Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

OR, HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

N. B.—These Hymns are "fitted to the Tune sused in Churches," being of the same Metres with the received "Version of the Psalms of David."

LXV.-THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. D. C. M.

The Collect. O God, who declarest Thy almighty Power most chiefly in shewing mercy and pity; Mercifully grant unto us such a measure of Thy grace, that we running the way of Thy commandments, may obtain Thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of Thy heavenly treasure; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

> In mighty acts of love to man The Pow'r of God is seen, a
>
> A living Spring—a Font of grace,
> To cleanse the heart unclean!
> Poor fallen Man—a Leper foul, b With plague of sin defiled, In Jordan laved, is new create-Made "like" "a little child." d

Though brightly gleam Abana's wave, And proudly Pharpar swell; God's holy stream in ISRAEL flows, And THERE His prophets dwell, e Henceforth, O Lord, to none but Thee The sinner saved will bow : To Thee alone His Off'ring make, To Thee perform the Vow.f

The Faith, "wherein we stand" baptized, g We'll hold with firm embrace; And bless the Pow'r of cleansing love, Yea, all "the means of grace." h Keep, Lord, O keep our spirit pure, Devoid of ev'ry stain; And help us so to run our course, That we the goal may gain, i IV. j

What have we, save "THE GRACE OF GOD,"
Yea-what whereof to boast?
Without His GRACE the sinner saved Had been a sinuer lost! Great God, accept our Praise and Prayer! Thy grace to all impart! Have mercy on the humbled soul! Forgive the contrite heart !

a Beginning of The Collect.
b First Morning Lesson—2; Kings v.)—Nuaman cured of his leprosy.
c Titus ili. 5; John bii. 5; and Thanksgiving after Baptism in the Office for Baptism of Infants.
d Versa 14 of First Morning Lesson; and Matt. xviii. 3.
e Versas 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, of First Morning Lesson.
f Latter part of 17th verse of the same.
g The Epistle—(1 Cor. xv. 1).
h The General Thanksgiving.

i The Collect.

J The Gospel—(Luke xviii. 9 to 15). The Parable of the Pharisee get away.

The ro

XCH .- SAINT BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.* C. M.

The Collect. O ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who didst give to Thine Apostle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and to preach Thy Word; Grant, we beseech Thee, unto Thy Church, to love that Word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the same; through Jesus Christ our Loid. Amen.

Before the face of Israel
"Were signs and wonders wrought,"
When God sent forth "the twelve" to teach
What He to them had taught.

They spake THE WORD in Judah's bound; They preach'd in ev'ry Land; b
And Goo confirm'd the Truth Divine: e

m.d Almighty God; with grateful heart And guileless tongue we praise The Grace that spread the light of life In Zion's early days!

IV. d Through Grace the good BARTHOLOMEW Believed the Word of God: By Grace his heart and tongue were moved To spread the Truth abroad. v.d

Thou God of grace; instruct Thy Church To love, receive, and teach, The Word by Saints of old made known! "That Word" may Zion preach!

Vouchsafe to all her sons a heart From Earth's "vain glory" freed! e May each be found a guileless saint-"AN ISRAELITE INDEED!" f

VII. O make the servant like his Lord ! g Make ev'ry saint to share
The lowly mind that shone in Christ—h So bright, so passing fair!

* "Many, both anciently and of later times, have supposed— Nathanaci and Bartholomew—to be the same person under two dif-ferent names."—(Nelson's Companion for the Festivals and Fasts.)

a For The Epistle—(Acts v. 12).
b Linke xxiv. 47; Acts xiii. 46, 47; and Second Morning Lesson—(Acts xxii. 21, 22).
c Mark xvi. 22.
d The Collisio

Collect.
Gospel—(Luke xxil. 24).—Strife among the disciples which

should be the greatest.

f John i. 47.
g Matt. x. 24, 25.
h Matt. xi. 29; Phil. ii. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

OLD ROBERT GRAY. [CONCLUDED.]

