

Deferred Extracts from our English Files.

The English papers by the *Niagara* announce the death of Gen. Sir Charles Napier. The bank of England has raised the rate of interest on commercial bills to four per cent. There was nothing politically important stirring in England. The Queen's movements in Dublin occupy the newspaper columns. She had visited the exhibition two or three times, witnessed a review of eight regiments of troops, and paid a private visit to Mr. Dargan at his house in Anville. The Governor of the Bahamas is dead. A railroad collision had happened near London in which the Rev. Mr. Henry, the Bishop of Lincoln and others, were considerably alarmed but not seriously hurt. FRANCE.—The Emperor and Empress are still at Dieppe. Appearance in the French market indicate a further reaction in breadstuffs, after the recent extraordinary upward movement. The price of bread was not to be raised during the first fortnight in September. Reports say that the harvest in France has proved better than was expected. A slight emaciation occurred at Rennes, Brittany, respecting the high rate of customs and indirect taxes, which shows a manifest disposition to meet the corresponding rate of last year. Prince Murat had given a dinner to the officers of the Cumberland frigate at Marseilles. BELGIUM.—The riot which occurred at Liege on the 30th of August, owing to the high price of grain was speedily suppressed. Attempts had been made to excite similar disturbances at Ghent and Brussels. It was believed that government would not prohibit the export of corn, but would temporarily open the ports if required. SWEDEN.—A public meeting had been held respecting the increased price of corn, and a committee of twelve appointed to report. ITALY.—The newspapers published the decrees abolishing till December the import duty on breadstuffs into the Sicilies—also Radetzky's order prohibiting the export of corn from Austria. RUSSIA.—Advices from St. Petersburg relate to the 24th August, and report particular alterations in commercial affairs. Exchange on London was rather less favorable. EASTERN QUESTION.—At the moment when all seemed settled, and Russia apparently disposed to terminate the crisis, the war party in Turkey unexpectedly obtained sufficient ascendancy to complicate the negotiations, causing delay, and giving Russia a new excuse for postponing the settlement. A hostile feeling against France and England had also sprung up among the Turks, who accuse their allies of cowardice. The present state of affairs, under the protection of the grand Council was announced on the 20th, but on demand of the ambassadors, was held on the 18th. The Patriarch attended, and at that meeting the note drawn up by the four powers was accepted with the modifications as advised by the *Franklin*. It was then sent to the Emperor, and would reach him on the 23rd. As yet so that no answer could be received for some days. An assertion had been made on the Paris Bourse that the Sultan had concluded to forego the amendments, provided first, that the four powers would guarantee against any new Russian demands; and second, that an order to evacuate the Principalities be given. An ambassador leaves Constantinople for St. Petersburg. A rumor was gaining ground that if Russia evacuated the Principalities she would demand from Turkey the expenses of the occupation. Another rumor (more improbable), is that Turkey is willing to have the Principalities formed into independent States, under the protection of the four powers. Turkey continues her armaments. A decree of the 16th ult. calls out 80,000 reserves. The Russian Consul General in Egypt is recalled, in consequence of participating with the Viceroy in aiding Turkey. A child in the Turkish mission is looked for immediately after the settlement of the present crisis. Friendly autograph letters had passed between the Sultan and the Emperor of Austria. MR. SOULE THE U. S. ENVOY TO MADRID.—This gentleman, who does not descend from the Anglo-American race, and even acquired the English language comparatively late in life, was believed to be one of the greatest promoters of the disturbances and invasions intended to separate Cuba from Spain. To select him for his mission to the Court of Madrid was about as wise as it would be to appoint Lord Dudley Stuart to the title of Legation at St. Petersburg; and the Cuban liberators took care that the full force of this affront should be well understood before Mr. Soule sailed from New York. On the night before his departure the democratic party assembled to the number of five thousand persons in that city, and marched in procession through Broadway, carrying banners and waving flags, and shouting the cry of "Long live the Star and with such disorder as this:—

Poetry.

