

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.*

From Greenland's icy mountains, And India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, And many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

HEBER.

One day Mr. Hammond received a very large packet by the post. He found, on opening it, that it contained a copy of the Queen's letter to the bishop, authorising that contributions should be made in all parishes for the support of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The Queen's letter was accompanied by another from his lordship, in which he earnestly requested the exertion of the clergy in so good a cause; and directed that the parishioners should be "effectually moved" by a sermon, and also that the clergyman should make a collection from house to house, together with any respectable parishioners who might be induced to accompany him.

Mr. Hammond very judiciously selected Advent-Sunday for his sermon, and chose for his text Rom. x. 13-16, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel, and bring glad tidings of good things!" He first briefly but strongly pointed out the duty of sending forth missionaries, to proclaim to the heathen the knowledge of the Gospel; it was one of the first duties of Christian charity. It was impossible, that one who truly felt the value of the Christian faith should not feel an earnest desire to communicate the same blessings to those who sat in darkness.

But the chief part of his sermon related to the mode in which this duty should be performed, in order to insure God's blessing on our labours. "Sending" missionaries (he said) did not consist, as some seem to think, in merely subscribing to pay their passage-money, and perhaps allowing them a small salary when they arrived at their place of destination; but they must be sent by competent authority from the Church. They must be regularly ordained by the bishop for the work of the ministry.

This was the way in which invariably missionaries were sent forth in the apostolic ages: see, for instance, the account of the sending forth of the first missionaries, Paul and Barnabas, in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. By sending out preachers of the Gospel in this regular manner, who shall either themselves be bishops or placed under regular episcopal authority, we might hope for God's blessing on their labours. But the irregular sending out of missionaries by unauthorised societies was too often productive of more harm than good. We had done infinite harm to the cause of truth by planting our schisms and divisions, instead of the sound doctrine and discipline of the apostolic Church. He quoted the saying of an Indian Brahmin, which spoke the general feeling: "We should like your religion better, if there were not so many sorts of it." He next adverted to a striking fact illustrative of the superior activity of the Romish Church to our own. Algiers (he said) had scarcely been four years in the hands of the French, when a regular Roman Catholic bishop was appointed; whereas Malta had been nearly forty years in our hands, and Gibraltar even longer, and no Protestant bishop had been near them; indeed, at the former place there was hardly a decent place of worship until Queen Adelaide, much to her credit, built one at her own expense. If our Government had done its duty, the Anglican Church would at this time be the most extensive of all, and true religion might now have spread into almost every part of the world. He hoped, some day, that we should, as a church and nation, exert ourselves to enlarge the kingdom of Christ. Meanwhile, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, being supported by all the bishops of the English Church, and recommended by the sovereign, afforded the best channel for our contributions.—All it wanted was more effective support, which he heartily prayed it might obtain.

This sermon had a very good effect in setting the people of Church over to think, not only on the duty of sending missionaries, but on the right mode of performing it. They had been accustomed to care very little about the manner in which missionaries were sent forth.—Whatever society got up the best meeting, and sent travelling gentlemen who could tell the most amusing and pathetic stories, commonly got the most money. They never thought that they might be doing more harm than good, by sending forth irregular preachers, who should be the authors of confusion and disorder, and injure the cause which they were sent to serve. But now they came to see that the true way was to send forth missionaries, as a Church, duly commissioned, according to God's ordinance, to preach the Gospel of peace and reconciliation.

The next day Mr. Hammond commenced what was the least agreeable part of his task,—the going round from house to house to solicit contributions. It is one of those duties, however, from which a clergyman must not shrink, especially when he is acting under authority. People ought to consider this. They are always calling the clergy beggars; but they forget that they are performing a public duty; and that it is not for their own pleasure or profit that they beg, but often great personal inconvenience. The young curate's labour was much lightened by the kind and considerate offer of Mr. Walton to accompany him. "Come and breakfast with me," said his worthy friend, "and we will go together: perhaps my company may be of some use to you." So they set off in good time after breakfast, determined to make a day of it.

