

Poetry.

SIMON BEARING THE CROSS.

Oh, make us, Lord, for Thy dear sake,
With willing heart the cross to take,
And bear it after Thee each day,
Through rough and painful ways the way.
What cross can ever so grievous be
As Thine, dear Lord, that proved to Thee?
Oppressed by sin, weary, faint,
Sinking, but uttering no complaint,
Thy very feet were forced to find
On whom Thy burden they might bind.
While we, whenever our cross shall prove
Too heavy for our faith or love,
Have but to raise to heaven the cry
To find Thee, pitying Saviour, nigh,
Gently our faltering steps to lead,
Blind up the wounds which freshly bleed,
Pluck out the thorns from necked feet,
And guide the way with converse sweet:
Until our hearts within us burn,
And into joy our sorrows turn.

Simon, when travelling on his way,
But little knew what blessing lay
Betwixt him and his journey's end,
Summed his thought of weary springs
When we are borne on fancy's wings
To the stern sleep of Calvary,
And Simon we are fain to see,
So blest to bear the cross for Thee!
But when vain fancy's visions tire,
Oh, let not this find thee in his hire,
For Thou dost meet us in his life,
And summon us to aid Thee still.
In each poor plighting when we meet,
With fainting heart and bleeding feet,
To sorrow plighting on the ground,
The Lord we love still be found.
If to the parched lip we bring
Fresh water from the gushing spring,
Or give the sick some kind relief,
Or dry the hidden source of grief,
Or put despairing thoughts to flight,
Thou, Lord, hast given us to know
Mercy to Thee in our distress,
And when our hearts overflow with love,
And we our tenderness would prove,
The first pain sufferer on our road,
Grieving human affliction's load,
Deth call us to the favoured day
To help our Saviour on his way.

LIFE IN THE PRAIRIE LAND.
(From Sharpe's Magazine.)

[Continued from the first page.]

There is a large creek about four miles away; and on this the lone woman hangs her last faint hope.—The wind will not befriend her, and she can only hope that the waters may arrest the flame. Hapless woman! she little knew the strength of the devastating demon that was let loose that night! A slender thread of water to separate her from such a raging sea of flame! But if it did not protect her, what then? If the last extremity came, what should she do? She could have but a few moments to deliberate, after the dreadful fire crossed this line. Bewildered, almost stupified, by the terrors of her condition, she had not waked her children. She had contemplated their dreadful fate alone, almost in silence, and with little action, after she had opened the door, and was overpowered by the conviction that to leave the house was even more certain death than to remain.

Now, when the time grew short, and the hot breath of her relentless foe rushed fiercely around her, she addressed herself rapidly to the care of her little ones; she woke them with difficulty, and with much more brought them to comprehend the danger that awaited them. One lively boy enjoyed the spectacle, and clapped his hands, and almost maddened his mother by rushing out to get a fairer view of the wonderful scene. But where was the dog?—the noble dog who was her only intelligent friend in this fearful time?—Her quick mind had counted on his protection in case she should escape and were shelterless. But where was he? She stepped to the door; the light was now strong, and revealed distinctly every object. He was nowhere to be seen! She made the woods ring with his name, and presently a low supplicating bark was borne to her ears on the hot wind.

The fire had crossed the creek, and was tearing its way, like an infuriated demon, up the plain. A few minutes must decide her fate; she fell on her knees, and commended herself and her hapless babes to the mercy of God; and then rose calm and collected for the event. She had not, hitherto, contemplated the wonderful scene apart from the dangers with which it was fraught; but now, for the first time, she was struck with its grandeur and sublimity. It was an unbroken line of flame, wide as the eye could reach, mounting, roaring, crackling, and sending up columns of black smoke, which as they rose became farer, and rising still higher, were reillumined so as to appear another devouring demon sweeping the heavens.—Mercy and hope seemed alike cut off by its angry glare. The fiery wall shut out the world behind; except occasionally, when a blast cleft it, it opened upon a black chasm that looked like the funeral vault of nature.

Scarcely had she taken this brief survey, and noted the nearer approach of the flame, when the dog came bounding to her side, and, with the most earnest piteous, sought her attention without the door. She followed him a few steps, scarcely thinking what she did, but, finding nothing, and seeing him making rapidly for some distant point, she turned back, closed the door, and sat down before the window to watch the progress of the fire. In an instant he was there, pawing, whining, howling, and, by every means in his power, soliciting her attention. Before she could open the door to admit him, he bounded through the window.

