Ponth's Corner.

THE OLD OPTICIAN. A travelling party had taken refuge in a Aublis house on the road to Nuremberg, about dusk, and at the commencement of a serere thunder-storm. It broke out gust as the driver, by urging his horses to the utmost speed, had brought them safe under sheller. They looked through the windows glass, and one called out : " How it thundets!"-the other: " How it blows!"-the third: " How it rains!"

One of the party thought he had heard a low, murmuring sound, which put a question upon each of these exclamations. It said: "What is rr that thunders?" "What is tr that blows?". "What is rr that rains?" The traveller went towards the dark corner from which the sound proceeded, and he saw an old gray haired man, in very plain cluthing, and with his hat on, sitting against the wall where he could see, perfectly, all wha were in the fore part of the room by the light of the cambles, though they did not so easily perceive him. He did not take off ithal, nor how to the traveller; and yet he did not appear rude nor ill-mannered. He had the air of a man who was familiar with those the spoke to, though they did not know him aund so he addressed the traveller without noy hesitation: "Yes, what is that it which does all this !"

The three travellers were father, mother, and son. It was the son whom the man with his hat on had addressed, and he was a modest, thoughtful youth, always glad to learn and to improve. He thought for a few moments, and then he answered: "I suppose it is the weather we mean, when we say it rains or thunders."

The old man did not look sour at all, but rather gave the youth a pleasant nod, as he put a new question to him: " And do we mean right or wrong, when we mean that the reather does all that?"

The father drew near, for he felt interested in the conversation, and wished to make acquaintance with the singular old man. " I am afraid," he said, "the common talk we use is very far from right. With our trilling little word Ir, we keep out of sight Hist who orders every event, and without whom we should have neither rain to moisten the ground nor sun-shine to ripen the fruits of it. David, in the 18th Psalm, uses very different language: The LORD thundered in the heavens-He shot out lightnings-His thick clouds passed.33

The old man nodded very pleasantly, and remarked: "Those who look in the book where these words are found for the causes of things, rather than take the common talk of men for their guide, will not look upon the round world as they do upon a watch which they wind, and, the better it goes, the less they think of the maker of it. And when the rain detains them in their journey, they remember Him whose thick clouds first hold the rain by His will, and then let it fall at His command; that stops all discontent in

them, and forbids the rising murmur." The old man rose as he spoke, and disappeared through a door in the partition just behind him. The travellers remained silen and thoughtful, till the landlard came into the room, of whom the father inquired who the old man was who had just left the room. The landlord looked mysterious and uneasy while giving an account of him. " He is an awful man," said he. "I wish I could for bid him the house; for he never spends any money here, and he frightens me out of many a scheme which I have taid, by his terrible questions and his hurning eves which seem to pierce through all my plans, and make me think that I am found out as a rogue, and must hide my face for ever. He is an ontician, and might carry on a very good business if he were not so obstinate. His glasses are the most wonderful things you ever saw; for he has some, if you look at any of your neighbours through them, it seems as if you could see every thing that is passing in their hearts: but when you would like to buy that pair of glasses, he puts it up and tells you he cannot spare that, but he has another for you; and when you try the one he offers, it looks right into yourself, and shows you tricks, and lies, and envies, and malice which would make you loathe yourself if you did not take the glasses off and see yourself ngain like a decent and respectable person as you are: -have as little to do with him as you can," added the landlord, in a timid, low voice, holding the flat of his two hands towards the light, as if to keep off a prying, intrusive nersen.

The elderly traveller, on the other hand, observed to the landlord that he thought the acquaintance of such a man was rather to - be coveted; and the glasses for looking inward were the most precious workmanship. withat could be imagined. "I would advise ayou, landlord," said he, " to allow yourself inosresigntil you have cleared away every -troublesome thing that this optician's glasses s bring to your knowledge; and not to be saextisfied until you can bear the look of his piercing eyes without terror."

The landlord made his polite bow, and s changed the conversation by remarking that withe storm had ceased, and he heard the drimver leading the horses out of the shed. Presently the travellers were told that the coach was ready to start; they took their scats in 31, and rapidly drove towards the city, where ithey arrived, well disposed to thank God for wall the preservation they had experienced triduring their absence from home.

