

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Nov. 1.—20th Sunday after Trinity and All Saints.
 — 8.—21st Sunday after Trinity.
 — 15.—22d do. do.
 — 22.—23d do. do. do.

ALBAN, A TALE OF VERULAM.*
 CHAPTER X.—THE MARTYRDOM.

Scarcely ten days had elapsed since Alban had passed through the streets of Verulam in a festive procession, and drawn upon him the admiring gaze of the applauding multitude. Again he was going through the same streets, the principal figure in a very different procession. Still as before the balconies and house tops were thronged with spectators, and a vast multitude rolled along in company with him. But very different were now its exclamations. Alban was deeply struck with the contrast. He felt the utter inanity and worthlessness of that applause which had so delighted his unregenerate heart, and saw the unsteady course of the world which he was leaving. But above all he acknowledged the unbounded mercy of God, when he remembered that he then rode in a splendid pagan spectacle, the stoutest champion of heathenish abominations. He was now giving all the testimony in his power to the truth and glory of the true and only God. He had been deemed by his heavenly Master worthy to be a witness to his Gospel, and to lay down his life for his sake. How different was the ineffable peace of mind which he now enjoyed, from the feverish excitement of the vanity of that hour. One thing alone did he regret—that his father had not lived to taste together with him of such exceeding blissfulness.

Thus occupied in his thoughts, he heeded not the execrations of the crowd, he was not even sensible of the annoyance. The procession moved but very slowly, owing to the great pressure of the throng, and it was long before they could clear the narrow outlet of the town-gates. When they had emerged, a strange sight presented itself to them. The Verulamians found themselves but as a drop amid an immense sea of Britons. It seemed an army for numbers; and the foremost line held in their hands tall boughs with their leaves on, and dressed moreover with wreaths of many-coloured ribbons. Some alarm seized the Romans at first, and the officer (who was still Lucius) was just about sending for a reinforcement, when the innumerable host, seeing Alban advance from underneath the gateway, all at once dropped on the knee in respectful salutation, while the foremost prostrated their boughs upon the ground. As the procession advanced, these latter completely enclosed Alban and his guard, and seemed to form a guard of honour around him.

Alban thought that he recognized among them several faces which he had seen in the hut; nor was he mistaken; the multitude consisted of British Christians. A report, flying with the swiftness of lightning, had spread in every direction, announcing that Alban, the wealthy and influential Alban, the chief Roman in Verulam, the stout champion of Paganism, was standing for judgment before the magistrate on the charge of Christianity. Immediately every British follower of the Gospel rose up and hurried towards Verulam. So great was the crowd that flocked to the gates, that the guard thought it prudent to refuse admission. They did not insist, but waited very patiently without, determined to escort the martyr (should he turn out such) to the place of execution. No sooner therefore did they hear the shouts and execrations of the multitude within the walls, than, certified of the result, they exultingly prepared to conduct him on the road to his coronation.

It did indeed resemble a triumphal procession, except that there was no pomp of war, but only the simple emblems of innocence and peace. Alban seemed the conqueror, Lucius and his guard the captives. In a short time the whole multitude had arrayed itself and accompanied him in most regular order. On they marched in respectful silence, until a stream, crossed by a narrow bridge, threatened to break their array. But immediately, as if according to a plan already arranged, the crowd defied off to the right and left, leaving the bough-bearers only to attend Alban along the bridge. Having waded through the stream, they rejoined the procession on the other side. When they had re-arranged their ranks, they commenced the song of triumph, which was sung by the bough-bearers, while the chorus was taken up in a deep voice of thunder by the whole multitude. It ran as follows:

Speed to glory, martyr, speed thee!
 Hast thou crowned peers to meet;
 Seraphs flutter down to lead thee,
 Tracks of brightness bear thy feet.
 Speed to glory.

Vain the heathen's rude despite;
 From thy blood fresh roses grow,
 From thy pureness lilies white,
 Spring to deck thy sainted brow.
 Speed to glory.

