Poetry.

THE MIND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

(By the Rev. R. Montgomery.)

"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child."—Matt. xviii. 1, 2.

Men call it wisdom, when they grow,
Less and less like a child;
But let the harsh and haughty know,
Such wisdom is clothed:
The cold perfection of a cautious man,
Who gains by cunning—all the serpent can!

If—where all measuring first perceived
The heights and depths of mind,
A nether law would have believed,
When presented with mankind;
Who said, with infancy beside His knee,
"He that is greatest like a child must be."

Heaven to a child comes nearer far,
Than in manower age,
When passion's brand and blighting war,
Their Christless battles rage.
Against those young simplicities that dwell,
Deep in the bosom like a guardian spell.

Oh! for the reverential eye,
To childhood which pertains,
That sees religion in the sky,
And poetry in plains,
To whom a rainbow like a rapture glows,
And all is wonder which th' Almighty shows.

First age of wonder! when a flower,
A blossom, fruit, or tree,
Gives a new zest to earth new hour,
That gladdens home with glee:
When like a lisping stream life rolls along,
In happy murmurs of unconscious song.

It smiles on that, and speaks to this,
As if each object knew,
A child exulted in the bliss
Of all that charms its view;
Personified the whole creation seems,
Into a heart that mirrors back its dreams!

Life looks a fairy landscape spread,
Before the triumphant gaze,
As on the infant sand is laid,
To meet its opening days,
Where pure eyed humanity can well discern,
A deeper beauty than the wise discern.

Fresh from the hands of God they come,
Those infants of His grace,
And something of celestial home,
Yet lingers in their face;
Strange to the world, no worldliness defiles,
The little history of their tears and smiles.

Candid and cautious, how they seek,
All truth to know and scan:
And, ere the budding mind can speak,
Begin to study man!
Confiding sweetness colours all they say,
And Angels listen when they try to pray.

More playful than the birds of spring,
Ingenuous, warm, sincere,
Like meadow-bees upon the wing
They roam whimsical a year;
And breathe their thoughts on all who round them live,
As Light shed's beams, or flowers their perfume give.

And how the Church o'erawes their cover,
With rite and ritual graved!
Whole creed is loving innocence,
Which thus hath not offended;
And would that those, who Manhood's paths have trod,
Like them could tremble at the name of God!

Mysterious age!—the type of Heaven,
By Jesu's blessing crowned,
To thee a purity is given
Grey hairs have never found;
The cross of Christ do yet entwine thee,
Like a cash bale which the heart can see.

More Knowledge makes us born and cold;
And Cunning dparts the mind,
As more and more the heart grows cold,
With feelings rare and blind;
Our light is chaste, but our love is lost,
And for the blossoms that our sorrows bloom.

Spirit of Grace! we learn from Thee,
This noble truth at length—
That wisdom is simplicity,
Simplicity is strength;
A child-man, could the world such union find,
Would be the model form of human kind.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

The early sun was melting away the coronets of gray clouds on the brows of the mountains, and the lark, as if proud of its plumage, and surveying itself in an illuminated mirror, coiled over the bright waters of Keswick, when two strangers met upon the side of the lofty Skiddaw. Each carried a small bag and a hammer, betokening that their common errand was to search for objects of geological interest. The one appeared about fifty, the other some twenty years younger. There is something in the solitude of the overlasting hills, which makes men, who are strangers to each other, despise the ceremonious introductions of the drawing room. So was it with our geologists—their place of meeting, their common pursuit, produced an instantaneous familiarity. They spent the day, and dined on the mountain side together. They shared the contents of their flasks with each other! and ere they began to descend the hill, they felt, the one towards the other, as though they had been old friends. They had begun to take the road towards Keswick, when the elder said to the younger,

"My meeting with you to-day recalls to my recollection a singular meeting which took place between a friend of mine and a stranger, about seven years ago, upon the same mountain. But, sir, I will relate to you the circumstance connected with it; and they might be called the history of the Prodigal Son."

