

Family Reading.

FEARFUL PICTURE OF THE DELUGE.

(From the "Dublin Wanderer.")

"The Deluge" (Danby).—This wonderful production of the painter's art is a scene of utter horror and desolation. The flood-gates of heaven seem in reality to be opened, and the fountains of the great deep to be broken up. Except where light from heaven falls on the ark in the centre of the background, and is reflected by a few other objects, a dark greenish and unearthly hue, like what occurs in total eclipse of the sun, overspreads the whole. The inhabitants of a rocky bound valley, surprised at dawn by the rushing waters, are making a desperate struggle to reach the summit of a craggy hill that still rears its dark mass high above the flood. To the left, in the foreground, is the trunk of a tree that still resists the rushing torrent, but bending beneath the weight of its load of frozen human beings. The top and principal branches have just been broken off, and strew the whole foreground of the picture with all the objects, human and bestial, that had sought safety on them. Amid the deadly and intensely selfish struggle for existence which meets the eye in every direction, the maternal love of women is like the light on the ark, still brightly and redeemingly conspicuous. One, with her left hand has caught a slight branch of the lower part of the trunk of the tree, and regardless of herself, turns to look at the infant which she closely embraces with her right arm—it is dead, and a shriek of agony seems to be escaping from her lips. Another, with two babes tied on her back, clings desperately to a branch which is just giving away, and a more grown child, with one holding on by the garment in which the little ones are sheltered, is just disappearing beneath the turbid water, the semitransparency of which is wondrously depicted—and the look of despair of the mother, with her eyes fixed on the rearing branch is painfully true to nature. Further up on this tree there is a scene of fearful interest. A serpent is holding on by his tail, and is coiled twice round the body of a woman, with whom it seems about to plunge into the boiling abyss beneath, while a man is engaged in an energetic effort to loose the hold of its tail, and another woman is, with outstretched hand, appealing to the mercy of a man still farther up, who with the face of a fiend is endeavouring to push a mother and two children off the overloaded tree; while another, at the very end, has his foot on the throat of a young and beautiful woman, forcing her downwards into the foaming waters. In the centre of the foreground is a half submerged lion, clamping helplessly to a branch, while a serpentine coiled round another branch above him is attacking him with impunity. Rage and terror are expressed with fidelity in the face of the lion; yet a girl, swimming, is striving every nerve to join this fearful group. Still farther to the right, on a raft, arrested in its course by the fallen branches, is the corpse of a beautiful woman, stretched across the body of a drowned giant; and bending over her, in a weeping attitude, is an angel, surrounded by a blaze of light; while everywhere around is death, and the desperate struggle to prolong existence. Learning over a shell of rocks, on the face of a hill in the distance, is a man about to draw a woman up by the wrist; but instead of looking to her own safety, she turns to grasp the little babe at her feet, as if life were not worth saving without it. The groups thicken as the eye wanders up the precipitous hill, and the summit is piled with so dense a crowd of naked human beings, that they are falling off on both sides. In the centre at the very top, is a man with his hands convulsively clasped and raised towards heaven, as if in prayer; while near him is another with his head erect, his arms folded on his breast, and looking down sternly on the scene of desolation. In the centre back ground on the left is a partially submerged city, with seated colossal, like those of Thebes in Egypt; and half the blood-red disc of the rising sun is above the line of the horizon, and its lurid light is dimly seen glinting on several objects, and reddening the edges of the figures falling from the brow of the overcrowded hill. It is a composition of sublime terror and inimitable artistic execution, and once seen will never be forgotten.