Angels clothe thy deadly block;
 Tyre is sham'd before its fall;
 Sworn! thine agonies unlock,
 Gates that open glory's hall.
 Speed to glory.

On to glory, martyr, on,
 Hallelujah! Satan leaves thee;
 Gone are all his trials—gone:
 Hallelujah! Christ receives thee.
 Speed to glory.

Lucius, the Roman officer, looked surprised at all this rude pomp. Yet he saw no reason to put a stop to it; so far from it he felt himself sensibly affected at the sight of the simple honours which the people were paying to their champion, and by the solemn sound of the 'Glory!' and 'Hallelujah!' which rang around him. Thus they slowly proceeded, until they reached the centre of the meadow which has been already mentioned as the place of exercise for the youth of Verulam. This was the appointed place of execution, and here the scaffold and block were awaiting the martyr. After a glance thrown at them, he looked towards his own house, fixed his eyes upon the window whence his dying father had looked out: what a crowd of events had passed since that day. He then turned to his father's monument, which was a conspicuous object hence. The sun was shining most beautifully upon it. "How wondrous are thy ways, O God!" Alban inwardly ejaculated; "through what a providential track of events and thoughts hast thou brought me hither! Pleasant has been the journey, and now thou layest me to rest, like a weary bard.—Thankfully do I bless thy holy name for it."

He then addressed himself to the officer: "Lucius! we have been friends; by that friendship I entreat you to receive my last words. You have known me long and well; too long and too well to suppose that I have taken up these opinions lightly. You yourself have often complimented me upon a cool dispassionate judgment, a wary disposition, and enquiring spirit. Can this then be but an idle tale for which I am content to die? Think of this, turn it over in your mind when I am gone. Then, when this hour shall have past away, and I shall lie but in your remembrance, perhaps a kindly feeling may revive, and bring back to your mind your friend's

qualities. Then, perhaps, you may think it worth while to enquire what could induce me to the course which I have taken. O, may God guide you, and may we meet again in everlasting friendship." Lucius was strongly affected; he put his hand over his eyes and was silent.

Alban then looked round upon the crowd of Britons, which formed an immense circle round the block.—"Brethren," he cried, "I come to die for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; recommend my spirit unto him." At these words the whole multitude fell down on their knees, and engaged in prayer. Lucius and his men were left standing in mute astonishment, looking like a clump of forest trees amid a boundless expanse of copse-wood.

It was now the afternoon. The sun, which could only now and then shoot forth a partial gleam through the thick mass of clouds which was coursing rapidly along the face of the sky, at this moment, as if he had reserved himself purposely for it, shed a flood of full radiance upon the assembly. It was greedily received, with upturned faces, as a glad omen of the realms of bright and unfading light to which the martyr was hastening. One deep Alleluia arose, and then all was deathlike silence. The crowd still continued on their knees, and earnestly watched the last motions of Britain's protomartyr.

He now advanced to the block. Having thrown off his cloak, it was received and folded up with reverent care by the leader of the bough-bearers. The Presbyters of the Church next came up to him, and gave him the last kiss of peace in the name of the Church of Verulam. Having joined him in his last ejaculations they retired to their former stations. The block seemed more like the throne of an eastern king than an engine of death. Within the circle, which was respectfully left empty around it, the boughs were laid prostrate on the ground, and the road to the block had been strown with the cloaks and mantles of the faithful. Alban took his farewell look at this affectionate assembly, and for the first time desisted in his foremost rank the wild British boy, the servant of the old Druid. The lad was looking at him with fixed earnestness, and with a countenance strangely divided between earthly grief and spiritual joy. He seemed to court some notice from Alban, who loosened his girdle, and with a smile of brotherly recognition flung it to him. He caught it with a look of indescribable joy, kissed it fervently, and placed it round his body.