He paused for a few moments, and proceeded—"About thirty years ago, a Mr. Fenwick was possessed of property in Bomboroughshire worth about three hundred pounds per annum. He had married while young, and seven fair children cheered the heart of a glad father and a happy mother. Many years of joy and peace had flown over them, when death visited their domestic circle, and passed his icy hand over their first-born; and for five successive years as their children opened into manhood and womanhood, the unwelcome visiter entered into their dwelling, till of their little stock there was but one—the youngest—left. And, O, sir, in the leaving of that one lay the cruelty of death, to have taken him, too, would have been an act of mercy. His name was Edward, and the love, the fondness and the care, which his parents had bore for all their children, were concentrated on him. His father who was stricken with affliction, yielded to his every wish; and his mother

——————"Would not permit
The winds of heaven to visit his cheek too roughly."

But you shall hear how cruelly he repaid their love, how murderous he returned their kindness. He was head strong and heady; and, though the small still voice of affection was never wholly silent in his breast, it was stifled by the storms of his passions and propensities. His first manifestation of open viciousness was a delight in the brutal practice of cockfighting; and became a constant attender at every 'main' that took place in Northumberland. He was a habitual better, and his losses were frequent; but hitherto his father, partly through fear, and partly from too tender affection, had supplied him with money. A 'main' was to take place in the neighbourhood of Morpeth, and he was present; two noble birds were disfigured, the savage instruments of death were fixed upon them, and they were pitted against each other.

"A hundred to one on the Felton Grey!" shouted Fenwick.

"Done! for guineas!" replied another.

"Done! for guineas!—done!" repeated the prodigal; and the next moment the Felton Grey lay on the ground, pierced through the skull with the spur of the other. He rushed out of the cockpit.

"I shall expect payment to-morrow, Fenwick, cried the other.

The prodigal mounted his horse, and rode homeward with the fury of a madman. Kind as his father was, and had been, he was afraid to meet him or tell the amount of his loss. His mother perceived his agony, and strove to soothe him.

"What is't that troubles thee, my bird?" enquired she; "come, tell thy mother, darling."

With an oath he cursed the mention of birds, and threatened to destroy himself.

"O, Edward, love!" cried she, "thou wilt kill thy poor mother—what can I do for thee?"

"Do for me!" he exclaimed, wildly tearing his hair as he spoke!—"do for me, mother! get me immediately a hundred pounds or my heart's blood will flow at your feet."

"Child! child!" said she, "thou hast been at thy black trade of betting again!—thou wilt ruin thy father, and break thy mother's heart. But give me thy hand on it, dear, that thou'll bet no more, and I'll get thy father to give thee the money."

"My father must not know," he exclaimed, "I will die rather."

"Love! love!" replied she; "but without asking thy father, where could I get thee a hundred pounds?"

"You have some money, mother," added he; "you have trinkets, jewelry!" He gasped, and hid his face with his hands.

"Thou shalt have them!—thou shalt have them, child," said she, 'and all the money thy mother has, only thou wilt bet no more. Dost thou promise, Edward—oh, dost thou promise thy poor mother this?"

"Yes, yes! he cried." And he burst into tears as he spoke.

He received the money and the trinkets, which his mother had not worn for thirty years, and hurried from the house, and then discharged a portion of this dishonourable debt.

He, however, did bet again; and I might tell you how he became a home racer also; but you shall hear that too. He was now about two and twenty, and for several years he had been acquainted with Eleanor Robinson, a fair bring, made up of gentleness and love, if ever woman was. She was an orphan, and had fortune at her own disposal of three thousand pounds. Her friends had often warned her against the dangerous habits of Edward Fenwick. But she had given him her young heart—to him she had plighted her first vow—and, though she beheld his follies, she trusted that time and affection would wean him from them; and, with a heart full of hope and love, she bestowed on him her hand and fortune. Poor Eleanor! her hopes were vain, her love unworthily bestowed. Marriage produced no change on the habits of the prodigal son and thoughtless husband. For weeks he was absent from his house, betting and carousing with his companions of the turf; while one vice led the way to another, and by almost imperceptible degrees, he unconsciously sunk into all the habits of the prodigate.

It was about four years after his marriage when, according to his custom, he took leave of his wife for a few days to attend the meeting at Doncaster.

"Good by, Eleanor, dear" said he gaily, as he rose depart, and kissed her cheek, I shall be back within five days."

