

# Christian Mirror.

NEW SERIES.

WEEKLY.]

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL III. 57.

[7s. 6d. PER AN.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1844.

No. 50.—N. S. No. 21.

## POETRY.

### COMFORT IN AFFLICTION

LEARNING her rarest treasures may unfold;  
 Riches may yield their amplest showers of gold;  
 Beauty upon the brow, in dazzling light  
 Her radiance pour, to charm the enraptured sight;  
 E'en Kindness, Goodness, may inform the heart,  
 And all the graces ever taught by art.  
 Invest the person and the mind with charm  
 To win applause, and jealousy disarm.  
 But what can these avail in Trouble's hour?  
 Or in the day of Death's relentless power,  
 When "flesh and heart shall fail," and all shall  
 cease  
 That now delights, to yield one moment's peace?  
 Oh! nothing then will give the soul relief,  
 Or stay the tide of overwhelming grief,  
 But peace with God, thro' Jesus' blood obtained,  
 And hope of heaven, by HIM, for sinners gained.

WHEN Affliction hath cast o'er our bosoms a sadness,  
 Our bright joys exchanged for darkness and gloom;  
 Our hearts filled with grief, which once bounded with  
 gladness,  
 And our dear cherished hopes are laid low in the tomb.  
 Where then shall we look for true consolation,  
 Our spirits so saddened and drooping to cheer;  
 To what friend shall we go in our great tribulation,  
 To beguile us of grief, and res-ruin every tear?

One friend, and one only can grant us relief;  
 'Tis the Saviour of Sinners, with heart full of love,  
 Who "hath carried our sorrows and bare all our  
 grief,"  
 And will perfect our bliss in the mansions above.

## THE CASKET.

From a Charge by the Bishop of Durham.

### THE EXAMPLE OF OUR SAVIOUR AND HIS APOSTLES AS PREACHERS.

CONSIDER, I beseech you, my brethren, the points upon which our blessed Saviour's own discourses turn—with what earnestness he seizes every opportunity to explain matters of duty, and to enforce obedience to them. Compare the proportion in which He treats of practical topics, and of such as are doctrinal or speculative; and then let us ask ourselves, whether the exhortations of a Christian Minister should not in some degree be given forth in a similar proportion. Look at the writings of the Apostles, which necessarily abound in discussions of a controversial and temporary kind. The very object of many of the epistles was to refute some growing "error in religion," or to check some local "viciousness in life;" to satisfy applications for advice on some doubts long since set at rest; or to mediate between those who differed upon subjects which can no longer rouse the attention, or disturb the repose of Christian communities. But when they have treated on questions, many of which are no longer to us matters of concernment, other wise than as connected with ecclesiastical history, with what eagerness do they think themselves to the explanation and enforcement of Christian practice! Nay, more; I may refer you to the example of St. Paul, as I have already to that of his Master and our Master Jesus Christ himself. When the Apostle of the Gentiles was called to preach before "Felix and his wife Drusilla, which was a Jewess concerning the faith in Christ," (Acts xxiv. 24, &c.) what were the subjects handled by this mighty adept in Gospel eloquence, this inspired reasoner on a Christian's faith? Did he avail himself of the tempting opportunity to refute the errors and expose the mischiefs of Polytheism, when haranguing in the presence of a distinguished heathen? Or did he remonstrate against Jewish prejudices, and

point out the mistaken interpretation of Jewish prophecy, to his unconverted country-woman? None of all these. Boldly, as well as wisely, he took his stand upon practical truths, and the general conduct of life. He preached Gospel morality, enforced by Gospel motives, in the strictest conformity with Gospel doctrine. "He reasoned of righteousness," or rather "justice and temperance," while he taught the awful certainty of a "judgment to come." He inculcated the indispensable necessity of attention to every duty here; of duty to our neighbour, and duty to ourselves; as marks of grace and gratitude and obedience to God; while upon the performance or neglect of such attention depended the everlasting destiny of his hearers. Redemption, he preached, had now been purchased for all men by the atoning sacrifice of Him who died upon the cross; by that sacrifice immortality was offered to every faithful follower; while the unbearing and impatient, the unjust and intemperate, must abide the inevitable consequences of a "judgment to come."

### TO PREACH WELL WE MUST LIVE WELL.

When a man delineates religion not so much as the result of study and reasoning, as a matter of his own history; when he unfolds it with that inexpressible character of life and earnestness which accompany truth drawn from one's own bosom, he cannot be powerless. There is nothing vague and uncertain, nothing obscure or intelligible in the speech of such an one. He preaches earnestly towards his object. His heart's desire is that his hearers may be saved. The power of that inward emotion he cannot conceal. Gleanings cannot head it. Mountains cannot bury it. It thaws through the most icy habits. It bursts from the lip. It speaks from the eye. It indelicates the tone. It pervades the manner. It possesses and controls the whole man. He is seen to be in earnest; he convinces; he persuades.

It is a most important service which religion has rendered not only to the eloquence of the pulpit, but to every department of Christian literature, by putting the faculties under the pressure and power of a grand motive. The heart of man must be pressed and well-nigh crushed before it will give out its wine and its oil. "Woe to me," said Paul, "if I preach not the Gospel of Christ." He who would preach with force and effect must subject himself to that religious sense of responsibility which is alone competent to bring into action every dormant faculty; and bear about with him the solemn and weighty reflection that he watches for souls as one that must give an account. Whenever the heart and conscience exert their combined power in this direction, every talent will be employed; the whole man is urged to full and efficient action. Can such a man into prison, and like Bunyan, "ingenious dreamer," will he describe the progress of the soul to God; confine him to a bed of sickness, and like Baxter will he sweetly muse and write of the rest of the souls in heaven; blind his eyes in total night, and "celestial light" will shine inward, enabling him, like glorious Milton, to

"See and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

Fetter him with chains, and in the very presence of kings and governors, he will, like Paul, reason about a judgment to come; nail him to the cross, his heart will still palpitate with inexhaustible love, and his latest breath will be spent, like his Master's, in praying and speaking for other's good.—*Waterloo.*

### MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

ALTHOUGH angelic ministry is no longer openly continued, we are nevertheless taught to believe that it exists, and that many of the blessings at full upon our daily path are shed from hands which have been lifted amidst the choirs of heaven; wholly adoration to the God of all principalities and powers. As Christians we are come to this "innumerable company of angels;" we are united to them in a bond which binds together every member of the happy family of God; you are blended with them in one vast and harmonious society. The discordances necessarily subsisting between these pure spirits and the sinful inhabitants of a fallen world is desisted. Clothed in the merits, and washed in the blood of the Redeemer,

you no longer present to them, but in purity with when their duty is to be discharged. They perceive, in the redemption of our Lord, beings clothed indeed by an appearance, but not inspired by the same principle, being, taste, and affection as their own. You stand, at least, in the ratio of theirs. Your Father is in every sense of the word their Father; your God is their God. Pondered by their considerations, although once they watched at the gate of the earthly paradise to prevent your entrance, now they bend from the golden walls of the heavenly city, to invite you to a participation in joys, of which they alone, of all created beings, know the fulness, the intensity, and the perpetuity.

ASTONISHING ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.—An astonishing fact in the word of God is, notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the manifold of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science.

None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the Fathers of the Church—not one of these errors are to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigation of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find these such spots, and whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything; which describes nature—which recites its creation—which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstances, language of history; extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of Oriental rapture, elevation, variety and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible.—It is a book which nearly fifty writers of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living, through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judea, in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar, and finally, in the centre of the western civilization—in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, as in the bosom of pantheism and its said philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the stars and elements were endowed with intelligence, reared on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual alluvium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient Greece and Asia—the Thales and the Pythagorases, the Zalmoxis of the Xenophens and the Confuciuses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well—search among its 50 authors—search among its 66 books, its 1180 chapters and its 31,753 verses—search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions, of their elements;—search, but you will find none.—*From the German of Gausson.*

WORTH ENDURING.—Carlyle, in his last work, says:—"Beautiful is it to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die even on this earth; the work unknown man has done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under the ground, secretly making the ground green. It flows and flows, it joins itself with another vein and veinlets; one day it will start a visible, perennial well."

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

## ON WEARINESS OF THE WORLD.

BY MRS. JANE C. SIMPSON.

"Oh! for thy wing, thou dove!  
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast,  
That, borne like thee above,  
I too might flee away, and be at rest!"

MRS. HEMANS.

There is one principle which holds good in every branch of knowledge—whether human or divine—that the more a man learns, the better he perceives how little he has learned and how much still remains behind. He who knows but a few things, may deem that he knows all things; but he who, in a certain sense, may be said to know every thing, is constantly alive to the conviction, that in reality he knows nothing. And there is no view we can take of the soul which reflects more dignity upon it than this—that all its own acquisitions could never be sufficient to reconcile it to itself, but still leave it weary, melancholy, and dissatisfied. Who ever lived, however distinguished by the birthright of immortal genius, endowed with the most commanding energies of intellect and the noblest sensibilities of heart, whose actual attainments kept pace with the aspirations of his mind?—nay, more, whose acquisitions did not seem to be always diminishing, though always increasing? It is an indisputable truth, and it is one which leads to the most momentous conclusions, that man conceives what he never sees, and longs for what he never tastes, and pursues what he never finds. He may go on for many years busied, and almost satisfied, with the study of a thousand objects which the variety of nature offers to every peculiarity of mental constitution; but the hour is on the wing which is to strip them all of their colours, and show to him that void in his own soul which is not to be filled up on earth. The thoughts of which time was wont to be the scene, now burst their bounds and wander ambitious through eternity; the affections, once lavished to profusion on the baubles of a thankless world, now rise in generous rebellion to seek a purer and a stabler resting place.