Mill [Nurembergis in Germany; but the Optician with the glasses which hok inwards will meet people in all countries; and avery where, are those who say, " Have nothing to do avith ouhim!" 3/Reader, shon not his piercing ere, nor

aysughidus warning whisper !]

ea sective an application of the section of the sec in it was on a misty morning in Jaquary that off Jacob. Saunders and I crossed the fields beingen Hill Top and the old Gravel Pits; a full of enory had taken place during the saight; and it lay on the ground several inches

deep. The fog made all objects at a dis-In value to burst, through it with its beams.

Amire via daughter married, and lives regional liber a leave mil birds were seen creditably in a neighbouring parish; but his living from one bush to another, and now son dwells in the white cottage still, with an

and then a flock of fieldfires winged their I industrious and pious helpmate, bringing up way above the elm trees. At the corner of Farmer Pierce's cow shed stood a holly bush, and the shining red berries upon it looked very cheerful. Jacob was a thoughtful, pious old man, very fond of musing on God's elections creation, so he stopped a moment to admire the beautiful dakes of snow on the prickly leaves, and when he shook the bush, Loh what a shower of snow came down upon his head and mine!

Just as he came up to the stile, we saw three persons a little before us, and soon perceived that one was Ralph Collins, farmer Parce's shiphoot, another was Botty Baxter, the wheelworld's wife, and the third Tom Share the cow-herd; while he stood at the sails, they went on. Ralph was dressed in his rough drab great cour with big buttons; his hat was low in the crown and bread in the brim, and his slunger grizzled dog Turk traffed beside hom. Betty Bexter had on a red cloak, and Tom were a white smock frock. In a little time, they parted from one another, and all went different ways; but though they were all out of sight by the time we reached the five-barred gate by the old havel, yet I ash pointed out what way each had gone. Tom had taken the narrow path to the right. Betty had turned off in the opposite direction, while Ruiph, with iong strides, had gone right across the field with Turk at his beels.

You will not ask how it was that Jacob know all this; you will guess at once that he found it out by the tracks they had left in the snow. There was the mark of the broad feet of Raiph, full of hobouits, while Tom's track was not intuca more than half the size. Betty's pattens left a mark behind them that could not be mistaken; no wonder, then, that Jacob could tell which way they all went. Even Turk night be tracked as easily as the rest, for the print of his small feet told very plainly that he had trat-ted along first on one side of his master, and then on the other.

As old Jarob and I walked forwards, he said to me that every one leaves a truck behind him, not only when passing through the snow, but also in journeying through life.

Full of this thought, he went on talking thus: -These tracks that Ralph Collins, Betty Bakter, and Tom Sloane have left behind them, maybap will only last a few hours; or at least, but a few days, whereas the tracks they leave by their actions will, I doubt not, be seen plain enough for many a long year to come. Ralph and Betty, too, are decent people, and I hear that Tom is as trusty a fad as ever cleaned out a cow-shed. If they have God's grace, they will do well, and leave a track behind them that no one will have need to be ashamed of.

When I first came to this village, and it is now more than forty winters ago, old Crowder lived in one of the cottages by the bankside. What a track did he leave behind him! Every body knew him to be a poacher, and every body had too much reuson the week day were alike to him; for he seemed neither to fear God, nor to regard man. It is written in the Holy Scriptures, " Mon loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil;" and sure enough this was the case with old Crowder. All night long he was up and as lively as a bird, but if you ever met him when the blessed light of the sun was shining abroad, his hat was pulled over his brows. Ugly things have been said of him, and among them that his hand was not guiltless of blood, but He only knows who can see in the black night as well as the bright day, whether there be any truth in the report. He was at last sent across the seas for a burglary, where he died.

But was there no trace of old Crowder after he left the village 1. O yes! He left a track behind him, and a black one too; for his children, and his children's children are walking in his evil ways. He brought them up to love idleness, and folly, and sin; and not pray; but I am still a living monument from that day to this, disgrace, and punishment, and remorse have clung to them. Such are the ways of the wicked, and " so are the paths of all that forget God."

