

Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL XII. 1.

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POETRY.

From the New York Christian Family Magazine.

THE STRICKEN FAMILY.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TALE.

THE storm had passed, and earth, robed in her green,
Smiled on as if no sin or sorrow marr'd
Her beautiful face. The sun looked out and tinged
The rainbow. Lustre to the drops that decked
The cottage vines he gave, and bathed in gold
The city spires and whitened distant sails.
Yet e'en amid such loveliness, came Death!

Our friendly host obeyed the sufferer's call,
And soon we found a widow bending o'er
Her lone, sick child.

Mid Scotland's happy hills,
She little dream'd that she would e'er be left
So desolate in a far distant land.
She spoke of first acquaintance,—He had found
Their door in former years, as through the streets
He searched to bring young souls to Christ. He
sought
Their infant son and daughter, and he pled
So kindly that each hand soon led a prize.

Ere long the mother followed them, and found
In that frequented place of prayer, sweet peace.

Months passed;—and then the blight of sickness
blanched
The daughter's features. "Mother, I shall die."
She faintly said, "Send for the teacher soon;"
And sweet discourse still cheered the mourners round.
The father, long a stranger to his God,
She then besought to kneel beside her bed
That she might pray for him; and then she clasped
Her tiny hands upon her breast, and closed
Her eyes; and long, when voice had fail'd, she pressed
With moving lips, her fervent suit on high.

At length she whispered, "Mother, when you see
Death near—and I am silent—sweetly talk
Of Heaven till I am gone—for I may HEAR
E'en though I cannot speak." Like Innocence
Upon its mother's breast, without a groan
She softly fell asleep.

A year roll'd round,
And waned by disease the father lay
Without a hope of heaven. Yet even then,
His child's last look—her dying prayer for him,
And the soft pressure of her chilly hand
Were fresh as yesterday—and he betimes
Would weep;—She bore the message sent by God
To ransom him. He also died in peace.

Yet to that widowed heart ONE EARTHLY JOY
Remained—her gentle boy;—and as the vine,
That wreathes its tendrils round a lovely flower,
To shield it from the blast, and share its fate,
She fondly clung to him. He only shared
Her loneliness; and he was all the world
To her. And oft she sought his bed at night
To see if his young limbs were chilled, or watch
His breathing,—it might be to steal a kiss—
A mother's kiss, warm from her sleeping child.

Anon she gazed with look of love, and dream'd
Of happy days, when he, to manhood grown,
Might be her stay;—And yet his thoughtful look,

And features delicate reminded her
Of his lost father—and so well he caught
The mantle of his sister's loveliness,
That something seemed to whisper, that frail form
And sweetness were not long for this rough world

Just fear! We came to view her dying child
The sting of death was gone,—His look was calm
As sunset; and his placid eye, seemed fixed
As if it dwelt upon some vision blest
Of hovering angels. From his falling lips
There came sweet words:—"Jesus is precious—all
Is well."—He asked what hour the clock had struck—
Then whispered, "I am ready." As the sound
Of distant music faintly dies away
He gently breathed his last.

No pageantry
Adorned the burial. Gracefully there came
A lengthened train of youth and little ones
All neatly clad; and child like forms sustained
Their classmate's bier. With kindest care the ranks
Were marshalled by an aged form, who seemed
The worthy shepherd of the lovely flock.
They gathered round the grave, and brightest eyes
And aired faces in the youthful throng
Were met with gushing tears;—and when the shock
Was past, they sang a sweetly plaintive air,
And infant voices chimed in harmony,
As though they had been training for the clime
Where death and tears are not. Oh, surely praise
From such young guileless hearts is heard on high!

Strange eloquence was in that scene! It seemed
To tell us that the anxious toil of years
Was not in vain, and plead with us afresh
To point these heirs of mercy to the Lamb!

The mother dwells alone—yet not alone—
She has a CONSTANT FRIEND—the Widow's God;
Her pale, thin form still totters to the house
Of prayer. Her speech is all of heaven. She longs
Not for her home across the deep—but one
Above—and deems that ere the flowers of spring
Shall come, she will have joined the company
Of loved ones gone before.

Oh who can tell
The rapture when that band at last shall meet
Their teacher in the land where Death no more
Shall sever—and shall greet this messenger
Of mercy known on earth before the Throne!
J. W. CORSON, M.D.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.—Well may it be
said, "the children of this world are in their genera-
tion wiser than the children of light." Should not
their endeavours stimulate you to exertion to obtain
the object of your desires? Is it not an object infi-
nitely more worthy of all the zeal and energy that can
be expended on its behalf, than all the gold that mis-
er ever dreamed of, or all the glory that ever ambition
aspired after, or all the happiness that the tenderest
earthly love ever poured into the human heart? What
are all the riches of the earth, compared with the un-
searchable riches of Christ? What is all the glory of
the world compared with the crown of glory which
fadeth not away? What is all the happiness of
earthly love, compared with that which flows from the
love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy
Ghost: with the fullness of joy in his presence in
heaven, or with the foretaste of that fullness, which
conformity to his will and character on earth supplies.
—N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

It is truly amazing the multitudes that die.
"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."
Seventy thousand die every day, about fifty
every minute, nearly one every second, passing
over the verge. Life is like a stream made up
of human beings, pouring on, and rushing over
the brink into eternity. Are all these blessed?
Ah, no, "Blessed are those who die in the Lord."
Of all the vast multitude continually pouring in-
to the eternal world, a little company alone have
savingly believed on Jesus. "Strait is the gate
and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and
few there be that find it." It is not all the dead
who are blessed. There is no blessing on the
Christless dead; they rush into an undone eter-
nity, unparadised, unholy. You may put their
body in a splendid coffin, you may print their name
in silver on the lid; you may bring the well at-
tired company of mourners to the funeral in suits
of solemn black; you may lay the coffin slowly
in the grave; you may spread the greenest seal
above it; you may train the sweetest flowers to
grow over it; you may cut a white stone, and
grave a gentle epitaph to their memory;—still it
is but the funeral of a damned soul. You cannot
write blessed where God has written "cursed."
"He that believeth shall be saved, he that be-
lieveth not shall be damned."—Ib.

FASTIDIOUSNESS IN THE CHURCHES.

THERE is a growing disposition to say, "I am of
Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas." There is
an increasing demand for fine preachers; for popular
men; that is, popular as orators, not as preachers.
When David listened to Nathan, all his admiration
of the prophet was changed to penitential sorrow.
Probably Felix anticipated an intellectual feast when
Paul was to be brought before him. He knew that
the apostle was learned and eloquent, and as he was
a prisoner, probably would not dare to meddle with
the conscience of his judge. But when "Paul rea-
soned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment
to come, Felix trembled." All his admiration was
forgotten, while conscience was aroused. It is a
doubtful compliment to a minister, that he is admir-
ed. The praises of his hearers may be his condem-
nation. Men should forget the preacher in the aw-
fully solemn circumstances of their condition. The
eternal truth, which the preacher communicates,
should occupy all their thoughts. The adorable Re-
deemer should be the noontide sun, in which the
preacher's light, like that of the star, is lost. My
brethren, we ought to make the sacrifice of personal
feelings, and commend ourselves to the consciences
of our hearers.—Rev. B. Almon.

THE SUN AN EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.

—When I see the heavenly sun buried under earth in
the evening of the day, and in the morning to find re-
surrection to his glory, why, think I, may not the
sons of heaven, buried in the earth, and in the even-
ing of their days, expect the morning of their glorious
resurrection? Each night is but the past day's fun-
eral, and the morning his resurrection; why, then,
should our funeral sleep be other than our sleep at
night; why should we not as well awake to our re-
surrection as in the morning! I see night is rather
an intermission of day than a deprivation, and death
rather borrows our life of us than robs us of it.

A QUERY.—Were any of Walter Scott's readers
ever made better men or women by his fictions? We
rather fear, on the contrary, he has done great in-
jury, by ridiculing the simple, but fervent piety of the
Puritans; always representing them as ignorant fan-
atics, or as downright hypocrites. Experimental god-
liness, in Scott's view, is always cant; while the
cavaliers, who really scoffed at all religion, are his
gentlemen Christians.—N. Y. Advocate.