"Merciful God! what have you done! we shall all be consumed—there is no hope now!" He stood at her feet; the strong intelligence of his face fascinated her eye in spite of the danger. What could he mean? In an instant the sagacity of his instinct flashed upon her. To the ploughed field! Yes, there was hope, and there alone. She seized the two younger children in one arm, and almost lifting the other by her hand, she fled along the trodden path, the delighted dog going before, and manifesting his joy by every sign in his power. They gain the fence—the fire is at their heels, and it almost blisters their unprotected faces! One, or two more leaps, and the herdsman ground is gained. The fire has nothing now to feed on, and almost faint with the sudden and certain safety, the exhausted mother drops on the ground among her helpless infants.

"Merciful Saviour, what an escape!" In a few minutes the flames are besieging the house; the logs covered with dry bark are but, morsel in their fierce jaws; the hay-stack takes fire, and communicates to the rest of the cabin, and while the great volume of the fire sweeps among the trees and over the plain, it leaves the heavier materials to be consumed more slowly. Long did the light of the burning home, therefore, bright the eye of the lone woman after the "prairie fire" had done its worst around her and gone, bearing ruin and devastation to the northern plains and groves. Worn out by the terrors of the night, she sank into the semblance of sleep on the naked earth, among her babes, with her faithful protector crouched at her feet.

She woke in the morning to the dread reality, which had been briefly forgotten, but which now broke with stunning force upon her senses. Her children were chilled and hungry. The spot where their late pleasant hearthside shone was a heap of mouldering brands and blackened ashes, with which the morning were toying in rainy pastime. There was neither food nor shelter! And when she rose to her feet and looked out upon the plain, its strange appearance startled her. It seemed more boundless than ever, and the blackness of desolation brooded over it. It was clear soon of every blade of vegetation, and appeared, within the last few hours, to have been blighted with a curse from which the smiles of heaven could scarcely redeem it.

With faltering steps the unhappy woman gathered her little ones, and prepared to leave their cheerless bed. But whither should they go? There was no house within many miles. Beside her own little roof she had not seen another since they left the last settlement. To seek shelter or bread, therefore, from

others was impossible. Her only resource was to search the wasted wood and plain for roots and nuts, or whatever might be left to support life, till her husband's return. The fire of her cabin would warm her shivering babes for one or two days at least, and if help came not then, she must trust herself to the mercies of a journey over the black desert.

Bending her steps, therefore, towards the smouldering ruins, the soothed and warmed her children, and set out with the generous dog to search the grove for food. It was a desperate pilgrimage: most of the nuts and fruits in the vicinity of the house had been gathered and deposited in the left for winter use, and of those that were left upon the ground, few had escaped the consuming flames of the previous night. Occasionally she found one sheltered by a decayed log or a heavy clump of grass, which the fire in its haste had not stopped to devour. But they were rare, and she had three mouths to feed beside her own! A scanty meal was, however, obtained, and she returned to the fire. The warmth relieved their sufferings more effectually than the coarse morsel they had eaten. The little ones wondered where the house was, but rejoiced in the great pile of burning logs, and after a little time, the mother had the happiness of seeing them forget their hunger in some merry games.

Long and intensely this day did her eyes dwell on the wide, black plain! She had no need to look so earnestly, for the most careless glance would have revealed the white cover of the wagon if it had been moving over the dark surface. Noon passed, and brought no signal of mercy. She could see the brown deer leaping timidly over the scorched waste, and the grouse wheeling his short, swift flight from place to place; but this was all. Another night of dreadful solitude, exposed to cold and hunger, and to the starved wolf, shelterless, weaponless—the dog their only defence.

During the day she had found a few of the groundnuts, which grew quite abundantly in the edge of the grove; with these she fed her little ones; and parting with nearly all her clothing, wrapped them in the scant covering; and with pleasant words, while her heart was bursting, soothed them to sleep, and laid them on the charred turf to the windward of the smoking pile, while, with her noble dog, she sat down to watch their slumbers.

At intervals, for several hours, the winds bore to her aching ears, the short quivering bark of the small prairie wolf, and once or twice her very blood curdled when the shrill, dismal howl, by which the large grey wolf summons his neighbours for an attack, resounded over the bleak waste! The night was utterly black. Beyond the little circle, faintly lighted by the wasting embers, nothing could be discerned.—Her eyes would not waver from an enemy within three yards; and as often as she peered into the darkness at every new sound, the faithful dog would nestle to her side and lick her hand, and turn his intelligent eyes towards hers with an expression of sympathy and confidence that cheered her solitary vigil more than she could tell.