"Well, Edward," said she, tenderly, "if you will go, you must, but think of me, and think of those our little ones." And, with a tear in her eye, she desired a lovely boy and girl to kiss their father. "Now, think of us, dear Edward," she added; "and do not bet, dearest—do not bet!"

"Nonsense, duck! nonsense!" said he; "did you ever see me lose?—do you suppose that Ned Fenwick is not 'wide awake?' I know my horse, and its rider, too—Barrymore's Highlander can distance every thing. But, suppose that it could not, I have it from a sure hand—the other horses are all 'safe.' Do you understand that, eh?"

"No, I do not understand it, dearest Edward nor do I wish to understand it," added she; "at, dearest Edward, as you love me—as you love our children, risk nothing."

"Love you, little gipsy, you know I'd die for you," said he, and with all his sins the prodigal spoke the truth. "Come, Nell, kiss me again, my dear, no long faces, don't take a leaf out of my old mother's book; you know the saying—"Never venture, never win—faint heart never won a fair lady! Good by, love—'by Ned, good by mother's darlings," said he addressing the children as he left the house.

He reached Doncaster; he had paid his guinea for admission to the betting rooms; he had whispered with, and slipped a fee to all the shrivelled, skin and bone, half melted little manikins, called jockeys, to ascertain the secrets of their horses.

"All's safe," said the prodigal to himself, rejoicing in his heart. The day of the festival, the important St. Leger arrived. Hundreds were ready to back Highlander against the field, amongst them was Edward Fenwick; he would take any odds, he did take them, he staked his all. A thousand to five hundred on Highlander against the field, he cried, as he stood near a betting post.

"Done," shouted a mustachioed peer of the realm, in a barouche by his side. "Done," cried Fenwick, "for the double, if you like my lord." "Done," added the peer—"and I'll treble it if you dare!" "Done!" replied the prodigal, in the confidence and excitement of the moment—"Done," my lord. The eventful hour arrived. There was not a false start. The horses took the ground beautifully. Highlander led the way at his ease—and his rider, in a tartan jacket and mazarine cap, looked confident. Fenwick stood near to the winning post, grasping the rails with his hand; he was still confident, but he could not chase the abomination of his wife from his mind. The horses were not to be seen. His very soul became like a solid and sharp edged substance within his breast. Of the twenty horses that started, four again appeared in sight. "The tartan yet, the tartan yet," shouted the crowd. Fenwick raised his eyes, he was blind with anxiety, he could not discern them; still he heard the cry of "The tartan, the tartan," and his heart sprang to his mouth. "Well done, orange, the orange will have it, was the next cry. He again looked up, but he was more blind than before. "Beautiful, beautiful, go it tartan—neck and neck; six to five on the orange. He became almost deaf as well as blind. "Now for it, now for it—it won't do tartan!—hurra! hurra! hurra!—orange has it."

"Liar!" exclaimed Fenwick, starting as from a trance and grasping the spectator who stood near him by the throat—"I am not ruined!" In a moment he dropped his hands by his side, he leaned over the railing and gazed vacantly on the ground. His flesh writhed, and he groaned in agony.

"Eleanor, my poor Eleanor, cried the prodigal. The crowd hurried towards the winning post—he was alone. The peer with whom he had betted came behind him; he touched him on the shoulder with his whip—"Well, well, my covey! said the nobleman," you have just lost it."

"Fenwick gazed on him with a look of fury and despair and repeated—I lost it, I am ruined, soul and body, wife and children ruined."

"Well, Mr. Fenwick, said the sporting peer, "I suppose if that be the case, you wont come to Doncaster again in a hurry. But my settling day is to-morrow, you know I keep sharp accounts, and if you have not the ready money at hand, I shall expect an equivalent, you understand me.

So saying he rode off, leaving the prodigal to commit suicide if he chose. It is enough for me to tell you that in his madness and his misery, and from the influence of what he called his sense of honour, he gave the winner a bill for the money—payable at sight.

My feelings will not permit me to tell you how the poor infatuated madman more than once made attempts upon his own life; but the latent love of his wife and of his children prevailed over the rash thought, and in a state bordering on insanity, he presented himself to the being he had so deeply injured.