Have any of my readers ever engaged in this branch of duty? Though full of annoyances, there is also a good deal of interest and instruction in observing the different traits of character which are exhibited. First, by the way, let me recommend them on no account to carry their book and pencil in their hand, as they go from house to house; for persons who are looking out of their windows will often suspect their errand, and refuse admittance. Of course they must expect to meet with many denials, and many modes of denial. First, there is the denial indirect: "Well, I'll consider of it, gentlemen." They may generally set down about eight against the name of these considerate gentlemen; though I have known them come forward afterwards with a handsome subscription. Then there is the denial direct: "No, I sha'n't; that's plump." Your only way in this case is civilly to wish the gentleman "Good morning."

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or else he will be abusive. Then there is the denial courteous; and of these there are two kinds, the hostile and the friendly. The courteous denial hostile is of this sort (and it is a sort of denial, by the way, with which churchmen themselves would do well to be prepared): "Really, sir, I have thought of your scheme (or, I have read the prospectus of your society), and I cannot say that it accords with my views or principles: therefore I must beg to decline being a contributor." If you have reason to suppose that the person who denies you in this way labours under any misapprehension as to the nature and object of the society in question, it is due, both to yourself and to him, to offer any explanation which he may require; and it may sometimes happen that you are able to remove his objection. But it is not right to urge against his will a person who behaves so properly. The courteous denial friendly is of this sort: "I approve very much, sir, of the object which you have in view, and should be most happy to contribute; but to be candid, sir, I really cannot afford it at present."—From such a person you part with great cordiality, hoping very sincerely that he may be a richer man when next you call.

All these sorts of denial did our two friends meet with during their morning's walk; and many others, characteristic of the individuals to whom they applied. Mrs. Decorset regretted very much that it was not in her power to contribute as she should have wished to an object which was recommended by two gentlemen for whom she entertained so high a regard. If she or her daughters could make themselves useful in any way, she should have been most happy. If, for instance, they should at any time wish for any person to hold plates at the church doors, she was sure her daughters would be most willing to give their aid.

Mr. Reuben Raffles met them very cordially at the door: "Well, gentlemen," said he, "so you have taken to my trade—turned solicitors; ha, ha, ha! rather dry work, isn't it? But come in; I have got some luncheon ready for you." Mr. Walton and his friend had no objection to the proposal, and were soon employed in discussing Mr. Raffles' hospitable fare. "Come," said he, after they had already eaten and drunk rather more than they wished, "I want your opinion on a case of curaçoa which I have got from London;" and no denial would Mr. Raffles take, though evidently his visitors would much rather have gone without it.

"And now," said Mr. Walton, rising to take his leave, "I hope you will allow us to add your name to our subscription." "Oh, the subscription," said Mr. Raffles, changing his tone; "the subscription, oh! Well, I suppose I must give you something: here's half-a-crown for you. I would have given you more, if it had not been for the failure of that unlucky party. I declare it has cost me at least £200, besides £100 more which I lent that rogue Wiggins, and probably shall never get a farthing back. However, I am heartily glad I have got rid of the concern." "And so am I," thought Mr. Walton, as he wished him good morning.

They met with but one adventure after luncheon worth relating: this was at the house of Mr. Skaighley. Mr. Skaighley was a tradesman in good circumstances. His wife dressed finer than most of her neighbours, and he was notorious for giving the best suppers of any in the town; yet he never had a shilling for a charitable purpose. When the curate and his friend entered his shop, he was all bows and smiles, supposing them to have come to make a purchase. "We are commissioned," said Mr. Hammond, "to go round to the principal inhabitants (here Mr. Skaighley's face underwent a considerable change; he drew himself up, but still appeared pleased), to solicit contributions (a cloud gathered on Mr. Skaighley's brow) for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." "Foreign Parts!" said Mr. Skaighley, unable any longer to control his temper, "what have I to do with foreign parts? I am scarcely able to get a living at home. Besides, sir, have we not plenty of poor to take care of here? Look," said he, holding out the collector's receipt, "here is another rate of twopence-halfpenny in the pound, which I have had to pay this very morning. No, sir, I will never sanction sending the capital of the country into foreign parts: my maxim is, that 'charity begins at home.'" It should be observed, that this was a favourite maxim in the mouth of Mr. Skaighley; yet he was never known to subscribe to any charity, except once for the funeral of three men who were killed in a coal-pit—and then he hoped to be employed as undertaker.