THE POET AND THE MISSIONARY. The youthful poet and eminent scholar, Henry Kirke White, toiled hard for fame. His ambition was, that his name might not be forgotten, that among the claims won for earthly honours he might be recognised, and his genius acknowledged. It was this that made him mournfully inquire, "Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?" Under this impulse he sacrificed health and even life. He trimmed the midnight lamp with a hand tremulous and bony, and scanned the classic page with an eye almost drowsy in death. Having received, according to his aims the highest honours of the university, he exclaimed respecting these laurels, which he had so hard won, and which, as the sequel proved, he was soon to relinquish, "What are ye now, but thorns about my bleeding brow?" In sacrificing health to fame, however, Henry Kirke White saw his error in time to reach that higher, purer motive, which combines with feelings of regret and sorrow, the hopes and aspirations of the Christian. Another Henry toiled in the same path of greatness, but with an eye more steadily fixed on a higher prize. Martyr, the sainted missionary, stood relatively in the grade of university honours where Kirke White had stood. But a higher impulse than earthly ambition had taken possession of him. "I hear," said he, "the voice of suffering humanity calling from the dark places of the earth for relief. What but the gospel can afford it? I hear the same time the voice of my risen Saviour, saying, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!—Shall I stay at home, and enjoy the learned leisure of a fellowship? Shall I compose eloquent sermons, and preach them in crowded cathedrals? Or, shall I lay my honours at the feet of Jesus, and consecrate my

being to the enlightenment of pagan nations?" The question was soon settled: and Mary's name and memory are enshrined in the hearts of thousands turned "from darkness to light" by the force of his example, and the labours of his short but consecrated life.

Napoleon and Henry Martyn! Behold in one the soldier of ambition, and in the other the soldier of the cross! The one sacrifices myriads to obtain imperial honours; the other sacrifices his own life to place the crown immortal upon ransomed pagans. Napoleon lives in the praises of his countrymen, in the glory of France, in the pleasing consciousness of his own power. These are his aims, as they were his impulse. When these are gone, all are gone. But Martyn's life is found in God and in the service of God; sources which never can fail, a fountain of felicity which never can run dry.

Who would not prefer to follow the footsteps of the youthful missionary over burning plains, and through benighted cities, with the lamp of life and salvation in his hand, than to mingle in the stormy career of the conqueror, with the wheels of his chariot dripping in gore, and his ears saluted alternately with the praises and the maledictions of mankind? PARIARS ATTENDING A MEETING [From the Gospel Missionary.] Our native Christians in Timneville, deprived of the pomps and vanities of heathenism, retain a longing for excitement and show, which is partly met by the celebration of the greater Christian festivals, and partly by the public meetings for religious and charitable purposes which are held from time to time in every district in Timneville; when great numbers of people assemble together, not so much to worship idols, but to rejoice with their fellow Christians in the progress of their common cause, to gain interesting information, or to gratify feelings which, if they are not laudable, are at least innocent.

No class of native Christians attend these joyful gatherings with greater zeal or zest than our Paria converts. Being poor of all, they have least of all to give; but they are social, inquisitive, excitable class of people, and they take care to give at least their presence, which as these meetings are held in the day time, is in their case equivalent to the loss of a day's income. Last December, at the close of the anniversary meeting of our Bible Association in Edeyngooty, which was held immediately after a heavy fall of rain, about twenty men and lads belonging to a village about eleven miles to the west of this, beyond the Nattar river, came to see me before they started on their journey homeward. Rage and terror are expressed with fidelity in the face of the lion; yet a girl, swimming, is striving every nerve to join this fearful group. Still farther to the right, on a raft, arrested in its course by the fallen branches, is the corpse of a beautiful woman, stretched across the body of a drowned giant; and bending over her, in a weeping attitude, is an angel, surrounded by a blaze of light; while everywhere around is death, and the desperate struggle to prolong existence. Learning over a shell of rocks, on the face of a hill in the distance, is a man about to draw a woman up by the wrist; but instead of looking to her own safety, she turns to grasp the little babe at her feet, as if life were not worth saving without it. The groups thicken as the eye wanders up the precipitous hill, and the summit is piled with so dense a crowd of naked human beings, that they are falling off on both sides. In the centre at the very top, is a man with his hands convulsively clasped and raised towards heaven, as if in prayer; while near him is another with his head erect, his arms folded on his breast, and looking down sternly on the scene of desolation. In the centre back ground on the left is a partially submerged city, with seated colossal, like those of Thebes in Egypt; and half the blood-red disc of the rising sun is above the line of the horizon, and its lurid light is dimly seen glinting on several objects, and reddening the edges of the figures falling from the brow of the overcrowded hill. It is a composition of sublime terror and inimitable artistic execution, and once seen will never be forgotten.

Why? Inquired "have no women come from your village to the meeting?" "More books," said the merchant; "why have you not read through all you have already?" "No, I never expect to read them all."

