

ALBAN, A TALE OF VERULAM. CHAPTER VI.—THE DISCOVERY.

Alban awoke to long and deep reflection; every moment now brought him further and further within the sweep of the net of the Gospel; yet he was not aware of his situation. He imagined all the while that he was taking a cool and abstract view of Christianity, just as he would of any sect of Philosophy. He had not yet put the question to himself, "Will you accept Christianity?—Will you forsake the religion of your forefathers for this?—Will you endure to yourself a Christian, even to yourself?" The events of this day were destined to answer this question to him for ever.

He had not been in the streets of Verulam since his father's death. Necessary business now obliged him to visit it. When he had entered the gates, he was surprised at the unusual appearance of bustle in the town. Not only did he meet with the usual loungers and gossips, that hold their stations at all hours of the day in the streets and public places, but knots of people were standing in apparently serious discussion throughout the town. Shortly after he saw a great multitude of the lower sort congregated in the narrow bye-street which was exclusively occupied by the Christians. It was busied in demolishing and plundering their houses. Now and then a detachment of them pursued one of the occupants with hooting and curses through the city.

Alban was wondering at all this, when he met a party of his youthful acquaintance. They expressed their joy at once more seeing him amongst them. As soon as he could answer their several questions, he asked the meaning of this unusual agitation in the place. "O, do you not know? Most excellent news, Alban, for you. Now you will have the opportunity, which I have heard you so often desire, of avenging the insulted dignity of Rome. You must be aware that Cæsar has been exceedingly slack in executing, throughout his provinces, the decree which our august Emperors have published against the pestilent sect of the Christians. Aye! you may well be indignant, pursued the speaker, (thus interpreting the evident agitation of Alban). But he can now no longer shuffle. He has found himself obliged to send orders to Bassian to put the decree in force immediately. Of course Bassian is losing no time, but, on the contrary, is determined to make up by immediate and decisive execution for past slackness and insufficiency. The decree was read about two hours ago, and perhaps in the course of the day, at all events of the morrow, we shall witness the extirpation of the sect out of this neighbourhood.

It will not be so readily accomplished I fear, rejoined here another of the party. The Christians are far more numerous than we ever dreamed of: from special enquiry within these few days, I have learned that the Britons all around us are Christians to a man; a Druid has not been heard of for a twelve month. Surely there is witchcraft in this hateful superstition, which can have gained over those whom all our endeavours, whether of constraint or persuasion, could never reconcile to the rites and Gods of Rome. Here then, Alban, is ample room for the exercise of your patriotic zeal. It is indeed a blessed day, and blessed be the immortal Gods who have given it. Is it not so, Alban?

To the surprise of all, Alban, instead of joyously echoing this speech, appeared cold, grave, and confused. On recollecting, however, his recent loss, they impudently it to that, and took no further notice. At this moment the aged Caius came up, and seemed to have thrown off the weight of half his years through the joy with which the prospect of this persecution inspired him. He hugged Alban with a warm embrace, and cried, O had the immortal Gods but spared your pious father, that he might see this happy, most happy day. You must supply both his place and your own, my dear boy, and I doubt not that you will supply them well, noble son of a noble father as you are.

The embarrassment which this tumultuous address caused to Alban, was relieved by the appearance of an immense multitude entering the street. It was gathered round a solemn procession of Priests, dressed out in all their ensigns. Conspicuous among them, being at their head, was the Priest of Diana, who upon this occasion, as one of extraordinary solemnity, bore the image of his Goddess. Ever and anon with one hand he lifted up the image, and turned it round on every side to the eyes of the crowd, while with the other he waved to them, who, understanding the signal, immediately shouted, "Great is Diana.—Down with the Christians."

On seeing Alban and his companions the hideous fanatic, willing to compliment such zealous supporters, raised his image in fanatic triumph as high as the utmost stretch of his arm and the standing on tiptoe would allow; and the crowd, turning every man towards them, redoubled their shouts, which were returned by Alban's companions with all their might. The indifference of Alban, who was inclosed in the centre of the party, was unnoticed by the multitude, and his companions were not at leisure to observe it: he took the earliest opportunity of escaping from their company, and hurried homeward.