TO MY CHILD THAT LIVETH STILL.
BY ALEXANDER HUME.
My Baby, they say thou art gone,
Deep laid in the quiet grave,
And slumbering there all alone,
While young flowers o'er thee wave,
And pity and belief,
And fate that tell,
To some heart, that loved a sweet Baby as well.
My Baby, they say thou art gone,
Gone e'en as the young flowers go,
When summer's warm rays are all down,
And winter is bringing its snow,
And bloweth the wind,
So rude and unkind,
But, ah, thou hast left a sweet fragrance behind.
Again they repeat thou art gone,
How little know they of death:
Hear I not thy tremulous tone,
And feel on my cheek thy soft breath,
And gaze on thy smile,
Yet they tell me thou'rt dead, near the old church pile.
Well, let them repeat thou art gone,
'Tis only thy body that died,
They dream not there's something lives on,
Whatever the body betide;
Oh, helpless are they,
Who linger, the prey
Of grief, for the loss of some beautiful clay.
My Baby, they say I am ill,
That still I am suffering pain,
But how can I mourn for thee still,
When thou'rt at in my very brain,
And whisperst me,
As I do love thee,
To love all young things that in this world may be.
My Baby, they say thou art gone,
But, no, thou art not dead,
And cheerest thy father alone,
Until his last sun shall set,
When heart, tongue, and eye,
Till then, my sweet Baby, thou canst not die.

Family Reading.
SELFISHNESS.

"Mamma," Lucy cried, running to meet her mother, "Ellen says I am selfish, and I am sure I am not."
"Why does Ellen say you are selfish, Lucy?" said her mother.
"Because I want to go with you to-morrow to Oldwood, and you said you could not take both Sophy and me."
"I cannot take you both, indeed, and I left it to yourselves to settle it as you liked; for only one must go, and we could not determine that one had more right to go than the other."
"I should like to go so much!" said Lucy, looking coaxingly at her mother; "there are so many nice things at Oldwood, and we go there so seldom, and uncle always gives a present to whoever goes with you; and it would be so dull to stay at home all day alone."
"Very well, Lucy," said her mother, "you know you have only to settle it all with Sophy; and if you cannot settle it without quarrelling you know you must both stay at home, that is all. But tell me, my dear, what made you give your doll the other day to Sophy?"
"Oh! because I did not want it, and Sophy liked it, and you know you always say it is right to be generous."
"But you want to go to Oldwood more than you wanted to keep your doll?"
"Oh, yes, mamma a thousand times more!"
"And if Sophy wants to go too?"
"Indeed I don't think she ought to want to go," cried Lucy; "I am always doing something kind to her. I gave her ever so many things the other day, and helped her to learn her music lesson, which she would have had a punishment for not knowing."
"And was it a punishment to you to help her with it, Lucy?"
"Not at all, because I knew it quite well."
"Now then, my dear, go and call Sophy to come to me, and we will ask her which of you shall come with me to-morrow."
Lucy ran very anxiously to find her sister and when she had found her, she said "Now, Sophy, mamma is going to ask you which of us is to go with her to-morrow to Oldwood, and I am sure she would rather I went."
"Did she say so?" asked Sophy.
"Oh, no; you know she left it to ourselves; but she has been talking to me about it, and I think so," Lucy answered. "But you must come to her now, and I think you ought to let me go."
The girls went together to their mother. "Mamma," said Sophy, with her eyes full of tears, "do you wish Lucy to go with you to-morrow rather than me?"
"No, my dear; I told you I had no choice in the matter, I left it to yourselves to see how you would settle it; and all I insist on is, that there shall be no disputing. I see you are ready to cry, Sophy; do you want to go to Oldwood?"
"I would rather you took Lucy" said Sophy, wiping her eyes.
"Why? do you not like going to Oldwood?"
"Oh, yes, very much; but Lucy likes it too, and so it is better for me to stay at home."
"Then why are the tears in your eyes, my love?"
"Because I did not like to think you wished Lucy to be with you more than me, mamma."
"Would you then be glad if I loved you more than Lucy?"
"Oh, no; that would be wicked," said Sophy. "But I should like you to love me as well as Lucy."
"And indeed I do, my sweet child," said her mother fondly kissing her; "as long as you are as good, and gentle, and unselfish, as you now are, I shall ever love you as much as I can love any one, and bless God for having given me my dear little girl."
Lucy caught the word unselfish and she began to think about it. But her mother turned to her, and said, "Come Lucy let us decide, who is to come to Oldwood to-morrow."
Lucy did not think any more of the word unselfish.
"Oh!" she cried, "Mamma, Sophy says she would rather I went."
"Yes, and did you hear the reason she gave for wishing you to go? Was it because she did not care to go herself?"
"No, she said it was because I liked to go; Sophy is such a good natured girl." And Lucy threw her arms about her sister and kissed her.
"There, then, it is all settled now," said their mother, "and, Lucy, you must be ready