It is a great affliction for a child to have angodly parents, and as great a mercy for him to have such as fear the Lord and walk in his ways. What strength is there in a father's good example! What a defence is there in a mother's prayer! We ought to pray, more often than we do, to the Path er of moreies for ourselves and all belonging to us. " Show us thy ways, O Lord, teach us thy paths! Lead us in the paths of righteousness for thy name's sake." Andrew Forbes was a different man to old Crowder, and a very different track did he leave behind him. To be sure he had been brought up better, and that is a great matter. Andrew was a Bible reader, a sabbath keep er, a man of prayer, and of a tende conscience. No wonder that he brought up his children as he had been brought up himself. Many murvelled that one who read little else but his Bible, should be so wise a man as he was; but it is a gracious thing to be well read in God's holy book; for "the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. Andrew, simple as he was, was made wise even unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. Who was it that allowed the widow Slater a shill ling a week to her old age till she wanted it no longer, being called from earth to heaven? Who was it that took poor Ben Free into his cottage, when he came back from the sea, almost as thin as a herring, and as ragged as beggar J. And who clothed poor Nancy Taylor from head to foot when she was left an orphany and got her first place of service at the Tanchouse 1 Who was it that taught his neighbours children at the Sunday School & Highy body who knows any thing Forties. Hale 4. truck; behind him in his words and his deads, for he lived respected, and he died lamented, rejujeing in the hope set halors him in the gospel of Christ, even the hope of sternal life through the merits and sacrifice of the Son of God, Yes life just is as the shining light, that shineth more | conclude, begging un interest in your pray and more unto the perfect day.",...

their children as pious people ought to do Let any stranger come into the village on a Subbath day, and book at the wretched grandchildren of old Crowder, without shoes and stockings, and in rugs, idling about, or squat-ting down on the heap of rubbish near their father's door; and then let him step into the neat cot of William Forbes, and see the group gathered together there just before they set off to the Sunday school and the house of God, and he will see whether it is not a truth that old Crowder and Andrew Porbes have left a track behind them, " The Lord knoweth the way of the righteons, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

Yes! ves! nothing can be plainer! We nee all leaving a track behind us, whether we are old or young, rich or poor; and well for us will it be if we are saying in our hearts, Teach us, O Lord, to walk in thy ways, and in the paths of thy commandments."

As old Jacob Saunders finished the last sentence, he came to the high stile that leads into the turnpike road where we were to part; after knocking and scraping his shoes against the lower burs of the stile to free them from the snow, he turned to me and said: "Mixu WHAT TRACK YOU LEAVE BUILD YOU. and then sciently and thoughtfully pursued his walk .- Tract Magazine.

RESTUE FROM RUN. Letter from a collisioned sinner, to the Matron of 4 The Shelter? in Dublin, weitten in Newfoundhad, June 11th, 1834.

"My dearest and best Friend .- How I love to think on your ever anxious and uninterested motive in doing good! But you desire no praise.—Oh, Mrs.——, I do indeed think you have been a great means in saving my poor soul, and I often think what made you put every nerve to work. to have me sent here. But truly it was not you (as Joseph said to his brethrea), it was God! How to begin I know not; my mind has been in such a state of auxiety, both temporal and spiritual, I will try to teli

"We left Dublin on Sunday, the 12th of May: we got on very well for a short time (about a week), although almost all our provisions were stolen, neither of as being able to care for mything; and being two lonely women in the vessel, we were treated cruelly after we had got on sea, being removed from our berths, and put under the hatches—every time the set was boisterous, we were drenched through. I am alive to tell you, poor Anne-was too delicate to survive; she died the 21th of May, Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, and was thrown overboard at three in the afternoon; she knew she was dying. On Sunday she asked me to pray for her. I tried to do so, but felt as if my heart would break. I read the fifty-first Psalm, I think from the beginning to the tenth verse; she seemed as if her whole soul was lost in praver, and I think felt happier all the evening er, and every body had too much reusen after. She asked for something to cat, but to believe he was a thief. The sabbath and I had nothing to give her but a drink of bad water. I said, 'What am I to do?' sho said, 'Our Saviour had no better.' We had no straw to lie upon-half the time, as it had been thrown out so wet; so our linen and what things I could get, I tried to put under her, the skin being off her poor back. My dear Mrs .- , such a picture of pati-

ence and affliction, were I to live years, I shall never forget it; her senses never left her. A moment before she died, she asked me to forgive her all the trouble she gave I thought she was dozing when her spirit fled. I think I could say volumes. When I found her stiff and cold, and all had left me the night before, afraid to stay, thought then I should go too .- I was quite stapified: but when I asked myself why I felt so, I thought every instant I should be summoned before an offended God-inv sins rose like mountains-I thought hell would be my portion-I dare not, I could His Morey! Perhans this may never reach you; if it does, oh, pray for me night and day, that I may try to know the value of my immortal soul! I know you will pity and forgive my talking so. I fove Mrs. C--; she taught me to pray-tell her; God did hear my prayers.