This was Alban's last act; in a few moments the axe descended, and he was crowned with martyrdom. The faithful guard of bough-bearers stood round the body, which was reverently laid out on a bed formed by their boughs, and covered with the cloaks and mantles. At night they buried him on the spot where he had fallen. Within the ensuing year the grass had grown over the tomb, and the former companions of the saint often wrestled or threw the coat unwittingly over his grave.—But his last and constant friends had not neglected to set certain marks whereby to distinguish the spot; and often at night, when the Verulamians were shut up within their walls, the faithful would assemble round the grave, and join in rendering thanks to God who had given them so encouraging an example.

Thus passed twenty-five years over the martyr's obscure resting-place, when a splendid Church, rich in all the glory of the architecture of the day, was reared upon the spot. With the customary solemnities it was named in memory of the saint, and in the procession on the day of dedication, were seen walking side by side, in the place of honour, as being among the few witnesses of the death of the blessed martyr, and clad in the ensigns of priestly office, Lucius, the Roman officer, and Einoen, the wild British boy.

Reader! I believe in no supernatural virtue of particular spots; but I do think that the mind must be cold indeed, or must violently suppress its natural feelings through a pre-conceived prejudice, which on such a spot can remain unmoved. Go to St. Alban's with a mind fully prepared, by previous information, to admit and entertain the admonitions of the spot, and I am sure that as you stand over the recorded depository of the bones of Britain's protomartyr, you will feel no usual fervour of devotion; that you will run over in your mind the glorious list of God's mighty mercies showered upon your native island, down from the day of the blood of this martyr to the present time; from the day when your country was an obscure eastern corner of the world, with the light of the Gospel faintly glimmering for the first time in it, to this hour when she stands at the head of the civilized world, the bulwark of the pure faith of Christ, and an abundant fountain of spiritual truth to the heathen; that you will thank the Lord of our Church for the long roll of names of holy men and mighty heroes which he hath given to come after this first and venerable name, and in the glorious pile, which records his services in the cause of our faith, and at the same time so strongly impresses us with a sense of the mercies which we are now so peaceably enjoying, will lift up your hearts in praise and blessing and adoration, in unison with the songs and supplications of its accustomed offices.

THE DERVISE.

It was on the confines of the desert, amid sterile and almost inaccessible rocks, that Ben Achmet, the Dervise, led a life of austerity and devotion. A cave in the rocks was his dwelling. Roots and fruits, the scanty product of the inhospitable region he inhabited, satisfied his hunger, and the fountain that bubbled up from the lower part of a neighboring cliff slaked his thirst.

He had formerly been a priest in a magnificent mosque, and scrupulously conducted the ceremonies of the Mohammedan faith; but, disgusted with the hypocrisy and injustice of those around him, he abandoned the mosque, and his authority as a priest, betaking himself to the desert to spend his days as an anchorite, in sanctity, self-denial, and devotion.

Years rolled over the head of Ben Achmet, and the fame of his sanctity spread abroad. In seasons of drought he supplied the traveller of the desert with water, from his little well. In times of pestilence he left his solitary abode to attend the sick and comfort the dying, in the villages that were scattered around, and often did he stanch the blood of the wounded Arab, and heal him of his wounds. His fame was spread abroad. His name inspired veneration, and the plundering Bedouin gave up his booty at the command of Ben Achmet, the Dervise.

Akaba was an Arabian robber; he had a band of lawless men under his command ready to do his bidding; large numbers of slaves, and a treasure-house well stored with his ill-gotten wealth. The sanctity of Ben Achmet arrested his attention; his conscience smote him on account of his guilt, and he longed to be as famed for his devotion as he had been for his crimes. He sought the abode of the Dervise, and told him his desires.—"Ben Achmet," said he, "I have five hundred camels ready to obey me; numbers of slaves at my command; and a goodly treasure house, filled with riches; tell me how to add to these the hope of a happy immortality?"

Ben Achmet led him to a neighboring cliff that was steep, rugged, and high; and pointing to three large stones that lay near together, he told him to lift them from the ground, and to follow him up the cliff. Akaba, laden with the stones, could scarcely move; to ascend the cliff with them was impossible. "I cannot follow

thee, Ben Achmet," said he, "with these burdens."—"Then cast down one of them," replied the Dervise, "and hasten after me." Akaba dropped a stone, but still found himself too heavily encumbered to proceed. "I tell thee it is impossible," cried the robber chiefs, "thou thyself couldst not proceed a step with such a load."

