THE OFFERTORY; OR, THE TWO FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

(From the Churchman's Monthly Magazine.)

It was Sunday morning—a sunny December morning—with fringes of glittering ice, like stalactites of silver, pendant from leaves, branches, and every salient point; the whole world looking as if in the night it had been plated, chased, and burnished.

Mr. Solomon Goldsborongh sat in his study window (for though not a literary man, Mr. Goldsborough had a "study"), admiring, with the air of a connoisseur in nature's works, the temporary splendor which the earth had borrowed from frost and ice. Mr. Solomon G.," as his good lady abbreviated his somewhat lengthy patronymic, was a man of money—a dollars man—a rich merchant who wished every Christmas to find him richer. His thoughts naturally run upon silver. The frost-work irresistibly reminded him of this metal; and the thought of his heart, as he stood by his richly-draped Venetian window, was,

"If it were only the real silver!"

And Mr. Solomon G. sighed down to the lowest button of his capacious vest that it was not, and could not be.

"What a world this *would* be, though, for a man to live in, if it only *were* silver!" talked Mr. Solomon G. with Mr. Solomon G. in an undertone.

"What is that you said, dear?" inquired a feminine and somewhat deferential voice, as if the speaker stood in healthy awe of the gentleman in the blue coat with gilt buttons at the window.

"Me, wife? Oh! yes; I believe I was talking aloud. I was saying if these icicles were *only* silver, what a world we should have!" and Mr. Solomon G. rubbed gently his half-whiskers, with his forefinger.

"My dear, are you going to the new church to-day? You say you like Mr. F—— so much."

"Yes, I like the man, but I don't like the manners, eh?" and the merchant laughed pleasantly at his pun, for Mr. Solomon G. was not only a rich man, but a poor punster, and prided himself vastly upon this latter accomplishment.

"What do you mean by not liking Mr. ——'s manners?" Mrs. G. with a puzzled look. "I heard you say he was a perfect gentleman."

"So he is. I mean the manners in the Church; the way of doing things. I mean that confounded plate! I detest having a plate poked under my beard every Sunday. It looks like—'There, you have had your sermon—now pay for it!" It is picking a man's pocket, whether he will or no!"

"But you need not give unless you please."

"Yes, I need! I *must* give! I am compelled to give. All eyes are upon a man, and if he let the confounded plate go by him, then he is called a miser, a niggard, uncharitable and avaricious, and all that. I tell you Mrs. G., it is just like saying, 'Stand and deliver!' to a man. Out must come the purse, whether or no."

"But the parish must be supported, husband," said Mrs. G., who, though a gentle and retiring person, was a good, pious, bold-hearted Churchwoman. "This is the only way the Rev. Mr. F—— is paid his salary!"

"A poor way—a very wrong way, wife. It makes men who do give, do their alms before men. I hate to give with all looking on to see what I give. I am for going according to Scripture, giving my alms in secret. If Mr. F—— will come to me, I will give him twenty-five dollars in a lump for the whole year, and so will others if he will put a stop to that weekly offertory—and weakly it is, and a poor offer that to a man—that wretched tin-plate with black cotton velvet pasted on the top. I won't cotton to it, Mrs. G." Here Mr. Solomon looked side-wise at his wife to discover if she took the pun, but perceiving that she did not betray apprehension of it, he shook his head: "A very dull woman is Mrs. G.!—a *very* dull woman!"

"But, husband, it is the only way laid down in the Bible for paying a minister, and for the Gospel. St. Paul says that we must *lay by in store* every week, as God has prospered us, and give it to the support of the Church; and how can we give it unless we take it to Church and hand it to those who are appointed to collect these weekly offerings? It is not begging charity, as you seem to view it. It is God's appointed way, and no one ought to think evil of it. It is quite another thing this, to giving charity on the street, or at our own door, to applicants; this last is *charity*; and if we do it without ostentation and in secret, so much the better. But the alms-offering in Church is *not* charity. It is, if you please to accept this mercantile illustration, a fair business transaction. If you employ men, you pay them in the usual way. If you buy cotton, you give, if customary, drafts for it on a distant city. You find no fault with the several modes which commerce provides for paying moneys out for value received or services rendered. Why, then, are you so inconsistent, Mr. Goldsborough, as to find fault with the mode the Church provides for supplying the Gospel? You ought, it seems to me, to honour the Sunday black velvet plate, when presented to you by the warden, as promptly and cheerfully as you would honor the order for money presented to you on Saturday night for the payment of work done."