will now try to tell you. "I landed here on the 7th of June, after nearly being wrecked, as we struck on sand banks, and the vessel spring a leak, and all hands were pumping from morning until night, trying to keep her dry. Oh, the mercies of my God! There were two vessels lost at the same place where we struck two days before, when three hundred perished. only three saved ! I got a lodging near where we landed, with very kind people, who put

me to bed : you may judge how I felt. "I am most happily settled with the minster's lady of this town, a most respectable happy family-they have five children: they have family prayer night and morning, am hold a general prayer meeting every week. I feel as if I had found a safe harbour from sin and the world in a strange land. I may say, ' He was found of me that sought no God.' My wages is about £12-found in everything of the best, a room to myself, and every convenience. When I look around me. I can scorce think iris true. I have de lightful books-every thing to bring me to Christ. Only for my papers I could not

have got into such a family. "I feel very anxious for many of the wo men. I would feel very grateful if you wil return the poor women many thanks for their kindness to me; tell them, -oh, if I could with tears, night and day, tell them (us I feel now I would) - the value of so many precious ouls, that were hought with such a price. There are, I know, a great many of the women rather serious. I was no too; but tell there about the nighter knows that it was Andrew that when Anne lay dead in my lap, and when I thought I should have gone too, my hest thoughts in my life was only a mockery never nover gould lorget my good God, my Saviour. He looked on me, and pierced me

to the spul. If in friend this will be for left a track behind him; "the path of the given, if taking too, great, a liberty. I will ers; and believe me to remain, ever grateful Andrew's daughter married, and lives by acknowledging your kindness until death

To the state of the M. J. B.?

established in Dablin through the influence of Mis. Fry, the Quakeress, and the case displayed in the above letter may serve as an encouragement to those engaged in similar enterprises of Christian benevolence in other lands. The letter is copied from the Memoirs of Mrs. Fry.]

THOU ART THE MAN.

the king of Israel. The heartless cruelty. and selfishness, of the rich man, the utter percayement of the poor, of his only comfort, the affectionate animal, which did eat of his own meat, and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was to him as a laughter, justified the anger of David, who ittle thought at the time, that he himself had done worse. The heart is deceifful, the conscience often asleep, and self-esteem wrops the judgment, and blunts the feelings. We can judge of others, but know little of ourselves. Some one who reads this, may be told of a man, who had received the greatest favour from a benefactor. Every gift which could make him happy, had been bestowed, he had been by him delivered out of many calamities, life itself saved, at the expense of much hardship and suffering, by that benefactor and kind friend, who, at last, died in rescuing him. Yet this man by scores to the gallows. Within the memory neglected him, cared little for his character, of some who are still hving, the sportsman his canse, or his friends; nay scarcely who wandered in putsuit of game to the his cause, or his friends; nay, scarcely allowed himself to remember, that he had ever existed. Is not such a man an object of contempt, and detestation? But, whilst I heard with surprise the half-naked women such are the natural, and the just feelings, chanting a wild measure, while the men with Nathan comes to this one render, and says, "Thou art the man," He tells him of all that Christ has done for him, of his suffering in his behalf, his constant kindness, and unwentied offers of mercy. He tells him that Jesus still pleads, and says, "What more could I have done for thee?" and yet, in spite of infinite love, of entreaties, and warnings, and expostulations, the soul treats all with indifference, or says, "go away for this time, and at a more convenient season, I will send for thee." Can this be possible, with creatures endowed with reason or beling? To treat the Saviour of the world thus, to neglect a salvation purchased at such a cost and a rescue from danger, great beyond conception, is conduct that, we should think, scarcely required a visit from Nathan. But we are self-deceivers, we are in a deep sleep, the cleep of false security. We see the evil in others, but not in ourselves, and cannot believe that we are so blind, so ungrateful, so wicked, as to treat