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away, and be at rest!" It needs not the Christian's trust or the Christian's rapture to prompt to the weary soul of man this pathetic prayer of the Psalmist; for every mind, and probably his most emphatically in which nature yet reigns to the exclusion of grace, must feel impelled, at many stages of his earthly journey, to pause and consider its own bitterness, with which no stranger can intermeddle. It may be at an earlier or a later period of life; yet the moment must come to every meditative spirit, when emptiness will appear legibly written on every attainable object, and man shall be in heaviness to discover that his desires are too vast, above his ability to realize them.

We can conceive some such child of humanity, to whom the light has not yet been revealed as it shines in a Saviour's love, seated alone on a summer evening on the brink of a mountain's brow. The landscape around is bright and luxuriant—so fair that, to a poetic eye it might seem as if creation had just sprung from the Almighty hand, when Eden's enchanted garden comprised the whole universe of man. Before him are flowing the waters of a magnificent river, whose bosom has caught a hundred images of beauty and peace. Vessels innumerable of every form and size,—the red, the blue, the white sail; the swiftly dashing oar; the fishing bark moored in idle repose; the giant ship gliding at slow and solemn pace in the full majesty of her outspread wings; trees fantastic in their diversity of shape and colour; the low thatched cottages of the peasant, with the loftier mansions of the gay and opulent; the village spire gleaming from the wooded eminence, and the long range of ancestral hills behind;—these and such as these all fling their quiet shadows upon the tide, and lend a double charm to the scene. But see! as the river advances, it widens in its course, till grove and town are lost in its extending waves, and the proud ocean receives the wanderer's tribute into its fathomless immensity. Turn we now for a moment to the spectator of these wonders in Nature's book; and touching his soul as with Ithuriel's spear, let us unravel the thread of his meditations. Our moralist is a man of intellect, sentiment, and taste. Long has he gazed upon

the fairy scene spread out beneath him, but he looks not on it now.—His eyes, which are rich and dark with that peculiar colouring caught from the mingling of servid fancy, lofty feeling, and profound thought, are fixed upon a line of fleecy cloud, whose golden fringe just marks the course of the departed sun. What are the ideas which lend such depth of meaning to his countenance, what are the emotions that fling such mournful interest around his reveries? The hour is come, when this soul, so choicely stored with all knowledge but divine, is startled with the involuntary conviction, that the mortal cannot cope with the immortal, and that the fading possessions of time are no match for the cravings of an eternal spirit. The mysterious language of nature *without* has awakened the whisper of sympathetic conscience *within*; and the busy pursuits of science and imagination, which have so long lulled her into silence, are unvalued or forgotten. A chain is broken, which by a thousand links, the world had weaved around the toiling pilgrim, and the soul, loosed from her prison of human wisdom, walks forth a new denizen of a higher life.

"Surely, yes, surely," exclaims the ransomed captive, "the gold for which I have toiled is but dust after all!" The deathless principle within me cries aloud for objects of ambition, deathless as itself. Its sublime capacities demand a larger theatre for their exercise; its deep and exalted affections require a purer atmosphere for their indulgence. Time is too short, earth is too small, creation is too fleeting and shadowy, to fill up the chasm of the mind's infinity! Oh! that yonder heaven, so beautifully variegated with the tints of parting day, would open even now its airy portals, and disclose to my view that ethereal land which lies beyond. And oh! above all, that I might be received even now, as the inhabitant of that blessed region, for *there* most certainly, and there alone, is the spirit's birth-place and its home!"

Such is the aspiration of the natural mind in this season of retirement. But alas! though a transient liberty has been given him from the world's bondage, it is not the glorious liberty of the children of God. He is free, indeed, in a certain sense, from much of the mist that obscured his intellectual and moral vision, but he is like a bird whose wings are clipped, that he cannot soar whither he would; and while the Christian, at such a moment, would have mounted on the eagle's pinion, and found a sure haven for his earth-sick longings in that faith which seeth what is yet invisible, the philosopher, saddened by the prospect of heights he cannot reach, is fain to return for refuge to that very cage of terrestrial vanities from which he had newly escaped. And thus it must ever be with those who, in their hours of weariness, would seek in their own strength to solve the secrets of Deity. When their wishes are the highest, then are they forced to feel that their powers are lowest; and when they would fain rise above the world, in disgust of its pursuits, they are but gathering new motives and new energies for the world's service.

The twilight is gathering round the hill, the landscape grows fainter in the deepening shadow, all the visionary, awakened from his unsubstantial dream, wends his way slowly to the city, with a mind more attuned than before to the anxious occupations of time, from the melancholy yet false conviction, that there is nothing else to which he can dedicate its homage. "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!"

We have seen how this principle of weariness of earth, and all earthly good, may operate on the unregenerated soul, rendering it the sport of a meretricious excitement, which leads to none but most unsatisfactory conclusions. Let us now advert, by way of contrast, to the experience of the believer, when constrained, as he may often be, by the course of his mortal pilgrimage, to long and separation from the thousand vanities of this vain sphere. Every Christian has felt, in a greater or less degree, the influence of this mood of mind of which I speak; the same which frequently animated the master-herd of Israel—and the same also to which St. Paul gave expression in these memorable words, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver from the body of this death?"

As long as the man is in the world, whose desert is suffering and whose wages is death, the being whom Heaven hath enlightened to behold

the beauties of holiness must be often panting after that purity which, in idea, it loves to contemplate. A thousand incidents, in the common walk of our daily life, are ready, at every turn, to surprise us into ardent and mournful longings after a more exalted than human happiness.—Ourselves, our friends, our enemies, (if enemies we have any,) the whole mass of society around us, all sprung from the same creative hand, all condemned by the same righteous law, all groaning under the same heavy burden all travelling the same thorny wilderness, all destined to the same mysterious immortality; the life that now is, the judgment that will come, the eternity that must be;—surely in these the meditative and serious spirit must often find food for deep and solemn thought, till the weary and distracted pilgrim would fain throw off the coil of earthliness at once, and rise to that region where peace is perfect and everlasting.

But, perhaps, there is no time when the world and all its pursuits appear to the Christian's eye of a nature so wholly worthless, as when at the close of a sacramental communion season, he is called to descend from the mount of ordinances, and mingle once more with the common business of life. The solemn services of the sanctuary, abundantly blessed of God to the souls of his saints, have so exalted his affections, and purified his desires, that his mind is apt to recoil with sickening distaste from all that pertains to earth and its trivial yet necessary duties. Having been permitted to breathe, as it were, for a moment, the ethereal atmosphere of Jehovah's own paradise, the air of ordinary existence has no refreshment and no charm for him. Having had a glimpse, however transient, of that city which hath foundations, which the throne of the Almighty doth glorify, and the Lamb is the light thereof, even all the varied wonders of the lower creation to him appear dim and imperfect. Having been admitted in spirit for a space, however brief, into the general assembly and Church of the First-born—that innumerable company of the just made perfect, which are written in heaven, the very fellowship of his most pious brethren here below, to him seems tame and insipid. And above all, having found by the grace of the Lord, shortly though it may have been, that in His presence there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand, there are pleasures for ever more; he would gladly shut every terrestrial object from his sight, as intruding on the sanctity of that overflowing love which the Saviour alone ought to inspire.

"Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!" Such is the silent aspiration of the heart. Like Simeon of old, the just and the devout, when led by the Spirit, he embraced with adoring reverence the Lord's Church—the light of the Gentiles and the glory of his people Israel; the terror of our emotions embodies the prayer of joyful and perfected faith—"Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Or as Peter, upon his vision being opened to behold the transfiguration of the Redeemer, exclaimed, "Lord it is good for us to be here!" fain would he perpetuate the devotions of the sanctuary, and make even now the earthly temple in which he worships, in deed and in truth, the very gate of heaven!

But this can never be. We must descend from our elevation. The world has claims upon us, and to these religion itself demands our attention. We are not yet entitled to the constant employment of saints and angels. We are pilgrims in the wilderness, and we can but view the land of promise afar off. We are not yet privileged to pluck at will of its golden fruits, nor join in the ceaseless praise of the songs of Zion. We have many battles yet to fight; we have many victories yet to achieve; our Jordan is still to cross; we are still strangers and aliens from our Father's house. Yet, let us not faint, let us not despond. Our leader is before us, our mansions are prepared for us. A few years, and we shall enter through the gates into the New Jerusalem, and have right to the tree of life, and shall go no more out; but seeing his face, and having his name in our foreheads, shall serve him for ever in perfect peace before the throne of God and the Lamb.—*Scottish Christian Herald.*

Thou mayest as reasonably expect to be well and at ease without health, as to be happy without holiness.—*Old Proverb.*

## A COLLECTION OF WESLEYAN TA-KINGS.

**JOHN BURDELL:**—Middle size, well-built, stout, agreeable features, florid, thin light hair. A kind of inquisitive look through his glasses; intelligent; well-read; having arrived at the truth of Lady M. W. Montague's observation, that "No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting." A large, well-selected library. Thoroughly orthodox; would make an excellent Theological Tutor.—Inclined to metaphysics and the mathematics. A clear, piping voice; strong without compass or flexibility: Loves a little sally of wit, and returns the compliment in fine temper. Nice discrimination. Rather diffuse, and not impassioned; but still an instructive and impressive preacher.—Fond of the interrogatory style and a close catechiser of a Christian auditory.—Grapples nobly with the conscience. Language plain, perspicuous, and forcible.—In the field in 1796.—Would be equally ready with Paul to say to Timothy,—*Bring with thee the books, but especially the parchments.*

