappy professor, who,

by his gross inconsistencies, brings a reproach upon the cause of our Redeemer, and thus retards the advancement of His kingdom. O that Christians would awake to their duty, and see to it that the line of demarcation is distinctly drawn between them and the world. "You a religious man, you a Sabbath School teacher, you talk about religion, you make long prayers—you are a hypocrite." Such was the saying of an irreligious man to a professor of religion, who had spent a whole quarter of an hour in slandering his former friend and companion. Oh, fellow-Christians, these things ought not so to be. If religion is any thing, it is everything. It moves the springs of our existence, and sanctifies wholly body, soul and spirit.

ON P O P E R Y.

NO. III.

"Alas, alas, how mournful 'tis,
That men in darkness stay;
While glorious light around them shine
And shines to perfect day.

Hark, hark a voice from heaven proclaims,
"The man that will his soul deceive,
Shall sink where death and horror reigns,
Nor light, or joy, or hope receive."

LUTHER, THE GREAT REFORMER.

We give the closing part of our account of Luther, the great Reformer, and commend the whole to our reader's best attention:

"Arriving at last at the town hall, Luther and his companions were at a loss how to pass the gateway, which was thronged by the multitude. 'Make room!' was the cry. But no one stirred. The imperial soldiers then cleared a passage. The people hurrying forward to enter together with the Reformer, the soldiers, drove them back with their halberds. Luther entered the interior of the hall, and there again beheld the enclosure crowded. In the anti-chambers and window-recesses there were more than five thousand spectators—German, Italian, Spanish, and other nations. Luther advanced with difficulty. As he drew near the door which was to admit him to the presence of his judges, he was met by a valiant Knight, George Freundsberg, who, four years afterwards, attended by his followers, couched his lance at the battle of Bavia, and bearing down the left of the French army, drove it into the Tessino, and decided the captivity of the king of France. This old general, seeing Luther pass, touched him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, 'My poor monk, my poor monk, my poor monk, thou hast a march and a struggle to go through, such as I nor many other captains have seen the like in our most bloody battles. But if the cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing. He will not forsake thee.'

"And now the doors of the hall were thrown open. Luther entered, and many who formed no part of the Diet gained admission with him. Never had any man appeared before so august an assembly. The Emperor, Charles V., whose kingdom extended across both hemispheres—his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand—six Electors of the Empire, most of whose successors are now crowned heads—twenty-four Dukes, many of them territorial sovereigns—and among whom were some who bore a name in after times held in fear and horror by the nations who accepted the Reformation, (the Duke of Alva and his two sons)—eight Margraves—thirty Archbishops and Prelates, seven Ambassadors, including those of France, and England, the deputies of ten free cities, a number of Princes, Counts, and Barons of rank, the Pope's Nuncio—in all, two hundred persons. Such was the imposing assembly before which stood Martin Luther.

"His appearance there was of itself a signal of victory over the Papacy. The man whom the Pope had condemned, stood before a tribunal raised by the very fact above the Pope's authority. Placed under interdiction, and struck out of human fellowship by the Pope, he was cited in respectful terms, and received before the noblest of human auditories.

"The Pope had decreed that his lips should be closed forever, and he was about to unclose them in the presence of thousands, assembled from the remotest corners of Christendom. Thus had an immense revolution been effected by his means; Rome was brought down from her seat, and the power that thus humbled her was the word of a monk!"

We regret (says a contemporary) that we cannot continue our quotations, and show the noble firmness displayed by Luther in presence of his judges, the humility and magnanimity which secured him many friends, and the resistance he in-

variably gave to all attempts to turn him from his testimony to the truth.

His principles were condemned, but his person was saved. The creatures of the Pope insisted that "his ashes ought to be thrown into the Rhine, as was the fate of John Huss." But the majority of the princes would not consent to violate the safe-conduct, and he was suffered, after much delay, and many attempts on his fidelity, to set out on his return to Wirtemberg; but he was waylaid, and carried into imprisonment in the castle of Wartburgh, before reaching the place of his destination.

