

ARTHUR GRANVILLE; OR, THE GIFTS OF GOD. ADDRESSED TO CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I. Unnumbered comforts to my soul Thy tender care bestow'd Before my infant heart conceived From whence those comforts flow'd.

Arthur Granville was a little boy of eight years of age; he was the youngest but one of a family of six children, a lively, healthy, and intelligent fellow.

Now I think I have told you enough of the circumstances in which I had pleased God to place this little boy, to make you think to yourselves, "Surely Arthur must have been a most happy, contented child!"

But I am sorry to say, contented did not mean that he had every thing around him to be thankful for. But I am sorry to say, contented did not mean that he had every thing around him to be thankful for.

One morning the family were seated round the breakfast-table, and for a wonder Arthur's was for some minutes the most silent tongue of all present.

"Oh, I was wishing," replied he, "that every day was my birthday."

"Every day your birthday? And why?" "Because," said Arthur, "I should then have presents every day."

"But do you not know," returned Edward, "that it is quite impossible that every day should be your birthday?"

"I know that," said Arthur, "but I was wishing that it were possible."

"While you are wishing," said his brother, "you may as well wish that all people were richer, and more liberal than they are now, for if your birthday came every day, I fear you would stand but a poor chance of birthday-presents."

"It were of any use wishing," continued Arthur, "I am sure I should begin to wish, and go on at it for a long time, too, for there are a great many things that I want."

"There is one thing you want, which all this time you seem to have forgotten, and that is some more bread and butter," said his eldest sister, handing him the plate.

"Yes," murmured Arthur, "with no pleasant expression of countenance he conveyed the bread and butter to his own plate, but I do wish Catherine," continued he, "that you would not cut such thick pieces."

"Sometimes I cannot cut them thick enough," said Catherine, smiling.

"And you never put half enough butter, even to this piece, and I am sure such a thick piece of bread as this requires."

"Arthur," said Mrs. Granville, "if you wish for any more breakfast, you will eat that piece of bread and butter, for I shall certainly not allow any more to be cut for you."

CHAPTER II. "They are new every morning."—Lamentations iii. 23.

Arthur was accustomed to spend his days much in the same way as most other little boys of his age and station. His chief companion and playfellow was Edward, who was about a year and a half older than himself.

Shortly after breakfast, on the morning alluded to in the former chapter, as soon as lessons were over, Arthur came into the drawing-room, to consult with Agnes on the subject of a new cover she had promised to make for his ball.

"Suppose you leave your ball now, Arthur, and come and talk to me a little," said his mother.

"Oh, yes," answered he, joyfully; "I have not had one of my little chats with you for a long time, mamma, you have been so busy lately. It will be quite a treat to have one again," added he, seating himself as close as he could to his mother's side.

"Have you a nice story to tell me about the little German boy, nor about the good old clergyman that lived in the mountains, nor I mean the valley, in France, nor—"

"I am glad you don't forget them, Arthur; but now, if you wish to hear another, you must allow me a little more room to breathe; and besides, if you sit so very close to me, you will run the risk of having your eyes put out, every time I draw my needle from my work."

"A few moments sufficed Arthur to seat himself to his own and his mother's satisfaction, and a few moments more to blow his nose, to push his hair from his forehead, and to arrange his pinafore smoothly over his knees.

"Perfectly true, my dear; and I hope you will listen very attentively, for I shall ask your opinion on some parts of it as I go on."

"Oh! thank you, mamma, that is just what I like," said Arthur.

"There was a little boy who lived in a beautiful country, where the sun shone brightly in summer, and the birds sang, and the flowers opened their little cups, and every thing was pleasant and gay.

"In this land," continued Mrs. Granville, "there were of course, many inhabitants besides the little boy I have mentioned; and each family had a certain portion of the land allotted to it."

"Mamma, you have not told me the little boy's name," said Arthur.

"I shall call him Charles," replied Mrs. Granville. "He lived in a very pleasant part of the country, which had been given him by a most kind friend—this friend had also given him a house to live in, and every thing to make him comfortable. And now, Arthur, I must stop for a moment, to ask you if you remember what you were saying this morning at breakfast."

"At breakfast, mamma?" said Arthur, considering.

"Do you mean about the birthday-presents?" "That is what I am alluding to," answered his mother; "and what will you say when I tell you that Charles had the same wish as yourself, and that it was gratified too?"

"Oh, mamma, do you mean to say that he had a birthday every day?" "No," said Mrs. Granville, smiling; "that, as Edward this morning observed, would be impossible; but that was not the whole of your wish, was it?"