Christ thus. The prophet comes with a message from God, to all, and under every conceivable circumstance. He tells of the distress and grief occasioned by harsh and unguarded words, or unkind acts, by thoughtless or int. proper conduct; that some had only one comfort left, and that was destroyed; one tender point, and that was wounded; one innegent desire, and that was denied. goes through the whole entalogue of sins and listics, of neglect, and asperities, and through all the varied scenes and conditions of a family, or individuals, and when the listoner least expects to be convicted, says, "Thou art the man." He may come, when reparation may still be made, when reformation may still avail; but he may also come. when the injured occ has yone beyond his reach, or left, for ever, those sorrows and vexations, he now regrets, that he ever inflicted. It would be well to receive a visit from Nathan, the prophet, morning and ovening, and, with sincere prayer, to uxamine faithfully, and deeply, the thoughts of our hearts, and the errors of our ways, and so to improve by the past, as to lead in future, to greater watchidness, and more christian quested to act as secretary. The chairman, in feeling, and more high estimation of the a neat and appropriate speech in English,

work of Christ. Tell of a man, who has found an inexmonstible treasure, a store of everything which is good, but that, though sufficient for all, he has kept it to himself, and left his fellow-creatures in want, and what do we say to his selfish cruelty? Ah! Nathan, Nathan, thou art coming to say, "thou art the man." Do we not act thus, when, partaking of the riches of Christ, we make not one endeavour to render others partakers also? We will not utter even a single word. of survey which has been published, when he We see them proceeding, in thoughtlessness, and carelessness, and in open sin, and yet tell them not of a Saviour's love, and the hope of heaven. Shame on us. Oh that Nathan may add, "the Lord hath also put away thy sin." The remaining time is short, God grant that we may do more for him, during the rest of our pilgrimage.-Christian Fragments, by Professor John Burns, M. D., of Glasgow.

NORTHERN ENGLAND, 160 YEARS SINCE. From Mucaulay's History of England.

A large part of the country between the Trent and Tweed was down to the eighteenth century in a state of batharism. Physical and moral causes had concurred to prevent civilization from spreading to that region. The air was inclement: the soil was such as generally required skilful and industrious cultivation; and there could be little skill or industry in a tract which was so often the theatre of war, and conded by Dr. BARDY, and which, even when there was nominal peace, was constantly desolated by bands of Scottish marauders. Before the union of the two British crowns, and long after that union, there was as great a difference between Middlesex and Northumberland as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those squatters who, far to the West of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the rifes and the dagger. In the reign of Charles the Second, the traces left by ages of slaughter and pillage were by the How Louis Massur, and still distinctly perceptible, many miles south of Resolved 2nd:—That the construction of still distinctly percentible, many miles south of Resolved Zids—That the construction of a the Tweed, in the face of the country and in Railway from Hallfax to Quebec will cause a berland were authorised to raise bands of armed men for the defence of order and, property; and provision was made for moeting the expense of these levies by local taxation. The parishes were required to keep blood-

hounds for the purpose of hunting the freebootots. Many old men who were living in the [The "Sheller" was a House of Refuge, middle of the eighteenth century could well ed by F. X. PARADIS, Esq., and

remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common. Yet even with such auxilia-ries it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. For the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path over the fells from Bortowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen; some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by "The poor man had nothing, save one that road. The seats of the gentry and the little ewe lamb." None can read this parable, without sharing in the indignation of penned at night beneath the overhanging hatthe name of the peel. The immates slept with arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and scald the plunderer who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveller ventured into that country without making his will. The judges on circuit, with the whole body of barristers, attorneys, clerks, and serving-men, rode on horse-back from Newcastle to Carlisle, armed, and escorted by a strong guard under the com mand of the shordly. It was necessary to carry provisions; for the country was a wilderness which afforded no supplies. The spot where the cavalende halted to dine, under an immense onk, is not yet forgotten. The irregular rinistered shocked observers whose life had been passed in more tranquil districts. Juries, animated by hatred and by a sense of common danger, convicted house-breakers and cattlestealers with the promptitude of a court-martial in a muting; and the convicts were harried sources of the Tyne found the heaths round Keeldar Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and brandished dirks danced a war dance.

NOVEL MOTIVE POWER

We saw a few days since at the calinet shep of Mr. Joseph Pockover, in this city, a most excollent application of doz power to the propul-sion of machinery, which from its simplicity and cheapness of construction could be used tondvantage wherever a small power is wanted. It consists of a large wooden drum 11 feet in diameter and 15 inches wide, the axle of the the friction. The dog week in order to lessen the friction. The dog wee placed inside the dram, tunning it by his weight in the same manuer that a squirrel turns a wheel. By the power thus produced, Mr. Perkover drives two upright saws for curves, one small circular saw and faining lathes for wood, but not all at once. He employs two Newfoundland dogs for his work, and has trained them for it admirably. By a word from his injector, the dog celiar and jumps into the wheel. After working two hours, this day is released by the other, and so afternately through the day. We notived in our paper a few days since, the dog power which was exhibiting at the fair in this city. In that case the dog was fastened by the neck to a circular platform and made to work it around, the operation being much more laborious for the dog and producing less power. By Me Perkover's plan, the dogs are not fastened, and seem delighted at the privilege of farning the rum. At a very frilling cost any farmer can employ his dags at churning, winnowing numping water, turning the grindstone, &c .-New York American.