**JOHN BARBER:**—Herculean in constitution and make; round, sandy face, and regular features. Formed for toil.—As masculine in mind as in frame, and no less comprehensive. A ready, off-hand speaker. A sound, forcible, practical, experimental preacher. Good business habits. Powerful voice. Sterling integrity. A kind friend. To be dreaded as an opponent. Unflinching. Defective in education. Diffused a strong, broad light. Seemed, among those around him, like one of the pines of Lebanon: the whole, as one vast crowd, crowning the hill, and shaking from off their heads the uninjuring tempest; himself, apparently, capable of standing before the rushing whirlwind, single, and with naked trunk, which might threaten to uproot others, and hurl them into the valleys below. Began in 1781, and died 1816. As a workman, both as to manner and matter, it might be said to the Church, when he was given to it,—*Behold, I will make thee a new sharp thrashing instrument, having teeth.*

**WILLIAM VEVEIS:**—Strong, fleshy, round, sandy hair, and light complexion.—Cautious, moderate, solid, compact. No theorist: "Principles, not Men," being his motto. An excellent commentator on Wesleyan law and usage. Deals in good materials.—Wants animation. Somewhat like a person on a watch-tower, on the look-out, with his helmet on, his armour girded, and suspecting in every novelty a secret as dangerous as that of the Trojan horse. An improver of passing events. Sheds a sober, steady light. Set out in 1813.—*Let all things be done unto edifying.*

**JOSEPH SUTCLIFFE:**—Master of Arts. Set out in 1786. Middle size, flat chest, embrowned complexion, aquiline nose. An intelligent countenance. Creeps along the street, as if unnoticed and unnoticed; yet a close observer of men and things. Inoffensive, unassuming, quiet, unobtrusive. A kind nature. Good taste. An easy, chaste, and somewhat elegant style; considerable critical acumen. Sometimes lofty, sublime, with sparklings of genius; especially when descending on the visions of the Prophets. Defective in energy. Not the soundest judgment. Matter superior to manner. The voice wanting in fulness, and speaks as if the lips were partially closed, or himself were under cover.—Creditable literary attainments. An excellent grammarian, an admirable sermoniser,—a pious and intelligent commentator, a respectable geologist. The author of several useful works. Looks, in his old age, like the sun in the West, and near its setting; the memory tracing each fading form and lingering grace; but with the vision of the future clear, and calm, and bright; each joy becoming dearer as time recedes and each trouble is about to be veiled—heaven itself increasing in radiance as it comes streaming through the path of death to the borders of the grave. *Meditate upon these things.*

**CHARLES ATMORE:**—Middle size, robust, sandy hair, light complexion; round, fine face, with a slight expression of sternness, arising more from defective vision than inward feeling. Gentlemanly in his manners, neat and clerical in his appearance. A good voice, ardent, respectable style, useful matter; never exalted, nor yet grovelling. The dignity of the pulpit always maintained. Kind-hearted;—perhaps too indulgent. Popular in his day; especially in early life. Generally moved in the first circuits. Sensible apparently of the truth of Johnson's remark; "He that embarks on the voyage of life will al-

ways wish to advance, rather by the simple impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale." Began in 1781, died in 1826. He had—*All things that pertain unto life and godliness.*

**THOMAS POWELL:**—Chiefly known as the author of an "Essay on the Apostolical Succession." Sound in argument, patient in research, homely in diction, well supported by authorities. Sheds a brighter light from the press than the pulpit; in the latter, though good, a little more circuitous on his route to an object. Seems to know, in the language of Goldsmith, that "Titles and mottoes to books are like—scutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king;" that "the wisest sometimes condescend to accept of them;" "but that none but a fool would imagine them of any real importance;" take care, therefore, to "depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of the title." No substitution of tinsel for solid gold;—no artificial flowers, fit only for decoration, but such as will refresh with their fragrance. Entered in 1823. *Not with enticing words of man's wisdom.*

**GEORGE MARSDEN:**—No great range of mind. Deeply devoted to God, and the interests of Wesleyan Methodism. Has, what may be denominated, a kind of celestial quaver about the throat, warbling and speaking at the same time. Full, good voice. Funeral in his manner. Vehement, not impassioned; declamatory, and occasionally vociferous. Matter rarely varied.—Inflexible. Will listen to a statement or request, turn away in silence, and pursue his own course. Close from nature rather than design.—Reads the Lessons and Prayers with fine effect. Highly respected for his piety. Has filled with credit the Presidential chair. Neat, clean; particular to a fault. Reminds us of Mr. Wesley's remark on the demeanour of Miss Gayer, as he lay allicted in bed, herself on the one side, looking at her mother on the other, intimating that—

"She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief."

The smile, in the present instance, must be omitted, and placid substituted in its stead. Commencement in 1803. A practical exposition of—*Let all things be done decently and in order.*

**ROBERT C. BRACKENBURY, Esq.:**—Proprietor of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire. The friend of John Wesley. Possessed of a genuine Missionary spirit. An acceptable preacher. Extremely modest. Would never suffer his left hand to know what his right did. An eminent instance of a gentleman of fortune consecrating his talents, his influence, his time, and his substance to the spread of true religion, at home and abroad. Let it as a solemn request, that nothing should be said of him by way of eulogy, in any sermon, or written of him by way of memoir, after his death; in conformity with the spirit of which request, Montgomery, of Sheffield, wrote the following lines for his tablet:—

"Silent be human praise!  
The solemn charge was thine,—  
Which widow'd love obeys,  
And o'er thy lowly shrine  
Inscribes the monumental stone—  
With 'Glory be to God alone!'"

Lines as creditable to the "Christian Poet," as they are complimentary to the modesty of the sainted dead; the latter being a man of peace,—condescending, with a soul richly imbued with the spirit of the gospel. Died 1818. *Well reported for good works.*

**DAVID STONER:**—A Life published of him by Messrs. Hannah and Dawson, which is a little too sombre in its character, though in keeping with the grave, thoughtful face of its subject. A fine character for delineation. A mute in social life; an Apollo in the pulpit. Employed his pen minutely and laboriously on every subject. Great transparency; powerful; impassioned; often irresistible. One continued tide of eloquence from beginning to end, bearing down all before it, yet fertilizing every district over which it passed. Unusually popular. Popularity based on solid native talent, genuine piety, and extensive usefulness. Substantial reading. Numerous seals to his ministry. Could say, with Steele, "It is a secret known but to a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you

should hear him." Sat and listened to others. A brief, but brilliant career. Travelled twelve years: died in 1826. *And they were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit by which he spake—that is, in public.*

**JOHN BECKETAM:**—One of the General Secretaries of the Missionary Society. Well rounded, still, short; a good, pleasing, and rather intelligent face. Clear, but not an easy speaker. A good understanding, but not much feeling. A man of close application to business. Has attended to mental cultivation. Every thing adjusted, chiselled, and measured by the square and rule. Set out in 1815. Attends to the injunction—*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*

**FRANCIS ASHBY:**—Belonged originally to Leicestershire or Warwickshire. When young, had a voice like the roaring of a lion. Entered the itinerant work in 1767; became a bishop in America. Eminently holy, laborious, and useful. Highly honoured; but was taught by experience, agreeably to Sir P. Sidney, that "The path of high honour lies not in smooth ways." Died in 1816. *I will set in the desert the fig-tree, and the pine—that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this.*

**WILLIAM SHAW:**—No believer in Voltaire, who says, "Bring together all the children of the universe, you will see nothing in them but innocence, gentleness and fear: were they born wicked, spiteful, and cruel, some signs of it would come from them; as little snakes strive to bite, and little tigers to tear. But nature having been as sparing of offensive weapons to men as to pigeons and rabbits, it cannot having given them an instinct to mischief and destruction." Such a creed would have saved Mr. Shaw much risk and toil in African deserts; but he knows human nature better than Voltaire. Strong sense, frank, generous, manly, noble, useful, daring, prudent, self-denying. A fine specimen of the Missionary spirit and character. Went out to South Africa in 1820, remained there till 1829, and returned in 1836. *None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might fulfil my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus.*

**ROBERT YOUNG:**—A powerful voice; and, in general, well managed. Good address, stirring, impassioned, melting, awakening. Not profound, nor yet lofty; mostly substantial. Pastoral. Diligent; aware, in the language of Galen, that "Employment is Nature's physician." Seems to stand at the entrance of the way of life, beseeching, exhorting, importuning, and pressing the multitude to turn the face, the foot, and the heart in that direction. Exceedingly successful; but more popular on the side of piety than of reading, and extraordinary intellect. Went out to the West Indies in 1820, returned in 1820. *And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.*

From the Leeds Mercury.

## LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. WOLFF, ON HIS MISSION TO LIBERATE COL. STODDART AND CAPT. CONOLLY.

The following highly interesting letter from this benevolent and remarkable man to his friends and late parishioners at Clayton West, near Huddersfield, will be read with much gratification:—

*Teheran, Capital of the Kingdom of Persia,  
Jan. 6. 1844.*

To Messieurs Joseph and George Norton, Clayton West.

