

THE HISTORY OF AN AMERICAN POCKET PRAYER BOOK. WRITTEN BY ITSELF. CHAPTER XII.

The Prayer Book is sent by Mr. L.—, a present to his mother. —His letter.—How received by the good lady.—Her prejudices against the Church.—How removed.—An interesting conversation.—Undesigned eulogium on the office for Family Devotion.

My new master continued his examination of the doctrines and worship of the Church, with unabated interest; daily praying that the Spirit of divine truth would enlighten his understanding, and enable him both rightly to discern, and fearlessly to pursue, the good and the right way. In all cases of doubt and difficulty, he advised with his minister, who obligingly aided him by his counsel, and by putting into his hands the most suitable books of instruction, and practical piety. In the course of a few months, both he and his wife united themselves with the Church, by receiving the holy communion; I trust with such dispositions of heart, as rendered them "meet partakers of those holy mysteries."

Immediately after this event, I was sent a present to his mother, as Mr. P.— had suggested. This good lady lived in another part of the state, and was the mistress of a small but respectable public house. Her son wrote to her on this occasion, and I cannot help transcribing the conclusion of his letter, which I heard read.

After informing her of his having joined the communion of the Church, he says:

"I know, my dear mother, that this will greatly excite your surprise; but believe me, I have done it after patient and candid examination, with prayer for the guidance of divine wisdom, and from a full conviction that I was acting right. Knowing the unfavourable opinion you entertain of the Church to which I have attached myself, and convinced, as I am, that more information on the subject, than you have ever had in your power to obtain, would entirely remove your objections, I have taken the liberty to send you a Prayer Book. I beg, my dearest mother, you will give it an attentive perusal; and then tell me whether you think that a Church, which maintains such doctrines, and worships with such a form, can be much in the wrong, either in creed or practice.

"Believe me, my beloved mother, I never was happier in my life. There is something so decent, orderly, and solemn, in the manner in which our services are performed, that I always feel as if I was truly worshipping God, with the spirit and with the understanding also."

"You, who have been many years a conscientious communicant in another denomination, no doubt feel more of the spirit of true devotion, when worshipping God in your own way; and it rejoices me to think that hereafter, through the infinite mercies of our common Redeemer, we shall both be permitted to join in that one worship, which angels and saints continually pay around his throne. Although distance now separates us, and there are some points of difference in our religious views, yet I trust we shall ever be one in heart and affection. To you, my dear mother, I am indebted, under God, for all my early religious impressions. May He abundantly reward and bless you, for all your care and kindness towards me; may He take us both into His holy keeping, and finally bring us to Himself, never more to be separated from Him, or from each other. And this I trust he will do, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Most affectionately and truly, your son, B. L.—"

This letter was put into her hand at the same time that I was presented to her. She paid no attention to me, but seemed wholly engrossed with her son's letter. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she read it; but whether they were tears of joy or of sorrow, I could not at first determine. Some expressions of regret, however, at her son's having joined the Church, led me to conclude that her tears were not altogether the overflowings of a glad and grateful heart. But there was so much kindness and affection breathed throughout the letter, that it must have softened her feelings; and I heard her say aloud, after reading it a second time—"Well, after all, I do believe he is a Christian; he was always one of the best and most dutiful of sons, and this act of his is almost the only one of his life, of which I ever had any reason to complain."

The good woman wiped her eyes, as the remembrance of her son's former love and obedience occurred, to soothe the grief which his present conduct had occasioned. Folding up the letter, she took me in her hand, and after carefully turning over my leaves a few times, she laid me down with a deep-drawn sigh, that told the bitterness of her reflections.

For many days I remained altogether unnoticed. Now and then my new mistress would hastily read a page or two, but evidently without feeling any interest in the subject. Being the gift of a favourite son, she probably could not bring her mind to throw me wholly aside.