"Let go another stone, then," said Ben Achmet.—Akaba readily dropped another stone, and, with great difficulty, clambered the cliff for a while, till, exhausted with the effort, he again cried out that he could come no farther. Ben Achmet directed him to drop the last stone; and, no sooner had he done this, than he mounted with ease, and soon stood with his conductor on the summit of the cliff.

"Son," said Ben Achmet, "thou hast three burdens which hinder thee in thy way to a better world. Disband thy troop of lawless plunderers; set thy captive slaves at liberty, and restore thy ill-gotten wealth to its owners; it is easier for Akaba to ascend this cliff with the stones that lie at its foot, than for him to journey onward to a better world, with power, pleasure, and riches, in his possession."

If the words of a Dervise, a blind believer in an error, can command our admiration, how much more ought we to estimate and obey the words of Christ, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. xii. 1, 2. Whether our possessions consist of power, pleasure, or riches, they must be sacrificed rather than be allowed to hinder us in our heavenly course, remembering that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Weekly Visitor.

POPISH TREASON.

In 1575, one of the Irish Lords being engaged in plotting an insurrection against his sovereign Queen Elizabeth, went to Philip II. king of Spain, on whom Pope Pius V. had conferred the dominions of the Queen, and sought assistance from him for the Irish Romanists. He then went to Rome, where, after some time, he obtained from the Pope a pardon for all the bands of robbers who then infested Italy, on condition that they should undertake an expedition to Ireland for the extermination of the sect of Rome. An army thus composed was headed by a titular Bishop of Killalee in Ireland, and by the Jesuit Sanders; and they landed in Ireland not long after, bringing a bull from Pope Gregory XIII. in which all who should unite in rebellion against Queen Elizabeth were promised a plenary pardon of their sins. This expedition, however, entirely failed; but the same titular Bishop, a few years afterwards, is found introducing supplies of men, money, and arms from Spain, for the relief of the insurgents. Another schismatic, assuming the title of Archbishop of Armagh, came with orders from the King of Spain, that the Irish should revolt; and having excited a rebellion, he fell in battle with the royal troops. Ohely, called Archbishop of Tuam, was sent afterwards by one of the Irish chieftains to the king of Spain, whom he exhorted to invade and subdue Ireland. When the next insurrection broke out, we find Macrogon, a titular bishop and vicar of the Roman Pontiff, issuing an excommunication against all who should give quarter to the prisoners taken from the Queen's army. Macrogon caused all such persons to be put to death in his presence; and he at last fell in battle against the royal army, leading a troop of horse, with his sword in one hand, and his breviary and beads in the other.—Palmer's History of the Church.

The Garner.

FORMS OF PRAYER.

For the manner of using set and prescribed forms, there is no doubt that wholesome words, being known and fitted to men's understandings, are sooner received into their hearts, and apter to unite and carry along with them judicious and fervent affections. Nor do I see any reason why Christians should be weary of a well composed Liturgy, more than of all other things wherein the constancy abates nothing of the excellency and usefulness. I could never see any reason why any Christian should abhor, or be forbidden to use the same forms of prayer; since he prays to the same God, believes in the same Saviour, professes the same truths, reads the same scriptures, has the same duties upon him, and feels the same daily wants for the most part, both outward and inward, which are common to the whole Church. Sure we may as well beforehand know what we pray as to whom we pray, and in what words as to what sense. When we desire the same things, what hinders we may not use the same words? Our appetite and digestion, too, may be good, when we use, as we pray for, our daily bread.—Some men, I hear, are so impatient not to use in all their devotions their own inventions and gifts, that they not only dislike (as too many), but wholly cast away and condemn the LORD'S PRAYER; whose great guilt is, that it is the warrant and original pattern of all set liturgies in the Christian Church. I ever thought that the proud ostentation of man's abilities for invention, and the vain affectations of variety for expressions in public prayers, or any sacred ministrations, merits a greater brand of sin than that which they call coldness and barrenness. Nor are men in those novelties less subject to formal and superficial tempers (as to their hearts) than in the use of constant forms, where not the words, but men's hearts, are to blame. I make no doubt but a man may be very formal in the most extemporary variety, and very fervently devout in the most wonted expressions. Nor is God more a God of variety than of constancy. Nor are constant forms of prayers more likely to flat and hinder the spirit of prayer and devotion, than unpremeditated and confused variety to distract and lose it.—King Charles the Martyr.