My dear Friends,—Though distant from you some thousands of miles, I have not forgotten you, and therefore I must drop you a few lines for your information, that of your family, Micklethwaite, all the people of Clayton West, High Hoyland, &c. I embarked at Southampton on the 14th of October, 1843, and arrived about the 21st at Gibraltar, where I was most kindly received by Sir Robt. Wilson, Governor of Gibraltar, and Rev. Dr. Borrow, Archdeacon of that place; stopt with them a few hours, and then continued my journey in the *Iberia* for Malta. Breakfasted with Admiral Sir E. Owen, who gave his carriage to my disposal to see my old friends at Malta. In the evening I dined with Sir P. Stuart, his family, and a large party of the Government there, and then embarked at twelve

o'clock; and on the 29th of October we arrived at Athens, where I was introduced by Sir Edmund Lyons to both their Majesties the King and Queen of Greece, who detained me for one hour and a half, so that when I wanted again to embark on board the Iberia steamer, for Constantinople, she had sailed away; for the captain had been informed that I would proceed with the French steamer, which was not the case. However, Sir E. Lyons, the British Ambassador, and Sir James Stirling, ordered Capt. Ommancy, commanding the Vesuvius steamer of war, to bring me as far as Syria, where the Iberia was to stop twelve hours; so the next day we met the Iberia, where I was elected by the whole ship's company.

On the 3rd of November we arrived in the harbour of Constantinople, where I resided the greater part of the time. I staid at Constantinople with Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador, and preached every Sunday in his chapel, where always the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, American, Dutch, and Spanish Ambassadors did me the honour to attend. I was then introduced to the Grand Vizier, the Reis Effendi, or Turkish Secretary of State, the Sheikh Islam, i. e., High Priest of the Mohammedans, and the Cadi of Room I: they treated me with the greatest distinction; and after having been three weeks at Constantinople, the following letters were delivered to me:—firstly, two letters from his Majesty the Sultan Abd Almejed himself, and written with his own hand, to their Majesties the Kings of Bokhara and Khiva, ordering the former, as the Khalif of all the Mussulmans, to release Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly, and the latter to second the order of the Sultan with his influence. The Sheikh Islam, or high priest of the Mohammedans, gave me four letters for the Mullahs of Bokhara, Khiva, Kokan, and Daghestan, exhorting them to exhort the King of Bokhara to release the prisoners. The Secretary of State (Reis Effendi) gave me letters to the Pasha of Erzroom and Trebisond; and the Austrian and Russian Ambassadors, for Tabreez, Teheran, and St. Petersburg; and the Russian Ambassador also wrote to his Government on my account.

After I had been furnished with all these letters, beside the letters of Sir Stratford Canning, to whom I, of course, was strongly recommended by the Foreign Office at London; the amiable and pious Lady Canning, with her own hand, sewed up the letters of the Sultan in my coat, and Sir Stratford Canning delivered to me also the despatches for Persia, and sent me, at his own expense, as far as Trebisond, in the Austrian steamer "Mettenich;" the captain of that steamer had orders from Count de Sturmer to sail with the steamer to the British palace at Buyukdere, where I resided with the British Ambassador, and not to leave until I was ready to embark. Sir Stratford Canning, previous to my departure, made me a present of a telescope and compass, and ordered Lord Napier, Messieurs Todd, Pisani, and Allison, gentlemen attached to the British Embassy, to accompany me on board the Austrian steamer; and, stopping only for one hour at Samoon and Sinope, I landed safely at Trebisond the third day after my departure from Constantinople, where I was welcomed heartily by the British, Russian, and French Consuls; stopt there two days, and then mounting the rocks and precipices of Trebisond, I arrived, after eleven days, in spite of the horrid snow, safely at Erzroom; but, on my arrival at Erzroom, the snow-storm was so horrible that above fifty people of the natives, and one French physician, perished in the snow. My friends, therefore, at Erzroom, Colonel Williams and Mr. Redman, Commissioners of the British Government, sent there to settle the dispute between the Turks and Persians—and also Mr. Braut, the British Consul, in whose house I lodged—and the Pasha himself, protested against my proceeding until the weather had settled. I therefore remained there with my English friends over Christmas, preached in the Consulate, administered the sacrament to my friends, and delivered also lectures to the English and Armenian inhabitants, which were also attended by the Turkish authorities.

On the 27th of December I left Erzroom, accompanied by two guards, called, in Turkish, Cavass, by order of the Pasha, who defrayed the expenses of my journey from Erzroom to Aw-jik, the frontier of Persia, a twelve days' journey.

You will be interested that a great commerce is especially consists of English and French goods, as chintzes, silk, stuff, and other kinds of manufactures.

I arrived at Tabreez on the 13th of January, where I was most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Bonham; and the Prince Governor of Tabreez, brother to his Majesty the King of Persia, received me in the kindest manner, and had sent to Aw-jick, six days' march from Tabreez, a guard of honour and an order to provide me with post horses at his expense at Tabreez; when I called on him his Royal Highness promised to furnish me with every letter of introduction for Teheran. All the Mullahs of Tabreez furnished me with letters; and now I must mentioned in my lecture, that when I was made slave in Khorassan I was brought to Torbad Hydarca, where the famous Muhammed Iszak Khan Kerah, governor, who passed by the name of the *Heads-Tearer*, for he had cut off the heads of hundreds of his subjects, and taken out their eyes, and he asked me sternly, "How much money have they taken from you?" and on my telling him eighty Tomans—"Eighty Tomans!" he exclaimed, whereupon he got the robbers flogged, got the money from them, and continually exclaiming, "Now you shall see my justice!" put the money into his pocket, and gave me nothing! Now, is it not very curious that very Heads-Tearer (Kalikan) is now a prisoner of State at Tabreez, and is not allowed to stir from his house, and even at his very room armed soldiers are stationed to prevent him escaping! I begged Bahman Meerza the Prince, to permit me to visit him in his misfortune. His Royal Highness smilingly granted my request. I therefore called on him accompanied by Mr. Bonham, the abovementioned Consul General: that mighty but now imprisoned and helpless-rendered giant immediately recognis'd me, shook hands with me in a truly English style; we sat down near him; he is a most well-informed and well-read gentlemanly fellow. He observed, "You saw me in my grandeur, now you see me in my littleness." He reminded me of having ordered those fellows who took my money to be bastinadoed, but was perfectly silent of having kept the money himself, and I did not like to remind him of it, but thanked him most cordially for having given me my liberty.

I arrived at Teheran on Saturday, where I was received most hospitably by Colonel Smith, a brother to the celebrated Right Honourable Mr. Sheil, of Ireland. Colonel Sheil is Her British Majesty's Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Teheran, and though Colonel Sheil is a Roman Catholic, he most kindly allowed me to preach in his house on the day following, when Messrs. Thomson, Glen, and Reed, gentlemen belonging to the British embassy, and His Excellency the Count de Medem, the Russian Ambassador, the Russian Consul-general, the Secretaries of Legation, &c. &c., all Protestants, and a Chaldean bishop who understands English, attended. I preached on the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I shall be introduced to his Majesty the Shah of Persia, and to his Majesty's Vizier (Prime Minister) to-morrow morning. His Majesty has already written the necessary letters for the King of Bokhara and the Viceroy of Khorassan. I shall be accompanied by armed soldiers to the frontier of Bokhara, where I hope to enter dressed in my gown and Doctor's hood, for I am described in the letters of the Sultan of Constantinople, and that of the King of Persia, as the celebrated clergyman (mulla) of England! An uncertainty prevails at the fate of Stoddart and Conolly at Teheran, and throughout Persia, as strong as in England, and though there is an ambassador from Bokhara here, he can give no account about them. This looks rather well, for it is the custom of the King of Bokhara to keep people imprisoned for five and six years, so that all should believe their being dead, when they unexpectedly are brought forth again, and at liberty! *Not one single person at Bokhara has seen them executed, whilst some other foreigners have been publicly executed, and seen many!* Col. Sheil was kind enough to detain in the palace Meshedee Rajah, who was servant both to Stoddart and Conolly, and had accompanied them to Bokhara. He believes them to be in prison, for as he says, "*not one person has seen them executed!*" Beside this, there are eleven English officers in slavery around Bokhara; it is there-

fore worth the while of my going there, and attempt their liberation.

Now, my dear friends, I have given you a sketch of my proceedings. I have now to make one request to you:—1st. That you may pray that the Lord may preserve alive my wife and child. 2nd. That the Lord may give success to my mission. 3rd. Should either my wife or child come to you, be kind to them. And lastly and fourthly, Should it be the Lord's will that I should learn at Bokhara the fate of Conolly and Stoddart, that I may be enabled to look up to my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, with faith and confidence; and may be enabled, if Stoddart and Conolly should be dead, to follow them to the grave trusting and believing in, and openly confessing, the ever blessed Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, God blessed forever, who will come, and shall come, and shall not tarry.

Give my love to Micklethwaite Thexton, and all the people of Clayton West, Darton, and High Hoyland, especially to your family.

Yours affectionately, JOSEPH WOLFF.

#### THE WAY TO SETTLE DIFFICULTIES.

Two neighbours (who were brothers by marriage) had a difficulty respecting their partition fence. Although they had mutually erected a substantial fence four and one half feet in height on the line separating the sheep pasture of one from the grain field of the other, yet the lambs would creep through the crevices and destroy the grain.

