

This morning, on the 2d peninsula, Mr Peter Cantaluppi, of Italy, to Miss Mary Heriman.

DIED.

At Chester, on the 14th ultimo, of scarlet fever, Henrietta, second daughter of W. Greaves, Esq. On the 18th, Reginald, his only son: and on Thursday last, Adelaide, his eldest daughter. Under such a bereavement, how consolatory the declaration of Scripture, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Lines suggested by the above.

Cease dear friends, O cease your weeping,
For us, tho' early call'd away;
In JESUS' arms we're gently sleeping,
Where all is bright, eternal day.

You laid us down in dreary beds,
And cover'd us with earth and snow
The frost was hard around our heads,
And chilling blasts did o'er us blow.

But HERE we feel no cold or pain,
We hunger here and thirst no more;
Nor shall our little eyes again,
Shed tears of sorrow as before.

For now, before the Father's throne,
In robes of light we stand;
The Saviour calls us all his own,
We're number'd in his blessed band!

We wear the bright and golden crown—
To golden harps we daily sing,
Ascribing glory and renown,
To God our everlasting King.

The Angels took us by the hand,
When to these realms of joy we came,
They shew us all this shining land,
And call us by a tender name.

Our little friend we lov'd before,
Companion of our infant days:
We've met again, to part no more,
But here we'll join her hymns of praise.

We tread the golden streets above;
We have a "House not made with hands;"
We taste the sweets of holy love,
And mingle with angelic bands.

We see the LORD,—his Glory see;
We hear his voice, and swell the throng
That night and day do bow the knee,
And joyful sing the Seraph's song.

O! then, kind friends, and parents dear!
Let mourning cease—your hearts be still;
Nor drop one other bitter tear,
But thankful bear your Father's will.

The time is short! and soon you'll hear
The call to us so early giv'n:
O! may you then rejoin us here!
With us partake the joys of Heav'n.

Then seek the LORD, while yet He may,
In Christ, a loving Friend be found,
To HIM with soften'd spirits pray,
"Till in your souls his grace abound.

And O! tell every child you see,
To give this Lord their early days;
That by and bye they here may be,
And sing with us His endless praise.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

There are no later accounts from England than the 12th Oct. At that time Spain continued the theatre of civil war, and was in a frightful state. In England all was quiet. The cholera was making great ravages in the south of France, and in Italy—a country which it passed by in its former course to Great Britain.—The matter in dispute between France and the United States, seems no nearer an adjustment than it was a year ago; and some papers speak of the possibility of a rupture.—There is a bad spirit of insubordination to the laws abroad in the United States, threatening a dissolution of the confederacy, if not checked in time, and giving us cause for satisfaction in the possession of the far greater security of life and property, which our tried constitution affords.—The affairs of Canada are daily increasing in interest:—we are sorry, but not surprised, to find by the answer of the House of Assembly to the Governor's speech, that that

Body is as far from peace as ever:—the arrogance and turbulence of Papineau seem to increase in proportion to the conciliatory tone assumed by the Executive; and it is evident, that nothing short of Revolution will satisfy him. Our own Provincial Legislature, happily of a more peaceful spirit, is summoned to meet for the dispatch of business, on the 21st January.

An affectionate Address to Parents.

CHRISTIAN PARENTS,

The indifference which is so often observed in the conduct of parents, as to the spiritual improvement of their children; and the neglect they discover in not availing themselves of means of instruction provided for their benefit; have induced one who is affectionately concerned for the best interests of the rising generation, to address a few short and simple reflections for your consideration. May God by his Holy Spirit impress them upon your consciences, and induce you seriously to lay them to heart.

God has intrusted to your care the children by whom you are surrounded. They are, as the Psalmist tells us, (Ps. cxxvii. 3.) "an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord." They have each an immortal soul, which is to be saved or lost to all eternity. What then is your duty to them? I expect you seriously to ask yourselves this question, which perhaps has never occurred to you before. The duty to which I refer is not that which regards the care of their bodies, but the salvation of their souls. Here is a Church, and here is a Minister, and here is a Sunday School, and here are Teachers, and here is a Sabbath, and here are Bibles. All these are the gifts of God to you, for your own benefit, and the benefit of your children. Use and improve them in the way which God has intended. Make no silly excuses: talk not about dress: take no foolish affront when any little unpleasant circumstance happens. Think of the souls of your children. Remember the trials, the temptations, the dangers, the cares, and sorrows of this world: reflect upon the awful realities of death, and judgment, and eternity; and so far as in you lies, endeavour to secure for your children, who have to pass through this wicked world, and who must with yourselves appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, the shield of religion for their happiness. Bring them up, not as the brute beasts that perish; not as the heathen, "without God in the world;" but as Christians, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Send them regularly to Church and to School, and send them at the proper time. If you do not thus joyfully, thankfully, and faithfully improve the means which God has graciously given you for the salvation of your children, how will you be able to give an account of yourselves before the judgment-seat of Christ, at the last day? You are parents who bear the Christian name: act then as Christian parents. Attend to your own salvation, and then to that of your children. Give no occasion for a child to say, "I am sent to School and to Church every Sunday, but my parents never go to the house of God themselves. I am taught that religion is every thing; but my parents seem to treat it as if it were nothing." Parents, this is a sad story, a bitter reflection; let me beseech you to give no occasion for it. Give the Sabbath of God to the God of the Sabbath. Let your Minister, let your teachers, let your neighbours, see that you know and value, and are anxious to improve, your unspeakably precious privileges. Oh! think how it will increase your guilt, and overwhelm you with shame and horror, if when you come to stand before the bar of God, your children should appear as your accusers, and reproach you in some such language as this; "You never taught us, when we were young, our duty. You suffered us to grow up in ignorance. There was a Sunday School in which many children were instructed 'in the things which belong to their everlasting peace,' but you kept us away. There was a Church, but you never attended it yourselves: there was a Sabbath, but you set us your example of breaking it. You have been the cause of our ruin. We are lost for ever! The fires of hell are kindled; the Judge is seated on His throne; devils triumph over us, and are ready to drag us away to endless torments; and all the horrors that await us, we trace up to your cruel neglect, your sinful indifference as to the care of our never-dying souls, when we were under your roof." Oh! parents, if you love your children, think of these