The thin grey clouds were moving across the sky, quick and dull. There was no moon—no stars out. Charlie turned the leaves carefully over; he came to flared about in the gust, and shone pale and sickly on a deep narrow lane, a mile away, they might have dear lad's book; he read in it the night before I lost on them and the wall opposite. He was taken by knelt down, old Robert knelt too with his head against heard its heavy chime, now loud, and now low, as it him. God, of his great mercy, grant I may see him surprise, and soon secured; and the house was again the wall, and the stick by his side; and when Charlie came sweeping along, under the boughs and over the before I die." fields-the dark dreary fields, where all was so quiet The letters were evidently old, and had been writin the night, the church-clock seemed to speak a word ten some years. Charlie stood staring at it. It was For weeks and weeks Charlie lay in bed so ill from by heard the old man's faint voice saying, "Lord, now who reminds us he still thinks of us.

narrow garden, and up the hills behind, where its echo "It's very odd."

made them start.

"Stop here, Charlie boy," said the gruff voice, which was.

some way from a town; and they had heard he lived voice speak to him and say, "Has Charlie said his carried a message to the Queen; and if any one else alone, which gave them hopes. A light glimmered prayers before I put my boy to bed?"

through one window, a faint light. old man, how little he thinks of what's coming; there's He began the Lord's Prayer out loud; word after else in doing it; and he would put an air of such imwhere he sleeps, I'll be bound, in the room over the word came out. When he had done it, he went on portance about it; and if any one offered to go for old kitchen, up the five stone steps, and the three to another and another prayer—prayers he hadn't said him, he always shook his head, and would say, "No, wooden ones! Dear me, what nonsense I'm talking, for years. But now they came as if he had said them no; people come to ask about the lad, and I'm the as if I knew anything about a house inside, which I yesterday. He came to the words, "God bless my best to know about him." He seemed as pleased never saw the outside of in my life before. Heigho! dear uncle, whom Thou hast left to me for a father." if I ought to awake him, and give the alarm. This came crowding into his head—thoughts of things he The house never looked so untidy as it did now. gate looks as if it said to me, 'Do as you would be done was sure he knew—thoughts of days gone by, and he All the while Charlie was lost, everything was put in by.' What nonsense I'm talking again, as if the gate burst into tears. had any thing to do with that. I'll go into the garden. It woke the old man: he started up on his pillow. the desolate old man would say with a sigh, "Maybe

though you are an odd one."

"Hist, hist, Sandie; I'm just going round this path; lie's neck. it leads to the back-door of the house, under the back help us to get in easy a bit."

know the house though, Charlie?" "No, no; not I," said he. "I never was here before, prayers!" I'm positive sure: still I guess it; I think it; I don't but I don't see it. I'm very strange in my feelings and leave me to die!" somehow to-day.'

of these rosy apples, and then come back to the gate; think what had brought Charlie there in that strange thank the good God, I shall!" And he could say no for Fielding will be back from plundering the farm, and | way at that hour of night. I won't have him find you away-no, not on any account.

"There's 'steal not' written on that very apple-tree," said Charlie, "and I can't steal 'em; it's a downgight and locked it. wicked thing, and he who steals must go to hell, Sandie; I'll leave you, Sandie, and there's fair teling; I'll with killing him! leave you this blessed night. Once more, 'smal not' Meanwhile the old man had got up from his bed, thought all his wish to leave the gang was owing to sparkled again with his feelings.

'steal not' cut out on the tree as clear as clear,"

"I knew it, I knew it; I knew how it was. I'll the room through the broken door. leave you, Sandie, for you're all in a downrightwicked way. I'll-"

The robbers, who had made the yard all bare, now drew towards the house.

"Charlie boy," said Fielding, drawing towards him | in his hand. when he had opened a window and had got through, "you follow me; I'll just go into the old man's room; you stand by his pillow-if he moves, if he looks, shoot him dead with this pistol; and if you don't l'll shoot please don't; he's an orphan boy: hear an old man's there were none so striking as old Robert Gray and you, that's sure. Whilst we strip the house, go and prayer!" His tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. Charlie Lee. The old man was leaning on Charlie's stand by him; and woe fall on you if you don't do as I bid you! If he moves, mark you, or openshis eyes, ed for him these many years! Take away my old head was bowed down low, and his lips moved in while we are in the house—take care," said Fielding, life, if you must, for my days are few. Please, sir; prayers and thanks to God. The lad seemed thinkending with an oath, and looking terribly at the poor | kind sir !" boy. So saying, he put a pistol into Charlie's hands, door behind him.