But the book must be read before any idea of its contents can be formed, and then the characters of Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, and other eminent reformers, will be justly appreciated.

About the time that Luther made his appearance as an antagonist of the Romish Church, the art of printing was first discovered—by which means the doctrines of the Reformation began to spread rapidly and widely. "Ignorance," says this apostate Church, "is the mother of devotion." She withholds truth from the people, that they may become more devout, more religious, more holy! Alas, alas, that there should be in the year 1843 such fanatics, such enthusiasts! But great is the truth and it shall prevail, and whatsoever "exalteth itself and maketh a lie" shall ultimately fall to rise no more—the beast shall be slain, and those who have his awful mark on their head be destroyed, and that forever.

DR. DURBIN'S LETTER, containing a brief but highly interesting sketch of the present appearance and condition of France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, &c. will be found in another column: to which we respectfully direct the reader's attention.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FRIENDSHIP'S PARTING MEMORIAL; OR, THOUGHTS FOR SABBATH MORNINGS.

The world cannot impart true happiness.
"In the day of adversity consider."—Ecc. vii. 14.

MY DEAR AND MUCH ATTACHED FRIEND,
"Who will show me any good?" is, perhaps, your language this hallowed Sabbath morning; "the friend whom I trusted, whom I loved, esteemed, in whom all my affections were centred, has deserted, injured, ruined me." But be not passionate, nor hasty, nor yet of a murmuring disposition. The storm may be loud, the lightnings may flash, the waves may roll high and appear to be terrific; yet, beyond them all, may appear the "bow of promise" to do you good. Who knows whether you may or not have reason to say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted, deserted, tried, and ruined, (as you call it)—for before my affliction I went astray, but now I keep thy word."

You have, at length, tried whether or not the present world can really make you happy, and have you indeed found that it cannot? Do you really discover that what I said over and over again, was the truth? Oh, be assured that the world has not the power, no, nor the will, not the least inclination to make you happy. Selfishness is written upon all its actions, and upon all its engagements. Go, my dear affectionate friend, in the armour of your virtuous love, "go and tell Jesus" all your sorrows, and ask him to pity and befriend you. "Go and tell Jesus" all your trials, temptations and adversities, and ask him to sanctify them to your spirit. Go and tell Jesus all your state of backsliding, declension, and departure, and ask him to restore you again to himself; he is the best friend, the nearest relative, yes, the "all and in all" of our happiness and our joy.

And will you still try the world? It cannot yield you happiness. Seek it in friendship and you will not realise it there. Seek it in domestic enjoyments, but they are all, at the best, imperfect. Seek it even in Christian society, it is marred and stained by sin. Seek it in the exhibition of nature: look for it amid

the most beautiful flowers, the most delightful evergreens, you will not find it. Seek it in the toils of business, in the calmness of midnight, and you still seek in vain. Try to obtain it at the theatre, the ball-room, the crowded and fashionable assembly, "all is vexation of spirit." Surely you are ready to exclaim:—

"Bribe me no more with glittering toys,
To chase my soul away;
Nor seek by such delusive joys
To tempt my feet astray."

Come, my affectionate friend, let us try once more. Seek for happiness in yourself, and you shall not find it. Happiness in yourself! are you not the most unhappy? Yes, you have the smile in your cheek, the light in your eye, but "the heart, the heart is lonely still." Self is the great idol which is the rival of God, and which divides with him the worship of the human race. How subtle are its workings, how concealed its movements, how extensive its influence!

Ah, my dear friend, do I not see the pearly tears chasing each other down your cheeks, and can I not hear you exclaiming, "What have I to do any more with idols? Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee." Take these few hints, offered in much sincerity by one who loves your soul—meditate upon them this sacred and delightful Sabbath, and let the language of your heart be,—

This world has many charms for me,
But these, my God, compar'd with thee,
Are dust upon the scale;
I'm only happy as I share
Thy matchless love, thy constant care,
And feel thy grace prevail.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

I went to the Roman Catholic Chapel in the forenoon.—The music was indeed sublime, and could not but tend to elevate the mind to the worship of that Supreme Being whose unworthy creatures we are. The gorgeous dress, however, of the officiating Priests did not harmonize with the devotion I felt; far less, the mummery of the service, with the simplicity of the true religion of Christ.

