

THE HISTORY OF AN AMERICAN POCKET PRAYER BOOK.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Prayer Book is presented to a clergyman, who resigns his parish on account of ill health. His last sermon.—Leaves home for the south.—Said down the Hudson.—Early Reminiscences.—Steam-boat adventure.—Eloquent defence of the Church.—Obituary notice of Rev. Mr. N.—

It was my fortune to remain not much more than a year under the roof of this most excellent lady, but the remembrance of those days is sweet. My young mistress, returning home one day from the Sunday-school, brought with her a neat new Prayer Book, which her minister had just presented her. As she showed it to her grandmother, she said, "Do you know, grandma, that our dear Mr. N. is about going to the south for his health, and next Sunday he preaches his farewell sermon?"

Mrs. W. replied that she knew it, for he had called the day before and informed her of his intentions. "Oh, grandma! said the little Charlotte, "how pale he looks—all but that little red spot on his cheek—and how short he breathes; and then he seems so feeble, I was afraid he would sink down in the pulpit. Do you think, dear grandmother, he will die?" "I hope, my child, his useful life will be spared; but I fear his disease is to deeply seated ever to be removed; he himself has very little expectation of recovering. All things, however, are possible with God, and if He please, He can even yet raise him up and grant him a longer continuance amongst us; and with due submission to the divine will, I would humbly pray that he may live many years. His death would be a sore affliction to his friends, and a severe loss to the Church of Christ."

"But is it not strange, grandma, that such good men, so young, so useful, and so much beloved, should be removed out of the world, while so many wicked, and profane, and worthless persons are spared?"

"The dispensations of Providence, my dear Charlotte, are often very mysterious, although we doubt not they are ever righteous, merciful, and wise. You know what the Scriptures say—the righteous is taken away from the evil to come, (Is. liii. 1.) while the wicked is reserved to the day of destruction. (Job xxi. 30.) Mr. N. appears to be a Christian, ripe for glory, and God may see fit to take him speedily to his reward; besides, I fear we do not deserve a man of such eminent piety and talents, and God may also think proper to remove this burning and blinding light, as a just punishment for our sins, in not having profited, as we ought, by his faithful and zealous labours."

"O, how I wish," said the little girl, "you had been at our Sunday-school to-day; Mr. N. addressed the scholars very affectionately; and when he spoke of leaving us in a week or two, every scholar in the school burst into tears—for we all love him dearly. He said if he should ever return, he hoped to hear that we had all been good and dutiful children, and had improved by the instruction of our teachers; growing in grace as we grew in age. But if he should not come back, he hoped we would always keep in mind what he was going to say to us from those words of Solomon—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, (Eccles. xii. 1.) And he then went on to tell us that none of us were too young to remember our Creator; and that it was important that we should do it now, for we know not how soon we must die. He said that Christ loved little children; and when he was on earth he took them in his arms, and blessed them, and said 'of such is the kingdom of heaven'; but then we must be good children if we would have Christ love us; and we must pray to God to change our hearts, for the hearts of children are naturally very wicked; and we must learn to love God and our neighbours, and do as our Bible tells us, and as our parents and teachers bid us, and then, whenever we die, we shall go to heaven; and he hoped we should all meet again there, if we met no more on earth. I will try to remember all he said, and will pray to our Heavenly Father to make me remember it as long as I live. He gave each of us a Prayer Book, and I saw the tears come into his eyes as he laid his hands upon my head and said, 'God preserve and bless you, my dear little Charlotte.' As I was coming home, I thought how happy I should feel if I had any little thing to give him to remember me by. You know he has been so much at our house, and when my dear father died he was so attentive and kind to us all, that I love him as a brother. And then I thought, if you would allow me, I would give him the Prayer Book I found last year as he has given me a new one to-day; and I dare say, whenever he sees it, he will think of his 'dear little Charlotte,' as he used to call me."

The good old lady was pleased with this expression of kindness on the part of her beloved grand-daughter; and, with her consent, I was the next day presented to her minister, Mr. N. He was gratified with this new proof of the child's affection, and promised to keep me by him as a token of her love.

