

THE LAST DAYS OF WILLIAM JAMES.

(By James Davies, of Devauden.)

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men."—I cannot better begin a short but faithful account of a youth, whose life was truly pious, and who, at his death, appeared to be favoured by God in a very extraordinary manner. His name was William, and he was son of Thomas and Alice James, cottagers, in the parish of Kilgerrig, in Monmouth-shire. They lived about a mile from Devauden. William's mother instructed him, his brothers and sisters, in spelling and reading, and was careful in keeping them from bad company, and in making them observe the Sabbath. I had no particular acquaintance with William or his parents, but remember seeing him repeatedly come to church by himself when he was about ten years of age; and sometimes he had his little brother with him, who died about two years ago. I was surprised and pleased to see a child so young come alone to the house of God; and, therefore, I often spoke a kind word or two to him, and encouraged him to persevere. His father very seldom came to Kilgerrig church; his mother was a dissenter.

He told me in his last illness, that even at that time he has often gone home from church bathed in tears, and that he actually felt the power of religion when he was twelve years old. Let us for a moment make a solemn pause, and admire the gracious dealings of the Almighty with him, and the tender mercies of the Saviour, who, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, was fitting and preparing this dear child for an early death.

About two years ago his religious feelings were greatly deepened, under a sermon preached by some stranger; who the person was who was the honoured instrument of carrying on the work of grace in William James's soul, I do not know, but I believe his name was Williams. From this time he gave himself up more earnestly to prayer and the duties of religion, as far as the necessary business of a labourer's life would admit of. After he had risen in the morning, and finished his prayer by the bed-side, his father would lose him for an hour or more; and when he came home, the knees of his trousers would be dirtied, or wet, from his kneeling down to prayers where he had been. This was his regular practice, he having been seen by different people apparently earnestly engaged in prayer, sometimes in a wood, at other times under a hedge, or in some private place, where he thought no eye would see him but the eye of God. I have heard from several of my scholars, since his death, that some years ago he was cruelly persecuted by wicked boys, who would laugh at him and call him names, and watch him, and follow him into the wood, and disturb him at his prayers, and mock him wherever he went.

At the harvest time it is the custom of the inhabitants of this part of the country, to go to work in the distant parishes, where the corn is earliest ripe.—They often go out in companies on the Monday, and return home on the Saturday nights: during their absence they sleep in barns, or stables, or wherever they can get shelter. William used to go with them and reap, or rather bind up the sheaves after the reapers, and he was both able and willing to do a hard day's work. At this laborious season, when, poor fellow, he must have found rest very desirable and necessary, he would rise up early before light for devotional purposes; and when the companions with whom he had left home were going to the field they would see him on his knees at prayers. After leaving off their work he would separate himself from them, and they would see no more of him till bed-time.

It is needless to say, that the dear fellow, whose daily walk was with God, was also a diligent observer of the Sabbath, and a regular attendant at public worship, because that was his happiness and delight. According to his father's account he was a most dutiful, humble, harmless, and inoffensive child during his whole life. He caught a violent cold about seven weeks before his death, which turned to an inflammation of the lungs. He had been ill four weeks before I knew any thing of it. Three weeks before his death his father came to me and said, he had a favour to ask me, for his son was dangerously ill, and desired very much to see me. I went directly with his father, and found poor William, who, but a short time before, had been a fine tall robust young fellow as any in the parish, lying in bed reduced almost to skin and bones. Never did I see any one sunk as he was! Poor dear fellow! He shook my hand, and seemed very glad to see me. After talking to him a little, I asked him if he rested all his hopes of pardon and salvation on Jesus Christ alone: he said he did, indeed; and never from that time did I see his faith stagger or fail. He was not a boy of much conversation. When I read the Bible to him, which I did frequently, and spoke to him on the subjects I had been reading about, and upon the leading doctrines of the Gospel, he seemed quite to understand and enjoy it, and thanked me over and over again with great earnestness for doing so, and expressed himself in such language of affection and gratitude as I should not like to repeat, it would seem so like boasting in me. His views of the way of salvation appeared to me to be quite clear. I prayed with him in the best manner I could in my poor way, as often as I thought him able to hear me and join with me in it; and he did join in it very devoutly. Once he said to me, "I wish I could get up and kneel with you;" and I said to him, "My dear fellow! God sees the desires of your heart, and he will accept them; and you may be sure he will hear and answer your prayers when you offer them in the best manner you can." Poor dear fellow! I took such an interest in him, knowing him to be a choice Christian, that I sat up with him the greatest part of every night from that time to his death, two nights only excepted. I considered it one of the greatest privileges of my whole life to have had an opportunity afforded me for showing any marks of kindness to one of Christ's redeemed ones. His illness was such that he had not much conversation. It was often interrupted, and carried on in such short sentences, that I cannot recollect it as I wish to do. He seemed to me full of love to God and confidence in the Redeemer.—During the greater part of the time that I was with him, he had a violent fever attending his complaint, which was so very severe, that his poor flesh seemed to be almost in a broiling state, and he required something to drink every five minutes.