"Why, then, do you want more?" "Pray, sir, did you ever read your dictionary?" "Certainly not."

"Well, a library is my dictionary." The Rev. Henry H. Duke, M.A., vicar of Westbury, Wilt., has been elected mayor of that borough for the next year.

Some—Northward of the Earl of Leicester's house from the square that bears his name stood King's square, on one side of which stood the mansion of the Duke of Monmouth. When that unhappy nobleman was executed, his friends changed the name to St-Ho Square, so being the watchword which he advanced to the fatal battle of Sedgemoor.

PATERNAL LOVE.—It is said of one of the Barks of Eden that there stood in his stately hall a strong box, on which was painted the words "To be saved this is the case of free." After the Earl's death it was opened, in expectation of finding some rich treasure, but nothing was found save the toys of an only and departed child, whose memory, by these simple relics, he sought fondly to cherish.

MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS BY FOREIGNERS.—The misapplication of English words by foreigners is often very ludicrous. It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, who he believed would be helped to kippers salmon. The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word kippers, and was told that it meant preserved. The poor man, in a public prayer, offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kipped to the Free Church of Scotland."

THE NEW DENIAL COINAGE.—The employees at the Royal Mint, Tower-hill, have been actively at work in striking off the new decimal silver coinage, which, it was stated, will be issued for public circulation as a currency of the realm at the commencement of the next year, as they are stamped 1854, when the present old silver coinage will be called in. The sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and thirds or tenth of a sovereign, will remain without any alteration.

all over and invisible, and then had flung the cloth into the middle of the well, and sent after it a great stone which he found lying convenient to his purpose. He then rapidly clambered down the stones in the corner of the well, and there encased himself with only his nose above water, where he lay, enjoying the excitement and clamour which were going on overhead, until he was found out by better eyes than mine.

I think I may well be doubtful whether any country-boy in England—any agricultural labourer's son—would be found able to perpetrate so crafty a trick on the sudden, without assistance, and so successfully.

The story in itself may be considered as an amusing one, but here is the inference and the moral—What an amount of deceit must be prevalent amongst Hindus of riper age and more cultivated intellect! What an obstacle must thus be presented to the reception of the Gospel message in spirit and in truth! and how necessary it is that those who are interested in the prosperity of our Mission should pray that all who hear and all who receive the Gospel may be endowed with "truth in the inward parts!"

A few weeks after this event, the cholera visited the village of Edeyngooty, and though many were attacked, all recovered but one, poor Asher, the first who was attacked, and the only victim. You may imagine the inference deduced from this circumstance by our native Christians.

CONVERSIONS FROM POPERY.—On Sunday last five persons publicly renounced the errors of popery in St. James's Church, Litchford, Warwickshire, and were received into communion with the Church of England by the Rev. J. Wright, incumbent, being the seventh time during the last fifteen months that such a ceremony has taken place in that Church.—John Bull.

DUBLIN CRYSTAL PALACE.—Have you ever read John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress? If not, here is a piece of it, an *apropos* of the Exhibition and all your trumpery there. The passage occurs in the chapter on the Vanity Fair, and is worthy of due consideration:—"And as in other fairs of less moment, there are several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, and streets (namely, countries and kingdoms) where these wares of the fair are to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the wares of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair. Only one commodity, with some others, have taken a dislike there."—Dublin Wanderer.

A DICTIONARY LIBRARY.—The apt reply of a distinguished scholar of our own country to a benefactor of the institution of learning with which he was connected, when an increase of the library was the subject of discussion, deserves perpetual remembrance. "We need more books," said the professor. "More books," said the merchant; "why have you not read through all you have already?" "No, I never expect to read them all."

"Why, then, do you want more?" "Pray, sir, did you ever read your dictionary?" "Certainly not."

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THE DUKES OF ARGYLL.—An English correspondent of the Register gives the following description of a prominent man in England:—"Perhaps the most rising man altogether is the Duke of Argyll, a little sharp, red-haired fellow of 80, intelligent, and not unfair; for a person in his position he is poor, and politics may not be inconvenient to him, in a way which you understand as well as we; but I should say that of all the public men here he has the best chance of a ten years' Premiership."