I might describe to you how poor Eleanor was sitting in their little parlour, with her boy upon a stool by her side, and her little girl on her knee, telling them fondly that their father would be soon home, and anon singing to them the simple nursery rhyme,—

"Hush, my babe, baby banting,
Your father's at the banting," &c.

when the door opened, and the guilty father entered—his hair clotted—his eyes rolling with the wildness of despair, and the cold sweat running down his pale cheeks.

"Eleanor, Eleanor!" he cried, as he flung himself on the sofa.

She placed her little daughter on the floor—she flew towards him—"My Edward!, oh my dear Edward!" she cried—"what is it, love? something, my dear, troubles you."

"Curse me, dear Eleanor!" exclaimed the wretched prodigal, turning his face from her, "I have ruined you!"—I have ruined my children also!—I am lost for ever."

"No, my husband!" exclaimed the best of wives, "your Eleanor will not curse you. Tell me the worst, and I will bear it—cheerfully bear it, for my Edward's sake."

"You will not—you cannot!" cried he; "I have sinned against you as ever man sinned against woman. Oh, if you would spit upon the ground which I tread I would feel it as an alleviation of my suffering—but your sympathy—your affection, makes my very soul destroy itself—Eleanor—Eleanor—if you have mercy hate me—tell me—show me that you do."

"Oh Edward," said she, "was it thus when your Eleanor spurned every offer for your sake, when you pledged to her everlasting love? She had none but you, and can you speak thus? O husband! if you will forsake me, forsake not my poor children. Tell me—only tell me the worst, and I will rejoice to bear it with my own dear Edward!"

"Then," cried Fenwick, "If you will add to my misery by professing to love a wretch like me, know you are a beggar, and I have made you one, now can you share beggary with me?"

She repeated the word "beggary"—she clasped her hands together, for a few moments she stood in silent anguish, her bosom heaved, the tears gushed forth, she flung her arms around her husband's neck, "yes," she cried, "I can meet even beggary with my Edward."

"O Heaven!" cried the prodigal, "would that the earth would swallow me up; I cannot stand this!"

(To be continued.)

Advertisements.

RATES.

Six lines and under, 2s. 6d. first insertion, and 7½d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines and under, 3s. 9d. first insertion, and 1s. each subsequent insertion. Above ten lines, 6d. per line first insertion, and 1d per line each subsequent insertion.

A discount will be allowed for advertisements of not less than twelve insertions.

From the extensive circulation of *The Church*, in the Province of Canada, (from Sandwich to Gaspe,) in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in the Hudson's Bay Territories, and in Great Britain & Ireland, as well as in various parts of the United States, it will be found a profitable medium for all advertisements which are desired to be widely and generally diffused.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF BOOK AND JOB WORK
DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER AND WITH DESPATCH,
AT THE OFFICE OF "THE CHURCH,"
No. 5, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

W. THOMAS,
ARCHITECT,
OAKHAM HOUSE, CHURCH STREET,
TORONTO.
March 27th, 1848. 20-tf

E. BURT WILLIAMS,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
No. 140, Yonge Street, Toronto.
N.B.—No extra charge on Coffins delivered within 10 miles of the City.
March, 1849. 29-6m

T. BILTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 2, Wellington Buildings, King Street,
TORONTO.

MR. DANIEL BROOKE,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND BANKRUPTCY,
Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.
Office on Division Street, next door north of Messrs. Brooke & Beatty's
COBOURG.
July, 1848.

DONALD BETHUNE, Jr.
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptcy,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
DIVISION STREET, COBOURG,
CANADA WEST.
Cobourg, Oct. 21, 1848.

Mr. ROBERT COOPER,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,
Albany Chambers, King Street,
TORONTO.
Toronto, Jan. 24, 1849. 26

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K.C.
PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO FORTE,
SINGING AND GUITAR,
Residence, Sumach Cottage, Ann Street.
Toronto, Jan. 13, 1847.

DR. HALLOWELL,
HOUSE AND SURGERY
38, QUEEN-STREET EAST, 2 DOORS FROM CHURCH-STREET.
Toronto, 17th March, 1849. 31-tf

DR. DERRY
Has Removed to 101, Bishop's Buildings,
ADELAIDE STREET.
Toronto, May, 1848.