During the severity of the fever, which was worse by night than by day, I never heard a murmuring or complaining word escape his lips: in his greatest sufferings he would pray earnestly, "Lord, help me!" I would sometimes say to him, "My dear fellow, God will help you; he will never forsake his suffering child: wait with patience a little while, and he will take you to himself, where pain and sickness can never come." At other times he would pray, "Lord, create in me a clean heart. Lord, give me more faith in the Lord Jesus Christ;" and sometimes in his greatest sufferings he would clasp his hands together, and raise them up, saying, "Let us rejoice." "My dear friend," I would say, "in a little time you will rejoice in a manner

you have never yet done." About a fortnight before his death, he said to his mother, "Mother, mother, I have heard music, and I have seen three or four companies in white." It was in the morning that he mentioned this, and she thought he had dreamed it. When she told me, I shed a great many tears, for I was persuaded that my dear friend would not recover. After this he appeared to be getting better, and his distressed father and mother were in hopes of his recovery. When he understood it, he said, "I do not wish to live: I had rather die; for if I should recover, I might fall back to the world." His father and mother were most kind and attentive to him, watching over him and meeting all his wants and wishes with tenderness and care. One time he spoke out loud, "I shall die, ay, and go to heaven too, and that is best of all." The last night of his life I sat up with him to about half-past four o'clock in the morning, and such a scene I never witnessed; he was labouring under difficulty of breathing and much weakness, all the while his countenance was quite calm and composed, and very often in smiles. There was so much love and sweetness in it, and such astonishing dignity, that he seemed to be above his sufferings, above the world and all its concerns.

Here I am called on to remark, that nothing short of the presence and power of the Lord could have given him such peace and joy in the near approach of death, and in the prospect of eternity. To the best of my knowledge and belief he had the full use of his reasoning faculties and understanding all the time.—He was so weak that he could not reach any thing to his mouth, but with great quickness he put his hands one into the other, and raised them above his head, and said, "Praise God!" It is thankfully to be remembered, that in all his pain, suffering, and much weakness, the merciful Saviour so carried his tender lamb in his bosom, that no doubt ever crossed his mind, and through the whole of his sickness, the temper was never suffered to harass or disturb him. His uncle and I were sitting up with him his last night, and he reached his hand out to his uncle, and most affectionately shook hands with him, and looking earnestly at him, he said, "Uncle, you do not pray always!" "No, Billy," he replied, "I do not."—"O uncle, do pray to God." Some time after this he reached his poor trembling hand to me, and in the kindest manner squeezed my hand in his for about four or five minutes, and with his other hand drew me quite close up to him; afterwards he looked to the top of the room with great earnestness three several times, and once more he looked straight before him with the same intent earnestness, and touching my face, he pointed his finger as if for me to look in that direction at what he saw; I did so, but I could see nothing; yet I have no doubt but the glorious messengers sent to him from heaven were then appearing before him, [if not to his bodily sight, yet to the eye of faith].—There was a wonderful sweetness and dignity in his countenance. His father then came upstairs, and he caught hold of his hand and said, "Father, I shall have a fine journey to heaven this morning, this very morning!" and that same morning he died a little before seven o'clock. I heard, that after I left him he put one of his feet out of bed, and raising up his arm with great quickness, he said, "Father, there! there is the Lord Jesus Christ! help me to go to him!" Whether the Saviour actually showed himself to his suffering child, as he did to Stephen, I will not presume to say: but God's word teaches us that "He is about our bed, and about our path, and speth out all our ways;" and that He "will manifest himself unto his people as He doth unto the world."