ASCENDEOT OF PIT.—Mr. Pitt was a remarkably sly man. He was on the terms of the greatest intimacy with Mr. Camden, and being at his house on a morning visit, "Pit," said his lordship, "my children have heard so much about you that they are extremely anxious to have a glimpse at the great man. They are just now at dinner in the next room; you will oblige me by going in with me for a moment."

"Oh, pray don't ask me; what would I say to them?" "Give them, at least, the pleasure of seeing you."

water from the pump unintentionally approached with her candle to the nozzle from which the water was spouting, and a sudden jet of hydrogen gas, which streamed out with the water, ignited, and the girl, in her terror at having set fire to the pump-water, as she thought, threw down candle and water-bottle, and fled screaming into the house. It may easily be imagined what food for conjectures this phenomenon afforded.

ABDAS PASHA AND HIS DOG.—Abbas Pasha lately obtained from England, by great exertions, a gigantic mastiff, of the celebrated Lyne breed, and the monster was taken to the whole city of Cairo. As the Pasha's private secretary proceeded through the narrow streets, accompanied by his very docile but very formidable-looking acquisition, the Turks did not fly, nor did they seek shelter, nor put themselves in attitude of resistance. They stood still and trembled. Some muttered only "Wonderful! wonderful!" Others uttered literally the Haydon phrase, "Our trust is in God." One old man was heard to exclaim, "Many of the creations of God are terrible!" and another gravely asked the dignified dog, "Art thou sent to consume us utterly?" The general expression, however, was, "God can protect us even from thee, oh terrible one!"—New Quarterly Review.

The Romish clergy on the continent are very busy in their attempts to convert England. Prayers for this purpose have been printed in all languages. The Sun publishes a translation of one of them. It commences: "Almighty God, who has ordained in thy law, and in thy commandments, that men shall only be happy by means of the true faith, look down in pity on England, now the island of the blessed, but which for a long while past, being caught in the errors of heresy, has fallen from the true belief;—drive away from all the ignorance, destroy the vain, false teaching, which keeps it from the knowledge of the truth." Its conclusion is as follows: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for England. Holy Peter and Paul, pray for England. Holy George, England's champion, pray for this land. Holy Pope Gregory, father of England, pray for this land. Holy Augustine, England's apostle, pray for this land. Holy Boniface, who came out of England an apostle to the Germans, pray for England."

A PHILOSOPHER.—After ceasing to write for the stage, Lemercier, who was a very learned man, delivered a remarkable course of lectures on literature, at the Athénée of Paris. His cheerful disposition remained unimpaired to the end. He died on the 22nd of January, 1843, at the age of 80, he was residing to the members of the French academy a new drama—a comedy, strange to say, bearing the title of "Attilla," he paused suddenly. "I must throw myself upon your indulgence, gentlemen," said he mildly; "I am struck blind, and cannot proceed." He had, in fact, totally lost his eyesight, which he never recovered. A short time afterwards he made his appearance at the academy, where one of his colleagues had undertaken to read, in his name, a charming essay on the writings of Pascal, which he had just completed. At the close of the lecture, his friends crowded round him with congratulation. "How is it, Monsieur Lemercier, did not rise from his chair to offer his thanks. "He had been stricken with universal paralysis. He was conveyed home with the utmost tenderness by his brother academicians, and two days afterwards expired.—Bentley's Miscellany.

ROMISH PROCESSIONS PROHIBITED IN PARIS.—The correspondent of the New York Observer, in a letter dated from Paris, remarks that lately the Priests asked leave to make public processions in the streets of Paris, and the Government did not admit this request lest the labouring people should be offended. Louis Napoleon refused to grant the request, saying to the clergy "hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

CHILD SACRIFICES.—The admirable practice of sacrificing children to Moloch, the god of the Babylonians and of the ancient Hebrews, has lately received a curious illustration in the Babylonian cylinders published by the Syro-Egyptian Society. Among those cylinders one is found which contains a representation of a child and a heifer, being led up to the Babylonian Sturn, who holds a sword in his right hand, while a female figure stands by in the set of supplication. The sign of a cherub is in the Heavens above. In another a little figure is seated before Moloch—a female child, dressed very gorgeously, is for presentation to the god; she has the right shoulder uncovered, and the hand on the same side is elevated, as if in the act of addressing earnestly or supplicating the god. The moon and the stars are represented above. In a letter lately read before the same society from Dr. Grofeand, of Halle, and dated of the 10th of March, he has deciphered an untranscribed inscription in which Nebuchadnezzar is made to offer his son to be burnt to death in order to ward off the affliction of Babylon, something similar to what we read of the King of Moab.—Then he took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall." (2 Kings, xii., 27.)