Thou mayest as reasonably expect to be well and
at ease without health, as to be happy without holi-
ness.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE YOUNG SHOWN WHERE TO FIND HAPPINESS.

[Continued from page 210]

But Clementine had sought and found "the pearl of great price," and had learned to despise the glitter of earth's parade. "I want to tell you," she writes, "how happy I am. My heart has at length felt, what my mind has long understood; the sacrifice of Christ answers to all my wishes, and meets all the wants of my soul; and since I have been enabled to embrace, with ardour, all its provisions, my heart enjoys a sweet and incomparable tranquillity. Formerly, I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon me; but I now feel that I have obtained that pardon,—that I obtain it every moment,—and I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the cross. My heart is full, and it is now that I understand the angelic song, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.'"

In another letter she writes, "I experience a pleasure in reading the Bible, which I have never felt before; it attracts and fixes me to an inconceivable degree; and I seek sincerely there, and only there, the truth. When I compare the calm peace which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives to the soul, with all that the world alone can give of joy, or happiness, or glory, I feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world."

And again she says, "the certainty, that without divine grace I can do nothing, but that that grace is always with me, that it surrounds me, preserves me, supports me,—this sweet assurance fills my heart; and thus I feel most profoundly, that faith alone can satisfy the void which I sometimes used to feel in my soul. The profound conviction, that there is an infinite and merciful Being, who orders all things,—that not a hair of the head falls without his permission,—and that he will control every circumstance for my real welfare gives me an habitual peace and tranquillity which nothing else could inspire."

And is there ground for suspicion here that gloom possessed the mind? Is there reason to apprehend that religion was, to this young person, the source of melancholy, and that she only resorted to it as a subterfuge, earth's gifts having failed her? No; it is distinctly stated, in these valuable extracts, that it "answers to all her wishes, and meets all the wants of her soul;" that "incomparable tranquillity, habitual peace, and inexpressible delight," were experienced in consequence of a reception of Gospel truth; that faith can alone satisfy the void that is felt in the soul of man; and that nothing else can inspire the habitual peace which true religion imparts.

Yet language like this is not peculiar; it is common to all who have learned to place their confidence in a crucified Redeemer. Among genuine believers we never hear the voice of despondency or complaint, unless when faith fails, and they are unable to realise their interest in the blessing of salvation. Give them the possession, and the anticipation of these, and they ask no higher joy; entire satisfaction is the result.—"The statutes" of the Lord rejoice the heart, and his people rejoice in his Word, as those that find great spoil.

If we are favoured by familiar intercourse with the pious, or if we read the accounts of them, transmitted to us by those who are so, we cannot fail also to be struck with the conviction, that remarkable support and consolation, along with their trials, are afforded them, and that tranquillity and confidence, in days of

adversity, and at the hour of death, is the fruit of reliance on the Saviour.

The authoress hopes she may be forgiven for mentioning the experience of a much loved sister, whose resignation and peace on a death-bed were eminently conspicuous. This endeared relative was, earlier, than many of her contemporaries, called to her everlasting rest; but not before she had left, for the benefit of others, a short but luminous compendium of her faith, or before she had proved its sincerity, by her separation in heart from the world, and by the excellence of her temper, and her practice.

That religion was not in her productive of gloom, may be gathered from some observations which have been noticed in her Memoir, and which are still fresh in the memory of the writer to whom they were made. "I have never," said she, "been so happy as last night. I was not able to sleep, and began to meditate on the employment of saints and angels around the throne. I ruminated until I thought I saw the multitude of the redeemed, which no man can number. I fancied I heard their angelic voices, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Methought I joined with them; and at last I concluded, by praying that I might be soon, if not immediately, removed, to unite my note of praise with theirs." "Such expressions," adds her memorialist, "illustrate the character of those highly-favoured moments, in which God is sometimes pleased to animate his faithful people, by a peculiar blessing upon their meditations concerning the heavenly state. 'He thus giveth songs in the night.'"

When days and months of languishing were afterwards appointed her, confidence in God and undisturbed serenity in prospect of a future state, continued to be experienced by her. It is stated, that "at this period she said to a friend, 'I never spend one dull hour,' although she was very often necessarily left alone, being unable to bear the fatigue of society for any length of time together. A younger sister one day lamented that her sufferings were so great; she replied, 'I would cheerfully suffer it all over again, that you might enjoy the same consolation from religion, in the same circumstances.' Her uncommon patience struck every one who saw her. She never complained; and when it was noticed to her, said 'It would be a wonder if I were not patient, when I have so many mercies to be thankful for.' "Her thoughts and occupations," writes a near relative, "were in sickness, as they had ever been in health, such as became one, so deeply impressed as she had the happiness to be with the unspeakable comfort, as well as importance, which belongs to the truth as it is in Jesus." And again, it is added, "Never was a death-bed more tranquil and calm. Not a doubt nor a fear disturbed her. Not a complaint or a murmur once escaped her lips; all was peace, peace."

In reference to what he had beheld of her bodily sufferings and peaceful state, and to the value of the Bible in promoting a confidence so enviable, a relative to whom she was tenderly attached, (her brother, now Sir George Sinclair, Bart.) thus bore testimony:—"I called upon to tend the sick-bed, and to witness the protracted sufferings of one unto whom the heart is closely knit, by the double ties of reverence and love, have we not found, that whilst the taper of life is imperceptibly hastening to extinction, the pure lamp of faith still burns internally, with unquenchable and undiminished, nay, even with increasing brightness? Have we not perceived that, when all human help is vain,—when the memory of the past is fading away,—when the occurrences of the present ceases to interest, and all personal concern in the future

events of this world is about to be cut off for ever, the mercies of our God and the promises of our Redeemer, are the theme on which the dying sufferer loves to expatiate and to reflect? When the eloquence of the orator, the liveliness of the wit, and sublimity of the philosopher, can no longer fascinate or instruct, the Scriptures are still listened to with avidity and delight. When a transient slumber has recruited for a time the fast decaying strength of the body, how eagerly does the mind again seek to refresh itself at this pure and inexhaustible source of spiritual peace and serenity! It is then that the perusal of the Bible disarms death of all its terrors,—it reminds the expiring Christian, that in humble reliance on the Saviour's sufferings and intercession he is hastening to an inheritance of eternal happiness, far greater than it has entered the heart of man to conceive."

And again, we ask, is gloom manifest here? Were dissatisfaction, and discontent, the result of a life spent in the service of God? And was sorrow, or comfort, the most apparent at its close? The reply to such inquiries is evident. But if we peruse the writings, or listen to the melancholy lamentations of those who have spent their lives in the pursuit of worldly gratifications, we shall soon be convinced where chagrin shows itself, and where gloom really exists. The contrast is striking! Let not the subject be carelessly and hastily considered; let it be deeply pondered, and viewed with the seriousness it demands. If the pleasures of the world afford not satisfaction even in time, where is the inducement to make them our portion, for time is the limit of their duration; they pretend not to exist beyond it. They come with a flattering show and appearance of earthly happiness, to entrap the unwary; but when grasped, they are discovered to be phantoms instead of realities; and even if they should be enjoyed for a moment, they vanish when we most need their aid,—in the season of affliction, of poverty, of sickness, of old age, and at the hour of death!

But we began this chapter by addressing those interesting characters among the young, whose sincere desire it is to live as they ought, but who, from untoward circumstances, have not been accustomed to view genuine religion in its just light. With them we would importunately plead. Oh! halt, inquire, pray. Is it rational to suppose that God claims no part of your time, of your thoughts, and of your affections, than the worldly are disposed to allow? Can religion be comprised in a few cold, heartless ceremonies? Can the world's pleasures ensure lasting happiness? And if not, how is joy here, and joy hereafter, to be attained? In these questions, your conduct during life is involved. Oh, then, solve them without delay. If the will of God is revealed in the Scriptures, there, with Clementine, seek the truth. Seek it unweariedly, seek it prayerfully. Light, it is promised, shall be given when thus sought, to walk in the path; strait indeed may be the entrance, and narrow the way, but still it is the hallowed path that leads to unending felicity.—*Scottish Christian Herald.*

THE WAYS OF GOD'S SPIRIT.