The following Sunday he preached his last discourse, from Acts xx. 25. "And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more." He spoke of his approaching death with the greatest composure, and said that in going to a milder climate, he rather yielded to the urgent solicitations of his friends, than to any expectation he himself had of being benefited by it.

His exhortation to his people was eloquent and affecting in the highest degree. The whole congregation were dissolved in tears, as they listened to the persuasive language of the dying man. He conjured them not to depart from that Church to which they had professed an attachment; but to keep steadily in the "old paths," to "hold fast the form of sound words," and "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." Then quoting the words of a late pious prelate, he said, with great emphasis—"Should you, at any time, be tempted to go away from your Church, say with unshaken attachment, 'To whom should we go? Here are pure doctrine, and a primitive ministry and discipline—here are the words of eternal life, and we know and are sure that if we fail of obtaining eternal felicity, the loss must be attributed to our own neglect.'" After an earnest persuasive, to all his hearers, to "strive to enter in at the strait gate," and to "give diligence to make their calling and election sure," while the day of salvation lasted, he closed with those words of the Apostle:—"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified," (Acts xx. 32.)

The next day he took his departure for the south. He travelled by slow and easy stages, until he reached the Hudson; there he went on board a steamboat; and, attended by a single friend, he proceeded to New York. An incident occurred, on his passage down the river, which deserves to be recorded; and it serves to show how all the kindest charities of life, and the holiest affections of the heart, may be out-

raged, by persons of more zeal than knowledge; and more bigotry and cant, than good manners or good feeling.

My master had retired to the upper deck, far away from the gay and noisy crowd of passengers, that he might indulge, in solitude, his mournful meditations. There he sat alone, wrapped up in the ample folds of his cloak, to guard against the dews of evening, which now began to fall. His friend was pacing the deck in silence, while my master's thoughts were far away with that beloved flock which he had just left; or with that dear fire-side circle, that bright band of sisters, whom he was never to see again on earth. The memory of departed days came over him with a pleasing sadness, and the tear stole unbidden to his eye, and coursed down his cheek. Just then the boat was passing his native village, which stood on the western bank of the Hudson. It arrested his attention, and at once diverted his thoughts to another, but not less melancholy, channel. The sun had sunk below the horizon, leaving a rich crimson glow behind; and directly over his native town, shone forth in all its brightness and beauty, the "liquid eye of eve," a fit emblem of his pure spirit which was soon to shine forth, like that star, for ever and ever. The house where he was born, the church in which he was baptized, and where he had so often worshipped, were distinctly to be seen, as the boat glided along. He riveted his eye upon them, and memory, busy memory, was occupied with the scenes of by-gone days, when the train of his meditations was rudely broken by a tall, gaunt personage in black, who thus accosted him: "And so I hear you are going to the south for your health?" My master replied by a slight inclination of the head, and a momentary pause ensued; but the stranger was not thus easily shaken off; lengthening his thin, dark visage, he began, in a whining tone, by telling my master that he looked as if he would not live long—that, understanding he was a Churchman, and feeling a deep interest in his soul's welfare, he considered it his duty to tell him that he thought his state a most dangerous one. Churchmen, he said, do not believe in the necessity of a change of heart;—they rely on their good works,—not on the merits of Christ;—and whoever belongs to this corrupt Church, must atone for her errors and come out from her. Many other things he uttered against the Church, in the same coarse and unfeeling strain.

Neither the boldness nor the vulgarity of this attack discomposed or intimidated my young master.—He heard the unknown assailant patiently through; but when he spoke of abjuring his faith, a flush of indignation mantled over his pale face. He rose, and elevating his manly form, he replied with dignity and mildness befitting a minister of Christ, and in a strain of eloquence which I have never heard surpassed. He spoke with the utmost calmness of his own dissolution, as an event not far distant, and as one which he trusted, through the merits and mercies of his divine Redeemer, would consummate his felicity. "And why," he said, "should I fear to die in the bosom of that Church which is 'built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone?' Can I, a minister of the Episcopal Church in these United States, forget that 'we boast our origin from a Church which, in reference to the soundness of her principles, the talents and piety of her clergy, and her efforts in the cause of the Reformation, still maintains the proud title which at the first she acquired, of being the glory of the Roman Empire;—a Church which Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley enriched by their blood; in whose cause Chillingworth, and Hooker, and Horsley, exerted the strongest powers of intellect, and employed the most varied and profound erudition; which Barrow, Tillotson, Popteus, honoured by their eloquence; in which Andrews, and Taylor, and Horne, displayed the lustre of a fervent piety; a Church which, striking off the infirmities, the lukewarmness, and the weakness of old age, now comes forth in the vigour of Apostolic youth, to carry the cross of the Saviour, that pledge of salvation, to the strong holds of pagan power; and to illuminate, with the light of scriptural truth, the regions where error and superstition have held their reign?"