Charlie found himself in a small bedroom; a bed asleep, his long grey hair fell in curls on the pillow, a deep wound in the boy's neck. "If you hurt a hair me this is my last walk with you, Charlie, and the over his eyes.

know what's coming to you!"

no one in it; yet it was all made, and smooth, and a heavy groan on the ground. snow-white pillow put in order, just as if some one were going to sleep in it. There was hardly a wrinkle Gray, as he threw himself on the pale face of his on the sheet which covered it. The white dimity bleeding boy; "and am I to lose you just as I've got (he could not finish his sentence) "you know where," curtains of the old man's bed were drawn around the you back,—you as I've watched for for years, and as said he as he pointed his withered finger up to where crib, as you would draw a curtain round the bed of a I've so long wished to have, that I might see my boy the hot sun was burning in the deep blue sky; and the sick child; and over the pillow was hung the portrait Charlie once again before I die? Oh, Charlie boy, old man's eyes were fixed on the land that's "very far of a little boy. "And on the other side of the cur- speak to the old man; speak to me as you used, off." "You know where, Charlie boy,—that land tain," said Charlie to himself, "will be the straw hat Charlie dear, just a little word, to say you are not which I used to tell you of when you were a little lad, with a blue riband." He looked round, and there dead!" And his grey locks were mixed with the and ran by my side, as you do now. Meet me there, it was, just as he said. Charlie started. "How boy's pale brown hair; and the old man pressed one Charlie boy—meet me there!" There was a silence. strange!" said he. "What has taken me? I feel as bitter kiss on his boy's forehead, and sank down sense. if all this had happened before!"

The old church-clock had tolled out twelve; and down the title-page; there was written on it, "My own the stern face of the robber, whose dark shadow fell

A small packet of papers lay on the table, tied Four figures turned the corner of the lane, creeping along under the hedge, as if they were afraid of each were written the words, "My Charlie's." Charlie watching by his side; and many the morning sunrise other, so softly and quietly that every trembling leaf looked round and round; he felt as if he knew each which broke in on the old grey head as it nodded bit of furniture, nay, more, he knew where they ought asleep by the clean white pillow. Every one in the

tried to whisper, of the man who led them. "Stay here at the garden-gate, and keep watch while we go breathing. The boy drew towards the bed. He Robert Gray would nurse him all alone; and when into the yard. And, hark ye, lad, if you hear any stood looking at the old man. It was a strange sight any neighbour called to know how his nephew was, one, and don't give a call; or if you," and the robber to see the young pale face of the boy, with his white he would totter down stairs as fast as his stick would put his face close to poor Charlie, and looked with such hair, and his wild dress, and his pistol in his hand— carry him, and make his way to the door; and the a fixed, cruel look at him, as if he suspected him, if and the old man, with his long grey locks and calm old withered face would press through the half-open you give the alarm, you know what, old fellow!" and be put the barrel of a pistol close to Charlie's face, so the put the barrel of a pistol close to Charlie's face, and the put the barrel of a pistol close to Charlie that the boy started back some paces, trembling all over. over him. He had been by that bed before: yes! he "God bless you for asking: praise the Lord, the He stood watching the figures of the men as they was sure he had; he was sure he had seen that old lad's mending fast;" and the tear would tremble in slunk away under the wall, and he was left alone. He man's face before: it was one which seemed to tell him the old man's eye, and steal its way down his cheek looked up; the little white farm-house stood before what he "ought to do." He fancied—but it must before the neighbour left the door; and he'd totter him, of the old man they had come to rob. It was be only fancy—he fancied he heard the old man's back again up stairs as much pleased as if he had

The young robber fell down on his knees before and answer it himself, if it were twenty times a-day, "There's where he sleeps," said Charlie; "poor the bed to pray. He clasped his thin fingers together. though he would take twelve times as long as any one well-poor old man-I don't like the work; I wonder The poor boy's heart was full: a thousand thoughts before.