early in the morning to go with me to Oldwood."
The morning was very fine, and Lucy set off to Oldwood with her mother, in the best spirits possible. Sophy stood at the door to see them off, and though she smiled and nodded her head, she could not help feeling a little sad, and wishing she were going too.

Now I dare say all my young readers will be quite sure that Sophy met with some pleasant recompense for having been so good and unselfish, and that Lucy met with some sad accident or disappointment, that spoiled all the pleasure she had so selfishly grasped at. But this is not to be the case. In this world we do not always see that the good are quickly rewarded, and the evil are quickly punished. On the contrary, it is well to know that selfishness sometimes succeeds and makes persons prosper; and unselfishness and goodness sometimes go unrewarded and even cause as sorrow; for we may meet with ingratitude, and those to whom we make a sacrifice of our own wishes, or our own comforts, or pleasures, or labours, may be quite careless about what we have done, or perhaps, through the selfishness of their nature, even return evil for good. We must then, continue to act the same part, either simply from the love we bear them, or from the knowledge that it is our duty as Christians to do so, for Jesus Christ taught us to be kind even to our enemies. Thus, I am not going to tell what a pleasant day Sophy spent at home, and how Lucy was punished for her selfishness. Quite the contrary.—Poor Sophy felt sad, but she was expecting a young friend whom her mother had kindly invited to spend the day with her, and she began to watch for her at the window, and was just saying she hoped she would soon come when a message arrived to say the girl had been taken ill and could not leave her house.