As my master pronounced this last eloquent period—the language of an eminent living prelate—the stranger slunk away, without a word in reply, and Mr. N. retired, exhausted with fatigue, to his berth in the cabin.

He took passage in the first packet which sailed from New York to Charleston; and for a time, the sea air and the balmy breezes of the south seemed to revive him; but he speedily sunk under his disease, and his spirit took its flight to the mansions of eternal rest and blessedness.

Shortly after his death, the following obituary notice appeared in one of the religious periodicals of the day; which, out of respect to his memory, I take the liberty to transcribe:—

"Died, at Charleston, on a journey for his health, the Rev. W. H. N. By an intense application to study, and diligent discharge of parochial duties, he induced a consumptive disease, which terminated in dissolution. A young man, dear to his parents and friends, dear to the congregation who had been blessed with his ministerial labours, and dear to the Church in general, he will long be remembered and lamented. Sceldom have we been called to notice so promising a flower in the Church, blighted before it was full blown. Possessing genius, education, and talents, which fitted him for usefulness, he adorned them by a piety and virtue, surpassed by that of few of the same age. Well instructed in the principles of the Church, and under the most thorough conviction of their accordance with the Gospel, he was scrupulously exact in the observance of her requisitions, and in the respect and reverence due to her established authorities. He had a solidity and firmness of character highly becoming the sacred office. As a man, he was respected and beloved, because amiable and sincere; and as a Christian minister, faithful, circumspect, and exemplary. He is gone. Thus doth the providence of God, in wisdom which we cannot comprehend, see fit to take from us the young as well as the aged. And thus 'in the midst of life we are in death.' Blessed are those who, in 'the communion of the Catholic Church,' are met by death, 'in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favour with God, and in perfect charity with all the world.' In such a state, we trust, the subject of these remarks departed the present for a better life."

I was sent home, among others of his books and papers, to his afflicted friends in the western part of New York; and was soon after presented, as a token of remembrance, to a clergyman, an intimate friend of the family, in whose possession I now remain.

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to the Oneida Indians, in New York.—Interesting religious services among them.—Confession.—Communion.—An Indian Council.—The Liturgy admirably adapted to the circumstances of the heathen.—Duty of Christians in reference to the Indian tribes.

Several years have passed away since I became the property of my present master; and it has been my

privilege to travel with him through most of the United States. In the course of my travels, I have witnessed many interesting and instructive scenes, which might be detailed, were it not that I am afraid of protracting my history to an unreasonable length. Some events, however, have occurred, since those related in the last chapter, which are too important to be omitted in a history like this, and which I shall therefore now relate.

The first was, the visit of Bishop Hobart to the Indian settlement at Oneida Castle, in the western part of the State of New York. The Bishop, at that time on one of his diocesan tours, passed a night at my master's house, and invited him to go with him the next day to see the Oneidas. My master, pleased with so favourable an opportunity of visiting this interesting people, arose very early, and putting me in his pocket, proceeded with the Bishop to the castle. It was a delightful morning in September; the air was fresh and exhilarating; and, as they had about twenty miles to ride, the top of their carriage was thrown back, that they might have an uninterrupted view of the country through which they travelled. I mention this last circumstance, in order to convey a more distinct idea of the scene which follows.