Maybe I may find my way to the house, for there is His grey eye rested on the wild ragged figure of the my boy will come back, and he shan't say the old

Charlie looked how to go. Over the gate were man in terror sprung up. "Who are you? What lie lay up stairs, the old man seemed to care for no- SPRING IMPORTATIONS!

light; he started: "Dear, how odd! why these are the The boy remained still on his knees; his tears be doing his work; it shall wait to shame him—that words I said. I said the gate seemed to say them." streamed over his hands, and his eyes were fixed on it shall;" and the old man would laugh again till the "Where are you going, Charlie boy?" said the low, the old man's face. "Hush, hush, uncle! for the tears ran out of his eyes. good-natured voice of the other robber-boy. "Come kind God's sake, hush, lest they hear you!" He It was a warm spring Sunday, and all the people back, Charlie, for I would not have Fielding find you started up; and the old man for a moment bent his had left church, and the clergyman was talking still gone; for I know he hates you, and would hurt you if eyes on the boy. He passed his hand across his to a man by the church-door, when a little boy came he could. Come back, Charlie, that's a good lad. I wrinkled forehead and long eyebrows. He ried to and said, "Please, sir, there's an old man would speak don't want to see you hurt, for I have a liking for you, collect himself. "Charlie boy!" There was another to you at the gate;" but the clergyman could not moment's silence, and the old grey head fell on Char- come directly. Still the figure stood by the gate with-

know why—it's very strange. I feel as if I knew all ed; he had forgotten every thing. The dreadful a message which deserved a month's waiting. about it; yet I never was here before. Behind youder situation he was in rushed into his mind in a moment.

"You've gone daft Charlie boy; but let's pick some boy?" said the old man, who had quite forgotten to should, and to bring him to be confirmed; and now,

ing up the pistol from the bed, he rushed to the door | blessed! shall I be fit after such a life?'

and all that comes out to me as I stand here looking at tap, and a long shrill whistle. There was an awful which was to be in the summer. Charlie was very these rosy apples, as fresh as the water in the street- silence for a moment. "O uncle, uncle, save your- attentive, and tried all he could to learn; for he had pump. So there's for you! I won't have any more to self!" cried the boy; and he rushed to the window, been taught when he was young, and of course it was do with you or yours; for it's a bad game this—that and threw it open, shouting aloud, "Murder! murder! not so hard now. There was one whose duty it was, it is, Sandie; and I feel, as I stand here looking at the -O my God," cried the boy, "kind and good God, and he had done it.

is on that apple-tree." And the pale thin boy got so and was beginning to guess a little what was the matworked up, that his white face flushed, and his eye ter. At Charlie's loud and bitter cries the robber which old Robert, years and years ago, taught him to "Now you're a prophet, or you are cracked," said will, boy, will you?" cried he outside; "you will give boy would have to go through before he reached it. Sandie, when he reached the apple-tree; "for here's us up—you will peach, and think to get off so easily, He never went among the neighbours; but by degrees eh, Charlie boy?" shouted Fielding, as he rushed into his shyness went off.

and was trying to help him, by holding up his faltering He walked by Charlie's side up the hill, and looked "Hist, hist, Charlie. I hear 'em coming: look to steps, and hoping he should hear some footfall in the as pleased and proud about his boy as if he were a the gate. Go—for your life—back! if Fieldin; comes lane which would bring him aid. The old man look- king. The neighbours said he looked very old and and catches you here"-So saying, Sandie tragged ed like one wild, dragged from his bed in the still weak; but when the Bishop's hand rested on Charlie's Charlie back to the gate, who struggled all the time to hour of the night, the house seeming full of people, head, the poor old man burst into tears. and his long-lost boy come back to him, and yet in so Next Sunday was the Holy Communion-Charlie's strange a manner. Fielding seized Charlie by the First Communion; and old Robert was up ready to go hair and held up a huge knife over him which he had with his boy to church—a bright glad summer morn-

spare the lad, sir-spare the lad; dont hurt him, sir; over the hills and far away. Among all the people

and led him up stairs. The robber opened a door; old man, to which he clung so closely, that Fielding many years ago. "My boy-my lad," said Robert, and whispering to the boy, once more pointed the pistol at him, and frowning grimly, stole down, shutting the shake it off. "Take this, old fool!" cried the furious wrinkled cheeks,—"my lad, thank God I've lived to man, striking at the grey head with the knife.