THE CREED.

Faith is rightly called a shield; when we are affrighted, run we to the creed, and say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty; this will guard your soul from fear. If you are tempted to despair, guard your soul with the creed and say, 'I believe in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord;' that may secure your soul from despair. If you are tempted to pride, run to the creed, and a sight of Christ hanging upon the cross will humble you. If to lust or uncleanness, run to the creed, and see the wounds of Christ, and the remembrance of them, if any thing, will quench that fiery dart. If he is tempted to presume and grow careless, take up again this shield of faith, see Christ in the creed coming to judgment, and this terror of the Lord's will persuade men. In a word, the creed is a guard and defence against all the temptations of the world, all the fiery darts of the devil, all the filthy lusts of the flesh. Therefore, 'above all take the shield of faith.'"—St. Basil, of which the creed is the symbol.—Bishop Sparrow.

HUMAN LIFE.

Look then upon this world as one wide ocean, where many are shipwrecked and irretrievably lost—more are tossed and fluctuating; but none can secure to themselves, for any inconsiderable time, a future undisturbed calm. The ship, however, is still under sail, and whether the weather be fair or foul, we are every minute making nearer approaches to, and must shortly reach the shore, and may it be the haven where we would be! Then will it signify little or nothing whether we have gone down to the chambers of death by an easy and gradual descent, or have been violently pushed off the precipice of life; whether we have been tossed by storms or tempests, or had a smooth and easy voyage to the shores of everlasting rest. Let us then look forward to that life which is to come.

Let us consider all the splendid amusements of this world as so many gay follies, if they interfere with our preparations for the next. Let us repose an unreserved trust in that Being, whose almighty power will protect us, whose unerring wisdom will direct our goings, and whose infinite goodness will outweigh our slight sufferings with an unfading crown of glory.—Seed.

REGENERATION.

Regeneration is a real thing, and a heaven wrought thing, which cannot be frittered away by the grinding process of a German neology, without at the same time stamping in the dust and scattering to the winds all that is holy, and venerable, and precious in Christianity. I beseech you, therefore, triflers not and tamper not with the doctrine of regeneration—are ye changed creatures—are ye new creatures—can ye—oh, it is Eternity which hangs upon the answer—can ye see the kingdom of God? I will hear nothing of the difficulties of answering these interrogations—difficulties! bear with me yet a moment—I have spoken to you of heaven, of seeing, that is joy and rapture, things to be desired, things to be longed for, in the descriptions which the Bible has put forth of heaven—try yourselves by this simple criterion—ask your consciences whether you could take delight in beholding Christ, and in serving Christ, and in praising Christ? would such exercises be insipid to you? are they insipid now? and is it weariness to you to join even for a lonely hour in the communion of his people? If such be the case, then I am not your judge—but I ask you whether it is possible that you can see the kingdom of God, and I send you to your closets with the words of your Saviour ringing in your ears, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."—Rev. H. Melvill.

DEPENDENCY OF CREATION ON GOD.

It is far more impossible for a creature to subsist without God, than for light to subsist without the sun. His fiat made them, and his fiat can unmake them again. Yes, he put his everlasting arms under them, and immediately raised them out of nothing, and holds them up in their beings. If he should take his everlasting arms from under them, they would lose their beings again, and presently drop down to nothing. As take a stone from off the ground, so long as you hold it, it will keep up; but let go your hold, and of itself it will fall down to the ground again, from which you took it. So here, God took us out of nothing: so long as he preserves us up holds us up, we subsist; but if he let go his hold, alas! in the twinkling of an eye we are where we were at first, in nothing.—Bp. Beveridge.