Some weeks after I became her property, I was lying on a table in the little parlour, where strangers usually sat—for my mistress, as I before remarked, was the landlady of a respectable inn—when a gentleman in black was shown into the room. Having thrown aside his travelling coat, and taken his seat by the fire, he asked if he could be accommodated with supper and lodging for the night. She replied in the affirmative, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations. While she was spreading the cloth for tea, I attracted the attention of the stranger, and taking me up he said, "So, madam, I see you have a Prayer Book here; are your family Episcopalians?"

"No, sir," she replied, "that is a book which my son sent me."

"Your son, then, probably belongs to the Episcopal Church?"

"Yes, sir, he and his wife have lately joined it, and I am sorry for it."

"But why so—why are you sorry?"

"Because I do not believe there is any religion in that Church."

"That, certainly, is a sufficient reason; you have just cause to mourn, if your son belongs to a Church which has no religion in it. But do you mean to say, that you think your son is destitute of religious principles?"

"Oh, no! by no means! If ever there was a Christian, I believe he is one; but I think there is less of true piety in that Church than in any other."

"Will you be so kind as to state your reasons for this opinion; for it is surely a very serious charge."

Here I saw my mistress looked a little confused, as those persons are apt to look, who make unqualified assertions, and are unexpectedly called upon to substantiate them. However, soon regaining her composure, she said "there was so much of form in that mode of worship, that she had been led to suppose there could not be a great deal of real religion there."

"Well, but have you ever read those forms attentively? Have you ever read this Prayer Book?"

"Not much of it, I confess; I never could endure forms of prayer."

"Have you ever read any Episcopal Books, either doctrinal or practical?"

"Never one, that I know of."

"Did you ever hear the service read, or an Episcopal Clergyman preach?"

Here my mistress seemed to take courage, as if an idea had been suggested which would extricate her from the unpleasant dilemma into which she had unguardedly fallen; for she immediately replied, with no little triumph—"Yes, I once heard an Episcopal minister preach, and I did not like his sermon; he said nothing about total depravity, nor absolute election; and he proved to be a very bad man, and was degraded from the ministry."

"All this may be very true; there are no doubt unworthy ministers to be found among every religious denomination; but it is far from being candid, or charitable, to condemn the whole on account of the errors of a few."

The stranger now perceived how utterly ignorant she was of the subject, on which she at first so confidently pronounced an opinion; he therefore despaired of convincing her by any formal argument. He could not talk to her about the excellency of the Prayer Book, for she had never read it; nor of the beauty of the service, for she had heard it performed but once in her life; nor could he refer her to Episcopal writers, for by her own acknowledgment she had never read any; so he said—

"Madam, did you ever hear of John Rogers?"

"What, he who was burnt at Smithfield, in the reign of the bloody Mary?"

"The same."

"Yes, every child has heard of him. I remember when I was a little girl, exactly how he used to look in the primer, with his wife and ten small children standing by, when he was offered a pardon, if he would renounce his faith; but he chose to be burnt alive, in sight of his dear wife and babes. Many a time have I cried over his sad story."

"You think, then, John Rogers must have been a good man?"

"Why, to be sure I do. Does not every body think him a Christian martyr, who died gloriously for the faith of Christ?"

"Do you think he would belong to a Church which had no religion in it; or that he would make use of prayers which were sinful?"

"By no means; I believe he was as good a Christian as ever lived; and I wish there were many such now-a-days."

"Well, this same John Rogers was an Episcopal Clergyman; he belonged to the same Church to which your son belongs; and he used the same form of prayers, in substance, which your son now uses, and which you think so unmeaning. You probably never thought of this before; and it is very possible that you are more indebted to Episcopal authors, for your religious knowledge, than you are aware of—for you say, and no doubt think, you have never read any of their works. Will you allow me to look at your devotional books?"

My mistress readily consented, little suspecting that she possessed a single volume written by a churchman. Opening a small closet in the room, she pointed to a shelf, saying, "These are all my religious books."

The stranger began to examine them, and the first he took down was "The World without Souls," by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. A slight smile played upon his lips, as he said—"What think you of this little work?"