Is it possible (I thought) that a rational thinking creature can for a moment suppose that his prayers to the Almighty Father of the Universe are rendered more acceptable by such a paltry pageant? Does it not seem that, with daring impiety, man ventures to form a comparison between himself and his Creator; and feeling, perhaps, how much he is himself carried away by the outward show and pageantry bestowed on earthly objects of distinction, attributes the like frailty to One who, from his throne of glory in the eternal heavens, views this atom of his creation amid the countless myriads of worlds prostrate at his feet? And does he not blush to offer at such a shrine ought but the pure sacrifice of a penitent heart, and the incense of simple devotional prayer.

April, 1843.

J. D. M'D.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR. THOUGHTS ON EMIGRATION.

THE subject of the spiritual destitution of the numerous Emigrants who arrive upon our shores, from year to year, cannot be too frequently or too forcibly brought before the public mind. The following short dialogue, which took place some time since in one of our back settlements, will tend to show how lamentably destitute are many of the inhabitants of our forests of the means of religious instruction.

Mother—Well, my dear, shall we have service at the school today?

Father—No, I think not—Mr. C.—— will not be able to come so far; it is near twelve miles. I fear we shall never see the period when our religious privileges will be again any thing like what they were in the old country."

Joseph—I say, Mother, shan't I go to Sunday School today; I want to get some more tickets, and to get another book.

Mother—No, my dear boy, I am afraid there will be no school today, as Mr. C.—— will not be there,

and there is none here able or willing to teach; we shall by and bye have better opportunities of instruction.

Thus, reader, you see what emigration is; here is no school, no chapel, no means of grace. Here is darkness, a complete wilderness.—Oh that Christians in this city would see to it that the villages around Montreal and its neighbourhood, at least, were supplied with the word of life.

MODESTUS.

Craig Street, Montreal, 26th April, 1843.

UNCLE HUMPHRY'S HINTS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

DO NOTHING RASHLY.

YOU never in your life saw such a dear good-humoured old man as my uncle Humphry. He would chat away by the hour, and his conversation was so edifying and encouraging that it did my heart good to hear him. "Do nothing rashly, do nothing rashly, my dear children," he would often say, "for, you are sure to repent of it. Think seriously over what you intend to do—act cautiously, deliberately, prayerfully. Always ask God for direction; see to it that you do not act hastily—it is the very worst thing in the world you can do. Remember, too, that the eye of God is always upon you; his hand is near you—he is near you now, nearer than the flesh on your bones—nearer than the vital fluid which circulates in your veins.

"If you find some cave unknown
Where human feet had never trod—
Yet there, you could not be alone:
On every hand there would be God."

Again, I say, do nothing rashly. Make known all your desires to your heavenly Father; see to it, my dear children, that you acknowledge him in all your ways, and he will assuredly direct your paths. There is no difficulty too great for him to remove, no perplexity too dark for him to guide, no sorrow too poignant for him to heal, and no exigency too severe for him to ameliorate; but act cautiously, and do nothing rashly."

EXIGARIUS.