Each asserted it to be the duty of the other to think the fence.—After the usual preliminaries of demands, refusals, threats, challenges, and mutual recrimination, they resolved to try the glorious uncertainty of the law—they were, however, persuaded by their friends, to the more amicable mode of submitting to the defence to the final determination of a very worthy and intelligent neighbour, who was forthwith conducted to the scene of trouble, and in full view of the premises: each party in turn, in a speech of some length, asserted his rights, and set forth the law and the facts, at the conclusion of which the arbitrator very gravely remarked:

"Gentlemen, the case involves questions of great nicety and importance, not only to the parties interested, but to the community at large, and it is my desire to take suitable time for deliberation, and also for advisement with those who are learned in the law, and most expert in the customs of good neighbours; in the meantime, however, I will just clap a billet or two of wood into the sheep holes;" and in ten minutes' time, with his hands, he effectually closed every gap.

The parties silently retired, each evidently heartily ashamed of his own folly and obstinacy.—The empire has never been called upon to pronounce final judgment in the case—so the law remains unsettled unto this day.—*Vermont Patriot.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER CONSORT.—The *Langue* has a narrative by "Adam Brown," called a "Week in Windsor Forest," in which we find the following passage:—"Her Majesty attends personally in many affairs which used to be managed or mismanaged by others; so the common report about Windsor says. There are people there, and many of them, who lament the departure of the days of George IV., when they could get more profitable jobs than they can get now; when, as a bricklayer told me, they 'could get a pint of beer almost any how, any where, at any time;' but even these people are constrained to admit that the superior arrangement of everything under Her Majesty does more good than a profuse but uncertain expenditure would do. In every case, where the Queen has personally interferred to make an alteration in any old usage, the change has been directed by practical good sense, which none deny save those, perhaps, who have been personally interferred with. Added to this, there is the kind consideration of the Queen and the Prince for the public who visit the castle and the regal domain of the park. It is rare that in any nobleman's park, or near any private residence whatever, there is such freedom given to visitors as about the residence of her Majesty. It is rarer still for strangers to be so kindly permitted to approach the head of the family, to be bowed to, and their presence taken as if conferring a favour, as is the case with the Queen and the Prince.

But rarest of all is it, that exalted personages, who, like them, fill the eyes of every body, should, by the force of virtue alone, compel every evil-speaking tongue to speak well of them.

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1841.

"The study of mankind is man;" or it ought, at least, to have a large share of his attention. Such study makes a man better acquainted with his species—enables him to form a more accurate estimate of himself; and while he thus learns to avoid that which is unamiable, he may, at the same time, imitate what is virtuous and excellent. In our observations on those by whom we are surrounded, it will be well for us ever to remember our own foibles and imperfections—lest a censorious and uncharitable judgment be exercised, instead of one tempered with modesty and charity.

Every class of men have their peculiar characteristics, and may form a profitable subject of observation,—for instance, mechanics, merchants, husbandmen, lawyers, physicians, and Ministers of the Gospel. The latter especially are deserving of more than ordinary attention—for they are decidedly, in the aggregate, the most learned, pious, and, perhaps we might add, the most eccentric class of our fellow-men.

To know a Minister of the Gospel, you must see him, not in social and private life, but in the pulpit. Here it is that the energies of his intellect are put forth—here his religious principles are exhibited—here his peculiar traits of character shine forth—and he stands morally and mentally naked in the eyes of God and men. In the sermon, his originality of thought, if he has any—his education—and even the peculiar bias of his own mind will be manifest. Is he gloomy and taciturn; his sermons will leave an impression that piety has taken her departure from the earth, and that awful judgments may be expected. Is fear the principle of action in reference to himself; then will he preach "Woe, woe, woe," to the people. Is he one on whom promises, rather than threatenings, make the deeper impression; then are the advantages of piety described, and the ultimate rewards of the righteous form the most pleasing topic of his discourses. Is he by nature a wit; then will he occasionally and involuntarily let fall a remark that will provoke a smile in his hearers. Is he a poet; you will sometimes descry him afar off, in the regions of fancy and imagination, endeavouring to be wise above what is written,

In illustration of these remarks, we have been furnished with a few likenesses from real life—which may possibly be recognised, notwithstanding that they are the work of a young and inexperienced artist:—

NO. I.

The Rev. Mr. — we place first, in point of talent, manly piety, and as possessing most of the graces that adorn the Christian character. He has, however, his peculiarities. Connected with great intellectual powers, there is exhibited what some modern metaphysicians would call a *weak feeling of hope*. This constitutional peculiarity, in a worldly-minded man, would lead to the amassing of property, through a fear of coming to poverty; and might have the same effect on the subject of these remarks, were it not for the restraining influence of Divine grace. As it is, it has the singular effect of making him underrate not only his own Christian attainments, but also

the piety of his flock; hence, many of his sermons are marked by severe strictures on the defects in Christian character which he supposes to exist in his hearers.

The style of his preaching is peculiar to himself; he always calls things by their own names, avoiding, as much as possible, all figurative language—thus imparting a strength to his sentences which a more pompous and peribolical speaker fails to attain. He is never satisfied with noticing the externals of any subject; whatever he lays his hand on is thoroughly dissected, and he exhibits what was not before visible, or so obscured by other matter as to be but imperfectly seen.

There is, however, one defect in his mode of exhibiting the truth, which probably arises from overrating the mental capacity of his hearers—and that is, that the method, the plan, the disposition of his sermons, are either concealed, or so kept out of sight as not to be always easily distinguished, unless by those well versed in the structure of pulpit discourses. The effect of this is, that while his sermons leave on the mind an impression of their paramount excellence, they are most difficult to be remembered in detail; they have as much the character of valuable religious essays as of useful sermons, and are perhaps even more suitable for the press than the pulpit.

This defect, for such we humbly conceive it to be, will always render him an unpopular preacher in the eyes of inattentive listeners—they lose the clue on the subject, and forget everything. But those whose ears are open, and whose hearts are engaged in prayer, will, in his weakest pulpit efforts, (if any of them can be so designated) enjoy a rich treat, and cannot leave the house of worship without being edified and blessed.

"At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn the venerable place,  
Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,  
And fools who come to scoff remain to pray."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—At no period in the history of the world has the Church of Rome put forth such strenuous efforts to extend her influence, as at the present moment. Her missionaries are in every part of the world—in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In the United States especially, she is exerting herself with more than common energy; and to her insidious attempts to influence the elections and the councils of that nation, may be attributed the recent fearful riots in the city of Philadelphia. An attempt to justify his church has lately been made by the Romish Bishop *Hughes*, of New York, in a letter to the American people; which has called forth a spirited reply, in the *Journal of Commerce*, from an individual signing himself "Mount Vernon," and who has proved himself to be a workman that needs not be ashamed. This document proves that the eyes of American Protestants are being opened to the danger to be apprehended from the operations now proceeding throughout that country, and which have their origin in the see of Rome.

Even in this country, we have reason to fear that the artful followers of *Ishvora*, and their allies, are not idle. We are able to state, upon what we consider good authority, that in the Romish Seminary at Chambly, several Protestant Students, within the last few years, have embraced Popery—thus making shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience.

We are no alarmists; but we cannot close our eyes to the signs of the times, which are becoming daily more perceptible—signs which to us indicate that crisis in the history of Protestantism is approaching, and a crisis in the history of

Popery too. It consequently behoves our Protestant legislators—our Protestant ministers—our Protestant parents—to beware—beware of Popery. A general impression seems to be abroad that some great events are not far distant—events which will try men's souls, and men's principles. "Be ye therefore ready."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—"The Pilgrim's Progress is composed of the lowest style of English, without slang or false grandeur. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are, the more necessary is it to be plain. This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian, and let me assure you there is great theological acumen in the work—once with a devotional feeling—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours. I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is in my opinion, incomparably the best *summa theologiae evangelicae* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired."—*Coleridge*.

TENDERNESS TO MOTHER.—Mark that parent here, said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings! The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons.

Does not this suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your lips to move, and your tongue to lip its unformed accent. In childhood she has remained over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. O cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother! she merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.—*Perivul*.

### HEROISM AND GENEROSITY OF A SLAVE.

During the last earthquake at Point Pietrie, a gentleman was rescued from death by the heroic efforts of a slave. He was immediately offered a large sum for his humanity. "No, no," said the generous fellow, "nothing for money to-day—all for the love of good!" The Central Council voted him 2000 francs, 1500 to purchase his freedom, and 500 for an outfit in his new career.

### ANECDOTE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

Walking to Salisbury one day, he saw a poor man with a pinner horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to lead his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him that, "if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast." Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done would prove to him music at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for.—And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Will the baby die, mother?"

The inquirer was herself a child, and the look of earnest curiosity with which she watched her mother's face, to gather from that the reply which the parent could not speak, testified to that precocity of intelligence which is the lot of the children of the poor. To us this union of matured perception with juvenile features, is among the most painful of the traits which distinguish the off-spring of those whose every step is a contention with obstacles—whose every gesture seems a buffet with the world. But if the face of the daughter was painfully interesting, that of the mother was not less so. Though still young, toil, anxiety, and care, and above all, grief, had marked her countenance with the evidences that young though she might be in years, in experience she had lived out a lifetime. She was bending over the cradle of an infant, whose quiet sleep seemed the suspension of its little being. Pale and wan, she seemed scarce farther from the grave than her infant charge, in watching whose almost imperceptible breathings, her whole attention was absorbed.