"Oh, that is one of the best books I ever read."

"I am happy to hear that you think so; for it was written by a clergyman of the English Church."

"You surprise me; but whoever wrote it must have been a good man."

"Here," he continued, "is 'Sherlock on Death; what is your opinion of that?'"

"A very pious work, which I have often read with much pleasure and profit; but do you mean to say that was written by an Episcopalian?"

"I do; and one of the most distinguished divines of our Church. But what comes next? 'Law's Serious Call,' 'Dairyman's Daughter,' 'Young Cottager,' 'Zion's Pilgrim,' 'Scott's Force of Truth,' 'John Newton's Works'—all by Episcopal divines, and I dare say you esteem them all as excellent devotional books."

"That I do," she replied; "they are my spiritual treasury; and I am ashamed to think how little I knew about the authors. If the Episcopal Church has produced such men as these, I will never again object to my son's having joined it, but bless God that he has fallen into such excellent company."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the servant's bringing in the gentleman's supper.

That evening, the stranger, who proved to be a clergyman, was asked to officiate at family prayers; and kneeling down, without any book before him, he repeated from memory the forms appointed for that purpose. Before he retired, my mistress said to him—"I was quite delighted with your prayer this evening; and I think you yourself will acknowledge that such a prayer, offered extempore, is much better than any form." He smiled, and taking me up, he turned to the office for family devotion, saying, "There is the prayer, word for word, which you have heard me use, and which has so justly excited your admiration." Then bidding her good night, he left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prayer Book resumes its travels.—Autumnal Scenery.—Journey through Ohio and Pennsylvania.—Mineral springs at B.—Church service in a Presbyterian house of worship.—Returns to New York.—Unexpected separation from its master.—Comes into possession of a layman.—Witnesses the gathering of a new congregation, and the erection of another Church, in South-western New York.

The next morning, when the stranger was about departing, he proposed to my mistress to exchange a larger and much more costly Prayer Book, which he had with him, for me; as he had yet a long journey to perform, and would find me more convenient to carry. To this she readily assented, and I again entered upon my travels. The clergyman into whose possession I now came, was returning from the south, to his parish in the state of New York, having been travelling some months for the benefit of his health. Long shall I remember, with delight, our journey in this most interesting section of our country. As we passed along through that fertile and highly cultivated region, which forms the southern portion of Ohio, and beheld many large and flourishing villages, with a thriving and happy yeomanry, it was difficult to realize, that even within the memory of persons then living, this whole tract was a "waste, howling wilderness." Yet such was the fact: the tide of emigration, rolling westward from the Atlantic, had swept away the forests in its course; towns and villages had arisen in their place; and the war-whoop of the Indian, and the howling of wild beasts, had been succeeded

by the busy hum of population, and the noise of the hammer of the artisan.

It was the delightful month of October; a season peculiarly favourable for travelling, in our northern and middle states. The days were bright and clear, and there was an elasticity in the air, which imparted animation and vigour to both mind and body. The fields, it is true, had lost much of their freshness; but the forest trees were putting on their richest livery. The deep and varied tints of the maple and the sumach, might vie with the brightest colours of the rainbow; and none but His hand, "who bended" the heavenly arch, could produce such an exquisite assemblage of bright and brilliant hues, as the woods every where presented. Crossing the Ohio river, and through a part of Virginia, we entered upon the magnificent mountain scenery of Pennsylvania. Here nature appeared in its wildest and grandest form.—Those lofty Alleghanies, whose blue peaks I had often admired in the distance, now towered majestically around me, and directed the thoughts of the traveller to Him who, with resistless might, piled together these huge masses; and of whom it is said He hath "weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." (Isa. xl. 12.) After journeying several days among these mountains, sometimes crossing over their rugged summits, and then again passing them by their deep ravine, which some rapid torrent had worn, as it struggled to meet the Ohio or the Susquehanna, we entered the delightful valley, where stands the village of B—, about two miles from which are the mineral springs of the same name. Here my master concluded to rest a while from the fatigues of his journey; and a pleasant spot than these springs afforded could not be desired. It reminded me of "the happy valley," so beautifully described by Johnson, in his Rasselas. It was indeed a valley of surpassing loveliness; surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains, whose sides and summits were covered with majestic forest trees, now clothed in the richest robes of autumn.