Immediately before his death he raised his arm with his usual quickness, and at the same time looked up to the top of the room, and he cried out, (to use his own expressions of delight), "Yonder, they be come!" These were his last words, and then sweetly smiling, he died without a struggle or a groan. His sufferings are ended, the victory is won, and "he is more than conqueror through Him that loved him." The dear fellow breathed his last on the 19th of October, 1838, and he was seventeen years and three months old. His poor body was buried in Newchurch church-yard; and I hope, when I am dead, that my body will be laid in the same grave beside his body; for, poor fellow, I shall never forget him.

The Garner.

UNGOULDY CONVERSATION.

There is another sort, though not so shocking, yet more extensively mischievous; when they, who profess religion, and think they are serious in the profession, as surely, if it be a truth, it is the most serious one that can be, allow themselves inadvertently in saying what tends to their ruin: when they speak with disregard of the appointed methods of supporting it in the world: when they join in loose harangues against enthusiasm and superstition without putting in due cautions to distinguish them from the most rational feelings of love, and marks of respect, to our Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier which Christianity hath enjoined: when they, who by no means intend to be profane, repeat the profane things that others have said or done, with indulgence and pleasure: when they carry on discourse, that reflects upon doctrines, which they themselves inwardly believe; and treat duties with indifference, or even contempt, which at the same time they acknowledge, and, it may be, practise, as duties. This unmeaning compliance with fashionable talk, which they might easily avoid, yet not be remarkable—or if they were, it would be to their honour—brings them by degrees to think slightly of what they have been affecting to speak slightly of, till their piety wastes away into an empty form: and it is seldom long before they grow ashamed of even that. Thus is their "mouth their destruction, and their lips the snare of their souls." At least they lead others into a wrong way, who are afterwards tempted to go farther; they permit themselves to be suspected; they desert the defence of religion, when it wants all possible help; and are false to their own cause. All good men therefore should be very careful, that their outward appearance do not contradict their inward faith. Doubtless there are seasons, in which pleasantness is proper: but there are subjects, on which it is never proper; and religion is one. Abruptly intruding grave maxims into the midst of mirth, without any thing to call for them, would be disgusting and absurd. But still, whatever difference of manner different occasions may require, as they certainly require a very great one, we should always continue the same in our gayest hours, that we are in our most serious; and preserve an uniformity of character throughout. Nor can there be any character more consistent or amiable, than their's, whom dutiful regard to the greatest and best of beings influences, not only to be just and good in their behaviour, but sometimes instructive sometimes entertaining, always innocent, in their conversation.

CHRISTIANITY A WARFARE.

Christianity is well termed a warfare, for a warfare it is wherein no danger can be prevented, no enemy conquered, no victory obtained, without much courage and resolution. I have not only many outward enemies to grapple with, but I have myself, my worst enemy, to encounter and subdue. As for those enemies which are not so near me, by the assistance of God's Spirit, I can make pretty good shift to keep them at sword's point. But this enemy that is gotten within me has so often foiled and disarmed me, that I have reason to say, as David

did of his enemies, "it is too strong for me;" and as he said of the chief of his, "I shall one day fall by the hands of Saul;" so have I too much occasion to say, I shall one day fall by myself, as being myself the greatest enemy to my own spiritual interest and concerns. How necessary is it then that I should raise and muster up all my force and courage, put on my spiritual armour, and make myself strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might? I know I must strive before I can "enter in at the strait gate;" I must win the crown before I can wear it, and be a member of the Church militant, before I be admitted into the Church triumphant. In a word, I must go through a solitary wilderness, and conquer many enemies before I come to the land of Canaan, or else I must never be possessed of it.—Bishop Beveridge.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HUMAN AND DIVINE LOVE.