"Well," said Mr. Walton, when they returned home from the round of visits, "we have met with some refusals to be sure, but I think, on the whole, we have done full as well as could be expected under all circumstances; and I am glad to see there are a good many annual subscriptions amongst them. I think our parish will make a pretty good figure in the Society's report next year." "As contrasted with other parishes," said Mr. Hammond, "perhaps we may not seem deficient; but I fear that, in comparison with what we ought to have done, we have come very short."

Mr. WALTON. It is astonishing to see how little notion people have of making any real sacrifice for the glory of God. How many are there of those who have set down their guineas or their five shillings, who positively will not know that they have parted with them!—There was old Weldon, did you see him dive into his pocket, and take out a whole handful of sovereigns and silver, and pick out just one shilling? Then old Reuben, with his half crown. Why that bottle of liquor, which he would uncork for us, cost him ten shillings, if it cost him sixpence.

Mr. HAMMOND. A great many persons, like Mr. Skaighley, do not seem to have much notion of the duty of preaching the Gospel to the distant heathen.

Mr. WALTON. I generally observe that those who underrate this duty are equally indifferent to the cause of religion at home. How very few seem aware of the abject destitution of thousands in their own country; or even of those who are aware of it, and talk and make speeches about it, how very few are disposed to sacrifice any sum which they will really feel! A man of fortune builds a house which costs him ten thousand pounds, or more; and when his name is read in the subscription-list as a donor of £200 to the Church-building Fund, it is received with a round of applause! And it is just the same with persons in every class of life. People deliberately choose to lay out their money in equipages and fine living, or in fine clothes, like poor silly Mrs. Decorset and her daughters; or in wines and liquors, like Mr. Raffles; or hot suppers, like Mr. Skaighley; instead of giving their substance to the honour of God. There is but one reason why our Church-establishment should not, in a year's time, be put on a footing fully equal to the wants of the nation; and that is, because people will not pay for it. It is not that they cannot, but will not. They deliberately choose to spend their money on themselves.

You hear many persons say, we must be just before we are generous; we must pay our debts before we give our money away. But why do they get into debt, so as to have no money for religious and charitable purposes? Poor Mr. Owen, for instance. I was much pleased with his honesty, and believe he really would have subscribed, if he could have afforded it, and I could not find in my heart to say a word which might hurt him; but I might well have said, it was his own fault that he was in such

a condition as to be unable to afford a subscription for the extension of religion. The truth is, that people in the present day pitch their scale of living too high; they live up to their incomes, or beyond them; or else they put by all they can scrape together for their children. Now, as to this, I fully admit the duty of making provision for one's family. We have the authority of the apostle: "He that provideth not for his own hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But then I do not admit that we are justified in withholding from God his due portion. If a man, for instance, had £500 a-year, and resolved to lay by £100 a-year for his children, I should say he did well. But then, out of the remaining income, he ought to set apart a portion for God's service, and not employ it all on his own living. This would not be to rob his children, but to exercise a wholesome denial over himself.

This is what we all want—a wholesome self-denial, and a great zeal for the honour of God. So that we shall be content to see our neighbours, perhaps, with a better house than our own, or a somewhat larger establishment, or a smarter equipage, or finer clothing, or even allow them to stand a little above us in the scale of society, without repining, yea, rejoicing rather, if we know that the money so saved is devoted to God's glory.

DANTON, ROBESPIERRE, AND MARAT.

DANTON was not a mere blood-thirsty tyrant. Bold, unprincipled, and daring, he held that the end in every case justified the means; that nothing was blameable provided it led to desirable results; that nothing was impossible to those who had the courage to attempt it. A gigantic stature, a commanding front, a voice of thunder, rendered him the fit leader of assassins more timid or less ferocious than himself. A starving advocate in 1789, he rose in audacity and eminence with the public disturbances; prodigal in expense, and drowned in debt, he had no chance, at any period, even of personal freedom, but in constantly advancing with the fortunes of the Revolution. Like Mirabeau, he was the slave of sensual passions; like him, he was the terrific leader, during his ascendancy, of the ruling class; but he shared the character, not of the patricians who commenced the Revolution, but of the plebeians who consummated its wickedness. Inexorable in general measures, he was indulgent, humane, and even generous to individuals; the author of the massacres of the 2d September, he saved all those who fled to him, and spontaneously liberated his personal adversaries from prison. Individual elevation, and the safety of his party, were his ruling objects; a revolution appeared a game of hazard, where the stake was the life of the losing party: the strenuous supporter of exterminating cruelty after the 10th August, he was among the first to recommend a return to humanity, after the period of cancer was past.