things. Now is the accepted time, both for them and yourselves: to day is the day of salvation. Pray for them: use every means for their spiritual improvement; and above all, see that they witness, at home, the excellence of that religion in which they are instructed in the house of God, and at Sunday School. And then, think, if through the blessing of God upon your endeavours, your children are brought to know and practice the truth as it is, in Jesus, what will be your joy, your thankfulness, and delight, should you at last appear with them before the assembled universe, and in reliance upon the merits of the Redeemer through whom you have obtained mercy, be able in humble confidence to present them to Him, who is at once your Sovereign and your Judge, saying, "Behold I, and the children which thou hast given me."

The following account of the last day of the sitting of the late General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Philadelphia, is extracted from the Episcopal Recorder:—

Tuesday, Sept. 1.—As it was the last day of the convention, so was it, by eminence, the day of glorious issues for the Church. The Board of Missions, at the call of the venerable presiding Bishop, held its first meeting, and appointed its two committees—that for domestic missions to be located in the city of New York, and that for foreign missions in the city of Philadelphia. The important business of the session was tending to a close. The whole day had been diligently occupied with the most solemn duties. The Canon "of Missionary Bishops" had received the final sanction of both houses. Two over-shepherds were to be sent out, the messengers of the Church, to gather and to feed, under the direction of the House of Bishops, the scattered sheep that wander, with no man to care for their souls, through all the wide and distant West. It was an act, in this Church, never exercised before. And yet, upon its due discharge, interests depended which outweigh the world, and will run out into eternity. In the Church (St Andrew's) the representatives of the dioceses are assembled. They wait, in their proper places, the eventful issue; while expectation thrills the hearts of all the multitude which throngs the outer courts. In a retired apartment, the fathers of the Church are in deep consultation. There are twelve assembled. They kneel in silent prayer.—They rise. They cast their ballots. A presbyter, whose praise is in all the churches, is called by them to have a heritage as fair as ever fell to mortal man, and bear his Master's Cross through the deep forests of the vast South-west. Again the ballots are prepared. They are cast in in silence. They designate to the same arduous work, where broad Missouri pours her rapid tide, another, known and loved of all, whom from a humbler lot, the Saviour now has called to feed his sheep. A messenger bears the result to the assembled deputies. A breathless silence fills the house of God. It is announced that Francis L. Hawks and Jackson Kemper, doctors in divinity, are nominated the two first missionary Bishops of the Church; and all the delegates, as with a single voice, confirm the designation.

One scene remains—The night is far advanced. The drapery of solemn black, which lines the Church, seems more funereal in the faint light of expiring lamps. The congregation linger still, to hear the parting counsels of their fathers in the Lord. There is a stir in the deep chancel. The Bishops enter, and array themselves in their appropriate seats. The aged patriarchs, at whose hands they all have been invested with the warrant of their holy trust, stands in the desk,—in aspect, meek, serene and venerable, as the beloved John at Ephesus, when the sole survivor of the apostolic band, he daily urged upon his flock the affectionate lesson, "Little children, love one another!" Erect and tall, though laden with the weight of almost ninety winters, and with a voice distinct and clear, he holds enchanted all eyes, all ears, all hearts, while, with sustained and vigorous spirit he recites, in the behalf and name of all his brethren, the pastoral message, drawn from the stores of his long hoarded learning, enforced by the deductions of all his old experience, and instinct throughout with the seraphic meekness of his wisdom. He ceases from his faithful testimony. The voice of melody, in the befitting words of that delightful psalm, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," melts every heart. And then, all knees are bent, to ask once more as something to be borne and cherished in after life, the apostolic benediction of that good old man.