

has not won for him honour, or whose industry has not secured for him competence ; oh ! think of him kindly, and let not his poverty teach you to forget.

If there be one sad and widowed soul, whose tenderness and love have enabled her to suffer grief without complaint, and whose smile of kindness but ill conceals a broken spirit ; oh ! be moved by Christian pity, to help her helplessness ; let your bounty mitigate the anguish of the canker which death has wrought in her heart ; let your remembrance of her necessities enable her to encounter the future difficulties of life.

If there be one young and tender child, who claims your kindred, one who has been deprived of father and mother, forsaken by the guide of his infancy, and the adviser of his youth, without friends or counsellors, without education or restraint, then act kindly, I entreat you, to the poor orphan. Think of the mis-directed energies of the boy, the perilous solitude of the girl, and as far as in you lieth, shelter their young and generous hearts from the snares and seductions of a world full of temptation.

But, my friends, your own relatives should not be the only objects of your regard. That substance, which you hold in trust for the Almighty, should not be confined to the members of your own family ; this is not the condition of your stewardship ; it is not the purpose for which God has blessed you with abundance. Do not perpetuate beyond your life the abuse of his gifts ; leaven your bequests with charity, evince that you have been mindful of your Redeemer, by remembering the poor who are His representatives, and that in thinking of his Body, the Church, its claims and its wants, you have been actuated by love to Him who is its divine head.

We think the book might fulfil the part of a quiet monitor for the clergy in their pastoral visits, as it would serve to remind "some, of the importance of duties too often neglected"—duties which it is very difficult to introduce with delicacy, or to enforce verbally without offending. It should find a welcome into every house, and the

practice it enjoins ought to be engraven on every heart.

Since writing the above we have been favored with a perusal of the Sermon of the Bishop of Montreal, which was preached for the same object, and which is published in the Church Newspaper of the 11th December. This discourse, like that of Mr. Adamson, presses upon us the importance of duties fearfully neglected ; and, recommending it to the careful attention and serious consideration of our readers, we cannot forbear suggesting at the same time, a thought connected with the channel through which it is published. We cannot but think that the circulating of that valuable public journal, the Church Newspaper, would be greatly increased ; and the principles it inculcates proportionately extended, did it come to us in the form of a periodical instead of that of a newspaper, or even if printed in such a shape as to be conveniently preserved and treasured by its readers. It might, we think, fulfil all the purposes of a newspaper, but yet assume the form of a magazine. By this means subscribers would secure, at the end of the year, a valuable addition to their library, in the possession of a handsome imperial octavo volume.

We trust the publishers will excuse the suggestion, but it is pressed upon us by the conviction that the Church Newspaper deserves to occupy a higher place in our colonial literature than it now enjoys ; and we feel satisfied that while the course suggested would render it more acceptable to many of our acquaintances, it would induce every subscriber to read it more attentively, and preserve it more carefully.

ERASMUS OLDSTYLE.

THE ADVENT OF THE ALMANACS FOR MDCCCXLVII.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQ.

The close of November 1846, drew on apace.

The aborigines of this continent had extinguished the fires in their forests. The smoke which appeared to float in dreamy beauty, vanished in thin air, and the sunbeams which had been mellowed by the softening influence of the Indian summer, burst forth again in unimpaired brightness, though diminished in strength by the bracing breath of the north wind chillily sailing over frozen regions of snow.

The warm dews of the heavens fell kindly, but the earth had hardened her breast, and refused to be softened by their visitations. The

skies had poured forth their showers of noiseless refreshment, and covered the fair bosom of nature with a mantle of dew drops ; but the north breeze stole silently by, and encrusted them into gems of evanescent magnificence, just able to live for a moment in the sunlight, and pearly reflect back again the bright rays of the morning, then retire from the gaze of the Day-god, melted and softened at having so saucily braved the power to which they were indebted for their brilliancy and beauty.

The wind too was now enabled to moan an undisturbed requiem over the summer which had