During our stay here, my master was invited to officiate on a Sunday, in the neighbouring village of B—; and there being no other minister in the town, the "meeting house" was kindly offered him. He took me with him into the pulpit, and read the daily morning and evening prayers; but as there were no Episcopalians to take the responsive part of the service, much of its beauty was necessarily lost; still there was such simplicity and pious pathos in the language of the Liturgy, as to draw forth great praise from many of the congregation, who had never heard it before. The singing was excellent; all the congregation appearing to join in it, as the clergyman read to them, line by line, the psalm or hymn.

On our leaving this retired and peaceful valley, we travelled leisurely along through the rich central region of Pennsylvania; nothing special occurring until we entered the state of New York. Here, to my great grief, I was separated from my master, whom I had anxiously wished to accompany home to his parish.—Stopping one night at a public house, he took me out to read, as was his custom before going to bed; and the next morning, rising early to proceed on his journey, in the hurry of departure I was forgotten, and he went away leaving me on the table in his bed-room. There the chamber-maid found me, and knowing that I must be the property of the traveller just gone, she took me into her own possession. She kept me, however, but a little while; for a travelling pedlar coming along, she bartered me away for some trifling ornament of dress. He sold me to a gentleman who had just organized a small congregation, and wished to procure a few Prayer Books for their immediate use. I was gratified with this last exchange, for I expected once more to witness the interesting scene of a new congregation growing up, under the nursing care of a pious and intelligent layman. And this expectation was fully realized. My master, Mr. F—, was a merchant in S—, a small village in the south-western part of New York. He and his wife had been educated in the Presbyterian denomination; and having, about the same time, had their attention awakened to the importance of eternal things, and feeling it their duty to make a public profession of their faith in CHRIST, they set about the important inquiry,—With what denomination of Christians should they connect themselves? The village in which they resided, contained congregations of almost every name, excepting the Episcopal;—but in each of these they found something objectionable, either in doctrine or worship, which prevented their uniting with its communion. Of the Episcopal Church, they at that time knew nothing. But while their minds were in this unsettled state, it providentially happened that "Father Nash," whose history has already been related, in his missionary travels, stopped at the tavern in S—.

My master hearing of his arrival, invited him to his house, that he and his wife might learn from this venerable missionary, something respecting the doctrines, ministry, and worship of the Church. Nearly the whole night was spent in listening to the instructions of this holy man; and before the morning light dawned, both my master and his wife had made up their minds to unite with the Episcopal Church. The nearest place of worship was fourteen miles distant, and the way to it was over a very hilly country, and rough road; yet thither my master and his family went every Saturday evening, that they might be there in time for the commencement of the service on Sunday morning. After a time, this was found to be very inconvenient, and Mr. F— determined to have a church nearer home. It was an arduous attempt indeed, to build up the church in a village where there were such a variety of congregations already, and where his was the only Episcopal family. But my master was not a man to be discouraged by such circumstances. He knew, from his own experience, that if the prevailing ignorance respecting the Church could be removed, many would be found flocking into it. He accordingly hired a room, commenced lay-reading, and invited such of his neighbours, as chose, to join him. For a time, the number of attendants was very small; and Mrs. F— was almost the only one to make the responses. The congregation, however, gradually and steadily increased. A lot, containing four acres of land, which was sufficiently large for a burial ground, and other purposes, was purchased in the centre of the village; and, in process of time, a very neat, commodious, and well-arranged church edifice was erected upon it. On the day of its consecration, the Bishop administered the holy rite of confirmation to thirty-nine persons. Through the zeal and enterprise of the parish, aided by the missionary fund of the diocese, a minister was now settled over them. The church was furnished with a bell, organ, and communion plate, and all other things necessary to the performance of the service, with decency and in order.—Nor was there any burdensome debt incurred, by these operations;—all were paid for, by contributions made in the village, with the exception of a few hundred dollars given by some benevolent individuals in the city of New York. In a few years after the church was completed, a neat and convenient parsonage house was also erected; which contributed greatly to the comfort of the minister. My master lived to see the