"No, mamma; the reason I should like to have a birthday every day, is that I might have presents every day."

"And so it is the presents, not the birthdays, you care for?" "Yes, mamma."

"But will you not tell me something which will help me to guess, mamma?" "I will ask you a question first, Arthur," said his mother. "What did you talk about at the latter part of breakfast this morning?"

"I am sure I can't remember. Oh, Edward was telling us about the new houses on the common, and then we were settling when we should fly the kite."

"But was there not something else, Arthur?—Something about bread and butter?" "Arthur sat silently for some minutes. At length he looked up, and said, almost in a whisper, "Mamma, I have found it all out. I am the little boy who has presents every day, and God is the kind friend who gives them to me; and I am the little boy that gumbles at what He sends me, and scarcely ever thanks Him. But I did not understand those were the presents you meant."

"And I knew very well, Arthur," said Mrs. Granville, taking the hand of her child within her own, "that they were not the presents that you meant when you uttered that wish, at breakfast—Neither do I mean you to imagine, that I am displeas'd with you for having uttered it. It was a childish wish, and a silly one, and as you grow older you will grow wiser. But, my dear boy, with regard to your discontent, I cannot say the same. I am grieved to see it in you, neither can I believe that you will outgrow that. The little things which please and displease you as a child, will many of them cease to have the same effect on you when you are a man; but other things will succeed to them, and hundreds of trifling circumstances fall in our way every day we live, which the spirit of discontent may and does turn into so many causes of misery both to ourselves and others. Discontent, like other evils of the heart, is not a thing which can be outgrown. Unless it is checked while you are a child, it will grow up with you as you increase in years. Like every other sinful habit, it is strengthened by being indulged. Arthur, do you feel that you have this spirit of discontent?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And do you wish that it should remain with you all your life?" "No, mamma."

"And how do you think it may be prevented from doing so?" "God can take it out of my heart, mamma; so I must pray to Him to take it out," said Arthur.

"Yes, Arthur, you must indeed pray to Him to take it from your heart, for no power but His can do it. And you, Arthur, must strive against it yourself, still lifting up your heart to Him to assist you in the work."

"Mamma, I think if I could always remember that God sends me all I have, I should not be so apt to be discontented." Arthur paused; and then, suddenly turning towards Agnes, he said, "Mamma, I think you ought to make another story, and it should be about a little girl who had not nearly so many presents as the little boy, and yet was very thankful, and never complained of any thing."

Mrs. Granville glanced towards her sick child, as if to know how far she agreed with Arthur's plan.

"Arthur, if I were to tell you the history of that little girl, as she would tell it to me, it would be the history of a heart which comes far short of that constant and lively gratitude which God's precious gifts demand. Believe me, my child, those who are the most sensible of the mercies of their God, are the most sensible also of the smallness of their returns of gratitude to Him. Yes, they feel how ungrateful they still are, even in the midst of their thanksgivings."

(To be continued.)

OUR PASTOR. (From the Banner of the Cross.) [As the Banner is received in many country parishes, we hope the following hymn, but most practical and useful lesson will not be lost upon our readers.]

It looked dark in the pastor's study as he entered one Friday evening, not long since. And well it might look dark, for his meditations were gloomy, and he saw no star of hope to cheer him in the distance. The truth was his scanty supper had been closed with a conversation between himself and wife on the pressing and immediate wants of the family. There was not four enough to make another loaf of bread, the last piece of butter was on the table, and to say nothing of other necessities in this line, it was plain enough that several additional articles of wearing apparel were loudly called for, to render the family even comfortable for the winter.

The pastor did not reproach his wife for calling his attention to these things. Neither could he accuse her of ignorance or insensibility in regard to their true condition. No, for she had just told him of her resolution to appropriate her ten dollars of "wedding fees" to the unavoidable wants of the family, and fix up her old cloak for another year's service.

But still it was dark in the pastor's study. And yet not so dark, literally, as to prevent him from tracing distinctly the outlines of an empty pocket; nor so dark as to obscure the record in his memory that the last barrel of flour had not yet been paid for, and that this formed only one item in a bill at Mr. D's store which had been running some time. Nor was it so dark that he could not recognize brother B—, who just then passed in his wagon, on his return from the city.