The Divine love is never attended with those turbulent passions, perturbations, or wrestlings within itself, of fear, desire, grief, anger, or any such like, whereby our love is wont to explicate and unfold its affection towards its object. But as the Divine love is perpetually most infinitely ardent and potent, so it is always calm and serene, unchangeable, having no such ebblings and flowings, no such diversity of station and retrogradations as that love hath in us, which ariseth from the weakness of our understandings, that do not present things to us always in the same Orient lustre and beauty: neither we, nor any other mundane being (all which are in a perpetual flux) are always the same. Besides, though our love may sometimes transport us and violently read us from ourselves and from all self-enjoyment, yet the more forcible it is, by so much the more it will be apt to torment us, while it cannot centre itself in that which it so strongly endeavours to attract to it; and when it possesseth most, yet it is always hungry and craving; it will always be filling itself, but, like a leaking vessel, it will be always emptying itself again. Whereas the infinite ardour of the Divine love, arising from the unbounded perfection of the Divine Being, always rests satisfied within itself, and is wrapt up and rests in the same central unity in which it first begins.—Rev. John Smith, [died 1652.]

THE TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Doubtless it is a glorious sight to see "the trees of righteousness," as the prophet denotates the established people of God, "planted by the rivets of water, bringing forth their fruit in due season," lifting up their heads to heaven, in all the strength, and vigour, and beauty, which the dews of the Spirit have imparted, and the rays of the sun of righteousness have chequered, and standing unbroken and uninjured beneath the heaviest gale that blows, defying alike the tempest and the flood. It may be a less glorious, but it is not even a more encouraging sight to the Christian, to mark these same trees, "the planting of the Lord," just as they are struggling into existence, their head for the first time emerging from the underwood, and their weak and feeble stem drawing up from amidst the shelter that has shielded them, bending beneath every wind that blows, and appearing unable to stand the shock, with which the first strong gale shall visit them? It is a blessed and a soul-encouraging sight to the Christian, because in that small and yielding sapling, he sees the stern unbending oak of centuries yet to come, the father of the forest, upon which all storms, all tempests, shall exert their violence, but in vain.—While others think only of the weakness of the tree, he is thinking of the strength and permanency of the root; he knows that, far beneath the surface, and far beyond the sight of man, the root of that frail tree has driven its fibres firm and fast into the living Rock, and let the stem be shaken as it may above, all is secure below; and let the hurricane sweep with resistless force across the forest, and every other tree fall prostrate beneath its arm, he knows that this may bend, but cannot break, and though it stoop to earth, shall rise again the stronger and the more serene, imperishable and indestructible, for it shall adorn the paradise of God.—Rev. Henry Blunt.

UNTHANKFUL CHRISTIANS.

How many in times of sickness, when God afflicts their body, and death is staring them in the face, are ready enough to make promises of repentance and amendment, if God will only spare their lives! They cry, as the lepers cried before they were healed, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us! have mercy on us, Almighty God! deliver us this once from the pains of death; and we will lead a new life, and serve thee faithfully for the time to come." Such is their prayer, while the sickness is upon them. Well! it pleases God to hear their prayer; he gives them another trial: he raises them up from their sick bed, and restores them to health and strength. What follows? Do they keep in mind the vows which they made during their trouble? Do they give themselves up to the service of God, and throw themselves at the feet of Jesus, or rather lay their hearts and their sins there, which is the thing spiritually meant? One in a way may be grateful enough to do this. But how many do nothing of the sort! How often, in such cases, has one reason to say, "Ten were cleansed; but where are the nine?"—Rev. A. W. Hare.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SACRED OFFICE.

In describing this awful responsibility of the sacred office, I am but delineating a picture of the duties and dangers which attach to my own situation. I too have entered into the temple of the Lord as a minister as well as a disciple, and receiving into my hands the awful, yet affectionate, charge of feeding the flock of Christ as a good shepherd, have consecrated my life to the service of my Redeemer at the altar, and given up my years, my strength, and my understanding to the holy vocation of becoming a spiritual guide to the weak, and a moral and religious guardian of the wandering. I have entered into the field of God's spiritual harvest as a labourer, and labour I henceforth must to the end of my days, and at the peril of my soul. The vows I uttered were holy, and cannot be broken; are past, and beyond the power of recall. The faith in which I have been nurtured, therefore, I must teach till I die; else should I here on earth be counted a burthen to society, because a mark for the finger of unbelieving scorn to point at, and grow into a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence for them that are ready to perish out of the way. Such are the melancholy consequences which flow from the idleness or evil of a servant of God, in this world and to others; whilst for himself he is working out at the same time, in the world to come, an eternal union with that wretched company of apostate angels who are described to us by Him whose word is truth, as trembling whilst they believe, and weeping with the wailings of despair at the consciousness of their own everlasting exclusion from the presence of God in Glory.—Rev. C. Benson.