ROBESPIERRE possessed a very different character: without the external energy of his rival, without his domineering character or undaunted courage, he was endowed with qualities which ultimately raised him to the head of affairs. Though not splendid, his talents were of the most powerful kind; ungainly in appearance, with feeble voice and vulgar accent, he owed his elevation chiefly to the inflexible obstinacy with which he maintained his opinions at a time when the popular cause had lost many of its supporters. Under the mask of patriotism was concealed the incessant influence of vanity and selfishness; cautious in conduct, slow but implacable in revenge, he avoided the perils which proved fatal to so many of his adversaries, and ultimately established himself on their ruin. Insatiable in his thirst for blood, he disdained the more vulgar passion for money; at a time when he disposed of the lives of every man in France, he resided in a small apartment, the only luxury of which consisted in images of his figure, and the number of mirrors which, in every direction, reflected its form. While the other leaders of the populace affected a squalid dress, and dirty linen, he alone appeared in elegant attire. An austere life, a deserved reputation for incorruptibility, a total disregard of human suffering, preserved his ascendancy with the fanatical supporters of liberty, even though he had little in common with them, and nothing grand or generous in his character. His terrible career is a proof how little in popular commotions even domineering vices are ultimately to be relied on; and how completely indomitable perseverance, and the incessant prosecution of selfish ambition, can supply the want of commanding qualities. The approach of death unveiled his real weakness; when success was hopeless, his firmness deserted him, and the assassin of thousands met his fate with less courage than the meanest of his victims.

MARAT was the worst of the triumvirate. Nature had impressed the atrocity of his character on his countenance: hideous features, the expression of a demon, revolted all who approached him. For more than three years his writings had incessantly stimulated the people to cruelty; buried in obscurity, he revolved in his mind the means of augmenting the victims of the Revolution. In vain repeated accusations were directed against him; flying from one subterranean abode to another, he still continued his infernal agitation of the public mind. His principles were, that there was no safety but in destroying the whole enemies of the Revolution; he was repeatedly heard to say, that there would be no security to the state till 280,000 heads had fallen. The Revolution produced many men who carried into execution more sanguinary measures; none who exercised so powerful an influence in recommending them. Death cut him short in the midst of his relentless career; the hand of female heroism prevented his falling a victim to the savage exasperation which he had so large a share in creating.—Alison's History of the French Revolution.

HENRY SMYTH.

Our elder divines spoke to the passions in abrupt invective against general or particular sin, and in roughly drawn but fearful sketches of human depravity and everlasting vengeance. They imparted a dramatic life to their descriptions. We may refer to a preacher of the Elizabethan age; a preacher whose name we have only seen twice mentioned, and whose works, we suspect, are unknown even to the most accomplished ministers of our Church. We mean Henry Smyth, who, in his own day, obtained the appellation of "The silver-tongued." His discourse, entitled, "The Trumpet of the Soul sounding to Judgment," contains thoughts which might have flashed upon the inward eye of Dante, while brooding over the gloomy mystery of the "Inferno." "When iniquity hath played her part, Vengeance leaps upon the stage. The black guard shall attend upon you—you shall eat at the table of Sorrow, and the crown of Death shall be upon your heads, and many glittering faces shall be looking upon you." Such is the vivid picture of the destiny of the unrelenting sinner. Again: "When God seeth an hypocrite, he will pull his vizard from his face, as Adam was stripped of his fig leaves, and show the anatomy of his heart, as though his life were written on his forehead." Ben Johnson, in his admirable comedy of "Every Man in his own Humour," has not rent off the mask with a severer indignation. Once more: "The kingdom of heaven is caught by violence. So soon as we rise in the morning, we go forth to fight with two mighty giants, the World and the Devil—and whom do we take with