Information having been previously conveyed to the Indians, the Bishop's intended visit, a party of fifty or sixty of their tribe, with their chiefs and interpreter, came out several miles on horseback to meet him, and to escort him to their church. They had been waiting on the road for several hours; and when they saw us approach, they hastily re-mounted their horses, arranged themselves on each side of us, in single file; and thus attended we proceeded on towards their settlement. It was indeed a novel spectacle, and a most gratifying proof of the affection which these natives bore towards their spiritual father. The Bishop of New York, in a one-horse carriage, driven by one of his presbyters, escorted by half a hundred natives of the forest, dressed in their fanciful costume, and all going to witness and participate in the most solemn Christian ordinances; and in a church, too, erected by these Indians themselves! As the procession moved along, groups of Indian women and children, with their clean white blankets, some with blue mantles, wrapped around them, might be seen hurrying across the fields towards their place of worship. This was a neat edifice of wood, standing in a retired and quiet spot, and possessing all the requisites for a decent and orderly performance of the service. The Bishop, with such of the neighbouring clergy as could be present, having taken their seats in the chancel, the services commenced with a few verses from the Psalms, translated into Indian, and sung by about one hundred natives in the gallery, with whom many of those below united. The church was entirely filled; and it was estimated that more than five hundred of the persons present were Indians. A more devout and attentive audience I have never seen.

There is always, indeed, an appearance of gravity and decorum in the Indians, which is peculiarly impressive, as they stand or kneel with their eyes cast down, and their mantles wrapped closely over their heads. Nothing can be more striking than the reverence with which the pious Indian approaches the altar, to receive the holy communion. Those who have witnessed it once will never forget it. On the occasion now alluded to, the usual service, which consists of a literal translation of the Liturgy into the Mohawk tongue, was read by their catechist and teacher, in which the whole congregation united with much apparent seriousness and devotion. The responses were made in an audible and solemn tone, and the hymns of praise were chanted forth by hundreds of voices, in a manner which proved that they "sang with the spirit, and with the understanding also."

Immediately after prayers, the holy rite of confirmation was administered to ninety-four native Indians, and three whites, who had been previously instructed for that purpose; and after that, about fifty partook of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Never have I witnessed a more impressive and solemn scene. To behold nearly one hundred of these once wild sons of the forest, not only civilized, but christianized, and coming forward of their own accord, to "renew and ratify the solemn vow which was made at their baptism"—publicly renouncing their idolatry, and openly "professing the faith of Christ crucified"—what heart could remain unaffected at the sight?

The nature of the service was, evidently, perfectly well understood by them; and if we may form an opinion from the seriousness and humility of their demeanour, (and it is only by the "outward appearance" that man can judge,) they all came forward with sincere and pious resolutions of living agreeably to their solemn engagements. After confirmation and the communion were administered, the Bishop addressed them, through the medium of an interpreter, in his usual affectionate and impressive manner; but in the plainest and most simple language, suited to their comprehension. He was listened to with the profoundest attention and respect, for they look up to him as their spiritual father, and always address him by that endearing title.

At the request of some of their chief men, the Bishop afterwards met about two hundred chiefs and warriors in council, on their ancient council ground at Butternut-grove. The warriors, as they are termed, or principal men of the nation, to the number of one hundred and eighty, were seated on the ground in a large circle, and within that about fifteen or twenty chiefs were ranged in a circle around the Bishop and his attending clergy, for whom chairs had been provided in the centre. One of the chiefs then rose and explained, through an interpreter, the object of this council, which was to obtain their "Father's" advice, in relation to some difficulties at present existing in a remote part of the tribe. The Bishop gave them the solicited advice, in a very friendly and affectionate manner; and after he sat down, the council was addressed by "the chief orator of their nation," in a most animated, and, judging from the effect produced, in a most eloquent speech. The whole scene was highly picturesque, and would have afforded an admirable subject for the pencil of the artist. The chiefs and warriors, ranged after their ancient custom, in concentric circles around their spiritual "Father," listening with respectful and profound attention to his Christian counsel: the numerous little groups of Indian women and children, scattered all around, as near the outer circle as they could conveniently approach, and where they might hear the different speakers—the beautiful grove, waving its rich foliage above their heads—the luxuriant fields of grain around, the fruit of their own labour and industry—formed altogether a picture on which the eye of the Christian or the painter might repose with delight. It brought to my mind the celebrated interview and treaty of William Penn, with the Indians of Pennsylvania.

At the conclusion of the council, the head chief presented the Bishop with a string of Wampum, in the name of the whole tribe, as a token of respect, and a solemn pledge of their unshaken fidelity.

It is only ten years\* since a church was erected for

their special benefit, and principally with funds arising from the sale of some of their lands. Since that time, through the divine blessing, they have been gradually improving in the arts of civilization; and numbers of them, we trust, have attained, and are attaining, that "knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation."

The inimitable Liturgy of the Church, faithfully translated into their native tongue, has doubtless been a powerful auxiliary to their religious instruction. While it exhibits to their untutored minds the great truths of revelation, in plain and simple terms—while it unfolds the whole scheme of redemption in a clear and connected manner—it gives them a part to perform in the solemn services of the sanctuary, and supplies them with language, pure, simple, and scriptural, with which to offer up their devotions to the throne of the Most High.

Let those who deny that our Church has made ample provision for the spiritual instruction and improvement of all her children—and let those, too, who doubt that a prescribed form of service is adapted to the circumstances of the heathen, visit the Oneidas in their house of worship. Let them witness the profound humility with which the confessions are made—the deep reverence, the fixed attention, with which they listen to the sacred scriptures—the fervour and devotion with which the prayers are responded, and the hymns of praise chanted forth, by the united voices of the congregation. Here they may see a practical proof of the efficacy of our forms and ordinances, in instructing and enlightening the most ignorant and savage tribes; and they may also see that our Liturgy is admirably suited to all classes and conditions of men, when they meet for public prayers and praises. Here, too, they may see that our Church is not unmindful of her duty to the heathen; that she is ever ready to extend to them her own invaluable privileges and blessings, as opportunities offer, and means are given. And while we conceive that the first duty of Christians is to make provision for those "who are of the same household of faith," their next duty undoubtedly is to provide for the spiritual wants of the heathen at home. And it becomes more imperatively our duty, to do all in our power to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of the Indians among us, from the consideration of the numberless wrongs which they have received at our hands; and from the mournful reflection, too, that they are fast fading from the land, and that ere long reparation will be impossible; for, like their own native forests, they will have passed away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Oneidas at Green Bay.—Prayer Book's extensive travels.—Interesting statistics of the Church.—Tour through the Southern and South-western States.—Bishop of Tennessee.—Interesting anecdotes of him, and of the Bishop of North Carolina.

A few years after my visit to the Oneida Indians, as related in the last chapter, about eleven hundred of the tribe, including all those who belonged to the Episcopal Church, removed to the Wisconsin Territory, and settled on their lands at Duck Creek, in the vicinity of Green Bay. Their faithful missionary and his family soon followed them, and he is now labouring among them with his customary zeal. It so happened, that I had an opportunity of spending some days within a few miles of this their new location, of seeing several of the chiefs of their nation, and of hearing from them of their improvement in the arts of civilized life, and their advancement in the Christian religion; of all which I shall presently give an account to my readers.

I had been the property of my present master about ten years, when he accepted of an agency in the church, which required him to resign his pastoral charge, and to travel through a large portion of our country. As I was his constant companion, I had an opportunity which very few enjoy, of witnessing the growth and prosperity of the church in every part of our land. And while we saw much, very much, that called for our gratitude and praise, we were frequently led to mourn over the apathy of Episcopalians, in not putting forth greater efforts for the extension of our beloved Zion, especially in our new states and territories. Wherever we went, we saw "fields white unto the harvest," but no labourers to put in the sickle and reap; and often did my master exclaim, Oh! that the members of our communion could witness the spiritual destitution of those who are of the "same household of faith;" how fervently would they then pray "the Lord of the harvest, to send forth labourers into his harvest!"

As a proof of the rapid extension of the Church in the United States, I mention the following facts, gathered from authentic documents. In the year 1792, there were only one hundred and ninety-three Episcopal clergymen in all our states and territories; in 1799, there were two hundred and nineteen; and in 1814, only two hundred and eighteen, having decreased one in fifteen years; in 1820, there were three hundred and thirty-one; having increased only one hundred and thirty-eight in a period of twenty-eight years. In 1838, there were nine hundred and thirty-one; having increased six hundred, or nearly three fold, in the space of eighteen years. The greatest increase has been in the Diocese of New York, which, in 1820, had seventy-six clergymen, and in 1838, there were two hundred and forty-six; having more than trebled in eighteen years.

My master's first official tour was through the southern and south-western States. It would occupy too much space, in a history like this, to relate the many incidents that occurred on this extensive journey, which we were about three months in performing. In most of the large cities through which we passed, on the Atlantic coast, we found the Church in a highly prosperous state; but in the south-western portion of our country, it languishes for want of more Episcopal supervision. We had the pleasure of meeting several times, in our tour, with the Bishop of Tennessee, who had been making an official visit to the scattered congregations in that extensive region. In naming this excellent prelate, an anecdote is brought to mind, which so forcibly illustrates the value of a single Prayer Book, that I shall here place it on record. It was related at a meeting in behalf of a Prayer Book Society, where my master was present; and I am sure my readers will thank me for giving it to them in the speaker's own words:

"Most interesting anecdotes of the acceptableness of the Prayer Book, and of its great usefulness in turning sinners to righteousness, have been often related. The country is full of them. I could occupy much time in showing how powerful it has been, through grace, in extending the borders of the Redeemer's kingdom, and in building men up in our most holy faith. I will content myself with two, but those very remarkable instances. A clergyman of distinguished intelligence and benevolence, was travelling some years ago in a region remote from the strong holds of the Church: detained at a country place by an accident which happened to his carriage, he met with an interesting boy, with whom he was so much pleased, that on parting from him in the morning, he gave him a Prayer Book. There was then no

acquaintance with the Church on the part of him or any of his family,—perhaps not even among their neighbours. I have no time to trace his subsequent career, nor do I know, when the inducement first exerted itself on his mind, nor what its process was in his heart. But I know that that boy is now the Bishop of North Carolina.

"A young man, a graduate of one of our southern colleges, was elected to a tutorship. As tutor, it was his duty to conduct the morning devotions of the chapel. He was not then a religious man. As he himself told me, he did not know how to pray. It was a most irksome, and, it must be feared, an unprofitable task. A friend had compassion on him, and gave him a Prayer Book. It was the first that he had ever seen, and it rendered that easy which before was difficult and unsatisfactory. I know not how long after this it was that he attached himself to the Episcopal Church. But I know that that young man is now the Bishop of Tennessee."

These are most encouraging facts, to those who are engaged in the gratuitous distribution of the Book of Common Prayer; and to them may be addressed the emphatic exhortation of the wise man,—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi. 6.)

Advertisements.

BOOKS.

The following BOOKS have been received from New York, in addition to those advertised previously:—  
Pollok's Course of Time, Walk about Zion, Elisha, Elijah and the Tishbite, Book of Hearts, Polymeric Greek Testament, Staunton's Church Dictionary, General Miscellany, Wreaths and Branches of the Church, Gothic Architecture, with Plans for Churches, Reasons for preferring Episcopacy, by Rev. Calvin Colton, Dick's Christian Philosophy, Dick's Improvement of Society, Physical Theory of another Life, by author of Natural History of Mankind, Life of Wilberforce, by his Son, 2 vols, The Statesman's Manual, or Lay Sermons, by S. T. Coleridge, Good's Book of Nature, Mack Manual, being the Chemistry of Soil and Manure, Combe's Phrenology, Combe's Lectures on Phrenology, Combe on the Constitution of Man, Chronologists' New Book, Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, 2 vols, Chitty's Blackstone's Commentaries, The Federalist, Frederick the Great and his Times, by Campbell, 2 vols, Goethe's Correspondence, 2 vols, Todd's Students' Manual, Lyell's Geology, 2 vols, Millwright's Guide, Mechanics' Own Book, Cookery Books, various sorts, Family Secrets, vol. 1, by Mrs. Ellis, American Flower Gardener, Complete Farmer, The Young Mother, by Dr. Alcott, Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, Coleridge's Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit, Table Talk, by S. T. Coleridge, Letters, Conversations and Recollections of do. Bishop Heber's Poems, Mrs. Hemans's Poems, Miss Lamson's Poems, Miss Sigourney's do. The Parting Gift, Byron's Works, Moore's Melodies, Hymns for Infant Minds, Zinnius, by Bulwer, 2 vols, Sea Tales, by Cooper, 5 vols, Guy Fawkes, by Almsworth, The Deer Slayer, by Cooper, 2 vols, Beaumont, 2 vols, The Spirit of the East, by Urquhart, Sun Slick, 1st, 2nd and 3rd series, Old Curiosity Shop, Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby. H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto.