NOVELTY IN DEVOTION.

Whereas some may account it much spiritualness to despise what they have heard before, and to desire continued variety in prayer, it seems rather to be want of spiritualities that makes that needful, for that we find not our affections lively in that holy exercise, unless they be awakened and stirred up by new expressions; whereas the soul that is earnest on the thing itself, for itself, panting after the grace of God and for the pardon of sin, regards not in what terms it is attended, whether new or old; yet, though it be in those words it hath heard and uttered a thousand times, yet still it is new to a spiritual mind. And surely the desires that do move in that constant way have more evidence of sincerity and true vigour in them, than those that depend upon new notions and words to move them, and cannot stir without them. It may be, it is another but a false flash of temporary devotion, that arises in a man's heart, which comes by some moving strain of prayer that is new. But when confessions of sin, and requests of pardon, though in never so low and accustomed terms, carry his heart along with them heavenward, it is then more sure that the Spirit of God dwelleth in him, and the sense of the things themselves, the esteem of the blood of Christ, and the favour of God, do move the heart,

where there is no novelty of words to help it. Beware that in fancying continual variety in prayer, that he be not more of the flesh than of the spirit, and the head working more than the seat in the invention, but in the affection. In this may deceive themselves, in that they think the work of their spirit of prayer to be mainly in furnishing new supplies of thoughts and words; no, it is mainly in exciting the heart anew, at times of prayer, to break forth itself in ardent desires to God, whatever the words be, whether new or old, yes, possibly without words.—Archbishop Leighton.

MONARCHY.

As anarchy is the worst of misgovernments, so monarchy is the best of governments, the most ancient, the most universal, the most natural, the most noble, the most advantageous form of government. I do not deny the lawfulness of other forms, but I do altogether deny that any other form is so noble, so natural, or so much from God. There is one God in the world, a monarchy; one soul in the body, a monarchy; one sun in the heavens, a monarchy; one master in each family, and one monarch in each society. It was good counsel which Lycurgus gave a mutinous citizen, that would have had him bring a democracy into the State, that he should try it first how he liked it in his own house, and suffer his servants to be his quartermasters.—The silly bees do teach us this much, who know no law but the law of nature, yet they have their king. And that which is much more strange which I have seen by ocular experience, Take their king prisoner in a cage, as it is usual to do, and they will feed him with honey through the nicks and crevices of the cage. So long as you detain him there they will never swarm, nor seek for new habitations themselves. Remove him and his prison to another hive, and they will all flock after him, and travail for him. Put a strange king into his cage or prison, and they will be so far from feeding him, that they will stop up all the holes of the cage with wax, and starve him for an usurper.—How much more are the silly bees observant of the law of nature than degenerated men. In sum, the soul of sovereign power which is infused by God into democracy and aristocracy, is the same that is in monarchy. But the organ is not the same nor so apt to attain the end. But God and nature do always intend that which is best, that is monarchy. And in some cases the existence of kingly government is from God, as well as the essence. But God never instituted any other form than monarchical. He himself vouchsafed to be king of his people, and gave them first Moses as a viceroy; Moses was king in Jeshurun. And afterwards he hath them a radiated succession of kings. No Commonwealth hath the like plea for itself.—Archbishop Bramhall.

Advertisements.

WM. STODART & SONS, PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS, TO HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, No. 1, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON.

H. & W. ROWSELL, having been appointed Agents by Messrs. Stodart & Sons for the sale of their PIANO-FORTES in Canada, will be happy to receive orders for any of their Instruments to be imported from England. The following is a List of the various Instruments, with prices in Sterling money, to which 50 per cent must be added for cost of packages, difference of exchange, freight, insurance, &c.

Table listing piano-forte models and prices, including Mahogany, Fine Mah. Rosewood, and Walnut.

Persons who desire to have Pianos sent from England by the earliest Spring Vessels, should give their orders immediately. King Street, Toronto, and Brock Street, Kingston, April, 1841.

MR. J. M. HIRSCHFELDER, LATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG, WILL give Private Instructions in the above languages.—Applications made at Messrs. J. & W. ROWSELL'S Music Salon, and at Messrs. ROWSELL'S, Booksellers, King Street, will meet with punctual attention. King Street, July 10, 1841.