The merchant looked at his wife with a surprised stare. He had never seen her quite so warmed up before on the subject of the Church. After a moment's reflection, he said—

"Upon my word, Mrs. G., I believe you are half right. I will try and look upon the matter in a business light hereafter. I never thought before of what the Bible says about Christians laying by in store every week a part of their profits. I think I will go to the new parish Church with you, and hear Mr. F——, for he preaches in a way that I like. He tells men just what sinners they are; and men like, odd enough, to be told they are sinners. The worse people are, the better they like strong Gospel preaching. Mr. F—— seems to have found this out. He preaches strait *at* a man."

"The sermon he preached on the first Sunday in Advent caused three notes to be written to him, and brought two calls from persons, accusing him of writing and preaching that sermon especially for each one of them."

"Don't you think, wife I have half suspected that sermon was written *at* me? The coat fit me so cleverly, that I could not but think it was cut to measure; but it cut without *measure*, it seems."

Mrs. G. did not appreciate the pun.

As Mr. and Mrs. G. were going to Church, they were joined by a young merchant, Charles Freeland, who had once been a clerk for Mr. G. but had recently set up for himself; a young man of probity, of business habits, of strict morals—nay, more, a pious Churchman. He had a mother and two younger brothers depending upon him; and his threadbare (but neat) coat, that cold day, showed that he deprived himself of personal comforts for their comfort. Mr. G. respected the young man; and the only fault he had ever found with him was for giving two hundred dollars out of his limited means for the building of the new Church, which was mainly erected by the efforts of a few zealous Churchmen, chiefly young men, in a populous part of the city hitherto destitute of the Church.

"I am glad to see you going to our little Chapel," said Charles, addressing them both.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Goldsborough. "We think that a few families from the old parish should go over to yours, to strengthen it in the outset; while their withdrawal from the old will not weaken that, as so many remain. I love that Church, I have been so many years to it. But It think all true Church people, Charles, ought to make personal sacrifices to extend the lines of the Church. Yours is no separate enterprise. Both parishes and both congregations are all one, worshipping only underneath different roofs."

"I am glad you Paul's Church people view our new Church in this light. It is true, we all came out of St. Paul's, to build up this; and good Dr. —— was very reluctant to part with us, for we had sat beneath his preaching for years, and three of our vestry were members of his. But he said, 'It is for the good of the Church and the welfare of God's people; and I bid you go in God's name, and build up another bulwark of Zion against the foes of the Church.' So we left with his blessing."

"I was surprised to find no rivalry or unkind feeling about this movement, on the part of old Paul's Church people," said Mr. Goldsborough; "but as you say, wife, they showed their love for the Church by giving it their hearty consent." Thus talking, they arrived at the door of the beautiful Gothic Church.

At length the black cotton, velvel-covered, tin-plate was handed to the wardens, and began to make its circuit; and coats were unbuttoned, wallets, purses, even pocket-books began to peep out, and the gold and silver which God had loaned men, men began to return to Him the interest of. It was paid back in three-cent pieces, half-dimes, dimes, quarter-of-dollar pieces, the coin decreasing in number as they increased in value. When the plate came to Mr. Solomon Goldsborough, he was still searching in his pockets for a gold dollar, which he had especially placed in his pocket, (which he could not recollect when they began the effertory," and so the warden found him eagerly searching and slightly perspiring between the exertion and trepidation. But the little gold dollar, like a good many of its slippery fraternity, had got into some undiscoverable crevice, or so low in his pocket that his stout thumb and finger could not grasp and apprehend it. at all events, he could not find his eleemosynary gold dollar.

The cotton velvet-covered black plate paused "under his beard," and Mr. Solomon G., whose pride and self-love would not suffer him to give nothing, desperately opened his pocket-book, and running flutteringly over half a dozen bills, nervously seized a fifty dollar note, and placed it (all of a sudden assuming with the act a cool and patronizing air, which he did not feel) in the nearly withdrawn plate. It was the smallest bill his pocket-book contained! Who ever," mused he in his vexation, "heard a sermon worth *fifty* dollars! I have to-day paid dear for my whistle, and I may whistle for my money!"