Sophy was ready to cry; but Ellen, the maid servant, was a very sensible young woman, and she reminded her that the best way to get over a disappointment was to begin to do something and to think of something, and not to keep complaining and grieving.
"Now, Miss Sophy," said Ellen, "there is that quantity of napkins, that your mamma was saying the other day she would have such a piece of work with in hemming them all herself. What would you think if we both were to set to work, and have them done for her when she comes home? What a surprise it would be!"
"Oh, yes, Ellen!" cried Sophy joyfully; "that is the very thing! Dear! what a busy day we shall have, and how astonished mamma will be! But do you really think we can get them all done?"
"There is nothing like trying," said Ellen. "Let us begin as soon as we can, and you know we need not expect them home till late in the evening."
Sophy set to work, and as they went on, Ellen told her some amusing stories. Meantime Lucy got to Oldwood. On the road her mother gave her six shillings, and told her she was to do what she liked with them. Lucy was in an ecstasy of joy.
"Oh, mamma, with what money I have already, this will buy me the prettiest work-box I wish for," she cried.
"Very well, Lucy, I will let you do just as you please; but that is all the money I intend to spend in the town; I shall not buy anything for myself, or any one else."
"Don't you think the work-box would be the best thing I could buy?" Lucy inquired, looking as if she feared her mother did not approve of the purchase. "I want it more than anything else."
"Very well, my dear," said her mother. "When they reached Oldwood, Lucy's kind uncle came to the door of the coach.
"So here is Lucy!" he said, as he lifted her out; "and where is my little Sophy? she likes to come to Oldwood."
"Yes," said her mother, "but Sophy does not always do what she likes at the expense of other people's pleasure or advantage. She is not, I am thankful to say, a selfish child; she stayed at home willingly, to give her sister the enjoyment she wanted to have."
"Well, I have got a present for the girl that came, but will send none to the one that stayed away," said her uncle; "here Lucy is your present." And to Lucy's great disappointment, he handed to her the very same sort of work-box she had just bought.
Her mother was obliged to remind her to thank her uncle; and when she had done so she said, "Now mamma, I will give the box I bought to Sophy, it will be such a nice present for her."
"No, Lucy, you must not do so," said her mother.
"Why not, mamma? you always say it is right to be generous."
"I have three reasons for not wanting you to do so," her mother replied: "First, because I think your sister would not thank you for a present, if she knew it cost you nothing; next because I do not think you deserve the pleasure of bringing her any present; and my third reason is, that I must insist on your keeping these two work-boxes to remind you of this day's lesson. You see now, Lucy, that we may be generous when we do not deprive ourselves of anything we really want, or care for, and without making ourselves the least more uncomfortable, and in fact without giving ourselves any trouble at all; but if we are to be unselfish, we must part with what we like; we must renounce our own pleasure, or our own advantage, for the sake of other's good. Have you done so Lucy?"
Lucy hung her head; the tears came into her eyes. She was afraid her uncle heard all this; he seemed to be reading a newspaper, and held it up before his face, while her mother spoke in a very low voice: "Since you were very little, Lucy," she continued, "I have watched your disposition, and for some time past I have feared you were greatly inclined to selfishness. It is a bad and an unchristian disposition. I have often heard you say that you could not be selfish, because you were generous; and I thought I would teach you the difference between unselfishness and generosity, without explaining it in words. I therefore gave you the trial about coming here, and I therefore gave you the money you wanted to buy your box. Sophy was unselfish because she gave up her own enjoyment and her own wishes to gratify you. You were selfish, for you would not give up yours to her. You would be generous so long as you had plenty to give; and many

selfish persons are generous in the same way. You thought of self first, when you wished to please yourself; you thought of self first when you wished to buy the box for yourself. Now you must think of self still, for you must take home these two work-boxes, which, you see, are exactly alike, and keep them by you; and whenever you are asked how you came to have two boxes alike, you will remember this day of selfishness, and feel that any one may be generous without being truly unselfish."

"Come, now," said Lucy's uncle, putting down the newspaper, "we must go and amuse ourselves;" for he saw Lucy was crying, and though he was quite in the secret, and wished to help her mother to cure her of her fault, he did not mean to make her spend a dull day; on the contrary, he loaded her with every kindness, and procured her all sorts of diversions. Nothing however, could make Lucy really happy all that day; she knew she had been wrong, and she could not enjoy herself as she expected. She often thought of Sophy, and wondered if she was happy at home.
It was quite late when they got back to their house; Lucy was half asleep. Sophy met them at the door with her face quite glowing with joy.
"Oh, I am so glad you are come at last!" she cried. "How late you are! I was getting quite tired. Well, Lucy, have you spent a very pleasant day? have you got any nice things?"
"I fear you have spent a dull day, my dear," said her mother. "Has Mary Scott been with you?"
Sophy said she had been taken ill, but added "I have not been dull, mamma, however, for it was quite an amusement to count all the napkins as we got them hemmed, and to see whether Ellen or I worked the fastest;" and to her mother's great surprise, she saw Ellen and Sophy holding a basket full of napkins all hemmed between them.
Sophy laughed with delight at seeing her mother's astonished look and at seeing Lucy, too, look very gravely at the basket of work.