BOHE DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOL. THIS Institution will be re-opened, after the summer recess, on Monday, the 13th of September next. Arrangements have been made to receive an additional number of boys, as in-door pupils.—Terms moderate, and made known on application to the Head Master. The business of Mrs. Crombie's Seminary will also be resumed on the same day. Four or five vacancies are open for Young Ladies, as Boarders.

M. C. CROMBIE, Head Master H. D. G. S. Toronto, 21st August, 1841.

DENTAL SURGERY. A. V. BROWN, M.D., Surgeon, Dentist, begs to announce that he has opened an Office in King Street, one door east of the Commercial Bank, where he has fitted up apartments for those Ladies and Gentlemen who may require his professional services. PAINFUL TEETH inserted from one to an entire set, decayed teeth filled with gold and the cement, which will entirely arrest their decay, and prevent them from aching. Toothache effectually cured, and, in most cases, the tooth preserved for life. Artificial Teeth made upon the most approved principles. Reference can be made to the following Medical and other Gentlemen:—Dr. O'Reilly, Hamilton; Dr. Kellogg, Hamilton; Col. Kingsmill, Niagara; Dr. Lee, London; Dr. McKenize, London; Villiers Street, New York. Toronto, Sept. 10, 1841.

DR. PRINCE, (Late of Newmarket.) OPPOSITE LADY CAMPBELL'S, DUKE STREET. Toronto, 7th August, 1841.

TORONTO AXE FACTORY, HOSPITAL STREET. THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for past favours, and would respectfully inform them that in addition to his former Works, he has purchased the above Establishment, formerly owned by the late HAYES, SIBBARD, and COMPANY, and is now manufacturing CAST STEEL AXES of a superior quality. Orders sent to the Factory, or to his Store, 122 King Street, will be thankfully received and promptly executed. Cutlery and Edge Tools of every description manufactured to order. SAMUEL SHAW. Toronto, October 6, 1841.

J. E. PELL, FROM LONDON, ENGLAND, CARVER, GLIDER, LOOKING GLASS & PICTURE FRAME MAKER, Corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, Toronto.

MANUFACTURES every thing in the above lines in the first style and on the most reasonable terms. J. E. P. has, at the present time, some splendid French plates on hand: Window Cornices, Room Bordering, and Miniature Frames of the latest London fashion. 11-6m Toronto, Sept. 18, 1841.

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G. & T. BILTON respectfully inform their friends, that they are receiving, DIRECT FROM ENGLAND, a choice selection of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Diamond Beaver Cloths, Mixtures, &c. ALSO, A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF Velvet, French Chino, Satin, & Marsella Vesting. They having bought for cash, at reduced prices, are able to take off TEN PER CENT of their usual charges. Clergymen's and Barristers' ROBES, made in the neatest style. Toronto, July 14, 1841.

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THOMAS J. PRESTON, WOOLLEN DRAPER AND TAILOR, No. 2, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING-STREET, TORONTO.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE received direct from London seventeen packages, containing the undermentioned articles, which will be found fresh, and of the finest quality:

- 60 doz. Mixed Pickles, assorted,
40 doz. French Capers,
30 doz. Mushroom Catchup,
100 doz. Mustard, in 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. bottles,
10 doz. Assorted Sauces,
4 doz. French Olives,
4 doz. Anchovy Paste,
24 cases of Preserved Salmon,
12 doz. Cayenne Peppers,
10 barrels Mixed Anchovies.

ALEX. OGILVIE & Co., 197, King Street, Toronto, July 20, 1841.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE received direct from London seventeen packages, containing the undermentioned articles, which will be found fresh, and of the finest quality:

- 60 doz. Mixed Pickles, assorted,
40 doz. French Capers,
30 doz. Mushroom Catchup,
100 doz. Mustard, in 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. bottles,
10 doz. Assorted Sauces,
4 doz. French Olives,
4 doz. Anchovy Paste,
24 cases of Preserved Salmon,
12 doz. Cayenne Peppers,
10 barrels Mixed Anchovies.

ALEX. OGILVIE & Co., 197, King Street, Toronto, 29th July, 1841.

Earthen, China, and Glassware Establishment, No. 10, New City Buildings, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, KING STREET.

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