THE ways of God's Spirit with the heart of man are mysterious. Incidents of apparently the most trifling nature are often made the means of fastening deep conviction upon the soul, while other means and providences which seem to be invested with an almost omnipotent energy, are utterly powerless. The following two authentic incidents illustrate the care with which the Spirit does his work in the soul.

There was a man bitterly hostile to religion, who had long been the opposer of his pious wife, who one Sabbath morning took his axe upon his shoulder and went to his wood-lot to fell trees. As he looked around he saw one tree dead and

dry, with its leafless branches extended into the air, and he said to himself, "That tree I will cut down; it is dead and dry; fit only to burn."—And at that moment the thought rushed into his mind. "Am not I a dead tree, fit only to burn?" He tried to banish the thought, that it was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. He went to the tree and struck a few blows with his axe. But the thought still rankled in his heart, "Am not I a dead tree, fit only to burn? Will not God say concerning me, 'Cut him down, for he cumbereth the ground?'" Again and again he tried to drive away the unwelcome and harrowing thought. But there it was, a barbed arrow fixed in his heart, and he could not tear it out. He plied his axe with increasing vigor, but every blow seemed but to deepen the conviction of his own spiritual deadness. At last he could endure it no longer. He shouldered his axe, returned to his home, went to his chamber, fell upon his knees before God, and cried for mercy. With a penitent and broken heart, he implored forgiveness through the atoning blood, and found the peace which the penitent never seeks in vain. He erected the family altar in his dwelling, united himself with the Church of Christ, and is now apparently journeying fast to heaven, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

We may mention the case of a man who, a short time since, was lured by curiosity into the court house in Boston, to witness a trial. Suspended upon the wall there, there was a large clock, whose pendulum, exposing a broad disk of glittering brass, vibrates to and fro, in measured movements, naturally arresting the eye of any one who enters the apartment.

The man stood listlessly watching the vibrations of the pendulum as it measured off the swiftly flying moments, and the thought came to his mind how many scenes are transpiring in the world with every movement of the pendulum. How many are shouting with joy—how many are shrinking in despair? How many are in halls of revelry; and how many with desolated hearts are weeping at the bedside of death? How many during such vibration die—how many by the hands of the executioner—how many struggle amid the waves of the ocean—how many with suicidal hands destroy themselves—how many are thirsting to judgment, and are driven in dismay to hell or welcomed to heaven. And is this the world for which I am living, thought he. Oh, how soon will the pendulum measure off the moments and the days of my life.

The arrow of conviction was fixed in his heart. The barbed point had pierced deeply, and could not be torn out. He left that room, a praying penitent, and commenced a life, it is believed, of faith in Christ. And thus did he who had resisted for years the most powerful appeals of the pulpit, who had heard without emotion the denunciations of heaven and of hell—who had stood by the bedside of dying friends, and followed their remains to the grave; who did he hear an appeal from that mute pendulum which convinced him of the folly of sin and led him to the Saviour.

How instructive are such facts. How continually is God teaching us that all spiritual power is with him, and that he can give efficacy to the weakest instruments.

So it is. Some distinguished preacher will pour forth floods of truth and light, in burning, blazing, volcanic eloquence; it would seem as though nothing could withstand the cogency of his arguments and the fervor of his entreaty. And perhaps not one of the thousands who are riveted around him in breathless attention, will have excited in his bosom a single emotion of penitence, or will be induced to offer to God a single prayer for holiness. Again, some humble preacher, whose literature and science begins and ends with the Bible, whose talents are naturally small—whose imagination never even attempted to rise, will tell the affecting story of a Saviour's love; and while many are perhaps sleeping, beneath what they deem his dull discourse, many others will be crying out, in anguish of their convicted spirits, "what shall we do to be saved?" And as he proceeds in the quiet narrative of the sin of man, and the plan of salvation, the Holy Spirit will flood the assembly in tears of penitence. It is thus that God teaches us that all our dependence is in him. It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but it is God that showeth mercy.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE TRAVELLER.

HONG KONG.

HONG KONG, CHINA, September, 1843.

A SHORT account of Hong Kong will probably have some interest for your readers. It is now pretty generally known, that it is one of the larger islands of that group near the mouth of the River Tigris, which leads up to Canton. In size it is about eight miles from east to west, and the widest part is not more than six miles; but it is very irregular, the land jutting boldly out here and there, forming a succession of headlands and bays. Imagine, then, an island considerably longer than broad, perfectly mountainous, and sloping in a rugged manner to the sea; having here and there, almost at equal distances, all along the coast, deep ravines, which extend from the tops of the mountains, and gradually become deeper and wider as they approach the sea. Immense blocks of stone (granite) are in these valleys, or ravines, which have either been hared by the rapid currents of water, or which have tumbled into them from the mountain sides at some former period. In each of these ravines there is abundance of excellent water, flowing at all seasons of the year; and hence the poetical name which the Chinese choose to give this island—Hong Kong, the island of fragrant streams. During the wet season (for it rains in torrents then) these little streams become very soon swollen, and then rush down from the mountains with a velocity which sweeps every thing before it.

From the description, you will readily imagine there is very little flat ground capable of cultivation on the island. Indeed, the only place of any size, is a small valley, of a few acres in extent, lying to the eastward of the town of Victoria, called "Wang-nai-chung" by the Chinese, and sometimes the "Happy Valley" by the English; and here we have numerous small gardens and paddy fields, very well managed by the inhabitants.

The principal Chinese towns on the island, are Little Hong Kong and Chickchow, both of which are on the south side. At the latter there is now an extensive military station for English troops. The town of Victoria, as it is now called, is building, on the north side, all along the shores of the bay. The houses are planned in the most irregular manner, but this is, perhaps, not of much consequence; at least not so much as to have them built in a safe and substantial way. But you will be astonished when I tell you that, in almost all instances, the Chinamen build the bricks all one way, without a single tie crossways, so that they of course frequently tumble down, even before the building is finished. Architects, however, are now out here, who will see that the houses are built in a more substantial manner. Already there are hundreds of excellent Chinese shops opened in the town, containing many articles as good as one can find in Canton, although I think, generally, higher in price. There is also a good market-place, abundantly supplied with its various commodities, particularly fowls, fruit, and vegetables. A firm broad road has been made all along the shore, forming the principal street in the town; and various other roads of lesser note have been made in different parts of the island, by the Government, for the recreation of the inhabitants. There are various public buildings worthy of notice; for example, the Medical Missionary Hospital, the Morrisonian Education Society's House, the Roman Catholic Church, Government House, &c. It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that while the Roman Catholics have a splendid chapel, the English Episcopal Church is a mat shed.

The Bay is a fine one, completely sheltered by the mountains of Hong Kong on the south, and those of Cowloon on the opposite shores; the anchorage is excellent, and ships can ride here in safety during the strongest gales. I am sorry to inform you that I cannot add to all these things that the place is healthy, for most certainly it is very much the reverse. Fever prevails to a great extent during the hot season, and it is extremely fatal. Those who are seized generally fly to Macao, which is considered much more healthy. The inhabitants of Macao, who generally look with a jealous eye upon Hong Kong, say they are astonished if they see any one coming from that place without his head being shaved. The south side of the island is comparatively healthy, and

there are certain parts of the north much more so than other; but the part near the west end of the Bay called West Point, and valley of Wang-nai-chung, before mentioned, seem to be most unhealthy. It may be possible to improve such places, to a certain extent, by draining, and by removing the rice fields, but I fear the principal cause can never be got rid of, which I believe to be the situation of the town—on the north side of the hills, and sheltered from the breeze of the south-west monsoon.

Throughout all my wanderings in the island, I found the inhabitants not only perfectly harmless, but particularly civil and kind. I have visited their glens and their mountains—have strolled on their villages and towns—and from all the intercourse which I have had with them, I am bound to give them this character. But I always make it a rule to put no temptation in their way; and at the same time, while I stowed in my department that I wished to be friendly, I always had the means of defending myself, should I happen to be attacked. I believe that the Chinese, in the Canton province particularly, where they have had much intercourse with foreigners, are generally deceitful, and not to be depended upon; at least they bear this character here. Hong Kong swarms with thieves, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants find it absolutely necessary to keep a private watchman walking all night round their premises, to prevent them from being broken into, and this independent of the regular police. Pirates swarm all about the islands near the mouth of the Canton river; and Lorchas, which leave Hong Kong or Macao with passengers and cargo, are frequently cut off: a most melancholy case of this kind happened lately, when a doctor belonging to one of the regiments here was murdered. I can assure you, from experience, that one does not sleep very soundly on board of a vessel of this kind, in a dark night, amongst the islands between Macao and Hong Kong.