JOHN ELLIS & CO.,
Official Seal and Bank Note
ENGRAVERS,
LITHOGRAPHERS, AND COPPER-PLATE PRINTERS.
6, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

HUGH PAYNE SAVIGNY,
Provincial Land Surveyor and Draughtsman,
YONGE STREET.
ADDRESS, TORONTO POST OFFICE.
June, 1848.

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS,
COACH BUILDERS.
FROM LONDON,
KING STREET, TORONTO.

W. MORRISON,
WATCH MAKER AND MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
SILVER SMITH, &c.
No. 9, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.
A NEAT and neat assortment of Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, &c. Spectacles, Jewellery and Watches of all kinds made and repaired to order.
☞ Utmost value given for old Gold and Silver.
Toronto, Jan. 26, 1847 61

MORPHY & BROTHERS,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS
CITY BUILDINGS,
(Opposite Saint James's Cathedral,)
AND AT 98, YONGE STREET, TORONTO,
IMPORTERS of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Accordeons, Musical Boxes, &c. &c. Clocks, Watches and Jewellery, Repaired & warranted. Accordeons and Musical Boxes tuned. Jewellery and Silver Ware made to order. Gilding, Silvering and Engraving. Old Gold and Silver bought. 15

TORONTO BATHS.
THE Undersigned begs leave to inform the Gentry and Inhabitants of Toronto, that the TORONTO BATHS have been re-opened and are now ready to receive the Public every day, from Seven in the Morning to Ten o'clock in the Evening, during which hours every attention will be paid to Visitors.
ANGUS BLUE.
Toronto, March, 1848.

Mrs. DACK,
(LATE MISS NIXON.)
FRENCH STAY MAKER,
Has Removed to No. 58, King Street West, nearly opposite the Baths.
MRS DACK takes this opportunity to return her sincere thanks to the Ladies of Toronto, for the liberal patronage she has received since her commencement in business, and begs to inform them that she continues to import French Coutilli Elastic, &c.
N.B.—Mrs. D. makes to order ELASTIC LACED STOCKINGS and CHEST EXPANDERS.
Toronto, Nov. 13, 1848. 16-6m

T. HAWORTH,
IMPORTER OF
BRITISH AND AMERICAN HARDWARE,
No. 44, King Street East, Toronto.
CONSTANTLY on hand, English, Scotch, Banks and Swedes Iron; Cast, Spring, Blister, and German Steel; Anvils, Vices, Sledges, Chains, Spikes, Nails of all descriptions; Bar, Sheet, and Lead Pipe, Rasps, Files, Hammers; with a general assortment of Joiners' Tools. Carriage and Saddlery Trimmings in all their variety.
—ALSO—
Cooking and Fancy Stoves, Hollow Ware, Britannia & Plate Ware, Table Cutlery Silver Spoons, &c. &c. &c. 27