The cold winds howled around her thinly clad frame, and chilled it to the core. The noises one by one died away, and, spite of the horrors of her condition, a drowsiness stole over her which she could scarcely resist. Her eyelids drooped, and her shivering body swayed slightly to and fro, when the smouldering end of the logs tumbled into a new position, and sent upward a volume of shining, crackling sparks, which roused her sinking energies, and braced her for another hour's watching. At last the darkness became profoundly silent! Save the steady pressure of the wind, not a sound was heard. The nocturnal wanderers seemed to have withdrawn to their haunts, and left nature to the undisputed reign of night. Chilled, and faint with fatigue and fasting, the lonely watcher could no longer preserve her watchfulness; she curled her shivering form close to the sleeping babes, and left the vigil to the faithful dog.

It was stupor rather than sleep that locked her faculties till the cry dog recalled them. The fire was diminishing; the sun was up, but he looked coldly through a mass of leaden vapour that was crowding up the south-eastern sky. The whole heavens were curtained with the still, sullen mass which threatened every moment to descend in rain. A few hours before, she had thought her condition could scarcely be aggravated. But the impending storm was little less to be dreaded, in their feeble state, than the terrible foe which had exposed them to it. Her limbs were stiff and full of pain; her brain reeled, and her sight became dim, as she rose to her feet and prepared to search the grove once more for something to sustain life in her hungry children.

Her own desire for food was gone; she would have loathed the most tempting viands. But when the little ones hung upon her garments, and begged for bread, she summoned her fainting limbs to one more effort; and, taking a direction which had not been tried before, she found, after a long and painful search, a few stalks of the groundnut, which her feeble hands with difficulty removed from their firm hold upon the soil. The roots of these afforded a morsel wherewith to still the cries that pierced her heart. And when there was no farther hope, and her limbs tottered beneath her, and strange racking pains wrung her worn body, she hastened back to the spot which still seemed home, though nought of home was there, and felt, if her hour were come, it was better to lie down and perish by those consecrated ashes, than in the cheerless wood.

A drizzling rain was falling when she reached the spot, and threatened to increase. It would be impossible to preserve the fire long; but pushing the brands together, she gathered her trembling little ones about her knees, and, between her periods of agony, sought to impress their memories with the terrible events that had befallen them. She endeavored to make the eldest boy comprehend that he might be the only survivor whom his father would find, should he ever return; and left many tender messages for him and for her first-born. With pallid, tearful face he promised to do as she desired; but urged her to tell him where she would be when his father came, and whether his little brothers were going with her, to leave him all alone.

The rain increased, and their drenched garments gave the chilling blast redoubled power. The embers hissed and blackened, and soon refused to warm the shaking group. Like the pangs of death grew the mother's agony!—as certain and relentless! And there, beside the reeking ruins of her home, the black earth beneath, and the pitiless storm above—there, alone, her only attendants the helpless children and the dog, who sat at her head, and seemed almost to weep over her withering form, the hapless woman gave birth to a little being whose eyes never opened to the desolation of its natal hour!

Long did the mother lie unconscious alike of the terror-stricken cries of the children and the moaning carcases of her dumb friend. The day was far advanced when her eyes opened on the dreadful scene. The cold rain was pouring steadily down, and twilight seemed to her faint eyes to be creeping over the earth. A pleasant sound was ringing in her ears, but either it was a dream, or its import had faded from her mind before it was fully grasped. She made an effort to rise, but fell senseless. Once again her eyes opened, and this time it was no illusion. The eldest of her little watchers was shouting in her ear, "Mother, I see father's wagon!" And there indeed it was, close at hand before her untried eye had discovered it. All day it had been toiling across the black prairie! The rain had softened the turf, and the wheels sank without cutting it; so that the last few miles had been inconceivably tedious. The mournful garb of the plain had struck the hearts of both father and son with indescribable terror. The former would have left his slow team and flown across it, but his son had charge of the cow, and this was impossible. More alarmed and excited as he advanced, he was still obliged to re-

strain his intense feelings, and accommodate his progress to the slow motion of the tired cattle. Night drew on before the desolation of his home was revealed to him.