The Chinese in this part of the country are particularly independent, and are rendered more so by the English who reside here. A boatman who would not make a dollar in a fortnight amongst his countrymen, thinks nothing of demanding this sum for rowing you with your luggage from the ship to the shore; and as his clothing and food are comparatively cheap, a sum of this kind makes him quite independent for a long time. In fact, the Chinese, in their dealings with the English, seem to think as little of dollars as we do of shillings at home.—*For. Cor. of the Athenaeum.*

A CALL FROM CHINA.

VICTORIA, Hong Kong, Nov. 22, 1843.

MY dear Br. Hollock, Sec. Am. Tract Soc.—Your favour of June the 21st came some weeks ago, informing us of your new grant, \$1000, (since received,) and of your intended supply of volumes and Tracts in English and other European languages.

The Protestant mission to China are now on good vantage-ground, and probably will need all the funds that your Society can possibly place at their command. The first grant, \$1000, is nearly all expended; and the money recovered from blocks, &c., just in coming from Singapore, will also be expended before any new grants from you can reach us.

Our work in future will be on a much more economical scale than formerly; and our publications will, we hope, be of better quality—better suited to the end we have in view, of saving lost men.

By an early opportunity you shall have specimens of the works now being printed here, with accounts from some of us of the manner in which the books are circulated. We all hope to see this good seed taking root, and yielding an abundant harvest. The Spirit of the Lord only can make it prosperous.

Excuse this short letter, which I hope will be followed by longer ones from my fellow-labourers, brothers Ball, Williams, Parker, and Abel.

Yours very truly, E. C. BUDGEMAN.

Whether such appeals as this from missionaries of sound judgment, long-trying and loved, shall be met, must depend on the liberality of the churches. The call is palpable, and who can doubt that it is the voice of God. At least \$20,000 are now needed for foreign lands, and will be promptly remitted as soon as received.

W. A. H.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1844.

DAVID.—Raised by the immediate intervention of the Almighty from the lowliness of pastoral life to the grandeur and dignity of a throne, the humble son of Jesse soon experienced, as King of Judah, all the cares and anxieties which commonly mingle wormwood and gall, with the wine of regal enjoyment. The path by which he arrived to eminence was thorny and dangerous; for, while his military achievements obtained for him the admiration of his countrymen, the monarchy for whose weal he displayed his prowess and hazarded his life, frequently conspired to destroy him. And although that Providence which called him from tending sheep in the plains of Bethlehem to occupy a distinguished station among the warriors of Israel, ultimately exalted him to the throne of his inflexible enemy,—still, though the legal successor of Saul, though wearing his diadem, and wielding his sceptre, it appears that in the same proportion as royalty bestowed its honours, so did it inflict its cares.

Surrounded by alien foes, and disturbed in his borders, he was obliged to live in the tented field, and endure many an arduous campaign. His children, violating the parental law of nature, rose up against his person and government; and, in order to uphold his crown and dignity, he had to suppress the sympathies of a parent, and contend in deadly strife with the offspring of his own bosom.

In short, the life of the Royal Bard was deeply chequered by all the varieties of sunshine and shade, storm and calm, that usually distinguish an eventful career. His course resembled the progress of the sun while tracing its brilliant path along the firmament.—In the morning its dawning glory faintly streaks the East, but, growing in beauty and in strength, every vapour and shadow retreat before it, as a vanquished enemy fleeth before a conqueror, and then it bursts upon the world, clothed in all the splendour and majesty of noon. Suddenly, however, the clouds, gathering blackness, try to veil its beauty and radiance; the fierce tempest rushing upon it, endeavours to disturb its tranquillity; the thunder bolt tries to plough up its even path; and the skies pour down torrents of rain, in order to quench its fires. But the assaulted luminary goes onward, walking up to his tabernacle with grace and majesty;—and then the even-tide comes, and a holy quietude reigns all round; and, as it sets, its orb expands, its rays brighten, and before it disappears, he stamps the shining impress of his mellowed light upon all around it.

So it was with David; his life and character shone resplendently among the nations. And, although vicissitudes marked the one, and crime degraded the other, yet the close of his life was crowned by a most felicitous consummation. Tranquillity pervaded his kingdom; Victory established her residence in his camp; the peace of God smoothed his

dying bed; his exulting soul breathed its last efforts in prayer and praise; and his happy spirit entered within the everlasting gates, playing on his harp of solemn sound, and singing, "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen."

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

ON Monday evening, at seven o'clock, a meeting, pursuant to public notice, was held in the American Presbyterian Church, St. James Street, for the purpose of listening to the statements of the Rev. Dr. Burns, a deputation from the Free Protestant Church of Scotland. At the hour appointed, this spacious and handsome edifice was completely filled with a highly respectable audience, numbering, probably, not less than fifteen hundred, of whom a large proportion were ladies. Dr. Burns made his appearance on a temporary platform, surrounded by many clergymen and active members of different evangelical congregations in this city, among whom were the following:—Rev. Messrs. Esson, Taylor, Wilkes, Lang, Strong, Cooney, Girdwood, and Dr. Carruthers. The laymen on the platform were Messrs. James Ferrier, J. Smith, J. De Witt, M.P.P., Dougall, Bruce, Ward, J. Savage, Court, Veunor, and J. R. Orr.

Dr. Burns said he had at first had reason to think that since the commencement of the present contest it had been viewed in Montreal rather as a thing not to be wished for, than any representative of the Free Church should enter the city for the purpose of giving information as to its views, or of seeking sympathy with it. But when he looked on the respectable audience before him, a different feeling rose in his mind, and he was persuaded that such an assemblage indicated a desire to be instructed on the merits of the question, and all that he had felt and heard since he entered the Province had confirmed him in the conviction which he then began to entertain, and convinced him that so far from being adverse to the reception of a representative of the Free Church, they were ready to hail one with friendship and sincere cordiality; and that though totally removed from the strife now agitating Scotland, they did not consider the great agitation which prevailed there, and the disruption which had followed, as foreign to their own interest, or at variance with their feelings. They considered no event of the kind, attended as it was with such noble instances of self denial, as foreign to them, but rather considered what took place in a land endeared to them by so many associations as worthy of their peculiar notice, and viewed it as an important evidence of the Christian hope, and encouraging to all who entertained that truth and hope to be ready to make every sacrifice to preserve either. He could not believe that such a feeling as indifference prevailed among them, but he felt that he was addressing an audience deeply interested and thirsting for information relative to the position and prospects of the Free Church of Scotland. He would, in that behalf, in the first place, proceed to give them some information as to the statistics of the secession, indicating its extent and quality, and showing that it must be viewed not as merely connected with feelings likely to pass away, but with great and endearing principles, and an endless chain of succeeding events. The secession was to an extent that had rarely been witnessed in these latter ages of expediency and of selfish policy. Four hundred and seventy ordained ministers, the largest portion of them in possession of immunities and endowments from the state, and the others from the people, felt it their duty, under the impressions of conscience, to renounce all their actual possessions and all their worldly prospect; to cut asunder cherished associations and ties dear to their hearts. And these thirty missionaries, all ordained ministers