stood on the farther side to the door; an old man lay between the blade and his uncle, and the point made ever have seen this day? I have that within me tells and his peaceful face was calm in sleep; a rushlight of his head," cried Charlie, tearing himself from the last visit to you old church;" and the old man brushburnt in the room, and the great rounds of light were robber's hand with a violent effort, "I've that in me ed off the tear with his sleeve and looked up again in dancing on the ceiling, and the little rounds were will strike you dead on the spot!" and the boy's eyes | Charlie's face. moving about on the floor. Charlie stopped a moment flashed fire, and his sunk hollow cheek flushed up with "Don't talk so, dear uncle," said Charlie, "don't Johnstown... Bastard to look at the old man's face. He lay so quiet asleep, anger, as he threw himself between the robber and as if good angels guarded his bed. He was an old his uncle. "Don't hurt a hair of his head. Kill me, man, a very old man, with deep wrinkles on his fore- if you must kill one-kill me, who've been so bad and head and cheeks, and large grey eyebrows, which hung wicked—kill me, whom you stole, and made me one of again; here's my last time: and oh, God be praised your wicked selves; but you shan't hurt him as lies for this!" "Poor old man," said the boy; "how little you there who taught me good things when I was a little lad!"

By the side of the old man's bed was a little crib, but another and another blow and Charlie fell with a that would come.

"O Charlie! my boy Charlie!" cried old Robert less by his side.

He crept to the table which stood between the Two men were walking down the lane; they heard windows—an old oak table: a Bible lay open upon the calls from the window, and came running through it, as if the old man had been reading in it before he the farm-yard. They found the robbers down stairs went to sleep. The page lay open at the fifteenth carrying off Gray's things, and Fielding in the bedchapter of St. Luke, and the first words the robber room, looking into his boxes and drawers. On the read were, "this my son was lost, and is found." The floor lay the two bodies, one on the other, old age and page was wet with tears, and the large spots were on boyhood lying together as if in death. The blood it, plainly where the old man had been crying over it. flowed out in a red stream on the floor; the rushlight

to cheer them in their stillness, as from a friend afar off covered with green baise: and it's brown, with a yellow stripe round it, underneath the baise," said Char ter again. The old man nursed him night and day when they rose to go, and the young communicant The last toll of twelve had rung out, and had died lie. He turned over the leaves till he came to the up in that very room where he had prayed for Charlie came back to his uncle's side, the arm was stiff on away up the long winding lane, and the heavy boughs first chapter of St. John. He could read it all, and every morning and thought of him every night. He which the grey head rested; for the soul of Robert of the autumn-trees were swinging silently in the pale yet he was no scholar; he hadn't read for years.— would scarcely let any one else come near him to help Gray had passed away. light, and the sound of the church-clock had passed along the farm-yard, and the small white farm house, which stood so still and quiet in the night, along the said Charlie, rubbing his eyes, and staring round.— Charlie—the boy Charlie; no, no, the old man will nurse his own boy himself."

Many and many were the evening suns which shone They came to the gate which led into the farm. to be; and where he expected anything was, there it village was talking of the lad having come home again, and every one felt so glad; for all the village loved

came to the house, he would go and hear the question, each time as if he had never answered the question

its place at night, and found there in the morning; and robber, and the pistol lying on the bed. The old man didn't do the lad's work." But now that Char-

written the words, "Do as you would be done by," as do you want with a peaceable old man at this time of large as life. Charlie read them in the dull night? Help here!" Charlie comes down to do it himself, for he ought to

moment's silence, and the old grey head fell on Charlie's neck.