And now it was that Alban discovered himself to be, in part at least, a Christian. The most sacred emblem of the religion of his fathers had been presented to him, and he had regarded it with a disgust and abhorrence far beyond anything which he had before experienced: he had utterly then abandoned the national Gods. To what had he gone in their place? What had produced the abandonment? Strange though it may seem, he felt surprise when he found that he must call himself half Christian. The name had been so long and familiarly associated with all that he loathed and despised, that for a moment he stood still in alarm and amazement. Had this term, so long abominable, become at last applicable to himself? At every other step of his road he stood still to ask this question; then looking at himself for a moment went on. Every time he did this he accepted the title with less unwillingness; he knew its real meaning, and in that only was he Christian, and according to that he was resolved proudly to maintain his principles. He loathed his former idolatry; he admired, as far as he had seen and could understand them, the notions of the Christian. He was determined more than ever, now that he saw the vanity of his former religion, to examine well the doctrines of this, which, even so slight and short an encounter, had quite thrown off the ground the former occupant of his heart and mind. There was in it an energy which seemed not less than divine; the only refuge from it was flight. If once fairly met face to face, its victory was certain and almost immediate. I will go on, he cried; I cannot stay where I am. It has taken away from my heart all that I had up to my infancy; let me at least see what it has to give me in return.

With this resolution he reached home, and passed the day in devising a plan of procuring the help of some Christian who could give him accurate information on the principles of his religion. Difficulty here beset him on every side. The changed state of affairs made all communication with the Christians exceedingly perilous to both parties. Suspicion was easily roused, and every Roman of consequence was surrounded with a crowd of slaves, to one at least of whom it could not but be gratifying, whether from revenge or lust of gain, to inform

against his master. At length Alban bethought him of the person who had passed before his window, and enticed him into the forest; to his guidance, whether witting or not, he owed that state of mind at which he had arrived. Who more proper to complete the work than he who had begun it? But where shall he seek for this person? Would he now venture, as he had done, to pass before his window? He himself had given no signs of having renounced his former intolerance and zeal.—Would he renew his visits in such a time of peril? Unlikely as this seemed, Alban still had lurking hopes that it may be so, and, before the dusk of the evening had come on, took his station at the window of his father's bedroom.

The night was delightfully still, and strangely contrasted with the sounds of unceasing tumult which came from the direction of Verulam. Persecution was evidently active on foot there. As he listened, the sounds grew louder, and in a short time a vast crowd passed before his window with swords, spears, and torches in their hands, and took the way of the forest. Their object was but too plain, and Alban was overpowered with sorrow when he thought of the dreadful havoc which they would make among the harmless and tender flock which was gathered at the Christian's hut. To the holy and peaceful scene of that hut his mind recurred with yearning. It had been to him the birthplace of new and delightful thoughts and feelings. It had become his spiritual home, and he could not but be affected somewhat as a brother towards its inmates.—Anxiously he turned his ear towards that quarter, and heard the last faint swell of the shout of the multitude ere it died away in the depth of the forest. Even then he still eagerly fixed his eyes upon it, expecting he knew not what to happen.

Meanwhile the sky had quite changed; its colour and serenity were gone, and a dark mass of clouds, driven along by a tempestuous wind, completely obscured it. Rain began to fall in torrents. Ah, poor women and children of the Christians! you will have all need of the help of your God to-night, exclaimed Alban; and then his mind reverted to the child with whom he had conversed yesternight. What a trial was she perhaps at this moment undergoing! Could her tender age support it? He longed to give her shelter, and hoped that she might fall in his way. But where should he look for her.

He was startled amid such reflections by a bright blood-red glare in the sky, and saw flame ascending in volumes from exactly that part of the forest in which he conceived the hut of the Christians to be situated.—The glare increased to a horrible brightness. A deep roar of wind and fire accompanied it. The rain fell furiously, and the inefficiency of its fury shewed the tremendous might of the conflagration. Earth and sky, in that quarter, seemed blended in one common flame. He had heard the Christian preacher often use the term fiery trial, bidding his hearers be prepared for it, for that it was close at hand. Alas! his prophecy was but too literally fulfilled.