The pastor sat down and thus held communion with himself. How can I live here with my present means of support? And yet, with my limited congregation, and the usual amount of salary paid in neighbouring parishes, I cannot have the face to ask for more. Shall I then seek another field of labour? This I dare not think of doing. The congregation has been gradually increasing under my ministry—the church seems united and prosperous. I cannot doubt that providence has assigned me this post. I have every reason to believe, from the kind expressions of the people, and their regular attendance on my ministry, that it would be a grief to them for me to leave.

And yet there is one thing that I cannot account for. I have received far less in presents this year than formerly. While there is no apparent diminution in the confidence and love of my people, there has been a great diminution in such marks of their favour as called forth the gratitude of my pockets as well as my heart. Year before last, we had butter enough sent in by one and another to last through the winter. This year we have received but one small box as a gift. And what makes it still worse, one pound costs now nearly as much as two did then.—One year I recollect we had so much fresh meat sent in that Thanksgiving time, that our chief source of anxiety was to know what we should do with it. Our anxiety this year has been of a nature entirely different.

The pastor felt that the people were under no obligation to continue such favours, and that he had no reason to complain. He did not complain. Still he could not conceal from himself the fact that what was not a gratuity in the necessities of life must be paid for; and that a bushel of neighbour E's chickens, with the best wishes of the donor, would go quite as far in his family as a bushel for which he had to pay a round half dollar. The chine of pork for which he paid 48 cents that very day, was no sweeter —no more nourishing than those that came in during the year of plenty almost as often as a pecker died in the parish. But it was useless to think of these things now. Something must be done to meet present emergencies. There must be some flour, or before Monday the family must be destitute of bread. Could he, with a clear conscience, ask Mr. D— for another barrel, while the last remained unpaid for, and while he had but small hopes of being able to meet his present debts at the close of the year? In his perplexity he fell on his knees and commended himself and family anew to Him who hears the

young ravens when they cry. Long and fervently he prayed, until his feelings were calmed, his faith was invigorated, and a cluster of rich promises toll to cast all his care on the Lord, and go forward. He seemed to feel an assurance that God would provide but in what way he was utterly ignorant.

Just as he was leaving the study to go out on his trying mission he was summoned by the announcement that the clerk of Mr. D— wished to speak with him at the door. He had long been expecting such a call, and no inference could be more natural under the circumstances, than that the bill of the village store was sent in for payment. No wonder that his faith wavered, and that he went to the door with a heavy heart.

We have already mentioned that farmer B, a member of the church, and a true friend of the pastor, had returned from the city in the early part of the evening. It is only necessary to relate the substance of a conversation that took place at the dinner-table, to account for the call of Mr. D—'s clerk on the afflicted pastor.

Not long after Mr. B's return, Mr. A, another member of the church, called in to hear the news, and especially to enquire about the state of the markets. After Mr. B. had named the prices at which he had disposed of the different articles of his load, Mr. A. remarked, that whatever other folks might say about hard times, the farmers had certainly no cause of complaint. Seventy cents for potatoes, twenty-two cents for butter, nine and ten cents for pork, &c., didn't sound much like the prices at which these things ranged a few years ago.

"Very true," replied farmer B, "and now as you have introduced the subject, I will give you some of my reflections on my way home, and some of their practical results."

He then stated that he had been comparing the fruits or rewards of his labours the past year, with those of some former years. Three or four years ago, he sold his potatoes for twenty or twenty-five cents per bushel. The butter was ten and twelve and a half cents—now twenty and twenty-two cents per pound. Pork then brought six or seven cents—now it was quick at eight and nine. "And this same proportion held in most articles. It had cost him but little, if any more to cultivate his farm this year than formerly. And now look at the result:—

100 bushels of potatoes, at 70 cts. .... \$70 00  
75 lbs. butter, at 20 cts. .... 15 00  
150 lbs. cheese, at 10 cts. .... 15 00  
875 lbs. pork, at 9 cts. .... 33 75  
\$133 75

According to the prices of some former years, the following result would appear:—  
100 bushels of potatoes, at 25 cts. .... \$25 00  
75 lbs. butter, at 12 cts. .... 9 37  
150 lbs. cheese, at 7 cts. .... 10 50  
875 lbs. pork, at 7 cts. .... 26 25  
\$71 12

Now, said Mr. B, add to these beef, hay, grain, apples, poultry, &c., and I think with you, brother A., that we farmers ought not to complain of hard times.

"But," he continued, "these calculations have let me into another secret, which it may be important for you as well as me to know."