When within about a mile, he should have discovered the house, but all was a level waste! Unable longer to endure the torture, he sprang forward, leaving the animals to follow as they chose. He flew, he shouted, and the dog bounded to meet the well-known voice. When the boy saw the wagon, the father had just left it, so that even as he repeated the joyful tidings, the stricken man stood over them, half-stupified by the effort to comprehend the nature and extent of his calamities.

A group of perishing children, an infant corpse, a dying wife and all, all gone wherewith to administer even the decent ceremonies of such a period. Oh, how bitterly his heart cursed the day when he trusted the treacherous beast that invited him there! He raised the dying woman in his arms; the seal was on her glazing eye, and the faint fluttering at her wrist foretold the last and worst that could befall him! Slowly, word by word, she told her agonizing tale.—He threw his garments over her, and wiped the rain-drops from her face, and drew her to his heart. But the cold dew returned, and told that storm or shelter would soon be the same to her! He prayed her forgiveness, and with wild, incoherent words, accused himself of her cruel murder. She vindicated him from these accusations with all her little strength, and with many messages for her absent son, and many prayers for her dear children and their father, she resigned her breath, just as the last light was fading from the western sky.

She had begged that her tomb might be made on the site of the burned cabin. And there, when he had watched two days and nights by her unsheltered corpse, and hewn a rough coffin to receive her and her untimely babe, she was deposited. The grave was a rude hollow, scraped with sticks and the hands of the widowed husband and his sons. The preparations were completed, and the dead lowered on the afternoon of the second day. At midnight a troop of famished wolves attacked the holy spot, and but for the rifle of the husband, would have torn its sacred contents from their rude repose. The next day he felled the nearest trees, and laid them in the form of a vault on the spot. And this it is which greets the traveller's eye so many miles away on the untenanted prairie!

The grove has since retired and left the tomb alone—a bold and solitary mark on the high line of the horizon. The plain below is still unchanged. It is the same rich green expanse in summer; the same black howling waste in winter. It is now skirted with farms under the edge of the woodlands.

One cabin has sprung up in its midst, on the bank of the stream. But it is forsaken and dilapidated.—Its door is gone, and the rough planks which made the floor have been used as fuel by emigrants who have encamped near it. Its small cellar yawns dimly in the face of the curious traveller who looks within.

Advertisements.

RATES.
Six lines and under, 2s. 6d. first insertion, and 1d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines and under, 3s. 6d. first insertion, and 1s. each subsequent insertion. Above ten lines, 4d. 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 Cape), 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.

MR. ROBERT COOPER, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,
Albany Chambers, King Street, TORONTO.

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

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

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

MIL. 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.

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

DONALD BETHUNE, JR.,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptcy, CONVEYANCER, &c.
DIVISION STREET, COBOURG, CANADA WEST.

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

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 good 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. 28, 1847.

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, Accordions, Musical Boxes, &c. &c. Clocks, Watches and Jewellery, Repaired & warranted. Accordions and Musical Boxes tuned. Jewellery and Silver Ware made to order. Gilding, Silvering and Engraving. Old Gold and Silver bought.

JOHN S. BLOOG, 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 Saddle Sippers of the very best quality, made to order in a style unsurpassed by any Establishment in the City.
Toronto, August 24th, 1846.

MRS. DACK, (LATE MISS NIXON), FRENCH STAY MAKER,
Has Removed to No. 58, King Street West, nearly opposite the Hotel.

MRS. DACK takes this opportunity to return her sincere thanks to the Ladies of Toronto, for the liberal patronage she has received since her removal in business, and begs to inform them that she continues to import French Quilted Elastic, &c. N.B.—Mrs. D. makes to order ELASTIC LACED STOCKINGS and CHEST EXPANDERS.
Toronto, Nov. 13, 1845.

ALEXANDER SMITH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S HAIR DRESSER, WIG MAKER, AND ORNAMENTAL HAIR MANUFACTURER,
No. 24, King Street West, Toronto.

IN returning thanks for past favours, most respectfully solicits a continuance of that patronage which has hitherto been so liberally extended to him. Persons residing in any part of Canada or the United States, by measuring the head according to the following directions, and sending them to the undersigned, will receive a wig with a description of the article wanted, will be made a perfect fit.

Directions in measuring for a Wig:
No. 1, the circumference round the head.
No. 2, temple to temple round the head.
No. 3, forehead to poll.
No. 4, ear to ear over the top.

N. B.—In measuring please notice the dotted lines.
Ladies Hair Work.—This elegant and ornamental branch receives his unremitting attention; and from his practical experience in all the various branches, he is enabled to assure all who may favour him that they may rely upon having their orders executed in the neatest and most fashionable style.