possessing the confidence of the church, some of high attainments, and all of trusty and tried fidelity, felt it their duty to join. They, far from the scene of strife, with no intercourse one with the other, and with many circumstances in the situation of each which rendered it not unlikely that they would desire to retain their former position in connexion with the Established Church of their country, motives which might prevail with men of less excellence of principle and boldness of resolution. But these excellent men, divided from each other, dispersed over different latitudes of the earth, on the grounds stated by themselves, distinctly and pointedly gave in their adhesion—though involving a loss of not less than from forty to fifty thousand pounds a year—distinctly gave in their adhesion to the Free Church of Scotland. In connexion with the Ministers, from two to three hundred young men promptly gave in their adhesion, and also three hundred students of Theology, under the special charge of Chalmers, Black and others, eminent in their respective departments, adhered to the course marked out for them by their seniors, rallied round the standard of the Free Church, and were now in a course of hearing for its Ministry. In connection with these, the Elders of the Church, the most valuable class of men, who, without fee or reward, conferred on it most valuable benefits by their labours for its discipline—between two and three thousand of these valuable men, distinguished by ardent piety and indefatigable zeal, rallied round the standard of the Free Church and assisted in displaying the banner of the truth. And though last, not least, the great body of the people, eight hundred thousand in number—they had been rated much higher, but he wished to overstate nothing—the great body of the people went along with their Elders. Embracing the same great principles, studying the same great principles carefully, they went along with those Pastors whose instructions they had studied and benefited by. From these facts they might form some conception of the magnitude of the secession and of the materials of which it was composed. There was another class also, not directly associated with the Clergy, but well worthy of being so, the General Assembly Teachers, of whom one hundred had joined the Free Church, and were forthwith dismissed, the Assembly in their case exhibiting a promptness of resolution and a determination which would have done honour to a nobler cause. It was on the eighteenth of May that the session took place. Not having himself joined it until some few days after the event, he could speak with some freedom of the magnitude and Christian sublimity of the spectacle. The eyes of many Christian observers were on it, and the movement was hailed by not a few interested in it by sympathy with its principles, admiration of the conduct of its authors, and deep-toned expectation of the results which must follow from it; and who felt no doubt that God, in his inscrutable designs, had put that in the order of means by which great good was to be accomplished, and great changes effected in the external state of the Church.—He did not desire, in detailing the sacrifice made, that they should view the movement merely as it related to pounds, shillings and pence; he did not desire to harrow up their minds by details of suffering, or to demand their charitable contributions solely on the ground of necessity and privations. But he came to them to ask their approbation of the course pursued, and to appeal to them on great principles dear to all, and to shew that their common Christianity was greatly involved in this movement. There was one feature by which this secession was distinguished from that of former days—he did not speak of such a secession as that which took place from internal abuses of the Church above a century ago, but of such a one as that of 1662, when four hundred of the ablest Ministers of the country were compelled to retire, in consequence of ecclesiastical tyranny; for, as it is always the case, ecclesiastical then went hand in hand with civil oppression. That secession took place in consequence of the attempt to introduce Episcopacy into Scotland. A day was fixed when two particulars, one of them the proof of Episcopal ordination, must be complied with, otherwise a forfeiture of temporalities would follow. Then, as now, it was not expected that so large a number of Ministers as four hundred would retire.—But they did so, and their sufferings form the most interesting chapter in the history of those

covenanting times. But in the instance of the late secession, no day was fixed to record compliance, no penalty was enacted in case of non-compliance, but all was left to spontaneous feeling and to pure conscience. Possibly some plan might have been devised by which consciences of squeezable materials might have been reconciled to remain—it was so to the extent of about two hundred Ministers—but perhaps it might have been done as respected all, and then the praises of the Church of Scotland would have been sung in lofty strains by the admirers of passive obedience and non-resistance, and of church establishments merely for their own sake. But they acted on purely conscientious grounds.—They asked for no opinions of laymen or advocates to guide them. Alone, by themselves, they advised with their consciences and Almighty God, and avoided consultations which, on the one side, might have biased them by quirks and quibbles, to remain, or, on the other, by promises of support, if they left. They did not hold open court, because the matter was one solely of duty and conscience, and of supplication to the Almighty God for support. The meeting could now form an idea, not merely of the strength and of the materials, but of the pure and conscientious character of the secession, and they could place themselves in the feelings and situation of those who had seceded, and not view them through the light of hostile misrepresentation, and of those hideous and contradictory charges against the men of the Free Church, that they were spiritually proud and grasping at power.—They would see that it was the result of earnest deliberation, and was the issue of a mighty struggle between interest, on the one hand, and conscience, on the other. It has been asked, why was such a sacrifice made; why did the struggle take place; could they not have done more good by retaining their places, and endeavouring to work out their own plans? His answer was, that the length of time the struggle had prevailed, and the distance of any hopes of bringing it to a successful termination, did not afford any valid reason for thinking so. By retaining they had an open field before them. That they owed to the Act of Toleration—for though that Act had of late been seriously impugned, particularly in relation to the Free Church, they still possessed the invaluable boon of liberty of conscience. They were convinced they had greater opportunities of doing good by secession, and, having the light of divine guidance, they retired devotedly and contentedly. To understand their position better, the meeting should look at the history of the Church. The struggle was not one of this day, but had continued ever since the passing of the Act of Patronage. In the year 1690, there was no such thing as patronage in Scotland; the constitution of the Church was on a purely popular basis. Their ancestors never supposed that they had not secured the edifice on a basis so wide as to prevent forever the intrusion of a minister against the wish of the people. [Dr. B. here explained more particularly the nature of the revolutionary settlement after the expulsion of the Stuarts, and which he described as purely elective on a very wide basis.]

[To be continued.]

The following simple facts from the *Charleston Observer* will convince the reader how deep the sympathy for the free Church of Scotland is in some hearts:—

A gold ring, and some other expressions of Christian regard, have been sent from Charleston to Janet Frazer—the celebrated woman in Scotland, who preferred giving her lot of land, for the purpose of building a Free Church thereon, than to sell it for a large sum to the Duke of Buccleuch, who wished to prevent them from having a church on his lands.

An old lady, also in our State, who heard the Rev. Dr. Smyth preach on the Free Church, has forwarded a half joe (worth nearly nine dollars) which she had carried in her pocket for upwards of sixty years. See thought the time for parting with this old friend had now come.

Another lady (a member of the Circular Church) who heard the same discourse, determined, in addition to what she gave at the time, to give ten dollars to the cause when the deputation should arrive. In the meantime, however, she was

called to enter upon her future reward. When near her end, she told a friend that she had laid aside the above amount, which she requested her to hand in when the deputation should arrive—adding, that “before they should come, she would be with John Knox in heaven.”

Such facts sanctify the cause of the Free Church, and go far to prove that it is indeed of God, and will prevail.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is impossible we should imagine, (says the *Halifax Guardian*.) for any enlightened and benevolent mind, to think of the evils of slavery without hatred and detestation. In its mildest form, when under the restraints of public opinion and legal enactments, when the masters are kind and indulgent, and the slaves contented and industrious, it is a calamity greatly to be deplored. But when it is seen in its naked deformity and cruelty, lacerating the bodies and wounding the feelings of the unfortunate victims, breaking up all family connections, tearing husband from wife, and parent from child, and transporting thousands of wretched human beings, like cattle, into a distant land, to be sold in a foreign market, it cannot fail to be considered as one of the greatest scourges which has ever afflicted mankind. The Editor of the *Boston Christian Reflector* says:—

“The Southern papers contain every week advertisements of families to be sold at auction. We observed one the other day in the *Southern Temperance Advocate*, and as we read the name of father, mother, and children, down to four years old—all to be sold separately, each to the highest bidder—we felt our very blood grow chill within us. This family were a portion of a deceased man’s estate; they might have been well fed and clothed—might have been better off even than the free blacks are in the North, but what now matters that? Their master is dead, and now a whole family, that has grown up together, must be separated forever! Henceforth they are not to know each other’s place of residence—to have no correspondence. The mother may fear that harm will befall her darling child, but she cannot know! In suffering, in sickness, in death, each one is bereft of the sympathy of parents, sisters, brothers. Is this consistent with Christianity? Is this to be countenanced in a Christian land?”

“Masters are dying every day; and such scenes are following the event in instances without number. And yet slavery is tolerated—defended—by ministers of the gospel, and by some religious editors with whom we exchange papers! What a paradox is man!”

NEW AGENTS.—The following friends have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *MIRROR*:—For **BYTOWN**, Mr. JOHN BRUDIE; and for **CHAMBLY**, Mr. WM. NEWTH.

THE SABBATH.

“It is alike obvious that the Sabbath exerts its salutary power by making the population acquainted with the beging, perfections and laws of God; with our relations to Him as his creatures, and our obligations to Him as rational, accountable subjects, and with our character as sinners, for whom His mercy has provided a saviour; under whose government we live to be restrained from sin, and reconciled to God, and fitted by His word and spirit for the inheritance above.