Cbeneville street, Montreal, May 1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IMPORTANCE OF INDIA.—Of all the countries on the Asiatic continent, India, from the earliest ages, has excited the greatest interest, and enjoyed the highest celebrity. The exploits of the conquerors who made it the object of their warlike expeditions, as also the splendid productions of nature and art which were thence imported, procured for it a great name even in the remotest eras of classical antiquity. It has all along appeared to the imagination of the Western World as adorned with whatever is most splendid and gorgeous; glittering as it were with gold and gems, and redolent of fragrant and delicious odors. Though there be, in these magnificent conceptions, something romantic and illusory, still India forms unquestionably one of the most remarkable regions that exist on the surface of the globe. The varied grandeur of its scenery, with the rich and copious productions of its soil, are not equalled in any other country. It is also extremely probable that it was, if not the first, at least one of the earliest seats of civilization, laws, arts, and of all the improvements of social life. These, it is true, have at no period attained to the same pitch of advancements as among Europeans; but they have, nevertheless, been developed in very original and peculiar forms, displaying human nature under the most striking and singular aspects.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

CHARACTER OF MAHMOUD.—There are few characters in oriental history more mixed and doubtful than that of this great conqueror. By some he is extolled as the model of a perfect prince, while others brand him as a monster of avarice, injustice, and rapacity. There seems to have been in his nature a strange combination of opposite qualities, his best actions being alloyed by a mixture of wild caprice. He carefully discharged many of his duties as a sovereign, and made great exertions to secure the husbandman and merchant against the inroads of the predatory bands who occupied the mountain fastnesses.

He was accessible to complaints from every quarter. A woman from a remote Persian province came to his audience, and complained that her son had been killed and her property carried off by a set of plunderers. The king replied that this was a distant conquest, in which it was impossible for him to prevent some disorders. The woman warmly rejoined, "Why then do you conquer kingdoms which you cannot protect, and for which you will not be able to answer in the day of judgment?" That this rebuke could be addressed to the king was no small honour to his character, and still more when we find that it roused him to establish order in those distant parts of his dominions. A still more signal act of justice is recorded. A citizen of Ghizni represented that a powerful lord of the court, having become enamoured of his wife, arrived nightly, thrust him out of his own dwelling, and forcibly supplied his place. Mahmoud, with the deepest indignation, desired that information should be given to him the first time that this outrage was repeated. The injured person came three nights after with the expected notice, and Mahmoud, attended by a guard of soldiers, hastened to the house. Having ordered all the lights to be extinguished, he advanced in the dark with a weapon, and, seizing the offender, with one blow severed his head from his body. He then caused a light to be brought, and having seen the victim, fell on his knees and uttered a prayer. Being asked the meaning of all this, he replied, that he had extinguished the light lest the guilty person should prove to have been a favourite, the view of whom might have shaken his just resolution; but, on being relieved from his apprehension, he had returned thanks to Heaven.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

CONFUCIUS.—The great Chinese philosopher, whose system has probably affected a larger number of human minds than that of any other philosopher, was the son of a district magistrate in what is now Shantung province, and was born about 550 years before Christ. In his youth he became remarkable for his learning and wisdom. Three years of retirement and mourning for his mother, he devoted altogether to study and thought. He subsequently travelled extensively and became acquainted with princes and learned men, and gathered all he could from them. He was soon resorted to by many disciples whom he taught as he travelled about. He at one time became prime minister to a prince, whose country greatly prospered under his administration. He died in his 73d year. His memory and writings are held in great veneration, as are also his descendants, the genealogy having been preserved till the present day. These descendants now number 11,000 males, the present being reckoned the 74th generation. The chief of the family is called the Holy Duke.