church well filled with worshippers, and more than seventy communicants at its altar. He had established a Sunday-school, which he superintended himself, and which numbered eighty scholars, and sixteen teachers, with a well selected library of five hundred volumes. And all these things were accomplished in the short space of ten years, from the time the church was first organized.

I have anticipated my history a little, to give the result of my master's labours in the cause of the church. His death occurred a few years after I left him.

Advertisements.

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 entire stock, comprising a large and varied assortment of STAPLE 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 above line at an immense saving; and the Trade generally will find that here they can purchase suitable Goods for their country at lower rates than they can be imported. The whole will be found well worthy the attention of the public.

J. L. PERRIN & Co. No. 8, Wellington Buildings, King Street. 1st March, 1842. 35-4f

NEW STRAW BONNETS.

JUST opened by the Subscribers, four cases STRAW BONNETS, of the latest importations and most modern and approved shapes, comprising 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. PERRIN & Co. Toronto, March, 1842. 35-4f

SANFORD & LYNES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS,

CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS. BEG to announce to the Public that they have LEASED those Premises lately occupied by Messrs. ROSS & Co., and have laid in a well selected and choice Stock of Teas, Wines, and Spirits, with a general assortment of articles in the Line, which they offer low for cash or approved credit.

Toronto, February 23, 1842. 34-4f

Earthen, China, and Glassware Establishment.

No. 10, New City Buildings, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, KING STREET. THE Subscribers are now receiving, at the above premises, an extensive and choice assortment of every description of WARE, in their line, among which are handsome China, Tea, Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets; Japan and fine Printed Earthenware Sets of ditto, fine Cut and Common Glassware, and a large supply of superior Country Stores. Persons wishing to purchase will find it their interest to call.

JOHN MULHOLLAND & Co. Toronto, October 30, 1840. 17-4f

Tea, Wine, and Spirit Warehouse.

No. 197, KING STREET, TORONTO. THE Subscribers having now completed their extensive WAREHOUSE of Groceries, Wines, and Spirits, offer for Sale the undermentioned articles, which having been purchased on the most favourable terms in the best European and American Markets, they can confidently recommend to the attention of City and Country Storekeepers: 200 lbs. Porto Rico and Cuba Sugars, 30 lbs. London Refined Sugar, 85 cases New York Refined Sugar, 25 lbs. and 70 lbs. London Crushed Sugar, 400 chests Gunpowder, Hyson, Young Hyson, Twankay, Souchong, and Congou Tea, 500 bags Java, Java, Lagura, and St. Domingo Coffee, 200 boxes, half boxes, and quarter boxes, fresh Muscat Raisins, 20 kegs Spanish Grapes, 200 pieces Carolina Rice, 120 boxes and kegs Plug and Cavendish Tobacco, 185 pipes and hhd's Port, Madeira, Sherry, and Marselles Wines, from the most respectable Houses in Oporto, Cadiz and Madeira, 20 pipes and 40 hhd's pale and coloured Cognac Brandy, 40 hhd's Spanish Brandy, 20 puncheons East and West India Rum, 100 barrels London Porter and Edinburgh Ale, Also, an extensive and general assortment of articles connected with their business.

ALEX. OGILVIE & Co. Toronto, December 8th, 1841. 23-4f

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT. REMOVED.