"Will little sis die now mother?" the elder child again asked. There was a volume of meaning in the tone in which the inquiry was put.—It expressed the resignation which all in that little household had made—the conviction that their well beloved infant companion was sick unto death; and all that Mary could hope in answer was, that the moment of the departure of the infant was not yet—not that instant. A half an hour seemed a long future—a day seemed years. Who that has watched the life of a child wasting away, has ever forgotten it? The unconscious sufferer, incapable alike of appreciating its danger, or of communicating its feelings to the earnest affection which surrounds its bed—the meekness of endurance—the supplicating glances from the eyes of a dying child—oh! how deeply do they move the heart. When man sinks from his strength, or woman wastes from her loveliness into the arms of death, at each stage of the disease the invalid can communicate with attendant friends; at each pause-like respite in the journey through the valley of the shadow of death, adieus may be re-exchanged between those who are to part at the grave, but to meet again beyond it. But where the babe in pain, but unconscious from what cause or to what end, looks up imploringly to her who, though now powerless to aid, has hitherto been its solace, the mother feels she could willingly die with her child, if she could make the sufferer understand that it is death—the death appointed to all—which is slowly but surely stilling the pulses of its innocent heart.

So felt the young wife and mother—but still she spoke not. No sound broke the stillness of that house in the forest—no hum of passengers, no notes of busy life, in discord with the scene, mocked the silent grief of the mother and sister of the dying child. There was a melancholy appositeness in the solitude of the place, and in the stern natural simplicity without and within the dwelling. The light vernal winds moved the branches of the primeval tree of the forest which shaded the humble cabin, and, as the sun stole in between the open door among the leaves, the shadow of a lesser branch of the tree trembled to and fro upon the infant's lips as if it emblemized there the flickering of its breath. This painfully beautiful thought entered the mind of the mother—and while she still dwelt upon it, the door was darkened—the poetic vision was lost—and her husband and her brother entered with a noiseless step. The boy had plucked a violet in the vain hope of attracting the child's attention.—It had withered in his hand as he walked, and while he stood over the couch, struck with the alteration which in a few hours had taken place, he let it fall upon the pillow. The mother took it up—she looked at the withered blossom of spring, and then at the withered flower of her maternal hopes. Turning to her husband, she sunk down upon his neck, and wept.

The child was dear to them. Exiled—in part perhaps a truant disposition, and that reckless spirit of enterprise and adventure which is characteristic of the American people—they had wandered far, before they had here pitched their tent. Accustomed in New England to the com-

forts which industry places within the reach of all—to the refinement of mind which education creates—to the social habits which the institutions and manners of New England foster—and above all, to the religious privileges which bless the descendants of those who sought a new world to worship God after their own consciences, the far Far West for many a weary month seemed to them a solitude, dreary indeed—but never quite a solitude. They had early learned that there is One from whose presence no creature can be banished; and isolated as they were in the mighty forest, the little family never forgot that He lives, of whom it is written "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

To mother—to father—to sister—and to the brother who had accompanied them in their wandering, the birth of that child had been a new creation—it had consecrated for them a new home, and created a tie which had bound them to the spot. The gift of God's mercy to them, it had been as a ray of light which made the desert blossom as the rose. All their hearts clung to the little stranger! Every feeble opening of the precious bud was watched—every glimmer of future intelligence in the child was to them as the earnest of coming perfect day. The miles of its infantile joy had been the sunshine of their hearts. The tree before their door appeared greener and stronger when the little one crowded its admiration in looking up and vainly strove to grasp its branches—the clearing about the door was thought of only as little Ellen's play ground—the house, which seemed before her birth dull and narrow and dark, was now a paradise upon earth, since there the cherub first saw the day. Any shelter would have seemed a palace to them in which the babe could stand upright and learn to walk.

And now the hand of Death was on these hopes—and silently they waited the fearful consummation of his work. Thought was busy with her father and mother—one sentiment they held in common. But a week before, had any one doubt-held in their presence, that their cottage was an elysium, each would have eloquently defended it; but now to each it seemed a charnelhouse, and they felt as if the damp of death was on its walls. The mother's mind wandered back to the home of her childhood—to the pleasant place which she had deserted for the forest—to the cheerful house, and friends sympathizing in her joy, when Mary her eldest was born. She came over one by one the kind faces which there would have crowded around her, in a scene like this. She remembered the village pastor, who would have been ready with his words of consolation, fitly chosen, "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver." She recollected the kind physician: and can we wonder, if she felt in her grief, that his skill might alleviate and postpone, if not avert the death which threatened her dearly beloved infant.

The father, as he mused, thought not of the past, but of the future. To him, as to her, longer residence in that spot seemed insupportable—but while visions of the home she had left occupied the mind of the mother, the father looked forward to still another home, as if, by retreating from mankind, he could remove from exposure to disease and death. To neither could their recently pleasant dwelling longer be tolerable—with both the place would seem to create none but melancholy associations. But he felt at last that it was his duty to struggle to check repinings against God's providence, and look for aid to that source whence alone support in all affliction should be sought, he opened the sacred volume.

His eye fell on the history of Hagar in the desert. In a low but distinct tone he read of the despair of the exile in the wilderness, and while their daughter was expiring far from human aid, the parent felt with the Egyptian woman that they "could not see the death of the child," and, like Hagar, they "lifted up their voices and wept." As he proceeded in reading, "and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not!"—the quick perception of the mother caught a movement in the cradle. All flew at once to the child's side prepared to witness its last breath. But as to Hagar in the wilderness so had God been merciful to them. The crisis was past—a gentle perspiration stood upon the sufferer's brow—its eye opened, and a faint smile played around its lips. Af-

fection, ever ready to catch at the slightest ground of hope, was this time not deceived. As the child now fell again into a sleep, but a sleep like that of welcome rest, instead of the feverish slumber, which had before harassed their affection, the emigrant family knelt in joyful thankgivings, too deep and heartfelt for loud words.

Joyous was the following Sabbath; nor did the happy family forget that Being to whom their gratitude was due for the great mercy vouchsafed to them. The mother had already renewed the youth of which affliction had despoiled her, and little Mary, as she leaned affectionately on her mother's shoulder, smiled that awe-mingled gratitude which children as well as adults may feel, though incapable of other expression than the silent and natural working of their happy faces. With cheerful hearts they worshipped Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and heart and voice responded Amen! as the father of the little household said, with the sweet singer of Israel, "O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good: and his mercy endureth forever."—*Opal.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## GUIZOT, PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

At M. Suard's, in whose saloons all the wits and distinguished men of the time were wont to assemble, and where M. Guizot had his *entree*, a every romantic incident occurred. One young lady was a frequent and privileged visitor at these *conversations*—her name was Pauline de Meulan. Having lost her family and her inheritance by the revolution, she had found resource in her excellent education, and her sole means of support arose from a journal of which she was editress, called *Le Publicis*; but her over-exertions, and in a branch of literary writing of so trying a character, had brought on a serious indisposition, much augmented by the apprehension that soon the impossibility of further application to her pursuits would reduce her to beggary. In the midst of this suffering and anxiety, she received a letter, in which the anonymous writer begged her to be comforted—that her duty would be performed for her, and an able article was annexed, which, by a still greater refinement of delicacy, was written in the style of the authoress. Every day the journal required it, an article was received, until a complete convalescence restored Pauline de Meulan to her former energy. Deeply moved by this act of generosity, the young lady did not fail to relate the anecdote at M. Suard's; but one suspected that the hero of the story was the modest young man, Francis Guizot. However, Pauline de Meulan, in her journal, begged and conjured her anonymous benefactor to make himself known. At last, one day M. Guizot revealed himself; and five years afterwards, Pauline de Meulan was Madame Guizot.

## LATE REV. JOHN FOSTER, THE ESSAYIST.

We have often been asked to describe the person of John Foster, the Essayist; here is a very faithful, life-like account of his appearance, given by the Rev. James Cubit, of Burton-on-the-Water. It relates to Mr. Foster about a year before his decease.

"His external appearance is most striking, his countenance is very emaciated, and he himself a tall, bony man. He wears a blue striped shirt, with a high collar of the same, a bright yellow cravat, a long blue coat, such as (English) farmers' servants frequently have, a brown waistcoat and trousers, the latter coming very little below his calves, blue stockings, and high, thick shoes."

Jonathan Edwards Ryland, Esq., the friend of Mr. Foster, is engaged in preparing a biography of this admirable writer. Mr. Ryland is well qualified for the task.—*Bap. Mag.*

## THE SCOTTISH PASTOR'S ADMONITION.

Of the late venerable Dr. Waugh, his biographer records, that, in his ministerial visitations, his nationality was often strongly displayed, and this with most beneficial effect, both in sentiment and language. When, without an adequate cause, any of his hearers had failed to attend public ordinances so regularly as he could have wished, and would plead their distance from the chapel as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect, which he used on familiar occasions to employ:—"What, you from Scotland!"

from Melrose! from Gala Water! from Selkirk! and it's a hard matter to walk a mile or two to serve your Maker one day in the week! How many miles did you walk at Selkirk?" "Five!" "Five! and can ye no walk twa here? Man, your father walked ten or twall (twelve) out, and as many hame every Sunday!" the year; and your mither too, often. I've seen a hunder folk and mair that aye walked six or seven, men, women, and bairns too; and at the sacraments folk walked fifteen, and some twenty miles. How far will you walk the morn to mak' half-a-crown? Fie! But ye'll be out wi' a' your household next sabbath I ken. O, my man, mind the bairns. If you love their souls, dinna let them get into the habit of hiding away frae the kirk. All the evil among young folk in London arise from their not attending God's house." Such remonstrances, it may easily be imagined, were not often urged in vain. —Presbyterian.