"My child, my long lost child—my desr, dear
boy!" sobbed out the old man, while down his furtowed check Charlie's tears were running fart. "It parfour-window. I'll just creep round; maybe it will boy!" sobbed out the old man, while down his fur- portant message; and when at last the clergyman rour-window. I'll just creep round; maybe it will boy!" sobbed out the old man, while downins furlip us to get in easy a bit."

Towed cheek Charlie's tears were running fast; "it

"Just under the back parlour-window; why, do you is right—it is right, my son is yet alive—my son is

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"Just under the back parlour-window; why, do you is right—it is right, my son is yet alive—my son is

"Just under the back parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and, bowing the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and below the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and below the parlour-window; why, do you want with me, my friend?" the old man started, and below the parlour-window; why, do you want yet alive! O God you have heard the old man's his grey head almost to the earth, "I beg pardon, sir; his selection of Goods for that branch of his business. but I only came to say my Charlie's come home A heavy fall was heard down stairs. Charlie start- again;" and then he walked home as if he had given

"My dear, dear lad," would old Gray say, "I pro- the most correct manner. elder-tree there's a great high water-butt; I know it, "O uncle! dear, dear uncle! save yourself, that's all, mised it all for you at baptism. How I've longed to Toronto, May 18, 1846. see my Charlie take his First Communion! how often NEW SUMMER GOODS. "When-where? What do you mean, Charlie I've longed to bring him to it myself, as a sponsor

A quick silent footstep was heard outside, a low him, and began to prepare him for a Confirmation

for having been taught when he was young, for he began to burst the door with all his force. "You look forward, though he little knew the strange life his

At last the important day came, and Charlie was The lad had dragged the old man to the window, confirmed by the Bishop; and old Robert was there.

ing. Numbers were going along the village-road to Old Robert Gray, in an agony of terrer and grief, church, young people and old, grave and gay; and rushed forward and clung to the robber's arm. "Oh, the happy church-bells did ring out so loud and low "Oh, dont hurt the lad; he's my only boy; I've wait- arm, and his oak-stick in the other hand; his grey ing to himself all the way of the solemn thing he was going to do, the happy day he had talked of so many, with a Counting House off the Store, and a large Warehouse The robber was struggling to get his arm from the going to do, the happy day he had talked of so many, see this day. I don't care how soon God calls me now Charlie saw it coming down, and threw himself __I'm ready to go. Who'd have thought I should

> talk so; may be you'll often come with me to the church.'

"No, no, Charlie boy-I say no; I shan't come

"I've only just come back to you, uncle; and what Niagara The young robber stole quietly round the room.— But the robber who had got his hand free, struck friend?" And Charlie's voice trembled with the tears!

"No crying, Charlie boy-no crying. God's will be done! He's been very good. Be a good lad, that's all, and meet me, Charlie boy, meet me-"And when I'm gone, you'll take my things; they're all yours; they were all kept for you, and have been for years; and the good Lord bless my dear lad with

They took their places in church—the old church. The sun shone brightly on the chancel-window and on the altar-floor; and when Charlie went up to the rail, old Robert followed to see the lad. All eyes fell on the grey head and the form which bent on the old oak stick as it stood right before the altar, with his two hands folded on the top of his staff, and the morning sun shining down on his silver locks. When all received for the first time "His blessed Body and Blood," his First Communion, one who was kneeling

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(SUCCESSOR TO T. J. PRESTON,) RATEFUL to the Gentry of Canada West, for the distinguished patronage which he continues to receive, begs respectfully to intimate, that he has received, per Great Britain and other vessels, a very superior assortment of the best West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the

The Tailoring Department will continue to be conducted on

those principles which are calculated to give satisfaction to a N.B.-Clergymen and Barrister's Gowns, &c. &c., made in

J. HOLMAN,

The minister often saw Charlie, and prayed for WEST OF ENGLAND BROAD CLOTHS, Plain and Figured Cassimeres, Doeskins, Drills, Mixed Silk-Warp Tweed, Olive

ALSO, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Washing Satin and Figured Vestings, rosy apples yonder, as if I could talk books full about save my old uncle; if I die, do not let me have to do He strove hard to serve God; and was so thankful Caps, Gloves, Cravats, Stocks, Ties, Linen Collars, Suspenders Drawers, Lambswool Vests, &c.

and Gold do., Black Cassmerett, &c.