ROBERT HAWKE, in thanking his sincere thanks to his friends particularly and the public generally, begs leave to inform them that he has removed his Tailoring Establishment, from his old stand, East side of the Market Square, to WATERLOO BUILDINGS, NEXT DOOR TO THE FARMERS' BANK, and solicits a continuance of that support which he has heretofore received. His constant study shall always be to give to his customers general satisfaction. N.B.—West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Buckskins, Vestings, &c., of the best description, always on hand, which will be put up in the newest fashion and best style, with neatness and dispatch. Toronto, May 6, 1842. 45-4f

G. HILTON, WOOLLEN DRAPER AND TAILOR,

128, KING STREET, TORONTO. ALWAYS on hand a good supply of West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., which he imports direct from England.

NAVAL AND MILITARY UNIFORMS: CLEVERLY MEN'S GOWNS AND BARRISTER'S ROBES, made in the best style. Toronto, 27th April, 1842. 43-4f

THOMAS J. PRESTON, WOOLLEN DRAPER AND TAILOR,

No. 2, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING-STREET, TORONTO. J. P. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of the best West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, &c. &c., all of which he is prepared to make up to order in the most fashionable manner and on moderate terms.

Cassocks, Clergymen's, and Queen's Counsels' GOWNS, Barristers' ROBES, &c. made on the shortest notice and in superior style. Toronto, August 2d, 1841. 5-ly.

CABINET-MAKING, UPHOLSTERY, AND PAPER-HANGING.

THE Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to the Gentry and Public in general, for the kind support he has received from them for these last twenty-two years, and begs to inform them that he is still carrying on the above business at his old stand, No. 44, Yonge-street. Curled Hair Matresses, either in Linen or Cotton Ticks, warranted of the best English Curled Hair, at 2s. 8d. per lb. Best price given for live Geese Feathers. EDWARD ROBSON. Toronto, April 13, 1842. 41-ly

REMOVAL. JOSEPH WILSON, UPHOLSTERY AND CABINET MAKER.

SINCERELY thankful for the liberal patronage he has received, and desiring to acquaint his friends and the public that he has now REMOVED INTO HIS NEW PREMISES, corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, (directly opposite the old residence), where he has fitted and hopes, by strict attention to the manufacturing of his goods, punctuality in executing orders entrusted to him, and reasonable charges, to still merit the kind support he has heretofore received, and that a continuance of their favours will be thankfully acknowledged by him.

N.B.—Beds, Hair and Cotton Matresses, &c. furnished on the shortest notice. Window and Bed Draperies, and Cornices, of all descriptions, made and fitted up to the latest fashions with neatness and dispatch. Toronto, Nov. 1, 1841. 19-4f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, King Street, Toronto.

Orders and Store Street, Kingston. All Carriages built to order warranted twelve months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-4f

BRITISH SADDLERY WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, TORONTO, AND STORE STREET, KINGSTON.

ALEXANDER DIXON respectfully informs the Military and Gentry of Canada, that he is always supplied with a superior assortment of Saddlery, Harness, Whips, &c. &c. imported direct from the best Houses in Great Britain, and which constitutes a FIRST-RATE ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT. N.B.—Every description of Harness, &c. made to order, from the best English Leather, by very superior workmen. 51-ly

TORONTO AXE FACTORY, HOSPITAL STREET.

THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for past favours, and would respectfully inform them that in addition to his former Works, he has purchased the above Establishment, formerly owned by the late HARVEY SHEPPARD, and recently by CHAMBERLAIN, BROTHERS & Co., where he is now manufacturing CUT STEEL AXES of a superior quality. Orders turning CUT AXES, or his Store, 122 King Street, will be thankfully received and promptly executed. Cutlery and Edge Tools of every description manufactured to order. SAMUEL SHAW. Toronto, October 6, 1841. 15-4f

REMOVAL. H. & W. ROWELL, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

HAVE REMOVED from their former residence in Brock Street, to new premises in KING STREET, lately occupied by Messrs. Greenhields & Miller, next to J. W. Brent's, Chemist and Druggist. Kingston, April 20, 1842.