"There is what I have got to show for my day's pleasure," she said; "so now Lucy, let me see what she has to show. One of them is for me, I am sure."
"No, my love," said her mother, kissing her, "neither is for you; Lucy must keep them both;" but, she added, as she saw Lucy cast her begging look with eyes full of tears, "but I will promise her that she may give you one of these boxes whenever she can honestly feel in her own heart that she is cured of selfishness."
"Then, please, mamma, let me give it her now," said Lucy, her countenance brightening at her mother's words, "for indeed I am cured."
"My dear child," her mother replied, "you do not know how hard it is to conquer a selfish disposition. We must wait to see by your daily conduct that you are cured. Selfishness is the sin of our nature: I will pray to God to give you grace to subdue it, and to you daily pray to God to give you strength to do so. My dear Sophy will be doubly glad to receive her box when she knows it is a proof that her beloved sister is cured of selfishness."

OPENING THE GATE.

The following article from the Madison (Georgia), *Family Visitor*, contains a hint which many boys may profit by. There are so many youths who sit down and wait for others to "open the gate" for them when they meet with any difficulty, instead of using their own hands and strength to remove the obstacle.
"I wish that you would send a boy to open the gate for me," said a well-grown boy of ten to his mother, as he peered with his satchel upon his back, and surveyed its clasped fastenings.
"Why John, can't you open the gate for yourself?" said Mrs. Easy. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."
"I can't do it, I suppose," said the child, "but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. Pray, what is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?"
The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy he drew from his satchel his arithmetic, and began to inspect his sums.
"I cannot do these," he whispered to his seatmate, "they are too hard."
"But you can try," replied his companion.
"I know that I can," said John, "but it's too much trouble. Pray, what are teachers for, if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my slate to Professor Hellpwell."
Alas! poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful science, "the laws of which are the mode in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of his hands"—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and entered in alone and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea that it is as well to have the gates opened for us as to exert our strength. The result was, her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no "genius" for mathematics, and threw up the study.
The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns and the conjugations of the verbs as well as other boys of his age, but his seat-mate very kindly volunteered to "tell him in class," and what was the use in opening the gate into the Latin language when another would do it for him? Oh, no! John Easy had no idea of taking mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—*gates to honour—gates to riches—gates to happiness!* Children ought to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.

MICHAELMAS DAY—SEPTEMBER 20.
(From the Children's Magazine.)