All of which he is prepared to dispose of on unusually Cobourg, June 10, 1846.

RICHARD SCORE, NO. 1, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. KEEPS constantly on hand a supply of West or Eng-LAND BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, and RICH VESTINGS, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage and support.

N.B.—UNIVERSITY WORK done in all its different orders; also, Judges, Queen's Counsel, and Barristers' Robes, in the most approved style, and on moderate terms. Toronto, July 1st, 1845.

Farm for Sale. OR SALE, the South-East quarter of Lot No. 17, in the 4th Concession of the Township of Hamilton;

40 Acres of which are cleared. The Land is well watered. and in a high state of cultivation. For terms of payment, &c. enquire of the Subscriber on

THOMAS CROSSAN. Hamilton, 12th June, 1845.

TO LET,

THOSE eligibly situated Premises in King Street, three doors west of the Montreal Bank, consisting of a commodious and very convenient Dwelling House, with Store underneath, fitted up in a superior style with Show Windows,

in rear. Early possession can be had; the House and Store let separately or together. For particulars apply to the Proprietor, D. E. BOULTON Esq., or to the Subscriber. PETER MORGAN. Cobourg, January, 1846. Lands for Sale, in Upper Canada. THE FOLLOWING LANDS are offered for sale by the Executors of the late John S. Cartwright, Esq., viz.: Con. Acres Lot. 15 .. E. part of broken } E. half 11 W. ½ 17, W. ½ 27 Camden East .. Broken lots 39 & 40
Cayuga 5 and 6, North side
Talbot Road, South Collingwood Cornwall E. half 14 Part N. half 20 (Town of) , 6, 7 & 12, Block No. 2 14 & 15, " 3 & 4, 18, 22, 24 & 34 23 28 } front ½ 33 } 12, 17, 18 & 34 ... W. ½ 19 ... 15, & E. ½ 25 ... N. half 30 ... S. half 28 ... W. half 19 Huntingdon 13, W. half 14

E. half North Crosby E. half N. half W. half 14 . 9, 11, 12, 13 & 14 Do. do.
Victoria Sidney
Prince Edward Sophiasburgh .
Western ... Sombra 1 10, 12 Part 62

N. half 19 iculars, apply,-if by letter, fre

FRANCIS M. HILL. 439-tf Kingston, 1st December, 1845. LANDS FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentle in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersign Lot. . 22, 24, 25, 26, 28 . 20, 21, 22 Part 25 14, 17, 22 14, 16 22 18, 20 W. half 11 W. half 9 W. half 23

FRANCIS M. HILL. 416-tf Kingston, 1st December, 1845.

LANDS FOR SALE, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Lot 4, 1st Con. East of Hurontario Street, Mulmur, 200 acres "15, 7th " "
W. half 10, 4th " W. half 7, 3rd Con. Southern division, Orillia, W. half 7, 3rd " Tosorontio, 100
E. half 14, W. half 22, 5th Con. do. 200
W. half 13 and 14, 7th Con. do. 200
W. half 7, 6th Con., E. half 7, 7th Con. Vespra, 200 W. half 7 3rd " Western District.

E. half 7,7th Con. N. of Egremont Road, Warwick, 100 W. parts 18 and 19, 11th Con..... Madoc, 200

Midland District. S. half 7, and N. half 11, 10th Con Richmond 200 The above Lands will be sold at moderate prices, and of terms to suit the purchaser. Apply (if by letter, post-paid) 10

Napanee, M. D., 25th March, 1846. NOTICE IS hereby given, that D'ARCY E. BOULTON, Esq. of Co-

bourg, Canada West, is sole Agent for the general management, superintendence and sale, of all Lands in this Province registered in the name of JACQUES ADRIAN PIERRE BARBIES.
Trustee of EUPHRASIE BARBIER; and that no sales will be thank the good God, I shall!" And he could say no way at that hour of night.