At this moment he saw the plate cottoning, as he expressed it, to his young friend, Charles Freeland, who sat in the pew at his right. He watched to see what the young merchant would give; and to his amazement, he saw the young man put in a fifty dollar note!

At the counting of the offerings in the vestry after service, to find two fifty dollar bills in the plate, not a little surprised the young clergyman and his wardens.

"One of them was put in-by Mr. Goldsborough," said one of the wardens. "He is very liberal for a man known to love his money as he does."

"The other was put in by Charles Freeland," said the other warden.

"Then it must be a mistake on his part," said the Rector, "for I know that Mr. Freeland is not able to give so largely. Doubtless he intended to put in a five dollar note; and in his haste not to detain the plate, saw only the '5' upon it. He should be informed of it, and have permission to rectify the error."

"Then Mr. Goldsborough ought to have the same privilege shown to him; for he was looking for silver or gold in his vest pockets to put in, but failing to find any, searched his pocket-book and put in this fifty: but I could see it was done grudgingly, and not like the cheerful giver,' with whom God is pleased."

"In this case there is but one course to pursue," said the youthful minister. "The Church must not compel men to support her. It must be done with a willing mind. I will write a note with inclosures of the bills to each of these gentlemen, and beg you to deliver them in the morning. Their reply will decide the matter, and we shall have acquitted ourselves of our duty."

The ensuing morning, as Mr. G. was in his counting-room, the following note was placed in his hand, It came while the "*loss* of his fifty dollar bill" was upon his mind, and as he was about, with a secret anathema upon all weekly effertories and Sunday plates, to make an entry of a forty-nine dollars deficit in his profit and loss book.

As he opened the note, the bill he had put into the plate was visible, and recognized:

St. ——'s Vestry-room.

Dear Sir:—I fear that circumstances compelled you to offer a heavier alms to the Church than otherwise you would have done. I beg you will correct any error that has occurred, for which purpose I inclose you the bill for fifty dollars, which you were so liberal as to put into the effertory, perhaps in the absence of a lesser donation.

Yours, very sincerely,
I. X. F——

S. Goldsborough, Esq., &c., &., &c.

"Upon my word! well, this young Rector *is* a gentleman," exclaimed the gratified merchant. "I will sustain him! I like to give when I am not compelled! I dislike to do anything on compulsion. I wouldn't eat my dinner, Mr. Corning, (this was addressed to the warden,) on compulsion, sir. I like your new minister! I will sustain him—not on compulsion—I would not let a doctor, if I were dying, feel my pulse on *compulsion!*" Here Mr. G. looked at Warden C., to see if he appreciated the pun; but Mr. C. betrayed no appreciation. Nevertheless, Mr. G. went on and said, "Here, sir, is not only the fifty, but another added to it. If your Church does business in this upright sort of way, you will prosper. There, sir, is one hundred dollars, which please give Rev. Mr. F——, with my compliments."

Mr. Solomon G. felt at this time more magnanimous, and better pleased with himself and all the world, than he recollected ever being in his life before. Suddenly there was a frown upon his brow, as his eyes watched Charles Freeland coming through the store into the counting-room.

"Well, sir, so you think because I put in a fifty yesterday you must do the like! Recollect, Master Freeland, that there is a wide difference between your income and mine. You will soon come to the hammer if you fling money about this fashion. You learned no such habits with me! You were crazy to give such an exorbitant sum, poor as you are! It was your pride to ape a rich man! This course will soon break you!"

Charles stood composedly listening to all his late employer had to say. Then the warden placed in his hand the Rector's note for him. Upon opening it, and reading it, and seeing what it contained, he blushed, and at first looked hurt, but soon said, with a smile, as he placed the fifty dollars in the warden's hand again, "I committed no mistake tell Mr. F——."

"What? you do not mean to say you were able to give that, Charles?" demanded the merchant.