QUEBEC AND HALIFAN RAILBOAD. - TH RAIL-ROAD MEETING of yesterday afternonwas one of the mest numerous and enthusiastic that we ever withessed in Queber. At the appointed bour the large wardings of the late House of Assembly was crowded with our most influential merchants and other citizenwithout distinction of origin, creed or party. anxious to testify the interest they take in the success of a measure the most important that ever was proposed for the prosperity and advancement of the British North American provinces. One happy result see as to have already been tealised, in the fraternisation of all classes in Quebec. His Wa ship the Mayor of the City, G. O.

Strang, Esquire, was called to the chair, and the City Clerk, P. X. Gannan, Esq., tewhich he afterwards repealed in French, ex-plained the object of the meeting. The Honotable A. W. Counax, on moving the first resolution, had commenced an eloquent address in which he referred to the first meeting held in the same place three years ago, when a plan the practicability of which is now put beyond a doubt appeared to many, and even to himself, chimerical; alluded in feeling terms to the absence of one who then took a lively interest in the measure, but has since passed away, Jones NELLSON; and was proceeding to eulogise and comment upon the report of the commissioners was interrupted by the arrival of a deputation of some hundreds of working men, principally ship carpenters from St. Roch's, with fligs fly ing, who being unable to gain admission into the room, the meeting adjourned to the vest Hall of Assembly.

Here Mr. Cournant continued and concluded his address amidst the plandits of the audience, and was followed in English by the Honorable Mr. WALKER, G. HALL, Esquire, and Captain Boxen, R. N., and in French by Dr. BARDY, the Honorable Ls. Massue, F. R. An-GERS, and J. P. RHEAUME, Esquires. We regret our inability to give even a sketch of the different speeches.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the meeting. It has been left to the Committee appointed either to sign the petition them selves or have it signed by the citizens gener ally. The latter mode of signature would per haps give it greater weight, although it migh

Moved by the Hon. A. W. Cocuranc, se Resolved 1st .- That in the opinion of this meeting, the very able and clear Report of the Commissioners of the proposed Trunk Line of Railway from Halifax to Quebec, makes its practicability no longer a matter of doubt, and that it is the duty of every Colonist in the North American Provinces to aid and assist in this magnificent undertaking, by all the incans and influence in his power. Moved by the Hon. W. WALKER, seconder

the lawless manners of the people. There were the lawless manners of the people, whose calling still a large class of moss-troppers, whose calling was to plunder dwellings and to drive away whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary will be of immense importance to consider the Restoration of these outrages. sion of the Commissioners' Report, it is the opinion of this meeting that an humble address fore the day of publication; insorted according to presented to the Governor General and thin Houses of Parliament, praying their grave and to lines and above six living 3s 4d first insertion, and 17th cachiaulasquant insertion; for the day of publication of the project, long to lines and above six living 3s 4d first insertion, and 10d and the lines and above six living 3s 4d first insertion, and 10d and the lines and post of lines and above six living its day of the first lines of the day of the lines and above six living 3s 4d first insertion, and 10d and the lines and above six living 3s 4d first lines tion.

World by Sir Hi Caldwell, Bart, seconded by F. X. Pananis, Egg., and which depticits, in a great measure, the preservation of these. Provinces as British Colonies.

Resolved 3rd .- That the Committee hained n 1816, at the public meeting held on the 14th January, when this measure was taken into consideration, be re-appointed and requested to embody the above resolutions in a petition to the Governor General and both Houses of Parliament, and to take such steps as they may deem necessary for the furtherance of this great object, with power to add to their num-

or. The Mayor having left the chair, the Hon. lis. Massue was called thereto, and on motion of J. P. Rheavne, Esq., seconded by H. Cainns, Esq., the thanks of the meeting were voted to His Worship for his able conduct as chairman. - Friday's Gazette.

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