POLLY OF COURTING TEMPTATION.

It is a saying worthy to be wrote in the heart of every man, with the pen of a diamond, Eccles. iii. 25, That he who loves danger, shall perish by it. And that man who can be so sottishly ignorant of the nature of things, as to think to learn sobriety amongst the debauched, chastity in the stews, modesty at balls and plays, and the like, will quickly come to leave his virtues behind him and to take the shape and impress of that mould, into which such courses and companies have cast him. For there is no such thing as gathering grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles: no turning the incentives of vice into the instruments of virtue; or growing holy by a kind of antipathesis. He who will needs fight the devil at his own weapon, must not wonder if he finds him an over-match.—South.

DANGER OF TEMPORISING.

"Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water," says the Prophet Isaiah. How culpable, then, are those preachers who turn the wine of the doctrine of the inspired writings into water, if we may so express ourselves, by mixing with it the suggestions of our own imaginations, to the great injury of souls. To gain the good graces of those who listen to them, they flatter their propensities, and lead them away, by the compliance with which they discuss their vices. They weaken the holy energy of the Scriptures, which express so forcibly against every kind of evil; and, as if they had sworn the destruction of their auditors, they dwell upon nothing but the mercies of God, which they draw an exaggerated picture, and on similar topics which render more and more careless those whom they ought, with holy jealousy, to bring back, by every argument, to the fear of the Lord.—St. Basil.

TEACHING OF THE SCRIPT.

All the books and writings we converse with can but represent spiritual objects to our understandings; which yet we can never see in their own true figure, colour, and proportion, until we have a divine light within to irradiate and shine upon them. Though there be never such excellent truths concerning Christ and his Gospel set down in words and letters, yet they will be but unknown to us until we have a living spirit within us that can decipher them,—until the same spirit, by secret whispers in our hearts, do comment upon them, which did at first induce them. There be many that understand the Greek and Hebrew of the Scripture, the original language in which the text was written, that never understood the language of the spirit. There is a flesh and a spirit, a body and a soul, in all the writings of the Scripture. It is but the flesh and body of divine truth that is printed upon paper, which many mouths of books and libraries do only feed upon; many walking skeletons of knowledge that bury and entomb truths in the sepulchres of their souls, do only converse with, such as never did anything else but pick at the mere bark and rind of truths, and crack the shells of them. But there is a soul and spirit of divine truths that could never yet be coagulated into ink,—that could never be blotted upon paper; which, by a secret traduction and conveyance, passeth from one soul into another, being able to dwell and lodge nowhere but in a spiritual being—in a living thing, because itself is nothing but life and spirit. Neither can it, where indeed it is, express itself sufficiently in words and sounds, but it will best declare and speak itself in actions; as the old manner of writing among the Egyptians was not by words, but by things. The life of divine truths is better expressed in actions than words, because actions are more living things than words. Words are nothing but the dead resemblances and pictures of those truths which live and breathe in actions; and the kingdom of God (as the apostle speaketh) consisteth not in word, but in life and power.—Cudworth; [Sermon before the House of Commons.]

Advertisements.

GENTLEMAN who has received a Collegiate education, and who has had several years experience in the tuition of youth, is desirous of being employed in some respectable family as Private Tutor, or as Assistant in a Classical School in any part of this Province. Unexceptionable references, from some of the most influential gentlemen of this city, in whose families he has officiated in the above capacity, can be added. Address A. B. care of H. Rowsell, this office.
 Toronto, September 26, 1840. 13-6w

AXES: AXES: AXES!
 THE Subscribers respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in addition to his former business, he has commenced the manufacturing of CAST STEEL AXES, of a superior quality, which he can recommend with confidence, as they are manufactured under his own inspection, by first rate workmen.
 Storekeepers, and others in want of the above article, will please to call and examine for themselves. Every Axe not equal to the guarantee will be exchanged.
 SAMUEL SHAW,
 120, King-Street,
 Toronto, 10th October, 1840. 15-4f