"Yes, Mr. Goldsborough, I have made a rule since I commenced business for myself, to set apart every Saturday night one-tenth part of my profits of the week. Week before last they were one hundred dollars, and I gave ten dollars of it to the effertory. Last week they were five hundred dollars, for I made a very successful trade in buying and selling hay, and I gave a tenth, that fifty dollars to God. Thus you perceive, sir, that I give from principle and upon a system; for anciently, at God's command, his people devoted a tenth of their gains to the Temple. Sir, I shall never miss it! God has already increased my business tenfold!"

"If I were to do the same," mused the merchant, after Charles had paid a note due that morning, and left; "if *I* were to do like this conscientious young man—let me see! my income last week was four thousand dollars, gained on that sale of molasses. If I did as this Charles does, I ought to have given four hundred dollars to the effertory, instead of fifty."

Mr. Solomon G. shook his head. We leave him shaking his head.

Colonial.

A LAKE PHENOMENON.

In alluding in our last to the remarkable case of two persons being drowned, (one of whom was James Foster, an old sailor, and not a pensioner as we heard,) we had not time to do more than chronicle the bare fact, without enlarging upon the singular natural phenomenon, which caused their death.—Since then, however we have made minute enquiries into the circumstances, and remain satisfied that the sudden and extraordinary overflow of the Lake which occurred on the 25th ultimo originated in some subaqueous convulsion which took place in the bed of the Lake.

The facts of the events on the 25th, as far as noticed, seem to be as follows: About a quarter past six o'clock, p. m., a thunder storm came up from the North West, with a few flashes of lightning, and a heavy shower, accompanied by a strong squall of wind for a few minutes, the weather being quite calm just before the gust and the same after it. The fishermen who were on the beach, seeing the squall come on, hurried to get in their seine, and suddenly there appeared, rolling in upon them, from the North West, an immense wave. The height of this wave could not have been less, we judge, than from six to eight feet, although it is difficult to ascertain correctly. It came rolling on the smooth lake with great velocity, carrying all before it, and sweeping some of the fishermen into the Two Mile Pond, and dashing others of them high up against the bank, by which, as we related, two persons were unfortunately drowned. The water came and returned three times in succession, and then settled down quite calm, as it had been before this commotion. It was noticed, moreover that the wave brought up and cast upon the beach a quantity of logs and sunken drift wood, which had apparently lain long at the bottom of the Lake, showing clearly that the movement must have come from the bottom. There was no wind blowing to cause such an unprecedented and rapid swell of the water, the like of which had never been seen on this side of the Lake; although something similar occurred at Cobourg some couple of years ago; and a similar phenomenon is related as having taken place in Mud Lake a few years ago.

It is evident to us that there has been an earthquake in the bed of the lake at no great distance from land, although there was not the slightest tremor noticed on the shore. These occurrences taking place as they do, would seem to indicate that the bed of the lake is nearer the seat of subterranean disturbance than the main land—and may undergo agitation at times without the fact being noticed by the dwellers on its margin; but when the earthquake was felt here about 18 months ago, the rush of waves upon the shore for a short time was tremendous. But the disturbance in that case, being in all probability, further off, prevented a great and sudden rise of water like that on the 25th.

It has been shown in support of a certain theory, that by far the greatest number of earthquakes have occurred about the new or full moon. This theory may receive another case in its support, by the consideration that the event above recorded took place within 31 hours of the full moon. We leave the matter as one worthy of philosophical consideration.—*Niagara Mail.*

A meeting of the Canada Company took place at St. Helen's Place, London, on the 24th March, Mr. C. Franks presiding, when the annual statement was unanimously adopted. The progress made in the sales of land is announced to have been most satisfactory, while the system of leasing has also proved extremely advantageous. The surplus, exclusive of the additional value of the unsold land beyond its worth as originally estimated, is £556,824, and the amount of outstanding debentures to the 31st December is £85,200. With regard to the 645,234 acres of land, the remaining property of the company, it is stated that, although valued at the price of 9s. 4d. per acre, the estimate formed by an inspection in 1847, the directors believe that much better terms on the average can now be secured. Taking into consideration the rates at which sales lately have been effected, and making allowance for the inferior and undrained locations, they consider 20s. per acre will ultimately be realized. The rapid development of the Province, through the increased facilities of communication, continues unchecked, and in the Huron District so great has been the competition to obtain favorable selections, that the settlers are known to have paid high rates of interest to complete their purchases. It was suggested that, as a lengthened period had elapsed since the last survey, it would not be impolitic to take measures for arriving at an accurate estimate of the value of the property, a question to which the directors promised to give attention. The annexed statistics shew the receipts in Canada and the cost of management in 1853:

RECEIPTS IN CANADA.