"O uncle, uncle! I hear the footsteps on the stairs.

"My First Communion—my First Communion!" And, snatching up the pistol from the bed, he rushed to the door of the best.

"I All OR AND DRAPER,

"As just received a large and choice assortment of SUMMER GOODS, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public generally. They consist of the best.

"I All OR AND DRAPER,

"My First Communion—my First Communion!" Said Charlie clasping his thin hands togther, "How blessed! shall I be fit after such a life?"

"I All OR AND DRAPER,

"My First Communion—my First Communion!" Said Charlie clasping his thin hands togther, "How blessed! shall I be fit after such a life?" authorised to collect and receive the same. New York, February 14, 1845.

> WOOL. THE highest market price will be paid in Cash for WOOL, at the Ontario Mills Woollen Factory, Cobourg, by the

S. E. MACKECHNIE. Cobourg, June 12, 1845. N. B.—Growers of Wool who may prefer it, will have an opportunity of exchanging any portion of their Wool for

D. E. BOULTON, BARRISTER. ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND BANKRUPTCY,

NOTABY PUBLIC, MASTER EXTRAORDINARY IN CHANCERY, COBOURG, CANADA WEST. DONALD BETHUNE, Jr.

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptey, CONVEYANCER, &c. DIVISION STREET, COBOURG, Canada West. Cobourg, Oct. 21, 1845.

WILLIAM A. GARRETT, TORNEY AT LAW, &c. &c. &c. (Over the Store of J. V. Boswell & Co.) COBOURG, CANADA. Cohourg, Dec. 18, 1844.

MESSRS. BETHUNE & BLACKSTONE, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &COFFICE OVER THE WATERLOO HOUSE, No. 134, King Street, Toronto, ONE DOOR EAST OF RIDOUT, BROTHERS & CO December 1. 1842.

Professor of Surgery in the University of King's College, FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF

ENGLAND, REMOVED TO BAY STREET, NEAR TO FRONT STREET, At home for consultation from 10 a.m. till 12 dailf. Toronto, April, 1844.

SURGEON DENTIST. OPPOSITE THE OFFICE OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL KING STREET, COBOURG. CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, KING STREET, KINGSTON.

PHYSICIAN'S AND FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY CO. G. & T. BILTON. MERCHANT TAILORS, No. 2, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, TORONTO, [LATE T. J. PRESTON.] T. & M. BURGESS,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

(LATE G. BILTON)

No. 128, KING STREET, TORONTO. A. MCMORPHI, UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER, KING STREET, COBOURG.

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

BANK STOCK BOUGHT AND SOLD BY A. B. TOWNLEY, Land and House Agent, &c.

130, KING STREET, TORONTO. | 423-tf

LAND SCRIP FOR SALE BY A. B. TOWNLEY, Land and House Agent, 130, KING STREET, TORONTO. [423tf

Home District Mutual Fire Company. OFFICE-NEW STREET, OPPOSITE NEWGATE STREET, TORONTO, NSURES Dwellings, Houses, Warehouses, Buildings in general, Merchandize, Household Furniture, Mills, Manufactories, &c. DIRECTORS.

John McMurrich, John Doel, Charles Thompson, Benjamin Thorne, J. B. Warren, B. W. Smith, James Beaty, John Eastwood. James Lesslie. Capt. J. Elmsley, J. H. PRICE, Esq., President. J. RAINS, Secretary. All losses promptly adjusted. Letters by mail must be July 5, 1843.

BRITISH AMERICA FIRE & LIFE & MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY, AGENT AT COBOURG-ROBERT HENRY, Esq. November, 1844.

THE PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COM-PANY OF LONDON. A PPLICATIONS for Insurance by this Company are requested to be made to the undersigned, who is also authorised to receive premiums for the renewal of policies. MOFFATTS, MURRAY & Co. Toronto, July 1, 1841.

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DR. J. A. COWLES,