PRINTING INK.
 SUCH as is used in the printing of this Newspaper, imported from London, in kegs, 24 pounds each, and for sale by the keg, at 2s. 6d. per pound, by
 HENRY ROWSELL,
 Stationer and Bookseller,
 King Street, Toronto,
 October 10, 1840. 14

TORONTO AXE FACTORY.
 JOHN C. CHAMPION begs to inform the dealers in AXES, that he is now conducting the above establishment on his own account, and respectfully solicits a continuance to himself of those orders which have heretofore been so liberally given for Champion's Axes.
 Hospital Street, 22 July, 1840.

TORONTO AXE FACTORY.
 JOHN C. CHAMPION,
 MANUFACTURER OF
 CHAMPION'S CAST STEEL
 WARRANTED AXES,
 Hospital Street, Toronto.
 EVERY DESCRIPTION OF EDGE-TOOLS MADE AND REPAIRED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
 Toronto, August 29, 1840. 8-4f

A CARD.

J. HEUGHEN begs leave to intimate to visitors to this city, and the public generally, that at the solicitation of several gentlemen in the habit of temporarily residing at the principal Hotels, he has opened a comfortable room, in Church Street, adjoining the Ontario Hotel, for SHAVING, HAIR DRESSING, &c.
 A select assortment of Perfumery, Stocks, Collars, and every other article in his line, will be kept on hand.
 Dr. Wigs, Scissors, and Razors, always on hand, or made to order on a short notice.
 Toronto, September 17, 1840. 12-4f

STATIONERY AND SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE Subscribers have always on hand a large and general assortment of PLAIN FANCY, AND MISCELLANEOUS STATIONERY, consisting among other articles, of—
 FOLIO POST, QUARTO POST, FOLSCAP, POTT, AND NOTE PAPERS, of every description and quality, Quills, Black Lead-pencils, Slates, Side-pencils, Ink, Ink-powders, Drawing Paper, Drawing Pencils, Cards, Wax, Water, Memorandum Books, Copy Books, &c. &c. which, as they import direct from the English and Scotch manufacturers, they can supply to Merchants, Stationers, and others, on advantageous terms.
 Their stock of SCHOOL BOOKS is also extensive, having received large supplies of those in general use in Canada, and published cheap editions of Murray's Large Grammar, Murray's abridged do., Walking-hammer's Arithmetic, Massey's Primer, the Primer, by Peter Parley, Jun., and the Canadian School Atlas, containing ten coloured maps.
 BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS of every description for sale, or made to order to any pattern.
 ARMOUR & RAMSAY,
 St. Paul Street, 15-6w
 Montreal, September, 1840.

CHINA, CUT GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscribers are receiving direct from the first manufacturers in England, a very extensive assortment of CHINA, CUT GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE.
 SHUTER & PATERSON,
 King Street, 13-12w
 Toronto, 5th September, 1840.

AMERICA AND THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY the Rev. Henry Rowsell, price 12s. 6d. for sale at Henry Rowsell's King Street, Toronto.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BY Henry Rowsell, Toronto, CAMERON'S DIGEST, of cases determining in the Court of Queen's Bench, from Michaelmas Term, 10th George IV, to Hilary Term, 3d Victoria. Price—10s.
 Toronto, August 27, 1840.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED, by Henry Rowsell, at "The Church" Office, Toronto, a new edition of THE CATECHISM OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, taken from the Common Prayer Book—Price—one penny each, or six shillings per hundred.
 Toronto, August 27, 1840. 8

NOTES OF MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.

EMBRACING Sketches of the Geography, Antiquities, and Present State of the British Empire, with a few copies of the above work for sale, price 3s. 9d. each.
 HENRY ROWSELL,
 BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
 King Street, Toronto.

FAMILY AND INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS.