“It is by the retired instructions and impression which the Sabbath imparts to the population of a union, by the moral principle which it forms—by the conscience which it maintains—by the habits of method; cleanliness and industry it creates—by the rest and renovated vigour it bestows on exhausted animal nature—by the lengthened life and higher health it affords—by the holiness it inspires, and the cheering hopes of heaven, and the protection and favour of God which its observance insures—that the Sabbath is rendered the moral conservator of nations.

“This omnipresent influence the Sabbath exerts, however, by no secret charm or compendious action upon masses of unthinking minds; but by

arresting the stream of wordy thoughts, interests, and affections—stopping the din of business—unloading the mind of its cares and responsibilities, and the body of its burdeus, while God speaks to men, and they attend and hear and fear, and learn to do His will.

“You might as well put out the sun, and think to enlighten the world with tapers—destroy the attraction of gravity, and think to wield the universe by human powers, as to extinguish the moral illumination of the Sabbath, and break this glorious main spring of the moral government of God.”

ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL.

Most people are ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. *The wise* are ashamed of it because it calls men to believe and not to argue—the *great* are ashamed of it because it brings all into one *body*—the *rich* are ashamed of it, if it is to be had without money and without price—the *poor* are ashamed of it, because they fear it will destroy all their mirth; and so the good news of the glorious Son of God having come into the world a surety for lost sinners, is despised, uncared for—men are ashamed of it! Who are not ashamed of it? A little company—those whose hearts the Spirit of God has touched. They were all like the world, and of it; but He awakened them to see their sin and misery, and that Christ alone was a refuge, and now they cry,—None but Christ—none but Christ! God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ. He is precious to their heart—he lives there—he is often in their lips—he is praised in their family—they would proclaim him to all the world. They have felt in their own experience that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, also to the Greek. Dear friends, is this your experience? Have you received the gospel not in word only but in power? Has the power of God been put forth upon your soul along with the word? Then this word is yours—I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—*M. C. C. C.*

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

Every one that gets to the throne must put their foot upon the thorn. The way to the throne is by the cross. We must taste the gall if we are to taste the glory. When justified by faith, God led them unto tribulations also. When God brought Israel through the Red Sea, he led them into the wilderness; so when God saves a soul he tries it. He never gives faith without trying it. The way to Zion is through the valley of Baca. You must go through the wilderness of Jordan if you are to come to the Land of Promise. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all that God permits them to do is to suffer. Go round every one in glory—every one has a different story, yet every one has a tale of suffering. One was persecuted, in his family—by his friends and his companions; another was visited with sore pains and humbling disease—neglected by the world; another was bereaved of children; another had all these afflictions meeting in one—deep called unto deep. Mark, all are bought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away; the water was deep, but they have reached the other side. Not one of them blames God for the road he led them—“Salvation” is their only cry. Is that ray of you, dear children, numbering at your lot? Do not sin against God. This is the way God leads all his redeemed ones. You must have a palm as well as a white robe. No pin, no palm; no cross, no crown; no thorn, no thorn; no gall, no glory. Learn to glory in tribulation also. Do not reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.—*H.*

REMARKABLE DEATH.—The *Baptist Record* states, that during a late revival in the Greenport Baptist Church, N. Y., a beloved member of the Church, named Randall, having engaged in prayer, told the Lord, that if his death could be the means of the conversion of sinners he was willing to go. In about three minutes after he closed he was suddenly attacked with a paralysis of his right side, and all sensation left him. He was carried home, and died after an illness of three days.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

LETTER XX.

SUBJECT-DISCUSSION: The GENERAL SCOPE AND BEARING, on the Question, of the Epistle to the Romans.—No. 9.—Analysis.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SIR.—In our last letter, we have seen the twelve reasons on account of which St. Paul professes against the idea that God had so "cast away" the Jewish nation, as to forbid the hope of their ultimate national recovery to his forfeited favour and acceptance. In reading the contents of this eleventh chapter, the pious and intelligent reader has observed the four following particulars.

FIRST. That by the "covenant" made with their "fathers," Jehovah stood engaged to give to their "disobedient and gainsaying" posterity, a national salvation from their sins; ver. 27. "This is my covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins." See also Jeremiah xxxi. 31 to 34; Heb. viii. 8 to 12; x. 15 to 17.

SECONDLY. That this work of national mercy was to be accomplished by "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and that it was reserved for the gospel dispensation to effect that triumph over the national unbelief of Israel which all previous dispensations, whether of mercy or of judgment, had failed to accomplish; ver. 26. "There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."

THIRDLY. St. Paul, even in his day, regarded this work of national mercy as not having been then accomplished; seeing he speaks of it as an event yet to occur. His words are—verse 26—"And so ALL ISRAEL SHALL be saved, AS IT IS WRITTEN."

FOURTHLY. That, in our day, this joyful event still lives in the PAGE OF PROPHECY ALONE.—History presents us with no record of such fact. It must be regarded as an occurrence YET IN THE FUTURE!

As Wesley observes, "The Deliverer is come, but not in the full fruit of his coming."

What judgment, then, must we form of those persons, who, with so much bold and shameless effrontery, and on pain of damnation, prescribe the following opinion to the world of mankind?—"V. There are none of the prophetic periods, AS WE UNDERSTAND them, extending beyond the [Jewish] year 1813!"

These persons are very fond of applying to themselves those words in the prophet Daniel xii. 10: "THE WISE SHALL UNDERSTAND!" The question is, HOW do these men of "1813" UNDERSTAND?—and the answer immediately suggested by this "Scripture" is, "THEY EVIDENTLY MIS-UNDERSTAND!"

Had they not better surrender the self-conferred title of "THE WISE," and assume that which our Saviour deemed it salutary and proper to fix on some mistaken good men, in the days of his first Advent: "O FOOLS, and slow of heart to believe ALL THAT THE PROPHETS HAVE SPOKEN!"

We proceed to observe, that, in this chapter, II. St. Paul reasons ON THE INFERENCES of the anticipated recovery of the Jewish nation to God, "through Christ."

It will be seen, the apostle here speaks of an "Israel" which is "faded," "waxed old,"—"diminished,"—"cast away." This is again repeated in that solemn hope of putting a blush on the cheek of that folly which maintains, that it is of the salvation of "the spiritual Israel," he is here discoursing. This sufficiently demonstrates that to be a perversely foolish misconception of the passage.

It is observable the word "fall" is here used as was the term "cast away," with two distinct shades of significance. And he introduces the two ideas, on purpose to repudiate the one, with a solemn "God forbid!" and to admit the other, and found thereupon his most animating strain of argument; ver. 11. "I say, then, have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid! but rather through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, to provoke them to jealousy?"

Is their national condition a desperate one? Is it to be regarded as incurable? For OTHERWISE. We see a picture in their case which renders it most hopeful. The good physician has only permitted the disease of the patient for a

season to become more virulent, while he tries his sovereign remedy on another subject, before his eyes; the successful experiment of which will induce the unbelieving patient to make an experiment himself of the specific he now rejects. "And SO ALL ISRAEL SHALL BE SAVED, as it is written?" ver. 26.

The "fall" St. Paul repudiates, is such a one as would be total and final; while he admits the temporary depression as a nation from their former privileges as "the peculiar people of God," but which they had "stumbled" by their "unbelief."

A learned theological critic, of high character, informs us that the second word rendered "fall" by our venerable translators, "is a very soft word, in the original," and signifies rather a "slip" than a "fall."

As a nation, they stumbled and "slipped" into a state of judicial degradation; but this is not to be regarded as their total and final "fall." This is "rather" to be viewed as a temporary evil, permitted, as a means, to a long lasting good! This has been over-ruled, by the compassionate government of God, for the immediate "salvation" of "the Gentiles;" who had been "cast away" for more than two thousand years, on account of their abominations. And the "Gentile salvation" shall also be ultimately over-ruled to become the strong and powerfully stimulating means of leading the degraded Jews to recover themselves from the false step they took, in rejecting the Son of God, and from the downward "slip" in the scale of being, by which they fell in consequence.

But I must reserve the further discussion; and remain,

Dear Sir, yours,

AN HUMELE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

Near Lake Champlain,
April 15, 1844.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.
[FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.]