**PRINCELY LIBERALITY.**—The *Armoricain* of Brest, publishes the following anecdote, illustrative of the amiable character of the Prince de Joinville:—"A young artisan was travelling from Brest to Morlaix, where his family resides, and having reached Landermann he determined to breakfast there, and for that purpose entered an hotel, where he sat down in the dining room at a table prepared for several persons. He soon perceived that the table was laid with unusual care, and his surprise was increased when he saw some travellers enter and take their seats at the table as if it had been served exclusively for them. He then feared he had committed an indiscretion, and in some confusion rose from his seat; but one of the travellers having observed his sudden disappearance, followed him; and, with exquisite politeness, invited him to resume his seat, and partake his repast. The operative yielded to this invitation, and in a moment he was set at ease by the kindness and urbanity of the guests; and he laughed and conversed, ate and drank, as if he was in company of old acquaintances. Having satisfied his appetite, the young man prepared to resume his journey, and, having thanked the amiable Amphytrion, he called to the master of the hotel for his bill, praising at the same time the kindness of the young gentleman to whom he was indebted for so excellent a meal. The hotel keeper refused his money, and, to his astonishment, informed him it was to the Prince de Joinville, the King's son, that he was indebted for the honour of sitting at his table."

**FAMILY OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.**—The *Journal de la Somme* publishes the following particulars relative to the family of Bernadotte:—Maria Anne Justine Bornadott, granddaughter of one of the brothers of the late King of Sweden, who left 60,000,000 of personal property, married Jean Joseph Fréng. From this marriage sprang four children. This family has inhabited Abbeville for the last two years. The cousin of the King of Norway and Sweden exercises the most humble profession; he mends crockery ware, and gains his daily bread by travelling round the neighbouring villages. His poor family is in a most miserable condition; it inhabits for its palace a cabin excavated in the ground. The sole fortune of the grand-nephews of the King of Sweden consists in the produce of their labour or of public charity. A little girl of diminutive stature may be seen wandering through the streets, where she sings, in order to attract the attention of the passers. Speak to her of the King, her cousin, and she will relate his history. Ask her if she would wish to be at the Court of the King, she replies "Five sous! five sous! Vanity of Vanities!"

#### LOUIS PHILIPPE AND PASTOR MONOD.

THERE is a curious circumstance connected with his residence in Christiana, which I delight to record. The late M. Monod, senior, an enlightened French Protestant pastor, whose urbanity and Christian gentleness his successors & descendants would do well to imitate, was residing at that period in the Norwegian capital. Educated by Madame de Genlis to respect and honour the characters of all truly good men, the young duke soon learned to estimate the merits of M. Monod; and although he did not make himself known to that good man, he discovered in him exalted rank, perfect manners, and a virtuous mind. Their conversation often turned to the subject of France and

the progress of democracy in that country, and on one occasion M. Monod introduced the character and conduct of the Duke of Orleans on the tapis. With that Christian moderation which distinguished the conduct and life of M. Monod, he observed, "I have been accustomed to hear much that is disgusting and revolting of the late Duke of Orleans, but I cannot help thinking that he must have had some virtues mixed up with his evil propensities, for no reckless or worthless man could have taken so much pains with the education of his children. His eldest son, I have been assured, is the model of filial affection, as well as of all the virtues." The Duke felt his cheeks suffused with blushes, and M. Monod perceived it. "Do you know him, then?" asked M. Monod. "Yes, I do, a little," replied the Duke, "and I think you have somewhat exaggerated his praises." The next time the venerable Protestant pastor saw the Duke of Orleans, was in his own palace at the Palace Royal. M. Monod was at the head of the Protestant Consistory of Paris, and was visiting the illustrious Prince to congratulate him on his return to his native country. When the ceremony was over, the Duke called M. Monod aside, and asked, "How long it was since he had quitted Christiana?" "Oh! many years," replied the excellent man; "It is very kind of your royal highness to remember that I was ever an inhabitant of that city." "It is more, then, M. Monod, than you remember of me?" "Was your royal highness, then, ever an inhabitant of Christiana?" asked the astonished pastor. "Do you remember M. Corby—the young Corby?" inquired the Duke. "Most certainly I do, and I have frequently sought for some intelligence with regard to him, but could procure none." "Then I was M. Corby," replied the Duke, and the rest of the conversation can be easily imagined. To the hour of his death the Duke was much attached to the admirable M. Monod; and some of Louis Philippe's affection for Protestant families, Protestant communities, and the Protestant clergy, can unquestionably be traced to the influence exercised by that gentleman over the mind of his Christiana young friend. —Fraser's Mag.

#### BISHOP ASBURY: AND DRESS.

A BAPTIST minister told us the following anecdote:—A Methodist gentleman and his lady, in one of the Southern States, withdrew from our communion, in order to have their children taught dancing, and, as they grew up, to introduce them into fashionable life. They had been among the first to join the Methodists, but then they were in medium worldly circumstances. God prospered them, and the frugal restraints in regard to expenditures, which the very profession of religion imposed—the exemption from the heavy taxation which the fashionable world levies on its votaries—made them rich, and with riches came the temptation to bring their children up for this world, not for the next—for earth, not for heaven.

Mr. Asbury had always put up with this family when he visited their neighbourhood. On his first visit after their withdrawal from our Church, he preached by appointment in the neighbouring church; and the lady, in all the finery which her new position required, attended, in order to invite the Bishop to his old lodgings; for she still retained her former respect for him, and thought it would be a thing to boast of, that Bishop Asbury was too liberal to join in her condemnation. Accordingly she went up to him after service, accosting him as familiarly as formerly; but not finding her cordiality reciprocated as heretofore, but met with a cool civility,— "Bishop Asbury," said she, "is it possible you don't know me?" Mr. Asbury let his eyebrows fall—my heart feels for the woman—"I don't know your bonnet, madam," said he, and passed out of the house. He had loved the image of his Lord, but the world had effaced it; and he would have preferred the lowest hovel, and the scantiest fare that could have been offered him, to any accommodation afforded by the riches with which the devil had bribed his quondam friends to betray the cause of his Lord. —Christian Advocate.

**VOLUNTARISM.**—Not only is there no authority for such support, but, on the contrary, voluntary contributions are authorized and enjoined; and we are instructed how this is to be carried out. "God loveth a cheerful giver." To compel men to support religion without Divine authority, is to find fault with God—to assume that man knows better than He. Only free-

will offerings are acceptable to Jehovah; while unauthorized offerings are esteemed by him as vain worship. If such offerings are not acceptable to God, can they be of any real service? God has conferred upon his people the privilege of giving pecuniary offerings, and none other will he bless or make a blessing.—Rev. Dr. Elliot.

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

### CANADA.

#### THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

WE have great satisfaction at being able to state, not by authority, but upon what we conceive to be undoubted authority, that the Home Government have intimated to Sir CHARLES METCALFE, that they are determined to support His Excellency in the present crisis; and that his views, on all subjects relating to the Government of this Province, will be maintained by Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Administration. —*Courier*.

We have much pleasure in giving a place to the following reply of the Governor General to the address from the County of Yamaska:—

#### TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF YAMASKA.

I have received, Gentlemen, with great satisfaction, your loyal address, expressing your opinions on the important question which now agitates the country.

It affords me cordial pleasure to learn, that your views are in accordance with mine; that you recognize the Resolutions of September, 1841, as forming the acknowledged basis of the system of Responsible Government, on which this Colony was thenceforth to be governed; and that you at the same time perceive that the surrender of the prerogative of the Crown would destroy the balance of the Constitution, without which the despotism of one branch of the Legislature would be established on the ruins of the other two.

Happy would it be for Canada if all people entertained the same rational view; for then Responsible Government would operate with indisputable benefit to the Province, and to the contentment of the community. But the extreme pretensions of those who aim at the entire prostrations of the Royal authority, and the usurpation of all power by a party for party purposes, are calculated to render Responsible Government impracticable.

It is nevertheless my intention to adhere to it steadily, and to use every honest endeavour to work it successfully; and I trust that the wish of the people will not be disappointed.

With reference to your kind sentiments regarding other parts of my conduct, I have only to assure you that I shall continue to pursue the same course; that the happiness of all classes is the sole object of my existence in this country; and that to do good to all, to the utmost extent of my ability, I regard as a sacred duty peculiarly incumbent on me as the humble Representative of our Gracious and bountiful Queen, whose heart overflows with benevolence and affection towards all her subjects.

We understand that the King of Hanover has given up his intention of visiting England this year.

All the London police have been recalled from South Wales, as that district is now perfectly free from disturbance.

The French Government have determined to follow the example of England in the abolition of slavery in their colonies.

The losses by the great fire at Hamburgh have just been correctly ascertained to be equal to about £2,880,000 of our money.

The experiment of an atmospheric railway is about to be made on a line 21 miles in length, from London to Croydon.

A sample of an India rubber horse-shoe has been submitted to the Horse Guards, and approved of. It is intended to test immediately its capability and durability.

A railway from Glasgow to Dumbarton, and Lochlomond, is projected. The cost is estimated at £300,000, being at the rate of £15,000 per mile.

The London committee for completing Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh, have been compelled to appeal to the public for assistance to finish it.

There is a highly favorable promise of fruit this spring. The blossom, particularly on the apple and

pear trees, is quite luxuriant, and the prospect of wall-fruit is equally gratifying.

It is definitely arranged that the Queen will not attend Ascot races this season; and the reason is said to be, that the royal consort does not approve of horse-racing, on account of the gaming and other immoralities always displayed on race-courses.

The library of the late Mr. Southey, the poet, has been brought to the hammer. The sale commenced on the 9th, and was to continue for sixteen days. There are 4000 lots, many of them necessarily consisting of several volumes.