Just published, Second Edition, price 1s. 6d.
 FAMILY AND INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, by the Rev. JAMES THOMPSON, Agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, sold at the Bible & Tract Depositories in Montreal & Toronto, and in Cobourg by Messrs. Gravelly & Jackson. These prayers are recommended by various Ministers, whose testimonies may be seen prefixed to the book.
 4s-6m

THE HOME DISTRICT SCHOOL.

THIS SCHOOL will be re-opened, after the summer recess, on Thursday, the 20th instant. On the re-opening of the School, new classes will be formed in the various English and Commercial branches; in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c. A French master is engaged to attend the School in French.
 The business of Mrs. CROMBIE'S Seminary will be resumed on the same day.
 Mrs. C. can accommodate three or four additional in-door pupils.
 M. C. CROMBIE, P. H. D. S.
 Toronto, August 11, 1840. 6

JOHNSTONE DISTRICT SCHOOL AND BROCKVILLE ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER VACATION of this Institution will terminate as follows:—
 Male Department—Tuesday, August 15th.
 Female Department—Saturday, August 22d.
 Apply to the Rev. H. CASWELL, Brockville.
 August 1, 1840. 4f

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS hereby give notice that a Half Yearly Dividend of Fifteen Shillings, Sterling, per share will be payable on the shares registered in the Goldbooks, on and after the 25th day of August, during the usual hours of business, at the several Branch Banks, as announced by circular to the respective parties. The Dividend is declared in Sterling money, and will be paid at the rate of Exchange current on the third day of August, to be then fixed by the Local Boards.
 The Books will close, preparatory to the Dividend, on the Nineteenth day of July, between which time and the Third day of August no transfers of Shares can take place.
 By Order of the Court.
 (Signed) G. DE BOSCO ATTWOOD, Secretary.
 London, June 3, 1840.

D. R. CAMPBELL will attend to professional calls at the house occupied by the late Dr. Carville.
 Cobourg, June 15th, 1840. 5f-4f

To be Sold or Let in the Township of Seymour.
 THE South-East half of Lot No. 16, in the seventh Concession, containing 100 acres, more or less, of good hard-wood land, 25 of which are cleared and well fenced, with a small house and barn thereon. Apply to B. Doud, Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliot, Cobourg.—By letter, post-paid.
 January 1st, 1840. 27f

REMOVAL.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & Co.
 IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, MANUFACTURERS OF CHAMPION'S WARRANTED AGENTS FOR YANORNMANN'S FOUNDRY.
 HAVE removed their business from 22, Yonge Street, to 110A, King Street, where their friends will find a well assorted stock of Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c. suitable for this market.
 Toronto, December, 1839. 29-4f

YANORNMANN'S STOVES.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & Co. HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED 75 TONS Yanormann's celebrated Cooking and other STOVES, of new pattern, which (with their former stock) are now very complete, to which they beg to call the attention of the trade.
 110, King Street, Toronto.

BRITISH SADDLERY WAREHOUSE.

Removed to Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto.
 ALEXANDER DIXON,
 SADDLER AND HARNESS MANUFACTURER.
 RESPECTFULLY informs the gentry and public of Upper Canada, that he has just received [direct from England] a very extensive and fashionable assortment of SADDLERY GOODS,
 Equal in quality to any in the first houses in Britain, which he is resolved to sell at the lowest Cash prices, viz:—
 Ladies' Saddles, improved pattern.
 Ladies' Fancy Bridles of every description.
 Hunting Saddles, improved pattern.
 Saddle Trees, with Spring Bars, &c.
 Silver mounted Carriage, Tandem, Jockey, and Ladies' Whips, &c.
 great variety.
 Silver-plated, Brass, and japanned Single and Double Harness Furniture, latest patterns.
 Horse and Carriage Brushes.
 Nevelham's Silver-plated, Brass and japanned Spurs.
 Horse Clothing and Blankets, of the first quality.
 Breaking Bridles, Cavasens, &c. &c.
 N.B.—Every description of single and double harness, manufactured with English Leather, constantly for sale, with every other article in the trade.
 Toronto, August 29, 1839. 5f-4f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders.