

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sept. 6.—12th Sunday after Trinity.
13.—13th do. do. do.
20.—14th do. do. do.
21.—St. Matthew.
27.—15th Sunday after Trinity.

ALBAN, A TALE OF VERULAM.*
CHAPTER IV.—A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

It is said that no pain is so exquisite as that which accompanies the return of life after its temporary suspension in the body. It is even so in the mind. A spark of divine truth, of such as in the days of Adam's innocence lighted up and gave life to all its operations, when once introduced into its darkened and corrupt receptacle, immediately commences a struggle with the powers of darkness there, so violent as to convulse its frail framework even to peril of dissolution. So was it now with Alban. He could neither rest in mind nor in body; throughout the day he wandered about, sometimes taking short and hasty turns in his portico, then threading the walks of his garden, and looking with a vain endeavour of attention upon some favourite tree or flower, and then sallaying forth into the fields.

He had now found out a people who professed to have that very knowledge which his father so much desired; and not only professed, but founded all their hopes, and built all their conduct upon it, and so firmly as not to be shaken by the severest trials of the world. They were indeed a people whom his father had ever held in contempt and detestation; but this, he now found, had been caused by misrepresentation. He himself had been equally confirmed in the same error; for error he now began to acknowledge it to be. Had there been no other motive therefore, duty towards his father would have prompted him to proceed in the enquiry.—But this motive was quite absorbed in the boundless curiosity, the overpowering interest which the adventure of the past night had excited. He was determined to arrive at a full knowledge of the whole of that system of which but a part only had so exceedingly affected him; accordingly, as soon as the dusk of evening came on, he was again on his way to the wood.

It was not until after much perplexity and many a devious winding, that he gained the glade of the Druid's circle. Here he could not help pausing, not only for rest, but also for an examination of the singular spectacle presented to him. The rude altar, composed of an immense slab of unheven stone, reclining upon several upright supporters of stone equally unchiselled, threw its gigantic form in deep shadow against the moonlight, which reposed on the trees of the opposite belt of the circle. Tufts of grass and fern nodded to the wind from its summit, and proclaimed, more distinctly than words could, the complete ruin of the ancient British superstition.

Since the religion of his conqueror had made but little impression, if indeed any, upon the Briton, this abandonment of his national altars could be ascribed to nothing but that devourer of all previous religions, Christianity. Before this stranger, with which the worship of the eternal city was now maintaining a struggle for life and death, and quailing before its inevitable advance, had fallen that proud and artfully-wrought fabric of superstition which had extended, in all the amplitude of priestly magnificence and power, from the Alps to the Orcaades. This, to which the Briton had clung the more closely as the Roman endeavoured to draw him off, and make him an associate in the religion of the empire, he had willingly foregone for one which he was to share with Romans. Surely, thought Alban, there is some wondrous power of allurements in Christianity, and if it really possess those blessings, which last night I heard its votaries profess, it is the voice of God; let it but convince as strongly as it affects deeply, and who but the fool can resist it? Thus was Alban insensibly and unconsciously becoming Christian, and he thought himself impartial and indifferent long after he had effectually passed through the entrance, without a possibility of return.

While he was gazing, and occupied with these thoughts, suddenly the wind arose, and the forest began to roar with the sound of many waterfalls. A torrent of rain shortly poured down, which compelled Alban to flee for shelter. He ran into the entrance of one of the cells; he had not stood there long before he observed a light reflected against the further end. On going up to it, he found a short passage to his right hand, and this led him into a room, where a fire, blazing from a heap of dry boughs, threw a bright light around. Seated at the hearth, and tending the fire with much diligence, was a wild-looking boy, who started up from his seat at his entrance; another head also raised itself from a bed of dry leaves, overspread with skins and garments, and placed at the other side of the room. The face was one of exceeding dignity, and venerable age; but the features were shrunk and wan, and betrayed that ghastly look of approaching dissolution, which his father's last moments had so deeply impressed upon his memory.—The light fitfully played upon them, and the deep shade showed their hollowness with great distinctness.

Shocked at intruding upon such a scene, Alban made a short excuse for the interruption, and was turning round to retire, when the old man called him back, and said, with an accent and idiom which shewed that he was a Briton, "Stranger (and Roman too I perceive), be not so hasty to quit this house of shelter to which God hath brought thee; the storm is still beating against the wall, and you will shortly be lost in the wood; take your seat by the fire, until it shall have past over. I thank God that he has guided thee hither, and made my hearth a refuge for one of his children in distress; for veritable child of his thou art, or surely wilt be, if I mistake not that countenance. Sit down, sit down.—Do not think of intrusion. I rejoice at this arrival.—Thou art the giver, I the receiver."