	Currency.
Purchase money of Land sold	£49,516
Bills receivable	15,488
Rent	30,175
Interest	11,108
Timber, cut	1,644
Transfer fees	457
Advances repaid, &c.	2,472
	110,856

COST OF MANAGEMENT.

LONDON.	Sterling.
Directors' allowance	£1,500
Salaries	895
Rent and Taxes	184
Printing and Stationery	86
Repairs to House	74
Postage and Petty Charges	64
Law Charges	54
Miscellaneous	106
	2,963
Income Tax	534
CANADA.	
Salaries	3,917
Law Expenses	450
Miscellaneous	448
Stationery and Printing	316
Advertising	164
Office-rent	111
	5,406
Retiring allowance to Mr. Thomas M. Jones	400
Assessment and Road-tax	6,783

Accident near the Falls.—Yesterday morning, the team of Mr. Foster, of Niagara Falls, was precipitated over the the bank at the rear of the Clifton House, and strange to say, altho' they fell a distance of some 150 feet, only one of the horses was killed, the other one escaping in a most extraordinary manner. The wagon received but little damage, having only an axle-tree broke. The team was employed in hauling gravel from near the edge of the bank, and the driver, although often warned to the contrary, backed the team from the road towards the precipice, for the purpose of loading, when the impetus given the wagon by the descent drew the horses so near the edge of the bank that their struggles to keep their footing and recover their ground were useless, and the casualty, as we have described it, took place. The horses lodged about two-thirds of the way down the precipice, from which the living horse was with difficulty got down to the water's edge, placed upon a float made for the purpose, and towed by a boat up to the ferry landing. We saw him in his stable about four hours after, looking rather down in the mouth.

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Under 12 years of age 4 10 0
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The Fourth Term of this establishment will re-commence on *Thursday 27th April.*

Religious instruction most kindly afforded by Rev. Dr. Lett, once a week, in the school.

Toronto, April 6th. 1854. 36tf

BOOKS JUST RECEIVED.

	£	s.	D.
Gresley's Treatise on Preaching	0	6	3
The History, Object, and Proper Observance of the Holy Season of Lent: by Kip	0	3	9
Christian Morals: by Rev. Wm. Sewell, M. A.	0	3	9
Manual on the Rubrics	0	3	9
Stories on the Church Catechism: by Mrs. Sherwood	0	3	9
The Pastor's Appeal to his Flock; on Confirmation, the Holy Communion, and Christian Life	0	0	7½
The Children of the New Testament: by Stork.	0	4	4½
Staunton's Church Chant Book	0	5	0
The Music of the Church: by Wainwright	0	5	0
The Baron's Little Daughter, &c.: by Rev. Wm. Gresley, M. A.	0	3	1½
Our Little Comfort	0	3	1½
Love's Lesson: by the author of Timid Lucy	0	3	1½
In the World, but not of the World: by Cousin Alice	0	3	1½
The Pilgrim's Progress: for the young, illustrated	0	1	10½

For Sale by HENRY ROWSELL,
Bookseller, Stationer, & Printer,
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Toronto, March 23, 1854. 37-tf

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Toronto, 27th December, 1853. 2-tf

NEW BOOKS.

	£	s.	D.
THE National Miscellany: a Magazine of general literature. Vol. I—cloth, extra	0	9	0
Muller's Physics and Meteorology	0	17	6
Narrative of the United States' Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea: by W. F. Lynch, U. S. N.	0	15	0
Erman's Travels in Siberia; The Chinese Frontier, &c. 2 vols	0	10	0
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Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions: by Charles Mackay. 2 vols	0	10	0
Camp Fires of the Revolution; or, the War of Independence: illustrated by thrilling events and stories, by the old soldiers: by Henry C. Watson	0	8	9
Lander's Natural Philosophy. Third course: Meteorology, Astronomy	0	10	0
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History of England in Verse: by Hannah Townsend	0	3	0
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From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated Professor Hitchcock.

"**James C. Ayer**—Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngial and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper.

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Respectfully yours,
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