How to act—what to do—on this occasion, Alban was at a loss to decide. It was impossible to stand neuter long. Indifference would be considered as treason by the Magistrate; still less could he afford any help to the Christians. His generous nature was grieved at so helpless a situation, and he was longing for something to occur which might furnish him with the opportunity of taking a decided part, and was praying to the supreme God to give him some clue through his present perplexity, and to dispose of him for his glory and truth as he should think fit; when suddenly he found a person at his feet, in the attitude of supplication. In the hurry of his surprise he shook him off, and ran into the next chamber for a lamp. On re-entering the room he beheld the figure of his conductor to the forest.

(To be continued.)

GOB SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

[From the German.]

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the groves of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we call Baron—. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened, on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall.

The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said "Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son."

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both good and clever if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do! and now please to draw near this window, and tell me what you observe."

"Why I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the finest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods. I see pasture-grounds, and orchards, and vineyards; and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages scattered here and there."

"And do you see any thing to be admired in all this?"

Is there any thing pleasant, or lovely, or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman, somewhat angry, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, which are poor and imperfect, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handy work as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have lost your senses."

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

Most awful is the catalogue of those who in the course of each year resort to self destruction from the effects of gambling, and as the sole remedy for that misery in which this propensity has involved them, thereby literally exemplifying the text, "The wages of sin is death!" That such should be the case, can excite little surprise; far more astonishing would it be to find men, who have made shipwreck of every thing, property, character, principle, conscience, consent to drag on an existence, marked by complete degradation and desertion. Devoid of religious feeling, unchecked by the slightest moral restraint, detesting the world that renounces them, and abhorring themselves, already feeling all the pangs of hell within their bosom,—what wonder is it if in their desperation they give themselves up to perdition, utterly defy their great Creator, and rushing headlong on their total destruction, take the "fatal leap in the dark." Truly may they be said to "curse God, and die."—Rae Wilson.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

An old father, when he saw his monks indulging in high and rapturous contemplations, used to give them advice: "When thou seemest to thyself to be mounting up into heaven, and already planting thy foot upon the threshold of heaven, immediately pluck it back, nor follow with thy other foot." Let him who wishes to contemplate aright, look to his baptism; let him read his Bible; let him hear sermons; let him honour his father and his mother; let him help his brother in distress;—but never let him shut himself up in a corner, there to please himself with his devotions, and fancy that so he is sitting in the bosom of God, and having communion with God, without Christ, without the word, without the sacraments.—Luther.

The Garner.

STATE OF GRACE.

I consider that no man can be said to be in the state of grace, who retains an affection to any one sin. The state of pardon, and the Divine favour, begins at the first instance of anger against our crimes, when we leave our fondness and kind opinions, when we excuse them not, and will not endure their shame, when we feel the smart of any of their evil consequences; for he that is a perfect lover of sin, and is sealed up to a reprobate sense, endures all that sin brings along with it; and is reconciled to all its mischiefs; he can suffer the sickness of his drunkenness, and yet call it pleasure; he can wait like a slave to serve his lust, and yet count it no disparagement; he can suffer the dishonour of being accounted a base and dishonest person, and yet look confidently, and think himself not worse. But when the grace of God begins to work upon a man's spirit, it makes the conscience nice and tender; and although the sin, as yet, does not displease the man, but he can endure the flattering and alluring past, yet he will not endure to be used so ill by his sin; he will not be abused and dishonoured by it. But because God hath so allayed the pleasure of his sin, that he who drinks the sweet, should also strain the dregs through his throat; by degree God's grace doth irreconcilably convert, and discovers, first, its base attendants, then its worse consequences, then the displeasure of God; that here commence the first resolutions of leaving the sin, and trying if, in the service of God, his spirit and the whole appetite of man may be better entertained. He that is thus far entered, shall quickly perceive the difference, and meet arguments enough to invite him farther: for then God treats the man as he treated the spies that went to discover the land of promise; he ordered the year in plenty, and directed them to a pleasant and a fruitful place, and prepared bunches of grapes, of a miraculous and prodigious greatness, that they might report good things of Canaan, and invite the whole nation to attempt its conquest: so God's grace represents to the new converts, and weak ones in faith, the pleasures and first deliciousness of religion; and when they come to spy the good things of that way that leads to heaven, they presently perceive themselves eased of the loss of an evil conscience, of their fears of death, of the confusion of their shame; and God's Spirit gives them a cup of sensible comfort, and makes them to rejoice in their prayers, and weep with pleasures mingled with innocent passion and religious changes.—Jeremy Taylor.