PERFUMERY; CLOTH, HAIR, NAIL, & TOOTH BRUSHES, IN EVERY VARIETY.
Toronto, October 4th, 1845.

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 Lamp Oils; and SPERM CANDLES, which they offer on favourable terms.

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.

PRIVATE BOARDING-HOUSE, 18, WILLIAM STREET.
MRS. FIELD can accommodate a limited number of BOARDERS, on moderate terms.
References: Rev. Dr. McCaul.
Toronto, Nov. 25, 1845.

MRS. COSENS,
IN consequence of the new arrangement made respecting the management of Upper Canada College, she 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. Cosen's their assurance that the duties of her family discharged to her 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 from her past, will be continued to her. Mrs. Cosen'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 make the comfortable and kind means will be used to the house. Mrs. Cosen has taken 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 Lord Bishop; the Hon. the Chief Justice; the Hon. Mr. Justice Dufferin; the Solicitor General; Dr. McCaul; Dr. Beaven, and the Rev. H. J. Graetz.
Dec. 26, 1845.

BOARDING.
A FEW GENTLEMEN can be accommodated with comfortable Beds and Lodging upon moderate terms, at the House in Alfred Street, formerly Temperance Street, first door from the corner of Yonge Street.
Toronto, January 16th 1849.

BOARD.
A WIDOW LADY, residing in Queen Street, within a short walk of the Upper Canada College, is desirous of taking a limited number of Pupils of that Institution, and under fifteen years of age, as BOARDERS.

Reference may be made to the Rev. R. J. MacGregor, at the Office of "The Church," Toronto.
January 24, 1849.

Situation Wanted.
A YOUNG LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation as Governess in a family where instruction is required in Music and the French Language, and reading, and to continue in the Country.
Address (post-paid), B. A., at the office of this paper.
February 5, 1849.

Wants Situations.
A YOUNG MAN and his WIFE, who emigrated from Ireland to Toronto last November, bringing with them the highest testimonials, are desirous to procure situations as servants. They are bold and industrious, and are well acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Lett, St. George's Square, Toronto. If by post, pre-paid.

WANTED, a Situation as Nursery Governess by a Lady who would take the entire charge of two or three Young Children, and would make herself generally useful. Salary not so much as the Rev. Dr. Lett, St. George's Square, Toronto. If by post, pre-paid.

References kindly permitted by the Rev. J. G. Goldies, Rector of Hamilton, which have been sent to the Rev. Dr. Lett, St. George's Square, Toronto.
Nov. 20th, 1845.

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, by day or by night, from Morning to Ten o'clock in the Evening, during which hours every attention will be paid to Visitors.
Toronto, March, 1845.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF EXAMINATION OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, AND HIS RESOLUTION.
For Sale at this Office, and by H. Russell, King Street, Toronto.

Daguerreotypes for One Dollar!
NEW YORK PRICE.
(DO NOT THE TIMES.)
Rooms over Mr. Phillips's Store, corner of Church and KING STREETS.
Toronto, Aug. 31, 1845.

NEW BOOKS.
A LARGE ADDITION to the Books in the Depository of *The Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto*, have just been received from *The Society for Promoting Christian Education*, including the following **NEW PUBLICATIONS**:

Permanent Catalogue.
LAST HOURS OF CHRISTIANS. Or an Account of the Deaths of some Members of the Church of England; by the Rev. W. H. Chittenden, M.A., of the Book of Common Prayer, in large type (Great Primer)..... 1 1

Supplemental Catalogue.
SKETCHES OF RURAL AFFAIRS. In one volume, with Cuts..... 4 3
A WEEK AT THE LIZARD, dedicated by her Majesty's permission to H. R. H. Albert, Prince of Wales, by Rev. C. A. Johns, B.A., F.R.S., &c..... 4 2
THE THUNDER STORM, or an Account of the Nature, Properties, Dangers, and Use of Lightning in various parts of the World..... 2 6
SUMMER IN THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS, a Narrative of Voyages of Discovery towards the South Pole, by James Clark Ross, Esq., &c..... 2 6

FIRST STEPS TO GENERAL KNOWLEDGE:
Part I.—The Animal Kingdom..... 2 6
Part II.—The Vegetable Kingdom..... 1 3
Part III.—The Mineral Kingdom..... 1 3
Part IV.—The History of the Earth..... 2 6
Part V.—The History of the Human Race..... 2 6
Part VI.—The History of the Christian Church..... 2 6

SHORT STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY:
Part I..... 2 6
Part II..... 2 6
Part III..... 2 6
Part IV..... 2 6
Part V..... 2 6
Part VI..... 2 6

THE Stock of BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, and PRAYER BOOKS is very large, including some in very beautiful bindings.