EDUCATION. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, BY MRS. KING,

49, BISHOP'S BUILDINGS, Near Upper Canada College. N. B.—Three or four Ladies can be accommodated with board, &c. at 48 lbs. per quarter. 45-3m

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A LADY, the wife of a Clergyman, residing in a beautiful village in the North of England, proposes to receive young Ladies from Canada for the purpose of Education. They will be instructed in all the most desirable female accomplishments, on moderate terms. All other particulars may be known by addressing the Lord Bishop of Montreal, at Quebec,—if by letter, to be pre-paid. 45-3m

HOME DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THIS Institution will be re-opened, after the Christmas recess, on Monday, the 3rd of January, 1842. The business of Mrs. Cromble's Seminary will also be resumed on the same day. M. C. CROMBLE, Principal, H. D. G. S. Toronto, 24th December, 1841. 35-4f

DOCTOR SCOTT, LATELY House Surgeon to the London City and County Infirmary, and Physician to the Fever Hospital.

Removed from 144, KING STREET, TO 28 & 29, GUY STREET, Opposite the Brick Methodist Chapel. Toronto, May 25, 1842. 34-4f

DOCTOR SEWELL, CORNER OF LOT AND GRAVES STREETS,

(NEARLY OPPOSITE TO THE COLLEGE AVENUE). Toronto, April 25, 1842. 43-3m

DR. PRIMOSE, (Late of Newmarket), OPPOSITE LADY CAMPBELL'S, DUKE STREET.

Toronto, 7th August, 1841. 7-4f

MR. S. WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, KING STREET.

Toronto, February 5, 1842. 31-4f

A. V. BROWN, M.D., SURGEON DENTIST, ONE DOOR EAST COMMERCIAL BANK.

Toronto, December 31, 1841. 35-4f

WANTED. A STUDENT in the profession of DENTAL SURGERY, BY A. V. BROWN, M.D. Surgeon Dentist. Toronto, December 31, 1841. 35-4f

MR. SAXON, Attorney, Sc.

179, KING STREET, TORONTO. March 3, 1842. 35-4f

MR. HOPPNER MEYER, Miniature Painter and Draughtsman,

LATE STUDENT OF THE British Museum and National Gallery, LONDON. Office at the Corner of Temperance and Yonge Streets, Toronto. 30-4f

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. T. 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. 35-4f

THE PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.

APPLICATIONS for Insurance by this Company are requested to be made to the undersigned, who is also authorised to receive premiums for the renewal of policies. ALEX. MURRAY, Toronto, July 1, 1841. 35-4f

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, No. 1, PRINCE STREET, BANK, LONDON.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION, STERLING. (Empowered by Act of Parliament.) PROSPECTUSES, Tables of Rates, and every information, may be obtained by application to FRANCIS LEWIS, General Agent, No. 8, Chewett's Buildings, Toronto. 46-4f

1842. LAKE ONTARIO. NEW LINE OF STEAMERS,

FOUR TIMES A WEEK, FROM TORONTO AND HAMILTON TO ROCHESTER. THE STEAMER AMERICA, CAPTAIN TWOHY.

WILL, until further notice, leave Toronto for Rochester, touching at Port Hope and Cobourg, every Sunday and Wednesday Evening, at 9 o'clock; and will leave Rochester for Toronto, Cobourg and Port Hope, every Tuesday and Saturday Morning, at 9 o'clock.

THE STEAMER GORE, CAPTAIN KERR. WILL leave Toronto for Rochester, every Tuesday and Friday, at 12 o'clock, noon; and will leave Rochester for Toronto, every Monday and Thursday Morning, at 9 o'clock.

The above Steamers will also ply between Toronto and Hamilton, and Albany and Boston, this will be found the most agreeable and expeditious route for Travellers from the western parts of Canada, who may desire to visit New York, Boston, or Albany. Parcels and Luggage at the risk of the owners, unless booked and paid for. Toronto, April 11, 1842. E. S. ALPORT, Agent. 41-4f

STEAM-BOT NOMINEE—1842