GOOD WORKS.

One reason against all merit of our good works is this: there is no just proportion between our works of righteousness and the reward of them. Our good works are but a few seeds; but the reward is a harvest. He that sows in righteousness shall reap and receive his reward, not according to the small proportion of the seeds of righteousness that he hath sown, but according to the measure of the divine mercy and goodness, which used superabundantly to remunerate man's slender performances. As in a good and plentiful year, the harvest or crop is that is reaped, vastly exceeds the seed sown, every grain yielding many more; so, and much more, it is here. What poor slender seeds of righteousness do we sow! But O the vast crop and harvest of glory that shall, through the mercy of God, spring and rise out of those seeds! It shall be so great, that when we come to reap it, we ourselves shall stand amazed at it. He, therefore, who hath sown the seeds of righteousness most plentifully, must look for his harvest of glory only from the mercy of God. He that is richest in good works, must sue for heaven in the quality of a poor worthless creature, that needs infinite mercy to bring him hither: mercy to pardon his sins done before his good works; mercy to forgive the sins which he does in his works; mercy to advance his works, (which, though supposed never so perfect, are yet finite and temporary), though supposed never so perfect, are yet finite and temporary, to the possibility of an infinite and endless reward. He must confess with St. Paul, that eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ; that it is the rich purchase of Christ's most precious blood, by which alone a covenant of eternal life was established upon the gracious condition of faith working by love; that it was upon the gracious Spirit, promised in the same covenant, that prevented him, and co-operated with him, and continually assisted and followed him in all his good works; and consequently, that though his crown of glory be a crown of righteousness, that is, of God's righteousness, whereby he is obliged to make good his own covenant; yet that it is a crown of mercy too, because that own covenant itself was a covenant of infinite grace and mercy.—Bishop Bull.

THE RIGHT KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

The greatest part of the world, whether learned or unlearned, think that there is no need of purging and purifying their hearts for the right knowledge of Christ and his gospel; but though their lives be never so wicked, their hearts never so foul within, yet they may know Christ sufficiently out of their treatises and discourses, out of their mere systems and bodies of divinity, which they do to be useful in a subordinate way; although our Saviour I deny not to be useful in a subordinate way to come to the right prescribition his disciples another method to come to the right

knowledge of divine truths, by doing of God's will: "He that will do my Father's will (saith he), shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." He is a true Christian indeed, not he that is only book-taught, but he that is God-taught; he that hath an union from the Holy One, as our apostle calleth it, that teacheth him all things; he that hath the Spirit of Christ within him, that searcheth out the deep things of God; for as no man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man that is in him, even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Ink and paper can never make us Christians, can never beget a new nature, a living principle in us; can never form Christ, or any true notions of spiritual things in our hearts. The gospel, that new law which Christ delivered to the world, is not merely a letter without us, but a quickening spirit within us. Cold theorems and maxims, dry and jejune disputes, lean syllogistic reasonings, could never yet of themselves beget the least glimpse of true heavenly light, the least sap of saving knowledge in any heart. All this is but the groping of the poor dark spirit of man after truth, to find it out with his own endeavours, and feel it with his own cold and benumbed hands. Words and syllables, which are but dead things, cannot possibly convey the living notions of heavenly truths to us. The secret mysteries of a divine life, of a new nature, of Christ formed in our hearts, they cannot be written or spoken, language and expressions cannot reach them; neither can they be ever truly understood, except the soul itself be kindled from within, and awakened into the life of them. A painter that can draw a rose, though he may flourish some likeness of it in figure and in colour, yet he can never paint the scent and fragrance; or if he would paint a flame, he cannot put a constant heat into his colours; he cannot make his pencil drop a sound, as the echo in the epigram mocks at him:

Si vis similes pingere, pinge sonum.