INSANITY IN ROMISH CONVENTS.—Mr. Seymour has stated, on the authority of an official visitor of the Romish convents, that one-half of the insane mad before they have reached the age of twenty-five. It is not otherwise with their unhappy sisters of Tuscan. A gentleman, whose veracity and whose means of information are unquestionable, informs me that in one of the best managed convents in Florence, three girls have been committed to the mad-house, scarcely forming, cursing the system by which their youth had been offered up. Hitherto, considerable facilities have been offered by the Tuscan law for the temporary return of the nuns to their families, in cases where the certificate of the family physician pronounced such return to be necessary. But the law is constantly evaded or defied by the superiors of the convents. They hold at bay relatives, medical advisers, bishops, and even conceal or disregard the orders which they receive from Rome. In the Papist, as in all other despotisms, the delegated tyranny of the priests is a necessary evil, and the only means of control by which in theory it is curbed. Cor. of London Christian Times.

SNOOKING FATALITY FROM CHEWING GRASS.—On Monday, as Thomas Harrison, son of one Harrison, butcher, Lancashire-hill, was passing along Heaton Moor, accompanied by an elder brother, he casually plucked a few blades of tall seeding grass, and putting them into his mouth, commenced chewing them. On arriving at home, he complained of a swelling round the root of his tongue, till at length his mouth was inflamed, and he was obliged to quit his work, instead of the ordinary appearance, however, instead of yielding to professional treatment, were obstinate, increasing to such an extent as to block the throat, and thus prevented the unfortunate young man from swallowing his food. On the Thursday, the glands of the tongue had enlarged so frightfully as to preclude the possibility of getting any aliment into the stomach, and this state of things continued; the best exertions and skill of surgeons were baffled beyond description, and as the distressing symptoms grew rapidly worse, the poor fellow ultimately died in great agony from suffocation.

THE LIVERPOOL MERCURY states, that a highly respectable clergyman died on the 20th ultimo, after months of agony, the loss of an eye, and the inability of getting any aliment into the stomach. This state of things continued; the best exertions and skill of surgeons were baffled beyond description, and as the distressing symptoms grew rapidly worse, the poor fellow ultimately died in great agony from suffocation.

THE INVENTOR OF THE POWER-LOOM AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—Waiting the result of his petition to parliament, he yet could bring himself to suspend his master-passion for experiment; but, as though driven for a time from the manufacturing field, he now indulged in that of agriculture. In 1831 he got a prize from the Agricultural Board for a practical essay, and soon after received from the Duke of Bedford an appointment to superintend an experimental farm at Woburn. He found friends as well as patrons in that principality. He became the Duke's domestic chaplain as well as superintendent

dent of the experimental farm; and from the early intelligence of the Duke's third son there flashed out at once upon the brave old man a quick and true feeling for all that was noble or true, to which his nature, warmly responded. Their friendship began in full, and ended in admiration as marked and full of sympathy as could possibly consist with such difference of years. When I went to Woburn, the old man afterwards wrote, describing the steam-boat model he had constructed for Fulton. I gave it to Lord John Russell, then about ten or eleven years old, as a plaything. It went by clock-work; and Lord John used frequently to amuse himself with setting it afloat on the slow-ponds in the garden."

In the next year we find him publishing a volume of verses, of which Lord John received the dedication; and, up to the year of his death, it is touching to see the eager and trembling fervour with which he follows each successive step in the young statesman's public life. From that happy interval at Woburn, indeed may be traced the brighter fortune as gilded the old man's declining years. Parliament soon granted him the patent which his memorial prayed, and this protection brought other more substantial justice with it.—Household Words.

Charles Dickens denies the statement of the London Times, that he availed himself of the experience of Inspector Field in the story of Bleak House. He also says that the report that he had undertaken to write that officer's biography was the greatest news to him that the Times contained.