He then spoke some words to the boy, which were unintelligible to Alban's ear, for they were British.—The boy ran out, and presently returned with several large stones, which on laying down and putting a board across, he beckoned Alban to sit down, and then resuming his seat on the opposite side of the fire, gazed intently at him with a wild look of untaught curiosity. The old man also kept his eye fastened upon him, but with a look of exceeding benevolence. Alban repeated his excuses, saying that he had never dreamed of intruding upon an occupant, where all was to outward appearance ruin and desolation. He then expressed his surprise at finding a splendid Druidical pile, the religious metropolis of the district, in so forlorn a state, and enquired how long this had happened. The old man here raised himself up in his bed, and looking earnestly at a narrow window, through which a star was visible (for the sky by this time was fast clearing), and shone exactly over the central part of the altar, said,

"It was on this night, ay and at this very hour (pointing to the star), that I offered the last sacrifice which burned upon yonder altar. Oh blessed night, and blessed hour, in which thy chains fell off, and I ceased from the service of demons! Thanks for it, O my glorious Lord and Redeemer." Here he paused, and raising his eyes to heaven, moved his lips in silent prayer.

From these expressions, which were quite of the same cast as those which he had overheard at the hut, Alban readily concluded that this Druid had become Christian. He was delighted with this unexpected opportunity of pursuing his enquiry. He could not have applied to a better source. Here was one who had belonged to a proud and overbearing priesthood, which monopolized all power, spiritual, bodily, and mental, amid their countrymen, and he had yet become most gladly reconciled to a sect which was not only unpretending and lowly, but also disclaimed all earthly power. Here then he would find the very essence of the Christian system: he was eager for the discovery, and with an impatience of tone, which might readily be mistaken for the expression of indignant or contemptuous surprise, cried out, "I presume then, old man, that you are become a Christian?"

The old man answered with a keen and enquiring, but resolute look, "I am, young man; and shouldst thou be one of those bloodhounds with which the governor of Verulam is tracking the path of the Christian, I give thee joy. Thou hast been successful. Here in this den thou hast hunted down one. Yet is your game hardly worth the carrying; life will have left me before you can have dragged me to the verge of this forest. Is it not shameful for you Romans to exercise your rage upon weak women, helpless children, and dying old men?—Were not this better reserved for the German and the Parthian, who, I hear, are carrying fire and sword into your provinces? Chastise them, and leave us alone, who neither do you harm, nor resist you. But God's will be done; take me away with you if you will; but a younger and fresher victim would better suit your rack."

"You mistake me, old man, most grievously have misunderstood me. I am no spy of Bassian's, nor bear I any peculiar hatred to the Christian name. I am indeed no Christian myself, but I am no party to any measures against him, nor will be."

"Indeed!" replied the Druid, "then thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven."

Alban sat for a long time in silence, musing upon the words of the Druid. At last he raised his head, and looking towards the old man, whose eyes he found steadfastly fixed upon him, said, "Father, may I ask you a question?" "Go on, my son," replied the Druid.—"I am wondering," said Alban, "what advantage a Druid could find in Christianity. He already holds the immortality of the soul, and what beyond this does that religion offer?"

"What?—why every thing," replied the Druid; "yea, both it and every thing. For what was our immortality?—a succession of various states of being, unassociated by any links of consciousness and memory. What had such a future lot to do with hope or fear? What were it to me, if to-morrow I should die, and my soul pass into the vilest worm that crawls on the dust, if that wretched state have no connexion through memory with this? We are two distinct beings—distinct as myself and this little bird which has perched itself to sing his even-song at my window. No! there was neither hope nor fear in such a prospect of eternal life."

"But now I know that this soul, this mind, this body, with all the powers of consciousness and memory, shall inherit everlasting life, and according to the thoughts and deeds admitted by it here, shall be happy or wretched hereafter. Now I know that had man been visited by such a future condition as he was entitled to, that condition must, to the very best of us, have been one far inferior to this—must have been one of degradation and punishment. For who among us has lived up even to the light of the law of his own conscience? Whom does not that law condemn? And where shall he find forgiveness? Can a God of justice forgive? Can even a God of love bear with the ungrateful disobedience that mars his works of love? But he has established the means of forgiveness. Here then is the treasure which I have found in Christianity: a blissful immortality to sinful but repentant man."

Here his father's last words came upon Alban. The Druid had given them a direct answer; as direct as if the question on which they contained had been put to him. His soul thrilled with the delight of the discovery. Go on, go on, he cried to the Druid; tell me how you found this treasure, and shew me more distinctly the riches of your treasure.