TIGER HUNTING.—The wooded tracts of Indostan, where nature revels uncontrolled, are filled with huge and destructive animals. The two most remarkable quadrupeds are the elephant and the tiger. The former, of a species distinct from that of Africa, is here not merely pursued as game, but being caught alive, is trained for the various purposes of state, hunting, and war. The tiger, the formidable tenant of the Bengal jungle, supplies the absence of the lion, and, though not quite equal in strength and majesty, is still more fierce and destructive. These two mighty animals are brought into conflict in the Indian hunts. The elephant is then used as an instrument for attacking his fiercer but less vigorous rival. The hunter, well armed, is seated on the back of this huge animal, and in the first advance, the whole body of the assailants are ranged in a line. When the combat commences, the elephant endeavours either to tread down the tiger with his hoof, crushing him with the whole weight of his immense body, or he assails him with his long and powerful tusks. Whenever either of these movements can be fully accomplished, the effect is irresistible; but the tiger, by his agility, and especially by his rapid spring, resembling the flight of an arrow, often succeeds in fastening upon the legs and sides of his unwieldy adversary, and inflicts deep wounds, while the latter is unable either to resist or to retaliate. Even the rider, notwithstanding his elevated seat and the use of arms, is not on such occasions wholly exempt from danger.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE DESTINY OF WOMAN.—The destiny of woman, as we see, is not a trifling destiny—the mission of woman is not a trifling mission—the influence which she possesses and exercises is not a trifling influence? Ought women then to be triflers? Ought their education and their pursuits to embrace only a round of elegant trifles? Should the cultivation of external graces form the chief object in the training of beings so influential and responsible? Such training adds to their influence, while it takes from them the power of directing it, and increases their responsibilities without imparting the capacity requisite for their fulfilment. There is nothing so dangerous as the possession of influence, undirected by conscientiousness, and it seems playing with the destinies of society to allow such powers to remain in hands so little fitted to direct them.

The influence of woman is, or ought to be, a moral influence, and that it may have its full effect, the main object of their education ought to be to expand and perfect their moral nature, and to implant deeply the fact of their influence, and their consequent responsibilities. This foundation being laid, let woman be elegant, be accomplished, be every thing that society requires of them; but let them not forget that these powers are not given for themselves, but for God's glory and the good of their fellow creatures. Thus shall they be not only caressed, admired, honoured, but happy, happy in the happiness of unselfishness, of devotedness, of love—the only happiness here below which can give us any foretaste of that which is to be enjoyed above.

THOUGHTS.—If the intellect requires to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life, may be sure that he does not love his fellow creatures as he ought.

We hold that the life of brutes perishes with their breath, and that they are never again to be clothed with consciousness. This inevitable shortness of their existence should plead for them touchingly. Poor ephemeral things, who would needlessly abridge their dancing pleasure of today?

A habit of thinking for himself may be acquired by the solitary student, but the habit of deciding for himself is not to be gained by study. Decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised, until it is actually wanted. You cannot play at deciding. You must have realities to deal with.

ROMANTIC DEATH OF A HIGHLAND GIRL.—The *Inverness Herald* details the following incident, which occurred during a snow storm in the north on the fatal and memorable 13th of January:—A piper, residing at or near Riconich of Rea, Sutherlandshire, arranged with a young female, of the name of Dolina M'Askill, servant to a shepherd in Assynt, to meet her on the 13th ult., at her sister's house in that parish, and accompany her on a visit to her mother, residing at Edderachylis. Although the day was snowy and drift, the piper kept his appointment, but as the girl did not make her appearance, he proceeded on his journey to her mother's, leaving injunctions that the girl should not attempt to follow him on so stormy a day. Shortly after the girl arrived, and accustomed to the inclemency of the weather, would listen to no caution and brook no delay.—She took the road and soon missed it, and became benumbed and overcome with cold. When it was discovered that she had not arrived at her destination, the whole inhabitants of the countryside turned out in quest of her. After several days of fruitless search she was at last found frozen, in a sitting posture beside a stream, within a mile and a half of the ferry of Kyle Sku. She appeared to have been in the act of changing her stockings for a dry pair she carried with her, when she was arrested by the hand of death; and was found with one hand holding her plaid about her head, and the other resting as a support to her body, upon her knee.