NEW BOOKS.

THE BELL;
Its Origin, History, &c. &c. By the Rev. Alfred Gatty, M.A., Vicar of Ecclefeild, George Bell, 12mo., 4s. 8d.

EMILY VERNON;
Or Self-Sacrifice. Hamilton Adams & Co., 12mo., 4s. 8d.

ORIGINES LITURGICÆ;
Or Antiquities of the English Ritual, and a Dissertation on Primitive Liturgy. By the Rev. Wm. Palmer, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford, 8vo., 8s., 10s., 12s., 14s., 16s., 18s., 20s., 22s., 24s., 26s., 28s., 30s., 32s., 34s., 36s., 38s., 40s., 42s., 44s., 46s., 48s., 50s., 52s., 54s., 56s., 58s., 60s., 62s., 64s., 66s., 68s., 70s., 72s., 74s., 76s., 78s., 80s., 82s., 84s., 86s., 88s., 90s., 92s., 94s., 96s., 98s., 100s.

A COMPANION TO THE TEMPLE;
Or a Help to Devotion in the use of the Common Prayer. By Thomas Comber, D.D., late Dean of Durham, 7 vols. 8vo., Oxford University Press, &c.

TRUTHS AND FALSHIPS OF THE MIDDLE AGES;
THE MERCHANT AND THE FRIAR. By Sir Francis Palgrave, Kt., Parker, London, 1 vol. 12mo., 4s.

CHRIST, THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS;
Or the Unconscious Prophecies of Heathenism; being The Hulsean Lectures for 1846. By Rich. Chevenix French, M.A., Parker, London, 1 vol. 8vo., 5s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.
According to the authorized text of the Evangelists, without repetition or omission, with a continuous exposition, marginal notes, full, and neatly brought collected from the best critics and commentators. By the Rev. John Forster, his Majesty's Chaplain of the Savoy, Parker, London, 1 vol. 8vo., 16s.

A MANUAL OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE;
By F. A. Paley, M.A., with nearly 70 illustrations. John Van Voorst, 12mo., 8s.

SACRAMENTAL INSTRUCTION.
By the Rev. C. Bridges, M.A., Vicar of Old Newton. Seeley, 12mo. 3s. 4d.

PICTURES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.
By Rev. Aris Williams, M.A., of the English Sacred Poets. Hatchard, 1 vol. 12mo., 8s.

ENGLISH LIFE, SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC.
In the Middle of the Nineteenth Century, considered in reference to the position of a community of professing Christians. By the author of "Reveries," T. Colverton, 1 vol. 12mo., 7s. 6d.

LUTHER AND HIS TIMES.
Or a History of the Rise and Progress of the German Reformation. By the Rev. J. E. Biddle, M.A., Author of "First Sunday at Church," Parker, London, 1 vol. 12mo.

SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.
By Mrs. Markham, author of the "Histories of England and France." Murray, 12mo., 4s.

Works by the Rev. Robt. Wilson Evans, B. D. SCRIPTURE BIOGRAPHY.
3 vols. 12mo., 8s. per vol.

THE BISHOP OF SOULS.
1 vol. 12mo., 8s.

THE MINISTRY OF THE BODY.
1 vol. 12mo., 3s. 4d.

A DAY IN THE SANCTUARY.
With an introductory Treatise on Hymnology. 1 vol. 12mo., 6s. For Sale at the Depository of the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto.

CHURCH REVIEW AND ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.
THIS Quarterly Magazine is published at New Haven, Connecticut, on the first of April, July, October, and January. It is devoted to the exposition and defence of the Doctrine, Discipline, and Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; to the promotion of an elevated Christian Literature; and to a faithful record of important Ecclesiastical, University and Missionary Intelligence from all parts of the world. The *Church Review* has been warmly commended by a large number of the Clergy and of distinguished Presbyters of the Church. The first number has just been issued.

PRICE, to Subscribers in Canada, Sixteen Shillings and Threepence, which includes the United States Postage.
Subscriptions received by A. MENZIES, Picton, as Agent in Canada.