All the skill of cunning artisans and mechanics, cannot put a principle of life into a statue of their own making; neither are we able to disclose, in words and letters, the life, soul, and essence of any spiritual truths, and, as it were, to incorporate it in them. Cudworth: [Sermon before the House of Commons.]

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The enemies of Christianity, and of the Bible, which contains Christianity, have exchanged the subtle devices of the serpent for the open rage of the devouring lion. No longer contented with tainting, by the venom of their example or their writings, the springs of private happiness, or poisoning the streams of domestic and social enjoyments; they crawl from their lurking places, and swelling with accumulated venom, become transformed into monsters of ferocity, whom no bounds can confine, no chains can bind, no threats can appal. Yet the possible results do not dismay the Christian. Already have they tended rather to his encouragement. He sees the Christianity of the Bible stamped by the highest judicial authority, as an essential ingredient in that constitution which secures his liberty, his property, his life—recognized as the very soul and spirit of its laws, as that which regulates and tempers their severity of penalty, and gives sanction and vigour to their obligations. He sees that Christianity neither dreads nor shrinks from investigation, (as her enemies have falsely asserted), but, enthroned in the hearts of a grateful people, she will not suffer the rude and unallowed approach of ignorance and impiety. She will be addressed with reverence—she will be treated as the ambassador from heaven—she will not withhold her credentials from the meekest or the most illiterate, who seek them in a becoming spirit; and in this country, where she has given stability to the altar and the throne, where she has infused her benignant spirit into the code which regulates society, she claims and has found protection in the courts of human judicature.—Rev. W. A. Evanson.

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

You never heard of a person who was found to repent religion—you never heard of a person who persevered in the practice of religion, who had grown grey in the practice of righteousness, when this world seemed to sink into nothing before the celestial prospects which opened before him, and when the arbuter was ready with the balances in his hand, and he saw himself about to be placed before the judgment seat of the Eternal and Great Sovereign—then, did any man ever repent of having made a sacrifice for God? But thousands who have disregarded the obligations of religion, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the gospel, will repent with lamentations, eternal and unavailing, recollecting the time when they might have been acquainted with the things which belonged to their peace, but which shall then be hid from their eyes. Can that be a delusion to the conviction of which all men arrive? Can that be erroneous which was never doubtful? Can that be a false choice which never in the most serious moments was repented of—when passion has subsided, when conscience and reason have awakened from their slumbers in the most serious and the most solemn moments—when it is of the last importance for every man to have his own opinion, and for every one to be right? Can it be doubted, that it is infinitely well to be devoted to God, and so, my brethren, to confess your LORD? "For what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Rev. R. Hall.

PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL.

How much we ought to admire the profound wisdom of our Divine Legislator, who, willing to guide us in the paths of virtue, shews us that the first step towards learning to do well, is to "cease to do evil." Had he begun by exhorting us to perfection, we should scarcely have had the courage even to make the attempt; but in proposing to us what is comparatively easy execution, he tries our strength by degrees. It is with piety as with the mysterious ladder that was exhibited to the patriarch Jacob, the foot of which rested on the earth, but the summit reached the skies; it is only by degrees that we can ascend, but it is by degrees that we can finally arrive at the highest elevation of which our nature is capable. The first step we take in mounting a ladder is that which disengages our foot from the earth; so, in the scale of religion, the first step towards the attainment of God is the estranging ourselves from the practice of evil.—St. Basil.

Advertisements.

LARGE IMPORTING HOUSE AT HAMILTON. THE Subscribers are now in possession of the DRY GOODS part of their premises in Hamilton, which will be added by all to be the finest on this side the Atlantic, and by the first of September the GROCERY department will be opened. They now, therefore, solicit the co-operation of the Trade, to realize the opinion which originated so large an establishment, viz. that the business of this and the surrounding Districts has now attained an importance which warrants Hamilton being made a great commercial depot, to which large stocks of Dry Goods may be regularly brought direct from the English Manufacturing Districts, as well as direct importations of all kinds of Groceries and Liquors from the first markets, the places of growth, or the ports of trans-shipment. They believe that this Establishment will be found to speak home to the interests of the Importing Retailers throughout the country, as a more safe, regular and convenient mode of laying in and keeping up their stocks, than a correspondence with similar houses in England, Ireland or Scotland, none of whom have greater advantages in purchasing than are possessed by their home houses, while few of the home wholesale houses are so large buyers of such fancy and staple goods as are adapted for the country, even if equally informed as to the most suitable qualities and fabrics for this climate.