THE WEEPING WILLOW AT WALMER CASTLE.—Now that Walmer Castle has been rendered more interesting by the visit of the Queen, it is strange that the weeping willow on the grass plot of the garden has not been alluded to. This willow has grown from a slip which was presented to the Duke of Wellington by a gentleman

who cut it from the willow overhanging Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. The great conqueror of that wonderful man cherishes this tree with peculiar care; and her Majesty and Prince Albert were observed to regard it with the deep interest which his historical character is calculated to inspire in great and reflecting minds.—*Kentish paper.*

THE influence of woman in the present life is extensive: the sister the daughter, the friend, the wife, the mother—each have a wide and widening circle of influence, which must, in some way or other, affect us in every stage of our existence. But even this is comparatively nothing to her influence as to eternal and undying realities. Every zeal she gives to virtue—every tear she wipes away with her soft and delicate hand—every sigh she heaves over the wretched and the destitute—while they bless for the *present life*, directly point to immortality. Oh, it were, after all, but little that woman could do for us to soften human woe, in this vale of tears, if she did not point to that calm and happy world whose light is immortal—the music of which is unending—the air of which is serene, pure and holy—the pleasures, the hallowed pleasures of which are undying—and the honors of which are unfading and everlasting. Any influence less than this attributed to woman, falls far below her moral dignity, and her inestimable worth!

If you have performed an act of great and disinterested virtue, conceal it. If you publish it, you will neither be believed here, nor rewarded hereafter.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

WE have of late been favoured with numerous arrivals from Europe, bringing dates to the 4th April.

The news is not very important. News of the disturbances at Canton had been received, as also of the massacre by the Chinese, at Formosa, of the crews and passengers, (amounting to a hundred persons) of two British vessels, the *Nerbudda* and the *Crig Ann*, subsequent to the Treaty of Nankin, and it is said by the order of the Emperor. A proclamation was issued on the 22d November, by Sir Henry Pottinger, expressive of his horror and astonishment at this cold blooded atrocity. The proclamation states that the degradation from office, and the confiscation of the property of the local authorities, would be demanded by the British Plenipotentiary, and that in the event of the Emperor's refusal, (which was not anticipated) hostilities would again be renewed.

Commercial business was considerably improved, and a better feeling pervaded the manufacturing classes. The Cotton market had been brisk, with higher prices, although the news by the Great Western of the extensive crops on this continent has caused a slight fall in the previous prices.

Another attempt had been threatened upon the life of Her Majesty, and upon that of Sir Robert Peel.

Money was plentiful in London, and securities high.

CANADA COMPANY.—The general court of Proprietors was held in London on the 29th ult. The nett profits of the past year amount to £40939, being an increase of £21,000 over the profits of the previous year. A dividend will be declared in July.

A deputation, consisting of Lord J. Russell and some of the most eminent merchants and bankers of London, had an interview with Sir Robert Peel on the 1st inst., to present a memorial from the merchant bankers, shipowners and others of London on the subject of systematic colonization. It is believed that the matter is seriously under the consideration of the Government, and that if any attempt be made to aid or systematise emigration, Canada will be the field of the experiment.

Southey, the Poet Laureate, died on Tuesday, March 21st, at his residence at Keswick. He held the office of Laureate since 1812.

It is observed by the papers that a most extraordinary falling off in foreign emigration, as compared with that of previous years, has taken place this season. Probably not more than one fourth of the usual number have gone out. The principal reason is stated to be that a great many who had left for the United States have returned during the past few months, unable, as they say, to get employment abroad.

Nearly 6,000 persons are now receiving relief from the funds of the corporation of Bristol.

London has been, and continues to be, visited by a severe epidemic. The Fever Hospital is so crowded that the officers are under the daily necessity of sending away persons brought for admission.

Sir Charles Napier has been elected a member of the United Service Club, by 195 to 13 black balls, one in ten excluding. The opposition proceeded from Sir R. Stopford and his friends. Most of the old veterans of the service attended to vote for Sir Charles.

The opening of the Thames Tunnel took place on Saturday. During the ensuing two days, 50,000 persons passed through, on the payment of 1d each. It has cost nearly three-quarters of a million sterling.

The subscriptions of our country friends are respectfully yet earnestly solicited, with as little delay as possible. Do not wait, friends, to be called upon—save us this expense. The amount from each is small—and a slight exertion will secure its prompt payment.

Christian Mirror Office,
April 9th, 1843.

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Montreal, May 1, 1843.

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April 20th, 1843. 19

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