MRS. JAMIESON
RESPECTFULLY notifies her return to Toronto, and will resume her instruction in
WRITING,
And in the use of
THE FRENCH ACCORDEON.
In Writing,
Whether in Classes or in Private, the attention would be direct alone, to the Lessons given, to the speedy acquirement of a neat and graceful style of Writing—an accomplishment which all know how to appreciate, and which, by strict attention on the part of the Pupil, under the system persued by Mrs J., may be imparted in TWELVE LESSONS; as will be satisfactorily shown by a number of her former Pupils, in the British American Provinces and United States.
The French Accordeon,
An instrument now in general use, is also taught by Mrs. Jamieson. Simple in construction, and sweet in melody, its use is readily acquired—Twelve Lessons being deemed sufficient to impart a competent knowledge of it to those who are lovers of the art.
In the arrangements for Tuition, the convenience of the Pupils will in every case be consulted, both as to time and place; Ladies being waited on at their own residences, or received at that of Mrs. J.
An Evening Class for the instruction of Young Ladies and Gentlemen in Writing Will be open at Mrs. J.'s, from seven to eight, and from eight to nine o'clock every evening.
Mrs. Jamieson will also attend Ladies at their own residences.
Mrs. Jamieson respectfully submits that she is prepared to afford the most satisfactory references and is kindly permitted to mention the names of the Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A., and the Rev. Hy. Scadding, M.A., and can furnish testimonials from many of her Pupils, who, under her guidance, have attained a proficiency in Writing and Music in a comparatively brief period.
Communications from Parties who may desire to enter on one or both of these Studies, will be addressed to Mrs. Jamieson, at her rooms, 47, King Street, West.
Toronto, 1849.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.
PUBLIC ATTENTION is invited to the extensive and well-selected assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees grown at the
Toronto Nursery,
For Sale in the ensuing Fall and Spring. Persons about to plant Trees are respectfully requested to visit the grounds, and examine the stock, which for extent and variety of large, well-grown, healthy trees of the most approved varieties, now equals any establishment of the kind between this and New York.
FORTY THOUSAND APPLE TREES & UPWARDS,
four and five years from the Graft, are now ready for sale, together with a proportionate number of the most desirable sorts of Pears, Plums, Cherries, Peaches, Nectarines, and Apricots. Also, Grapevines, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, and Strawberries. Many of the finest varieties of Pears may be had on Quince-stocks, now so much esteemed for Garden culture.
The collection of Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs and Hardy Roses, is quite extensive, and contains all the hardy varieties desirable for Pleasure-grounds and Shrubberies. Also, a large stock of Double Dahlias, Herbaceous and Greenhouse plants.
The supply of Hedge-plants is also worthy of special notice—upwards of 100,000 plants of English Thorn, Privet, &c., can now be furnished.
Nurserymen commencing business, in want of Specimen Trees and Plants, and parties purchasing in large quantities to sell again, are supplied on liberal terms; and will find it to their advantage to give this Nursery a call.
A New Descriptive Catalogue,
containing directions for successful transplanting, has lately been published, and is furnished gratis to all post-paid applicants.
Orders from a distance, accompanied by a remittance or satisfactory reference, punctually attended to.—Trees sent out are correctly labelled, and securely packed, to ensure safe transmission to any part of the Upper and Lower Province.
GEORGE LESSLIE.
August, 1848. 11n-14t

JOHN S. BLOGG,
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,
(Next door to Messrs. Beckett, & Co., Medical Laboratory,)
KING STREET WEST, TORONTO,
HAS constantly on hand a beautiful Assortment of Ladies French Kid, Morocco, and Patent Leather Shoes, together with a quantity of Satin Slippers of the very best quality.
Elastic Sandals, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Elastic Boots made to order in a style unsurpassed by any Establishment in the City.
Toronto, August 24th, 1848. 4 tf

OILS.
BARNARD, CURTISS & CO.,
111, WATER STREET,
NEW YORK.
HAVE constantly on hand, from their Hudson Oil Works, Bleached and Unbleached WINTER and FALL OILS, of all kinds; such as *Sperm, Elephant, Whale,* and *Lard Oils*; and SPERM CANDLES, which they offer on favourable terms.
ALSO:
☞Are receiving large supplies of NAVAL STORES on Consignment, which they offer on as favourable terms as can be had in this market.
New York, Oct. 19, 1847. 13

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.
MR. FRANK WILLS, Member of the Ecclesiological Societies of London and New York, and Architect of the Cathedral, and of St. Anne's Chapel, Fredericton, N. B., is prepared to furnish Designs and working Drawings of Churches, Schools, and other buildings. For further particulars, apply (post-paid) to Robert N. Meaurry, Esq., Cobourg, or to Mr. Wills, 156, Broadway New York.
February 23rd, 1849. 30-tf

CHURCH ORGANS.
A. BACKUS, Manufacturer of Organs, Troy, N. Y., will have finished, about the 1st of May next, FIVE BEAUTIFUL AND POWERFUL TONED ORGANS, equal to any ever made in this country.
One Organ of 10 Stops, having a Swell over the whole, and furnished with an octave and a-half of Pedals. Case 13 feet high, 7½ ft. wide, and 4½ ft. deep. Price, packed for transportation, $700.
Two Organs of 6 Stops each, with a Swell over the whole, and a Trumpet to give effect to Choruses or Glories. Case 11 feet high, 6½ ft. wide, and 4½ deep. Price, $350.
Also, two C C Organs, compass 54 Keys, with 4 Stops. Price, $225.
Organs of 4 Half Stops, without a Swell, built for $200.
Case for the C C Organs, from 6 to 9 feet high, 3½ feet wide, 2 feet deep.
A. BACKUS.
Troy, Feb. 20th, 1849. 31 3m