In Toronto, the business of the subscribers has been scrupulously confined to selling to dealers, and this establishment will adopt and strictly adhere to the same system—not selling to families or private individuals, but only to those who sell again—so that they rely with entire confidence on a continuance of that support with which the trade has distinguished Isaac Buchanan & Co. of Toronto.

BUCHANAN, HARRIS & CO. Hamilton, U. C., 7th August, 1840. 6-5w

REMOVAL. CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO. IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, MANUFACTURERS OF CHAMPION'S WARRANTED AXES, AND AGENTS FOR VANNORMAN'S FOUNDRY.

HAVE removed their business from 22, Yonge Street, to 110A, King Street, where their friends will find a well assorted stock of Hardware, Cutlery, &c. suitable for this market. Toronto, December, 1839. 29-4f

VANNORMAN'S STOVES. CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO. HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED 75 TONS Vannorman's celebrated Cooking and other STOVES, of new patterns, which (with their former stock) are now very complete, to which they beg to call the attention of the trade. 110, King Street, Toronto.

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BY Henry Rowse, Toronto, CAMERON'S DIGEST, of cases determined in the Court of Queen's Bench, from Michaelmas Term, 10th George IV, to Hilary Term, 3d Victoria. Price—10s. Toronto, August 27, 1840.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED, by Henry Rowse, at "The Church" Office, Toronto, a new edition of THE CATECHISM OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, taken from the Common Prayer Book.—Price—one penny each, or six shillings per hundred. Toronto, August 27, 1840.

NOTES OF MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.

EMBRACING Sketches of the Geography, Antiquities, and present condition of EGYPT and PALESTINE. A few copies of the above work for sale, price 2s. 9d. each. HENRY ROWSELL, BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER, King Street, Toronto.

FAMILY AND INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS.

Just published, Second Edition, price 1s. 6d. FAMILY AND INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, by the Rev. JAMES THOMPSON, Agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, sold at the Bible & Tract Depositories in Montreal & Toronto, and in Coburg by Messrs. Gravelly & Jackson. These Prayers are recommended by various Ministers, whose testimonials may be seen prefixed to the book. 43—6m

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

MRS. BROWN, who has for some time conducted a School for the instruction of Young Ladies in the healthy and flourishing town of Cobourg, begs to announce that she has now a vacancy for two or three additional Boarders.—For Terms which are moderate, application (Post paid) may be made to her at Cobourg, or to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom she is permitted to refer. Cobourg, August 19, 1840. 7-5w

THE HOME DISTRICT SCHOOL.

THIS SCHOOL will be re-opened, after the summer recess, on Thursday, the 20th instant. On the re-opening of the School, new classes will be formed in the various English and Commercial branches in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c. A French master is engaged to attend the School. The business of Mrs. Crombie's Seminary will be resumed on the 29th inst. Mrs. C. can accommodate three or four additional in-door pupils. M. C. CROMBIE, P. H. D. S. Toronto, August 11, 1840. 6-5w

THE MIDLAND DISTRICT SCHOOL.

THE REV. R. V. ROGERS—PRINCIPAL. Mr. C. B. TURNER, B. A. V. OXFORD—ASSISTANT. THE duties of this School will recommence on Monday, Sept. 14th. There are three vacancies as Boarders. For particulars, apply, if by letter, post paid, to the Principal, Kingston, August 7th, 1840. 6-5w

JOHNSTONE DISTRICT SCHOOL AND BROCKVILLE ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER VACATION of this institution will terminate as follows:—Male Department—Tuesday, August 18th. Female Department—Saturday, August 22d. Apply to the Rev. H. CASWELL, Brockville. August 1, 1840. 6-5w

BANK OF DIRECTORS NORTH AMERICA.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS hereby give notice that a Half Yearly Dividend of Fifteen Shillings, Sterling, per share will be payable on the shares registered in the Colonies, on and after the 31st day of August, during the usual hours of business, at the several Branches, as announced by circulars to the respective parties. The Dividend is declared in Sterling money, and will be paid at the rate of Exchange current on the 31st day of August, to be then fixed by the Local Boards. The Books will close, preparatory to the Dividend, on the Nineteenth day of July, between which time and the 31st day of August no transfers of Shares can take place. By Order of the Court, (Signed) G. DE BOSCO ATTWOOD, Secretary. London, June 3, 1840.