"It is birthday, I am four years old, father," said little Willy, the youngest son of Farmer Morris, as he ran down to breakfast one morning.
"You are my little Michaelmas goose," said his father, tossing the child into the air, and giving him a kiss as he put him down.
"What a nice new frock mother has made you!"
"I think we may take him to Church to-day, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, "if he will promise to be very good."
Little Willy made many promises of good behaviour, and his father said he should go to Church, and also go with him afterwards to fetch the four children of Widow Brown to dine with him.
This was as much pleasure as Willy's heart could hold, and he could scarcely eat his breakfast for joy.
"You are going to give us a goose to-day mother," said the farmer presently.
"Yes, to be sure I am," said Mrs. Morris, laughing, as she looked at the eager faces of the little ones, "a goose almost as large as Willy himself."
"Then don't you think that neighbour Brown could step as far, and dine with us," said the kind hearted farmer, who always liked to see those around his table who were not so well off at home as he was.
"I am afraid not," replied his wife; "she is very weak, but Sally and Mary shall carry her a bit hot."
"That we will," said the little girls at once, "and take her some flowers too."
"Why did the Church bells ring this morning, father?" said little Willy.
"Because it is a holy day, the feast of St. Michael and All Angels. When you are a little older, and go to school with brother Jack, you will know all about it, but you can understand now, that we go to Church to thank God for sending his Holy angels to take care of us, and that we keep a day to remember this mercy, just as we keep one day, the day when you were born, as your birthday. We shall hear a great deal about the angels in Church: St. Michael is the name of one of those holy beings, of whom we hear most in the Bible, so we call this day after him, the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, or Michaelmas Day."
"What does a feast of the Church mean, Mary?"
"A holy happy day, father."
"Well," said the father, "I think that you and your sisters had better be thinking of school now." The three children accordingly set off, Jack to the boys', and his sisters to the girls' school, where they will follow them for a little while. When the opening prayer was concluded, and they had taken their places, and repeated their lessons, their teacher said, "I will not try to explain to you the subject of our prayers and praises to God this day. We meet in public worship to pray that the holy angels may, by God's appointment, succour and defend us on earth. Look at the Epistle, and you will see why we call the day St. Michael's name. It is because we read of St. Michael, as an archangel, or the chief of angels: very little is told us respecting these glorious beings, either how they were sent to believe in their existence, and to show us that they serve their Creator by ministering to us, His weak and sinful yet redeemed creatures. Now, turn to the Gospel, and you will see why it was chosen for to-day; because it contains those words of our Saviour, which tell us, that the angels watch over little children. The first lesson which will be read in Church, will relate that part of the history of Jacob when the angel of the Lord appeared to him. You know that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of angels, and of all created beings, is sometimes called by his name in the Old Testament. The second lesson is the marvellous deliverance of St. Peter from prison when the Lord sent an angel to rescue him from the power of Herod. The first lesson in the evening will be, an account of the vision of the prophet Daniel, when an angel appeared to foretell future events to him; and the second lesson will be part of the Epistle of St. Jude, in which the Apostle speaks of the angels who fell from heaven and became evil spirits, and in which Michael the Archangel is also mentioned. I hope you will be very attentive to these chapters when they are read, and will be able to answer the questions which you will be asked on Sunday. Have you found all the places in your bible?"
The children said they had, and one of the youngest of them asked if they could see these angels.
Their teacher told them that all Christians without seeking to see must believe that we are not only surrounded by evil spirits, who tempt us to sin, but that we are watched by the company of Holy Angels. The Holy Spirit, speaking by St. Paul, tells us in the first chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, that they are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation." If then we are Christians in heart, as well as outwardly, our redeemed spirits will, after our death, be carried by angels to that blessed abode, where with them we shall behold the face of our Father which is in heaven.
"Now as you have all been attentive," continued their kind instructress, "I will give each of you a pretty card, with a hymn on it, which you can learn, and repeat to me next week."
The hymn was a very beautiful one, as you will see from the first verse, which was,

They slumber not, nor sleep,
Whom Thou dost send, O God of light,
Around Thine own the live-long night,
Their watch and ward to keep.

The children were delighted with their cards, but they did not open their bags to look at them during the time of divine service, for they remembered that they were in the house of God, and they tried to behave with reverence. But now to return to little Willy. His mother dressed him by half-past ten o'clock. And he walked between her and his father to Church. Farmer Morris called out to his eldest son, as he left the house, to look well after the farm, and that he should take his turn to go to Church in the afternoon, as well as some of the men.
Little Willy nodded to his sisters, and his brother Jack, who passed him with their companions, walking two and two to their places in Church, and he saw them again when he was lifted on the bench by his father while the Psalms were sung. He behaved very well, and had a happy birthday; and every year, as the day returns, he will remember how he first went to Church, and what beautiful stories his mother told him about the angels, as he sat on her knee before he said his prayers that night.

Advertisements.
M. ANDERSON,
PORTRAIT PAINTER.
In his town of the British Provinces, has visited Toronto for a short time, and is prepared to receive sittings at his Rooms, 108, Yonge Street, Toronto, Dec. 10th, 1852. 25-1f

TORONTO COACH FACTORY.
130 & 132 King Street West.
(ESTABLISHED 1832.)
OWEN & WOOD,
(FROM LONDON.)
Toronto, July 8th, 1853 50-12mo

WILLIAM HODGINS,
ARCHITECT and CIVIL ENGINEER,
CITY ENGINEER'S OFFICE,
HAMILTON, C.W.
February, 1852. 28-1f

LOTS IN THE TOWN OF GODERICH,
On Lake Huron,
AND IN THE
VILLAGE OF MITCHELL,
On the HURON ROAD, 12 miles West of Stratford.