us but a traitor?" But it is not in detached sentences or epigrammatic turns, however brilliant, that Smyth's excellence alone resides, although, like all his illustrious contemporaries, he was frequently entangled by the prevailing habit of the times. His sermon upon the gradual decay of religion in the soul, is conceived and executed in a spirit of terrific power. He portrays its condition when the Graces drop away, like leaves in a boisterous wind, when the eclipse of the spirit is not less melancholy or effectual than the eclipse of the sun. With every talent is given the command to put it out to usury till the Master come. Year after year, the Lord visits his vineyard and finds no fruit. At length the tremendous curse goes forth, "Neverfruit grow on thee more!" Then the fig tree becomes a dreadful type of the abandoned servant; his knowledge loses its relish; his judgment rusts like a sound unused; his zeal trembles; his faith withers, and the image of death is upon all his religion. But this is only the beginning of sorrows; a more terrible precipice is before him; a profounder gloom is to be encountered. The temple of the soul is abandoned by the guardian angels of heaven, to be occupied by the ministers of darkness. The spirits of Blindness, of Blasphemy, and of Fear, take up their abode with him; and all this that the scripture might be fulfilled, "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away that which he hath." The preacher in a strain of unequalled vigour, proceeds to paint the progress of the sinner through the remaining stages of existence, until the soul bleeds to death under the sword of its spiritual and victorious enemy. Smyth possessed what South called a fluency of sacred rhetoric; his mind was saturated with the Scriptures, imbued with all the gorgeous colours of prophecy, and enlightened with all the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. He sheds his bible knowledge over every page. How ingeniously, for example, and with what fertility and beauty he shows the usual course of God's mercies towards us. He compares them to the rain which descends from heaven: first he says, it rains small drops, and after that great drops, and the small are the signs of the great. First you see Elisha with a single spirit, and afterwards you see him with a double spirit. First you see Paul sitting at Gamaliel's feet, and then you behold him in Moses' chair. You see Timothy a student, and then an evangelist; Cornelius praying and Peter instructing; David repenting, and after that, Nathan comforting. When you have beheld the disciples worshipping, you see the Holy Ghost descending. The wise men seek Christ before they are found together with him. First you see the Eunuch reading; then understanding; then believing, and after all, you see him baptized. Such is the manner of Smyth, one of the robustest intellects of a hardy and muscular generation. We have been accustomed to read him in the old edition of 1593, and know not if his works have ever been reprinted. No copy, we believe, is to be found in the British Museum.—Church of England Quarterly Review.

The Garner.

END AND PURPOSE OF CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

He ascended to triumph over all our spiritual enemies, as the Roman conquerors, in their ovals and triumphs, ascended into the Capitol. Thus David describes the end of his ascension: "When he ascended up on high he led captivity captive." As conquerors lead their captives in chains before and after their chariots, so did Christ triumph gloriously over Death, and Hell, and Satan. Rise up Barak and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abimeam. In his Passion he did subdue our enemies; that was the field of his victory; but in his Ascension, there he triumphed over them; that was the chariot of his triumph. He ascended into Heaven to prepare a place for us. He had purchased it by his Passion, he prepares it for us by his Ascension. Heaven was shut up against us as was Paradise to Adam; but Christ, he makes a re-entry for us, and in our name he takes possession of it. "He hath made us sit together in heavenly places with Christ."

He ascended up to Heaven, from thence to send down the Holy Ghost upon us. "This expedient I go away; if I go not, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." 'Twas the great fruit of the Ascension, the pouring forth of the Holy Ghost. This Peter declares in his first sermon upon the day of Pentecost. "Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he had shed forth this which ye now see and hear." "When he ascended up on high he gave gifts to men," saith David. As conquerors in their triumphs have their *Misilia*, are manifest to their followers, having made up our peace, as a fruit of our peace, he obtains for us the Holy Ghost. He ascended into Heaven, there to appear before God, as a gracious, prevailing Intercessor for us. He is our agent in Heaven, negotiates and solicits his Father for us. He enters into Heaven, as the High Priest, with all our names on his shoulders and on his breast; there he tenders his merits for us, interposes his mediation, presents our prayers, and makes them accepted of God the Father.—Bishop Browning.

THE APOSTLES NOT IMPOSED UPON.