To be Sold or Let in the Township of Seymour. THE South-East half of Lot No. 16, in the seventh Concession, containing 100 acres more or less, of good hard-wood land, 25 of which are cleared and well fenced, with a small house and barn thereon. Apply to B. Dougal, Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliot, Cobourg.—If by letter, post paid. 5-11w

TO LET.

WHAT pleasantly situated Cottage, with a garden, containing half an acre, lately occupied by Mr. Frederick Kibbey, nearly opposite to the Cobourg Rectory. For particulars apply to Mr. J. Vance Rowell, at Cobourg. Cobourg, 10th August, 1840. 7

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his customers, and the public generally, that he has disposed of his stock in trade to Messrs. LYMAN, PARK & Co. It is his intention to re-commence in one of the new buildings in the Market Block, and with new stock. He expects to be open on the beginning of September, where he will be furnished with a general assortment in the line, and will be happy to attend to the orders of his friends. J. W. BRENT. August 17, 1840.

DR. CAMPBELL will attend to professional calls at the house occupied by the late Dr. Carrile. Cobourg, June 19th, 1840. 5-11w

BRITISH SADDLERY WAREHOUSE.

Removed to Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto. ALEXANDER DIXON, SADDLER AND HARNESS MANUFACTURER, RESPECTFULLY informs the gentry and public of Upper Canada that he has just received (direct from England) a very extensive and fashionable assortment of SADDLERY GOODS, Equal in quality to any in the first houses in Britain, which he is resolved to sell at the lowest Cash prices, viz.—Ladies' Saddles, improved pattern. Ladies' Fancy Bridles of every description. Hunting Saddles, improved. Saddle-trees, with Spring Bars, &c. Silver mounted Carriage, Tandem, Jockey, and Ladies' Whips, in great variety. Furniture, latest patterns. Horse and Carriage Brushes. Neodham's Silver-plated, Brass and Japanned Spurs. Horse Clothing and Blankets, of the first quality. Breaking Bridles, and all kinds of Harness. N.B.—Every description of single and double harness, manufactured with English Leather, constantly for sale, with every other article in the trade. Toronto, August 29, 1839. 51-4f

CUTLERY, MILITARY AND FANCY STORE.

NO. 120, KING STREET, TORONTO. THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous customers, for the liberal encouragement he has received since his commencement in this city, and respectfully informs them, that in the received, direct from England, a well selected stock of articles in the above line, partly consisting of—Infantry and Cavalry Swords; common Cavalry Swords; and Brog and Sling Belts; Staff Officers' Belts; Sabre Dashes; Cavalry and Infantry Shields and Scales; best quality Infantry and Cavalry patterns; Light Infantry and Battalion Sashes; Gold and Silver sword-knives; real Silver Epaulettes; Gold and Silver Buttons; Brass, Steel and German Silver Military Spurs; Ivory Buck, and Buffalo Handle Knives and Forks; best quality Razors; Penknives; Scissors; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases and Work Boxes; with almost every other article in the above line, too numerous to mention, which he offers on as reasonable terms as any other house in Upper Canada. N.B.—The Subscriber having now in his employment some of the best workmen he flatters himself that he can manufacture Cutlery, Military Goods, and Surgeons' Instruments, in a manner superior to any thing heretofore done in the country, and as good, if not superior, to any imported from Europe. RAZORS, KNIVES, SCISSORS, SURGEONS' INSTRUMENTS, &c. &c. with every other article of Steel, Brass, or Silver, repaired in the best possible manner. Toronto, Sept. 12th, 1839. 11-4f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London), King Street, City of Toronto. All Carriages built to order warranted twelve months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-4f

The Church.

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