EDUCATION.
JAMES WINDEAT, B.A., Master of the District Grammar School at Brockville, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, is desirous of receiving into his Family three or four additional BOARDERS, whom, if required, he will prepare, by a particular course of studies, either for the Exhibitions of the Upper Canada College—the Scholarships of the University—the Previous Examination before the Benchers—or the Theological Institution at Cobourg.
Terms and other particulars made known upon application.
Brockville, Jan. 24, 1848. 22-tf

MRS. COSENS,
IN consequence of the new arrangement made respecting the management of Upper Canada College Boarding House, has taken a house in St. George's Square, where she proposes to receive, after the Christmas vacation, a limited number of College Boys to Board with her.
The Council having conveyed to Mrs. Cosens their assurance that the duties of her situation had been uniformly discharged to their satisfaction, and that her removal was caused only by the necessity of making essential changes in the Institution, she hopes the confidence she has experienced for ten years, will be continued to her.
Mrs. Cosens's Son, who has been for some time in England, will immediately return, and undertake the supervision of the boys during the evening, and every affectionate and kind means will be used to instil religious and moral principles into the minds of the boys, and to unite the comforts of home with necessary discipline and order.
The house Mrs. Cosens has taken is in a most healthy part of the town, exceedingly roomy and comfortable, and within a short walk of the College.
References are kindly permitted to the Lieut Governor; the Hon the Chief Justice; the Hon. Mr. Justice Draper; the Solicitor General; Dr. McCaul; Dr. Beaven, and the Rev. H. J. Grasett.
Dec 26, 1848. 22

PRIVATE BOARDING-HOUSE,
19, WILLIAM STREET.
MRS. FIELD can accommodate a limited number of BOARDERS, on moderate terms.
References kindly permitted to the Rev. Dr. McCaul.
Toronto, Nov 23, 1848. 17

BOARDING.
A FEW GENTLEMEN can be accommodated with comfortable Board and Lodging upon moderate terms, at the House in Albert Street, (formerly Temperance Street,) first door from the corner of Yonge Street.
Toronto, January 10th 1848. 24-3m

BOARD.
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January 24, 1849 26

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AMONGST
THE MIDDLE CLASSES, THE POOR, AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.
On the Principle of the Parker Society.
"I was brought up in the early knowledge of religion by my pious parents, and I well remember that my mother taught me the history of the Old and New Testament before I could read, by the assistance of some blue Dutch tiles in the chimney-piece of the room where we commonly sat; and the wise and pious reflections she made upon those stories were the means of enforcing such good impressions on my heart, as never afterwards were rooted out."
Life of Dr. Doddridge.
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AND
THE NOBILITY, CLERGY, AND GENTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN.
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7. The Agony in the Garden.
8. Our Lord Appearing to Mary Magdalene.
9. The Scourging.
10. The Sermon on the Mount.
11. Our Lord Blessing Little Children.
12. The Guardian Angel.
Extract from the Guardian Newspaper.
Society for the Distribution of Religious Prints.—We have at different times received various communications respecting the "Society for the Distribution of Religious Prints." We have hitherto refrained from taking any notice of its objects till we were better acquainted with the arrangements. Now, however, we have great pleasure in recommending the Society to the attention of our readers, can we understand the selection of engravings is under the management of a committee containing names that afford every safeguard for the orthodoxy of the object in view. With this guarantee we may safely trust of the Society on a lower ground, namely, its encouragement of art. We have received a specimen print, "The Scourging," which will at once obtain a preserve in the higher walk of art. It is a highly-finished German lithograph, fully equal to the many beautiful devotional prints we have lately received from that school. We may also take a still lower view, and treat of their cost. Those who have been in the habit of laying out a guinea as the Art Union, receiving in return (we allude more particularly to the past year) two wretched prints and a few outlines for their money, will here acknowledge that they receive for the same amount twelve engravings, any one of which will in value surpass the whole of the inferior productions of the Trafalgar-square Society. For these three reasons, then, we cordially recommend the Society to the care of our readers: for its orthodox object; for display of artistic talent; and for its reasonable price; placing a series of good religious prints within the attainment of the middle classes, and affording every opportunity of offering superior presents for the adornment of the cottage or charity school.
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May, 1848.

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