He then mentioned that with the same number of cows as formerly, and the same family to provide for as in former years, he found that his butter and cheese not only commanded a larger price, but there was more in quantity. This he was about to ascribe to the superior economy of his wife, when it flashed upon him that he had sold the whole and given none to the minister. He could hardly account for it—certainly it was not that he prized him less highly than in former years. No, no, his heart could not deceive him here. But why was it? Could it be possible that, because every thing was quick in the market, he had forgotten to save a cheese and a few pounds of butter for his good pastor? Such a thing had never been known with him before. Perhaps others in the parish had done the same thing. And then, to think that their pastor must not only buy, but buy at a high price also. No wonder Mr. D— refused to pay his subscription for preaching the other day, because, as he intimated, "Ministers are not over punctual in paying their debts." He saw also that his pastor meant something in a late conversation he said that "Salaried men fared worse than any other class in these times."

The result was, Mr. B. said his mind was made up at once, and passing Mr. D—'s store on his way home, he left an X, with instructions to send a barrel of flour, and the remainder in groceries to his pastor.

"And now," said he, "brother A., you may have the benefit of my example, and before the first of January, we will see to it that the whole parish are prepared to wish their minister a 'happy new year,' with a clear conscience."

Advertisements. RATES. Six lines under 26, 2d. first insertion, and 7d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines under 38, 2d. first insertion, and 12s. each subsequent insertion. Above ten lines, 4d. per line first insertion, and 1d. per line each subsequent insertion. The usual count is made where parties advertise by the year, or for a considerable time. From the extensive circulation of The Church, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (from Sandwich to Gaspé) in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (from the Bay of Terrifics, 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 JOB WORK DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER At the Office of "The Church," No. 5, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

RICHARD SCORE, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 1, Chewett's Buildings, Toronto.

RES. takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his friends, for the very liberal patronage extended to him since he commenced business, and respectfully acquaints them (and the public generally), that he keeps constantly on hand a very superior stock of WEST OF ENGLAND BROAD-CLOTHS, CASSEMERES, DOESKINS, and RICH VESTINGS; all of which he is prepared to make up in the best style, and on terms that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

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

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K. C. PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO FORTE, SINGING AND GUITAR, Residence, Sumach Cottage, Ann Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 1847. 7-646

DOCTOR O'BRIEN Has Removed to 27, Bay Street, SECOND DOOR ABOVE WELLINGTON STREET, Toronto, Sept. 28, 1847. 532-4

DR. DERRY Has Removed to 25, Duke Street, A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE BANK OF UPPER CANADA Toronto, February, 1848. 59-451-26

MR. ROBERT COOPER, SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY, Wellington Buildings, King Street, TORONTO.

DONALD BETHUNE, JR. BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptcy, CONVEYANCER, &c. DIVISION STREET, COBOURG, CANADA WEST. 9-346

THE TORONTO DRY DOCK COMPANY. NOTICE is hereby given, that Application will be made to the Legislature, at its next Session, to Amend the Charter of the Toronto Dry Dock Company, and to Extend the Capital Stock thereof to £40,000.

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, (Registered and Empowered under Act of Parliament, 7 and 8 Vict., Cap. 110.) CAPITAL—£500,000 STERLING. Established for the purpose of effecting Assurance on the Lives Of Persons resident in or about to proceed to the Colonies of Great Britain, India, or other places abroad.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. THE CAPITAL OF THE Company is £500,000. All the Directors are Shareholders of the Company.

THE PROFITS of the Company will be ascertained and divided at certain intervals, when each Policy, having a right to participate in the Profits, will share in the Fund to be allocated for Dividend among the Assured.

ADVANTAGES: Among other advantages held out by this Company, to which the attention of the public is especially requested, the following may be particularized:— I.—The Security of a large guaranteed Capital.

II.—The moderate rate of Premium, which may be paid yearly or half-yearly, at the option of the party assuring.

III.—The increased facilities to the assured as regards Residence and Travelling—the limits being generally very extensive, and in particular the assured being at liberty to pass by Steam-packet between any North American port and any European port, at any time of the year, without extra charge.

IV.—The prompt disposal in the disposal of business—the Board of Directors at Montreal, being invested with full powers to examine into, and accept of, proposals, putting the Company on the risk at once, without communicating with the Parent Board.

V.—The Exemption from Stamp Duty, Entrance Fees, or any other Expense in effecting Assurances.

VI.—The fact of the Company being wholly a Life Assurance Office, unconnected with either Fire or Marine Insurance.

Branch Office in CANADA. HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL, No. 19, Great St. James Street.