THE CANADA COMPANY
Will offer for disposal, at Public Auction, during the month of October next, a considerable number of Lots, situated in the Town of GODERICH, and in the Village of MITCHELL. Full particulars and conditions will be daily published, and may be had on or after the first of September next, upon application to the Company's Office, or to their Agencies at Goderich or Stratford.
Canada Company's Office,
Toronto, 12th August, 1853.
Toronto, London, Woodstock, Hamilton, Guelph, Galt and Kingston Papers to copy until 30th September next. 5-1d

TORONTO AND HAMILTON.
THE STEAMER
CITY OF HAMILTON,
(CAPT. JOHN GORDON.)
Will leave TORONTO for HAMILTON, every Afternoon (Sundays excepted) at 2 o'clock; and will leave HAMILTON for TORONTO, every morning at 7 o'clock.
Fares, Cabin—2s. 6d.—meals extra. Deck 7s.
Royal Mail Steam Packet Office,
Toronto, April 19, 1853. 38-1f

DAILY LINE OF STEAMERS
To Rochester, New York and Boston.
PRINCESS ROYAL, Capt. McBride.
Will form a DAILY LINE to Rochester, leaving Toronto every morning (except Sunday), at ten o'clock, on the arrival of the Steamer from Hamilton, calling at the North Shore Ports, weather permitting.
The PRINCESS ROYAL will also call at Grafton and Colborne.
For passengers who do not wish to travel by Railroad at night, this will be found the most expedient and pleasant route to New York and Boston.
The above Steamers will leave Rochester for Toronto and other Ports every morning (except Sunday) at nine o'clock.
Royal Mail Steam Packet Office }
Toronto, April 23rd 1853. } 30

PRINTING PRESSES AND MATERIALS.
THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased a complete Printing Establishment, has duplicates of several articles for disposal, which will be sold for cash, or on approved credit. The following is a list of a portion thereof:—
No. 4 Washington Press.
Medium do do.
Double Demy Stanhope do.
Point of Great Primer.
do. Pica.
do. Small Pica.
do. Long Primer.
do. Bourgeois on Long Primer.
do. Brevier.
do. Nonpareil.
Together with several Points of Script, Plain and Ornamental Job Type, various Casts, Chases and numerous other articles.
HENRY ROWSELL.
Toronto, August 25, 1853.

Dr. Chalmers' Works.
JUST RECEIVED, the new and elegant edition of the POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF THE REV. THOS. CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D., edited by the Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D.; 9 vols., 8vo. Published by Thos. Constable & Co., Edinburgh, 45s.
HENRY ROWSELL,
Printer, Bookseller, and Stationer,
King Street, Toronto,
August, 18, 1853. 4

JUST PUBLISHED,
The United Empire Minstrel.
A SELECTION of the best National, Constitutional, and Loyal Orange Songs, Poems, and Toasts with a Biographical and Chronological Table—a History of the Popes of Rome, from the first until the present—and various other matters relating to our common Protestantism.
Edited by WILLIAM SHANNON.
Price in Cloth, 3s. 9d. Half Bound, 5s.
Copies at a distance can be supplied with express by Mail, Stage, or Steamboat, on receipt of order, accompanied with the Cash addressed to
HENRY ROWSELL,
Bookseller and Stationer,
8, Wellington Buildings,
Toronto.
March 29, 1853.

THE CALENDAR
UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
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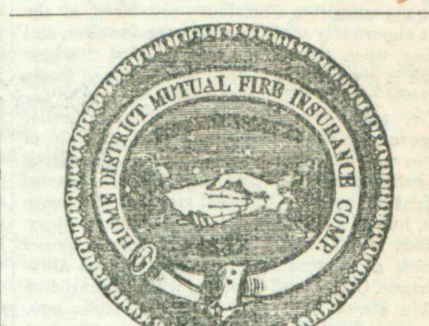
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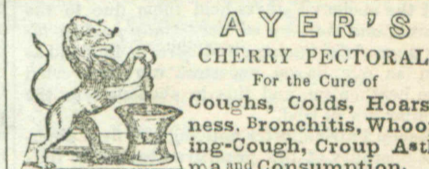
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