A roll of papyrus, purchased from the sepulchral diggings about Luxor, is said to contain some paintings of the Greek era. They are several centuries older than the Christian era, and are said to be older than any known manuscript of the same kind.

A correspondent of the Builder writes the use of London ink for state papers, as carbon in its base, which is indelible, is a great improvement upon damp and other equally injurious influences. The writing in Doomsday Book, after the lapse of eight centuries, is in better preservation than the state papers of the last two kings of England.

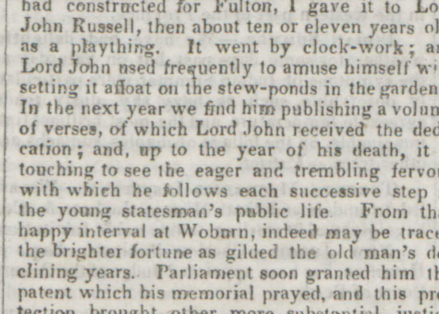
There are sad accounts from Portugal regarding the disease in the fruit trees—chessnut, pear, peach, especially orange trees and vines, giving died without number. The disease is represented as beginning at the root, which is sending forth sufficient support, the rest of the tree suffered.

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.—This subject has been warmly taken up by the merchants of Avignon, who have forwarded a handsome subscription to Eliza Barritt, the originator of the movement.

EMIGRANT SHIP LOSS.—The ship Anne Jane, from Liverpool, was totally lost on the night of the 28th September, off Berwick Island. Some of the passengers were for Toronto, among whom we hear of Mrs. Towle, a sister of Alderman Carr's, and eight children; also three nieces of Mrs. Price of Queen Street.

Several additional statues of the Kings and queens of England have been placed upon pedestals in the new palace of Westminster. They are of stone, and were executed by Mr. Thomas, a sculptor, in Regent's park.

TO RENT COACH FACTORY. 130 and 132 King Street West. (ESTABLISHED 1832.) OWEN AND WOOD, (FROM LONDON.) Toronto, July 8, 1853. 60-12m



INSURE Dwellings, Homes, Warehouses, Buildings, in general, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Mills, Manufactories, &c.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping-cough, croup, Asthma and Consumption.

Among the numerous discoveries Science has made in this generation to facilitate the business of life—its increase its enjoyment, and even prolong the term of human existence, none can be named of more real value to mankind, than this contribution of Chemistry to the Healing Art. A vast trial of its virtues throughout this broad country, has proved without a doubt, that no medicine or combination of medicines, has yet known, so successfully, to cure the most numerous varieties of pulmonary diseases which have hitherto swept from our midst thousands and thousands every year. Indeed, there is no abundant reason to believe a Remedy has so long been found which can be relied on to cure the most dangerous affections of the lungs. Our space here will not permit us to publish any portion of the cures effected by its use, but we would present the full view of opinions of eminent men, and refer further enquiry to the circular, which the Agent below named will always be pleased to furnish free, which are full particulars, and indisputable proof of these facts.

From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated Professor Hitchcock. "James C. Ayer—Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL, and am myself cured of deep-seated Bronchitis, and in my own case its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial difficulties. In my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper." EDWARD HITCHCOCK, LL.D.

From the Widely Celebrated Professor Stillman, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Yale College, and Member of the Lib. Soc. Med. Phil., and Scientific Societies of America and Europe. "I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL, an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure." New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849. MAJOR PATTON, President of the S. C. Senate, states he has used the CHERRY PECTORAL with wonderful success, to cure an inflammation of the lungs.

From one of the First Physicians in Maine. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell. Dear Sir: I am now constantly using your CHERRY PECTORAL in my practice, and prefer it to any other medicine for pulmonary complaint. From observation of many severe cases, I am convinced it will cure coughs, colds, and diseases of the lungs, that have put to defiance all other remedies. I can recommend it much in case of consumption, and consider it such the best remedy known for that disease. Respectfully yours, I. S. CUSHMAN, M.D.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Sole Toronto Agent, by LYMAN BROTHERS, in Hamilton Street, between the Market and King Street, by E. W. Palmer, in Montreal, by Mr. Lyman & Co., in Quebec by Jos. Howley, and by the druggists every where throughout the Provinces and United States. 1-6m

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