THE TORONTO BOARD OF MANAGEMENT. HON. R. SULLIVAN, Q. C., Chairman. W. PROUDFOOT, Esq., President of the Bank of Upper Canada.

THE NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, OF LONDON, ENGLAND. A Savings Bank for the Benefit of the Widow & Orphan. Empowered by Act of Parliament, 2d Victoria, Royal Assent 27th July, 1838.

THE HOME DISTRICT MUTUAL FIRE COMPANY. OFFICE—NEW STREET, OPPOSITE NEWGATE STREET, TORONTO.

THE TORONTO LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS. HON. S. B. HARRISON, Chairman. WM. H. BULLTON, Mayor, M.P.P. CHARLES BERCZY, Esquire.

THE PIGNON FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON. APPLICATIONS for Insurance by this Company are requested to be made to the undersigned, who shall also authorize the respective agents for the renewal of policies.

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED 21st AUGUST, 1847. CAPITAL, FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

ASSURANCE can be effected either with or without participation in the profits of the Company; the premiums may be paid in half-yearly or quarterly instalments; and the HALF CREDIT SYSTEM having been adopted by the Board, credit will be given for one half the first seven premiums, secured upon the Policy alone.

Annual Premium to Assure £100 Whole Term of Life.

Table with 4 columns: Age, With Profits, Without Profits, Half Credit. Rows for ages 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70.

Tables of Rates, Prospectuses, Forms of Application, and any further information respecting the system of the Company, or the practice of Life Assurance, can be obtained of the Secretary, or from any of the Local Agents.

Agents and Medical Officers already appointed: Montreal, William Matheson, Esq.; Cobourg, James Cameron, Esq.; Colborne, Robert M. Boucher, Esq.; Dundas, James Hamilton, Esq.; London, George Scott, Esq.; Dr. Alex. Anderson, M.D.; Montreal, Frederick J. Willson, Esq.; Dr. S. C. Sewell, M.D.; Paris, David Buchan, Esq.; Port Sarria, Malcom Cameron, Esq.; Quebec, Welch and Davison, Esq.; St. Catharines, Isachian Bell, Esq.; Woodstock, William Lapointe, Esq.; Dr. S. J. Stratford, M.D.; Agent for Toronto, EDMUND BRADBURNE, Albany Chambers, King Street West.

Medical Referee—GEORGE HERBIE, Esq., M.D. By order of the Board, THOS. M. SIMONS, Secretary, Hamilton.

OILS. BARNARD, CURTIS & CO., 111, WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

Wool. The highest market price will be paid in Cash for WOOL, at the Ontario Mills Woolen Factory, Cobourg, by the Subscriber. S. E. MACKECHNIE. Cobourg, June 12, 1845.

AN IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE. West of Hurontario Street, Chinguacousy, No. 25, FIRST CONCESSION.

BRONTE MILLS FOR SALE. THE PROPERTY consists of Sixteen Feet privilege on the Twelve Mile Creek, on the Lake Shore, in the Township of Trafalgar, and about Seventy five Acres of good cleared Farm Land.

ADJOINING the above, a Farm of about 70 Acres, in full Cultivation, with a large unfinished Dwelling House, thereon, and an Orchard of 4 Acres of Grafted Fruit Trees. Price £700; of which only £200 would be required immediately, the rest in ten years.

THE whole of the above Property will be sold together if desired. For particulars apply, Post-paid, to S. B. HARRISON, Solicitor, King Street, Toronto. Toronto, January 1st, 1848. 45-546-26

THE TORONTO MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. ESTABLISHED 1837.

Directors: John McMarshall, John Dool, James Best, Charles Thompson, John Eastwood, Benjamin Thorne, James Leslie, J. B. Warren, Capt. J. Elmley, B. W. Smith, J. Rains, Secretary, J. H. PRICE, Esq., President. All losses promptly adjusted. Letters by mail must be post-paid. July 8, 1843. 21-546

THE CHURCH. Published by the MANAGING COMMITTEE, at TORONTO every Friday. TERMS—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Post Masters, 750 MILLICENTS per annum. Payment to be made yearly, or at least half-yearly, in advance.

THE CHURCH. Published by the MANAGING COMMITTEE, at TORONTO every Friday. TERMS—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Post Masters, 750 MILLICENTS per annum. Payment to be made yearly, or at least half-yearly, in advance.

THE CHURCH. Published by the MANAGING COMMITTEE, at TORONTO every Friday. TERMS—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Post Masters, 750 MILLICENTS per annum. Payment to be made yearly, or at least half-yearly, in advance.