ONE of the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity is the resurrection of the body. How thankful should we be for the Gospel, which kindles in our breasts the joyful expectation of a period in which this event shall assuredly take place!—Before this glorious discovery was made to the world, all the generations of men, except perhaps a few saints of the Jewish Church, sank into the silent tomb in sadness, without knowing what was to become of them. Good men might wish, and wise men expect, a life to come; but those wishes, and those expectations, were mixed with many doubts and misgivings. All their reasoning about a future state were crude and gross. Death was a deep gulph, of which they saw only the entrance; or if the trembling soul could dimly descry beyond that gulph a distant shore, where it hoped for existence among kindred and intellectual spirits, yet could she never dream that her companion, the body, should recover from the ruin and dishonour of the tomb. Accordingly, the last mournful, solemn words of sorrowing friends, when they looked back on the funeral pile, after paying the last duty to the lifeless clay, were, Farewell, eternally farewell! This rendered death indeed a King of Terrors. But since Christ, who is the first fruit and pledge of a general resurrection, and, by a strong figure of speech, the resurrection itself, is risen, this formidable enemy is stripped of all his terrors, and lies at our feet vanquished and disarmed. The Christian can now adopt the language of ancient prophecy, and say, "O death, I will be thy plague." In the awful moment of his departure, he can sing with St. Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? and where, O grave, is thy victory?" The believer does not now behold heaven, as Balaam did the Messiah, afar off; nor as Moses did the land of Canaan into which he might not enter; but, like dying Stephen, he sees it nigh and open to receive him. This makes him enter the dark vale undaunted, and walk in the shadow of death undismayed; for he hears the voice of Him who conquered death and the grave saying to him—"Fear not; I am he that was dead and am alive, and live for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death." Rec. i. 17, 18.

The sad survivor, too, knowing that the hour is coming in the which they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live, can more cheerfully resign the friend

that was to him as his own soul. Supported by the pleasing hope which the prospect of a resurrection day inspires, he feels, amidst the tears which nature sheds, a kind of mournful joy, as he takes the last farewell of his dearest relation. Along with the burst of grief, he can now give vent to the voice of faith.

There will be an unspeakable difference between the resurrection of the just and that of the unjust. "Blessed are all they that have part in the first resurrection!" Who would not wish to be in the number! But idle wishes are of no avail. The most earnest endeavours to pass from a life of sin to a life of holiness are necessary, before we can reasonably expect such happiness. They only who are thus in earnest can expect the aid of the Holy Spirit in this world, or the comfort of beholding the face of Jesus, without dismay, when this world is over.—Should we not, therefore, strive, like persons in an agony, till we have found ourselves "passed from death unto life," and are made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

The difference between the resurrection of the good and the bad should teach us to turn our attention more to that quality which will distinguish one man from another in eternity. Instead of being forever dazzled with the little distinctions of this life, and computing men's happiness according to their station—which is as absurd as if we should calculate the enjoyment of an insect from the colour of its wings—let us learn to make piety and virtue the sole object of our admiration and pursuit. All the momentary distinctions of riches and grandeur will soon vanish, and be no more; whilst holiness will raise its possessors to an eternity of bliss and honour.—The last day may bring about such a reverse of fortunes, that the mighty lord, who now looks down with scorn upon the pious beggar, "whom he would disdain to set with the dogs of his flock," (Job xxx. 1.) must then, if he would see him, cast his eyes upwards, and look for him among the archangels. God only knows who are rich and who are poor till the accounts are finally balanced before the great tribunal. Many of "the kings of the earth and captains," and such as we call great and rich men, will then be so ashamed of their souls' poverty, that they will seek to hide themselves in dens, and par to the rocks to cover them; while the lowest poor, who "cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat," (Job xxx. 4.) shall, if they were rich in grace, soar with joy to meet their Lord, and exchange the cry of "How long?" for the glad song of "Behold he cometh!" O keep me holy and upright, my God, and let who may be great.

The barren fig-tree is cursed; the unfruitful tree in the vineyard is condemned; the virgins who neglected to procure oil are excluded from the feast; and the servant who only laid up his talent in a napkin, is "cast into outer darkness." How should these considerations engage us, not to be barren or unfruitful in the work of the Lord, especially as we know our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

And if the rewards shall be distributed in proportion to the improvement of our talents, and the degree of happiness be correspondent to the degrees of holiness, which may be called the capacity for happiness; then why not zealously exert ourselves to advance as much as possible in holiness, while our season of improvement shall continue. Why not have the sacred ambition to aspire to something more than the very lowest seat in the scale of glory. And indeed, if we do not aim as high as we possibly can, there is the greatest danger that we shall altogether fall short of the mark and lose the prize.—The bare possibility of so dreadful a risk is enough to alarm the wise. I could bear the thoughts of any disappointment on earth, or of any misery that is circumscribed by time; but every atom of the body trembles like a leaf, and the soul startles to the very centre, at the apprehension of losing heaven, or of incurring a pain that is eternal. O my God! bid my hope of heaven blossom as the rose; and blast, if such is thy pleasure, all earthly comforts!—for, "although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the folds, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord—I will joy in the God of my salvation."

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON.

So vast is the population and magnitude of the metropolis of the world, that if the population of Exeter, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Taunton, Bridgewater, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Brighton, Bath, Leicester, Cambridge, Chester, Halifax, Derby, Huddersfield, Norwich, Northampton, York, Lancaster, Worcester, Ramsgate, Scarborough, Leamington, Newark, Mansfield, Whitch, Kidderminster, Sheffield, Tunbridge, Shrewsbury, Lincoln, Warwick, Dover, Boston, Winchester, Colchester, Yarmouth, Durham, Gloucester, Ipswich, Stafford, Hereford, Rochester, Doncaster, Carlisle, Canterbury, Wakefield, Hertford, Bedford, Chesham, Darlington, Cirencester, Devizes, Beverly, Bury St. Edmund's, Grantham, Gainsborough, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Shaftesbury, Ely, Stamford, and Lichfield, making altogether 69 of the principal cities and towns of England, were added together, they would not make another London; for these 69 towns make 1,873,189, whilst the metropolis alone is 1,873,676, leaving an overplus of 487 in favour of London. It would require above 60 cities as large as Exeter to make another metropolis. So rapid is the growth of this queen of cities, that a population equal to that of Exeter is added to its number every nine months; but so overwhelmingly large is this Leviathan of towns, that this constant and progressive increase is scarcely perceived—it is almost like throwing a bucket of water into the ocean. Such is London—the city of the world.—*Cornwall Gazette*,

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Young ladies are, now-a-days, taught a multiplicity of arts and accomplishments, and nothing which can add to the graces of mind and manners seems to be omitted or forgotten. Only one requisite is wanting to complete the system. It is that these intelligent and accomplished young ladies should be sedulously instructed in the art of applying their knowledge and exhibiting their graces advantageously. Not that they may procure a good establishment, which, as the term is now understood, means a fine house, fine furniture, and a husband that has money in his purse; but that they may be fitted to discharge those important duties which only can make women useful, respectable, truly beloved, and consequently happy. The aim of female education, therefore, ought to be, not to exalt those who enjoy its advantages above their sphere, but to make them more capable of performing the part which the law of society, and, indeed, the nature of things, allot as the peculiar province of the female. "She looked well to the ways of her household," is a commendation which every body who is the mistress of a family should be ambitious to deserve; and if she possess genius, and even talent, yet still let her remember, that to make a happy home for husband and children is far more praiseworthy than to make a book—*Mrs. Hale*.

NEGRO DISINTERESTEDNESS.—"Numerous instances have occurred in which freedom has been offered to Christian slaves connected with missionary churches, on condition of their leaving off praying; but in no instance, of which the author is aware, has there been a compliance with the terms. An excellent African negro woman, with a family of six or seven children, who, on account of her fidelity and unwearied attentions to some part of the family to which she belonged, was promised her freedom; and the manumission-papers, both for herself and children, were actually prepared. She had just begun to attend on the preaching of the Gospel, intelligence of which soon reaching the ear of her master, he questioned her upon the subject; she acknowledged that she had begun to pray, and that her heart led her to take up God's work. The master threatened, that unless she at once abandoned all connexion with the missionaries he would recall his promise with regard to giving her liberty. She was immovable; he reasoned:—reproached her with obstinacy and with want of natural affection for her children. She wept but remained steadfast. He gave her a few days to consider his determination. She carried her case to God and to her minister. At the conclusion of the specified time she was again ushered into the presence of her master. The writings were ex-

hibited, and the terms again proposed. She had prepared herself for the result, and replied with tears, and an almost bursting heart. "Mussa, me want be free, but she cannot deny my Saviour." The master was enraged, and commanded her to take the papers and put them into the fire. She did so, and superintended the flames until they were consumed to ashes.—*From Philip's Jamaica*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HERON.