June 10th, 1842. NEW STRAW BONNETS. JUST opened by the Subscribers, four cases STRAW BONNETS, of the most important and most modern and approved shapes, comprising as complete an assortment, at as low prices as can be met with in the market, which will be found well worth the attention of town and country trade. J. L. FERRIN & Co. 35-41 Toronto, March, 1842.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF DRY GOODS, SELLING OFF. THE Subscribers being about to discontinue the Retail Branch of their business, will commence this day, 1st March, to sell off their stock, comprising half a year's ready assortment of STABLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, at very reduced prices, for cash only. This will afford an opportunity never yet met with to families wishing to supply themselves with articles of the best description in the market at an immense saving; and the Trade generally will find that here they can purchase suitable Goods for the country at lower rates than they can be imported. The whole will be found well worthy the attention of the public. J. L. FERRIN & Co. No. 8, Wellington Buildings, King Street. 1st March, 1842. 35-41

LAND FOR SALE, Near London, U. C. FROM FORTY TO ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES, of the best of the Town of York, within the Liberties of (Judge Allen). The dwelling-house is of brick, which, with the out-offices, &c. are commodious and comfortable, and would make a desirable residence for a gentleman. A L S O: Twenty Acres on the Thames, ABOUT ONE AND A HALF MILE FROM THE BARRACKS. The above valuable property would be sold extremely low, by paying half the purchase money in hand, and the balance by instalments, with interest. Apply, post paid, to J. Lawson, or John Willmott, Esq., London; or to the proprietor, John Hawkins, Port Albert, Goderich; or to H. RowSELL, Esq., Toronto. 18th May, 1842. 46-3a

LAND FOR SALE. NORTH HALF of Park Lots No. 1 and 2, in the First Concession from the Bay, in the Township of York, within the Liberties of the City of Toronto, (known as part of "CASTLE FRANK FARM") containing about 100 acres, on which there is a quantity of valuable pine and hard wood timber. The land is beautifully situated, commanding an extensive view of Lake Ontario, the City of Toronto and Harbour, and within twenty minutes drive of the Cathedral, the Bank, and the Market, and is a delightful situation for a Gentleman's Country Seat. On the eastern boundary there is fine Meadow Land, watered by a beautiful Run. There is also a large quantity of building stone, capable, at all seasons, of turning light machinery, and there are many good sites for Breweries or Distilleries along the banks of the stream. A plan of the above property may be seen, and particulars known by applying (by letter, Post paid,) to the Editor of The Church. Toronto, 6th April, 1842. 46-4f

THE PHOENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON. APPLICATIONS for Insurance by this Company are requested to be made to the undersigned who is also authorized to receive premiums for the renewal of policies. ALEX. MURRAY. Toronto, July 1, 1841. 3

BRITISH AMERICA FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated under an Act of the Third Session of the Eleventh Parliament of Upper Canada. OFFICE, DUKE STREET, CITY OF TORONTO. ASSURANCE against Loss or Damage by Fire is granted by this Company at the usual rates of premium. H. W. BIRCHALL, Managing Director. A few Shares of the Stock of this Institution may still be had on Application at the Office. Toronto, March 11, 1842. 36-4f

THE CANADA GAZETTE, PUBLISHED BY Authority at Kingston. Subscriptions, 6s. received by H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto. February 16th, 1842.

ORDERS IN CHANCERY. REGULATING the Practice in the Court of Chancery in Canada West, for sale by H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto. February 16th, 1842.

STATUTES OF CANADA. COPIES of the Statutes passed in the late Session of the Provincial Parliament, for sale by H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto. February 16th, 1842.

The Church. Published for the MANAGING COMMITTEE, by H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto, every Saturday. No subscription received for less than six months; nor the paper discontinued to any subscriber until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher. TERMS.—Fifteen Shillings, Currency; or Thirteen Shillings and Six-pence, Sterling, per annum. AGENTS.—The Clergy in Canada, and SAMUEL ROWSELL, Esq., 31, Chopside, London.