The subscription for a testimonial of national gratitude to Mr. Rowland Hill, now approaches to £2,000. The list last published is headed by the names of Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord R. Grosvenor, and the Right Hon. Francis Baring.

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY. In Roumelia whole villages have been destroyed, the substitute of the metropolitan of Adrianople being one of the victims. It appears that Sir Stratford Canning has insisted on having an audience of the Sultan.

**MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.**

WEDNESDAY, June 12, 1844.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Oats, per minot	-	-	1	0 a 1 4
Wheat	-	-	5	6 6 0
Barley	-	-	2	0 - 2 9
Pease	-	-	2	6 - 3 9
Lint Seed	-	-	3	0 - 5 6
Buckwheat	-	-	2	0 - 2 3
Turkeys, per couple	-	-	5	0 6 0
Fowls	-	-	1	6 - 2 0
Geese	-	-	4	0 - 5 6
Ducks	-	-	2	0 - 3 0
Chickens	-	-	1	0 - 1 6
Patridges	-	-	2	6 - 3 4
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	-	-	0	4 - 1 5
Butter—Dairy, per lb.	-	-	0	6 - 0 7
“ Salt	-	-	0	6 - 0 7
Pork, per hund.	-	-	25	0 - 29 0
Beef	-	-	25	9 - 39 0
Flour, per cwt.	-	-	12	0 - 11 0
Beef, per lb. (1d. to 2d. per qr.)	-	-	0	3 - 0 5
Pork	-	-	0	2 - 0 5
Veal, per qr.	-	-	2	6 - 12 6
Mutton	-	-	1	6 - 10 0
Lamb, per qr.	-	-	2	0 - 4 0
Lard, per lb.	-	-	0	5 - 0 6
Potatoes, per bushel	-	-	0	10 - 1 3
Corn	-	-	2	0 - 2 9
Rye	-	-	2	6 - 3 0
Beans	-	-	4	6 - 6 8
Honey, per lb.	-	-	4	0 5
Hay, per 100 lbs.	-	-	25	0 30 0

**REMOVAL AND CO-PARTNERSHIP.**

ROBERT MILLER, BOOKBINDER, grateful for that liberal patronage which he has received from his friends and the public since his commencement in business, begs to inform them that he has REMOVED his BINDING ESTABLISHMENT from the Nuns' Buildings, Notre Dame Street, to the PLACE D'ARMES HILL, next door to Mr. ROLLO CAMPBELL, Printer; and that he has entered into PARTNERSHIP with his Brother, ADAM MILLER.

**R. & A. MILLER, BOOK-BINDERS.**

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS, BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public, that they have established themselves as above—where they confidently anticipate a liberal share of public patronage.

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

A general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., kept constantly on hand. May 9, 1844.

**DR. ROBINSON**

HAS REMOVED TO SAINT RADEGONDE STREET, opposite the New Weigh House, near Beaver Hall. November 9.

**J. & J. SLOAN**  
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,  
No. 14, St. JOSEPH STREET,  
Nearly opposite St. George's Church,  
MONTREAL.  
August 11, 1843.

**THE GUARDIAN.**  
THE GUARDIAN, published in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is devoted to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and contains, in addition to the intelligence concerning the Church, a great variety of interesting religious articles, selected from the religious periodicals of the day.

The Guardian is published for the proprietors, every Wednesday, by James Spike, opposite St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches, at 15s. per annum, when paid in advance, and 17s. 6d. on credit, exclusive of postage.

The Guardian contains 8 large 4to. pages, each page containing 4 columns. It may be seen at the office of the CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

**J. H. TAAFFE,**  
GENERAL GROCER,  
No. 85, Notre Dame Street,  
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,  
MONTREAL.

**J. G. DAILY,**  
CABINET-MAKER, UPHOLSTERER,  
AND  
UNDERTAKER,  
ST. GERMAIN STREET,  
Off Bleury Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.  
Montreal, December 1, 1842.

**MR. HAMBY F. CAIRNS,**  
ADVOCATE,  
NO. 3, SAINT LOUIS STREET,  
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,  
QUEBEC.  
September 7.

**PROSPECTUS.**  
NOW IN PRESS, and will shortly be published,  
**INDIAN RESEARCHES;**  
or,  
**FACTS CONCERNING THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS;**  
Including Notices of their present State of Improvement, in their Social, Civil and Religious Condition; and Hints for their Future Advancement.  
BY BENJAMIN SLIGHT,  
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

PRICE ABOUT 2s. 6d. OR 3s.

This Work, the result of personal observation, will contain a variety of remarks on the State and Character of the Indians, before and after their conversion to Christianity—refutations of various calumnies, which have been published concerning them—and the success of the Missionary enterprise among them.

Subscribers' names will be received by Mr. J. F. L. MILLER, Office of the Christian Mirror, 158, Notre Dame Street; Messrs. R. & A. MILLER, Place d'Armes Hill; and Mr. R. D. WADSWORTH, Temperance Depot, St. Francois Xavier Street.

Also, by the Wesleyan Ministers, on their various circuits. Montreal, April 4, 1844. 23-D

**NEW GILDING ESTABLISHMENT,**  
No. 14, St. JOSEPH STREET,  
Fifth house from McGill Street.

**FREDK. CARLISLE, GILDER, LOOKING GLASS & PICTURE FRAME MAKER,** respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will make to order Portrait and Picture Frames of various patterns. Needle Work neatly framed; Glasses Enamelled, oval or circle, and Lettered; old Frames regilt; Maps Mounted and Varnished.—All orders thankfully received, and executed with punctuality. Montreal, May 9, 1844.

**J. E. L. MILLER'S**  
PRINTING ESTABLISMENT,  
NOTRE DAME STREET,  
Near St. Francois Xavier Street, over Mr. D. Milligan's Dry Goods Store.

JUST PUBLISHED,  
And for sale at the Bible Depository, McGill street,  
**FIVE DISCOURSES**  
ON THE MORAL OBLIGATION AND THE PARTICULAR DUTIES OF  
**THE SABBATH.**

BY A. O. HUBBARD, A. M.,  
PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN HARDWICK, VT.  
Montreal, February 22, 1844.

**W. & J. TREVERTON,**  
ORNAMENTAL HOUSE & SIGN PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS,  
PAPER HANGERS, &c. &c. &c..  
No. 169, Notre Dame street.

**GEORGE MATTHEWS,**  
ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, AND  
COPPERPLATE PRINTER,  
SAINT FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

**COMMERCIAL BLANKS,** (in a variety of forms,) Bill Heads; Business, Visiting, Invitation, and Society Cards; Druggists', Grocers', Confectioners', and other Labels—of every design and colour.

Fac Similes, Circulars, Plans, Views, &c. &c. &c. on the most liberal terms.  
N.B.—Funeral Circulars on the shortest notice.

**JOSEPH HORNER,**  
SILK-DYER,  
Notre Dame Street.  
MONTREAL.

**JOHN HOLLAND & Co.,**  
SUCCESSORS TO C. CARLTON & CO.  
St. Paul Street.

HAVE constantly on hand, an assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, and INDIA FANCY GOODS, COMBS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. suitable for Town and Country Trade. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—TERMS LIBERAL. August, 12, 1844.

**AGENTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.**

- Mr. ROBERT PATTON, Post Office, Quebec.
- “ WM. GINNIS, Three Rivers.
- “ ABRAHAM M'INTYRE, Coteau-du-Lac
- “ B. J. KENNEDY, Philipsburgh.
- “ E. CHURCH, Terrebonne.
- “ T. VAN VLEIT, P.M. Lacolle.
- “ W. VAN VLEIT, Odell Town.
- “ E. BAKER, P.M. Durham.
- “ A. BISSETT, Lachine.
- “ T. B. MACRIE, P.M. Saint Sylvester.
- “ C. A. RICHARDSON, Lennoxville.
- “ A. W. KENDRICK, Compton.
- “ A. DELMAGE, Nepierville.
- “ A. B. JOHNSON, East Bolton.
- “ A. AMSDEN, Sherbrooke.
- “ H. HAZELTINE, Healey.
- “ R. MORE, P.M. Durham.
- “ WM. SCRIVER, Hemmingford.
- “ G. SUTTON, Carillon.
- “ E. H. ADAMS, Woonsocket, R. I.
- “ DEWAR, St. Andrews, (Ont.)
- “ JOHN BRODIE, Bytown.
- “ CAMERON, Lochaber.
- “ WM. ANGLIN, Kingston.
- “ JAS. CARSON, Buckingham.
- “ R. HARPER, Smith's Falls.
- Capt. SCHAGEL, Chatham.
- Hon. JOHN McDONALD, Gananoque.
- Jas. MATTLAND, Esq., Kilmarnock.
- H. JONES, Esq., Iroquoisville.
- D. DICKINSON, Esq., Prescott.
- R. LESLIE, Esq., Kemptville.
- DR. STEIGER, P.M., St. Elizabeth.
- MR. N. RUSTON, Huntingdon.
- “ H. LYMAN, P.M., Granby.
- “ J. GRISDALE, Faudrevil.
- “ BAINBOROUGH, St. Johns.
- “ WM. NEWTH, Chambly.
- “ R. C. PORTER, P.M. New Ireland.

**THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR,**

Is printed and published at Montreal, every Thursday, by J. E. L. MILLER, at his Office, Notre Dame Street, near St. Francois Xavier Street, next door to Mr. Fleming, Merchant Tailor—to whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed. Terms.—Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum in town and country, payable yearly or half yearly in advance.