The herons, of which there are a great many species, form one of the divisions of the numerous tribe of waders, which contains nearly a hundred varieties. They are remarkably light for their size, for they seldom weigh more than three or four pounds, while they measure more than three feet in length, and their wings extend five feet; and though most voracious, are always lean. The bill is five inches long. It is armed with teeth, like a saw, at the end, for the purpose of securing prey. The claws are long; but the heron is not a very courageous bird, as many of the rapacious tribes easily put it to flight. It strikes and wounds the largest fish. Of the smaller it devours immense numbers: one writer mentions having seen seventeen carp taken from the stomach of a single heron, and asserts that a single bird will destroy as many as nine thousand fish in the year. It has been ascertained that each will eat fifty moderate dace and perch per day. One has been known to take from a fish pond a thousand store carp in a year.

From this commonly received opinion of the voracity of the heron, however, Mr. Waterton dissent: "I attribute the bad character which the heron has with us," he says, "for destroying fish, more to erroneous ideas than to any well authenticated proofs that it commits extensive depredations on our fish ponds. Under this impression, which certainly has not hitherto been to my disadvantage, I encourage this poor persecuted wader to come and take shelter here; and I am glad to see it build its nests in the trees which overhang the water, though carp and perch and many other sorts of fish are there in abundance. Close attention to its habits has convinced me that I have not done wrongly. Let us bear in mind that the heron can neither swim nor dive, wherefore the range of its depredations on the finny tribe must necessarily be very circumscribed. In the shallow water only can it surprise the fish; and, even there, when we see it standing motionless, and suppose it to be intent on striking some delicious perch or passing tench, it is just as likely that it has waded into the pond to have a better opportunity of tanshing a water rat lurking at the mouth of its hole, or of gobbling down some unfortunate frog which had taken refuge on the rush-grown margin of the pool. The water rat may appear a large morsel to be swallowed whole; but so great are the expansive powers of the heron's throat, that it can gulp down one of these animals without much apparent difficulty. As the ordinary food of this bird consists of reptiles, quadrupeds, and fish, and as the herons can only catch the fish when they come into shallow water: I think I may fairly consider the wader as not very injurious to our property; especially when we reflect on the prodigious fecundity of fish."

The heron is shot with difficulty, from its shyness and vigilance. It is sometimes taken by a fish hook fastened to a wire, being so secured that it cannot be dragged away. When seeking their food herons are more frequently found alone, but they assemble in flocks at their building places, and place their nests together like rooks. The nests are made of sticks, and lined with wool, and the female lays four pale green eggs. When hatched, as they usually are in May, the cravings of the young keep the parent birds continually on the wing; during which time an enormous quantity of fish are taken and destroyed.

Heron is mostly found about pools and marshes, and usually take their prey by wading into the water as far as their legs will carry them; sometimes they take it on the wing, especially in shallow waters. They can neither dive nor swim.

The flesh of the heron was formerly counted a great delicacy, and held in high estimation. Heron-hawking was also a favourite amusement of the upper ranks, and the severest laws enacted for

its preservation. A person destroying its eggs was liable to a very heavy fine. In the Færoe islands, where it occasionally resorts in the summer, many strange stories are told of it, and many superstitious notions maintained; one of these is, that the fishermen believe themselves sure of success when they have one of its feet in their pocket.

Among the extensive cedar and cypress swamps on the Atlantic coast, from New York to Florida, the great heron is constantly found. It resembles the European, but is greatly superior in size and weight. These herons construct their nests on the tops of the cedars; ten or fifteen pairs occupying a particular part of the forest.—The young remain on the trees till as heavy as the old ones; being exceedingly fat before they can fly. They breed but once in the season, and, if disturbed in their herony, or breeding place, the old birds fly occasionally over the spot, uttering a coarse, hollow noise. These herons, though fed principally on fish, for which they watch with amazing patience, and catch with surprising dexterity, feed on grasshoppers, dragon-flies, and other insects that come in their way. Though the flight of the heron appears heavy, it takes often very long and lofty journeys. When taking these long flights the neck appears doubled, the head drawn in, and its long legs are stretched out, in a right line, far behind; serving, probably, as a rudder to steer its passage through the air.

The great white heron is a tall and elegant bird, found on the South American continent and West Indian islands, and migrates to the southern of the United States. It is about the size of our common heron, but the tail feathers are much larger; it has a beautiful train, composed of a great number of long, thick, tapering shafts, arising from the lower part of the shoulders, and thinly furnished on each side with fine flowing hair-like threads, of several inches in length, covering the lower part of the back, and falling gracefully over the tail, which it conceals. With the exception of this train, which is slightly tinged with yellow, the whole plumage is white. The male and female are alike in plumage, both having the train equally long. These plumes have been greatly valued in Europe, particularly in France and Italy, for ladies' head-dresses. The Indians also prize them for ornamenting their hair, or top knot, and bring them to the American towns for sale.

"Nothing," says Sir T. Dick Lauder, "can be more picturesque or interesting than a herony. We know of one on the banks of the river Findhorn, which has called forth the admiration of all who have had the good fortune to see it, especially when in full occupation, during the breeding season. The rocks on the river at the place where the herons have established themselves are of the strata formation. On the left bank the under strata rise abruptly over the bed of the stream, whilst the upper strata recede from it, so as to form a broad piece of plain. On the rock immediately over the river some very venerable old oaks of great height rise from among the smaller wood, which every where clusters along the brink. On the elevated heads of these trees the greater number of the herons have established their nests, whilst the rocks, which rise in perpendicular cliffs to an immense height on the opposite side of the river, including the whole of the existing strata, have, here and there, a nest adhering to some prominent shelf. So far as we can learn, there is reason to believe that this herony has existed upon these trees, and upon their predecessors, and upon the rocks in their neighbourhood, for ages. The neighbouring proprietors are zealous for its preservation, and no one is allowed to injure or to alarm the birds while occupied in rearing their young. The only enemies they have are the mischievous jacksnaws, who [which] built in the crevices of the cliffs. We have often been amused for hours together in watching their predatory warfare from the brow of the cliff, whence the spectator can see down into the nests on the top of the trees, on the opposite side of the river. These nimble little birds no sooner perceive that a heron has quitted her nest, than they dart into it and carry off an egg; and nothing can be more ludicrous than the attempts made by the unwieldy herons to pursue their enemies and recover their eggs, or to punish the depredators. The heron was formerly royal game; and it is possible that those birds have frequented this place since the time that Thomas

Randolph, earl of Moray, regent of Scotland, held his court within the ancient hall of Tainawa.—*Church of England Magazine.*

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.—The very low price at which our paper is published, obliges us earnestly to request, that all our friends at a distance will make an effort, as speedily as possible, to remit us, through our agents, (or by post, in bills,) the amount of their respective subscriptions—the expense of sending round a collector, (20 per cent.) being more than the charge for the paper will warrant our incurring.

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Barley, "	2	0	2	3
Pease, "	2	6	2	6
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Buckwheat, "	2	0	2	3
Turkeys, per couple	4	0	6	0
Fowls, "	2	0	2	6
Geese, "	3	4	5	6
Ducks, "	2	0	2	6
Chickens, "	0	0	0	0
Patridges, "	0	0	0	0
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0	4	1	5
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	0	9	0	10
" Salt "	0	6	0	7
Pork, per hund.	22	6	27	6
Beef, "	25	0	30	0
Flour, per cwt.	12	6	11	6
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	0	2	0	5
Pork, "	0	3	0	5
Veal, per qr.	2	6	2	6
Mutton, "	1	6	10	0
Lamb, per qr.	2	6	1	0
Lard, per lb.	0	5	0	6
Potatoes, per bushel	1	3	1	6
Corn, "	2	0	2	9
Rye, "	2	6	3	0
Beans, "	4	6	6	8
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