That the Apostles could not be imposed upon themselves, is evident from what has been already said concerning the nature, and number, and publicness of our Saviour's miracles. They converted from the beginning with our Saviour himself; they heard with their ears, and saw with their eyes; they looked upon, and they handled with their hands of the Word of Life, as St. John expresses it, 1 John i. 1. They saw all the prophecies of the Old Testament precisely fulfilled in his life and doctrine, and his sufferings and death. They saw him confirm what he taught, with such mighty and evident miracles, as his bitter and most malicious enemies could not but confess to be super-natural, even at the same time that they obstinately blasphemed the Holy Spirit that worked them. They saw him alive after his Passion, by many infallible proofs, he appearing, not only to one or two, but to all the eleven, several times, and once to above five hundred together. And this, not merely in a transient manner; but they conversed with him familiarly for no less than forty days; and at last they beheld him ascend visibly into heaven; and, soon after, they received the Spirit, according to his promise. These were such sensible demonstrations of his being a teacher sent from heaven, and consequently that his doctrine was an immediate and express revelation of the will of God, that if the Apostles, even though they had been men of the weakest judgments and strongest imaginations that can be supposed, could be all and every one of them deceived in all these several instances,—men can have no use of their senses, nor any possible proof of any facts whatsoever, nor any means to distinguish the best attested truths in the world from antiseptic imaginations.—Dr. Samuel Clarke.

THE MIRACULOUS PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

When Christianity first appeared, how weak and defenceless was it, how artless and undesigning! How utterly unsupported either by the secular arm, or secular wisdom! "I send you forth," said our Saviour to his apostles, "as sheep in the midst of wolves." And, accordingly, they went forth in the spirit of simplicity, of humility, and meekness; armed only with truth and innocence; a good cause and an equal resolution: "The weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but spiritual!" The messengers of these glad tidings were so far from having a name in the world, that they were contemptible: were scorned as Jews by the rest of mankind; and were not likely, therefore, to credit the embassy on which they came. They left their nets and their hooks (the only things, probably, that they understood) to come into a new world, wherein they were perfect strangers, and to preach a new Gospel, with which all men were unacquainted; and they preached it, not to the wise, the mighty, or the noble, who, when converted, might

have forwarded its reception by their influence; but to the foolish, weak, and base, who were able to do nothing for its advantage, but by living according to the rules, and dying for the truth of it. As they had no help from the powers of this world, civil or military, so had they all the opposition that was possible; which they withstood and baffled: they sowed the good seed of the word under the very feet of the Roman magistrates and soldiers, who, though they trod it down and rooted it up, yet could not destroy it so far, but that still it sprang out again, and yielded a fruitful and glorious harvest.—Bishop Atterbury.

REASON AND REVELATION.

Let our reason follow as the handmaid, not lead the way as the mistress, and she will probably go right. Let her weigh indeed and scrutinize the truths which God has communicated, for such is her bounden duty; but let her do so with fear, and trembling, and purity of heart. Most of us, in the course of our theological inquiries, have probably experienced how in many cases, where reason and revelation have at first sight appeared at irreconcilable variance, they have, as new lights have broken in upon us, been found ultimately to correspond. From our recollection of this former transition of our minds from a state of hesitation, to one of deliberate and satisfied conviction upon the minor difficulties connected with the study of God's word, let us at least for the future learn to be humble, and to distrust our own hasty inferences upon those which, as being more abstruse, remain still to be explained. Many, very many more things are true, both in heaven and earth, than human philosophy ever has been, or ever will be, competent to reach. It is with such truths that revelation has to deal: and if we do feel a burning and restless curiosity to fathom those mysteries, let us wait with patience till we have put on a nature adequate to the task; till our intellectual eyesight is strengthened by the healthy waters of the well of life, and we may dare to look without blenching at that pure radiance of eternal light which at present would only serve to strike our mortal faculties with blindness.—Bishop Shuttleworth.

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TORONTO AND HOME DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THIS SCHOOL will be re-opened, after the Christmas recess, on Monday the 4th of January, 1841. Mrs. CROMBIE'S Seminary will also re-open on the 6th, the Wednesday following. M. C. CROMBIE, Principal. Toronto, Dec. 28, 1840.

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WANTED, a TEACHER to the Brock District School. References as to Qualification, &c. to be forwarded to H. C. BARWICK, Woodstock, 16th February, 1841.

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AXES! AXES! AXES!

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TERMS.—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, when sent by mail or delivered in town. To Post Masters, TEN SHILLINGS per annum.—Payment to be made yearly, or, at least, half yearly, in advance. 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.

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