"God is with thee I see, young man, replied the Druid; his grace hath already fallen upon thee, and prompted thee with this holy curiosity. O how excellent is his goodness to me, in making me his instrument, to call thee to the knowledge of his Gospel! First then, let me tell thee how I found this treasure. You cannot but have wondered how one bred up in the lordly and domineering notions of our haughty priesthood, exulting over fellow man in all the extravagance of self-imputed holiness and spiritual power, how such an one could condescend to the humble level of the weak, the poor, and the despised Christian. Hear, then, how easily God brings such changes to pass.

"It was on the eve of the last midsummer's day but one, that I was called upon, in the established round of duty, to officiate at yonder altar. You are aware, no doubt, that this is among our most solemn festivals; crowds, which it were vain to count, flock to it from every quarter. I was standing at the altar, with the smoke of the sacrifice ascending from it before me, decked in my splendid priestly robes, and having invoked upon the folds of smoke which curled up from the altar, and expanding as they rose, vanished at last into the clear blue vault overhead, I looked down on the immense circle of prostrate worshippers beneath; and then how my heart swelled with pride: I was exalted above my fellow men, standing in the proud situation of mediator between them and God. I felt more than man. I seemed to myself an angel. I was standing erect, when they were bowing. I took a part of the adoration to myself, exulted over the ignorant and vile multitude, and indulged my carnal heart in that triumph of spiritual pride, by which the priest is tempted to put himself in the place of God, and make his worship but the ministry to his own love of domineering and vainglory."

"At this moment a sudden thought, never entertained before, flashed most unaccountably upon my mind. It came indeed from God, unexpecting as an angel's visit. It was directly contrary to the whole train of feeling with which I was then possessed. It was his immediate suggestion, his merciful interposition. All at once this dream of pride, in which I was measuring, with selfish satisfaction, the interval between my people and myself, was broken by the suggestion of the interval between God and myself. His thunderbolt could not have struck me more suddenly or with greater amazement: my mind fell prostrate as at a blow; the tremendous awfulness of my situation opened before me, as it were a gulph at my feet. There was I standing, weak, helpless, guilty man, pleading for weak, helpless, guilty man. I was seized with an agony of fear and perplexity. Luckily my part of the ceremony was now concluded. I hastily descended from the altar, and when all was finished and the crowd dismissed, retired to my cell, and there shut myself up for several days, resolved to follow out this new thought whithersoever it should lead me.

"It led me, indeed, into many and obscure ways; but they had as yet all been untrodden, yea even unsuspected, by me. I made progress, although it was by mere floundering on. Here I stumbled, there I was entangled in thickets. I felt it difficult now to go over in memory a path so very tortuous and perplexed. The end, however, at which I arrived was, that I was guilty before God; that the next life was most probably connected with the same consciousness with this; that therefore it must be one of sorrow to me, for I was impure, and how could I become pure? Could the formal and unmeaning ministrations which my religion applied, to the body, have any efficacy to cleanse the soul? Impossible! I had been pleading for others; what warrant had I for it? How can man plead before God for man? Will even man admit a criminal to plead for a criminal? Common sense rejects the notion.

"In short, with my view thus directed upon sinful man on this side of the grave, and on everlasting retribution on the other, I passed several weeks of doubt, and fear, and agony. Occasionally a ray of comfort, coming whence I knew not, would shine in; but then, when in the next moment it had vanished, the darkness was still deeper than before.

"It was at the time of the very depth of this gloominess of mind, that wandering in this wood, utterly reckless of my path, I met an old man. Occupied with thoughts which gave me no rest, I had stumbled against the root of a tree, and my fall was so violent as to leave me senseless on the ground. On recovery I found myself in his arms; and in his arms he took me spiritually too, as a shepherd the young lamb. He told me the glad tidings of all my doubts and fears; he told me the glad tidings of the salvation of man, how that God's blessed Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, had suffered death on the cross as a sacrifice for our sins, and rose again to assure us of our everlasting life. Thus have I found perfect rest to my troubled spirit: all is peace and serenity and joy. Nor have I been so selfish as to keep such a treasure to myself; my exertions, aided by his, have brought over every one of those who formerly beheld in me a priest of their own vile superstition: yea, O blessed Lord, not a single sheep is wanting." With these words he raised his eyes, and clasped his thin and wasted hands, and a smile of triumphant gratitude enlightened his pale features.

The Druid had exhausted himself by this exertion; henceforward he continued for a long time silent, with his eyes directed upwards. At last he moved his head, and looked towards the window, through which the evening star was now shining bright. After having attentively watched its beautiful disk for some minutes, he turned to Alban and said, "Young stranger, we must now part; the storm is quite hushed, and I am expecting every moment the friend whom I have been just mentioning; with him I would wish to be alone; but be assured that I bless God for having directed thy steps hither."

Alban immediately rose up to depart. But the whole scene had been so novel to him, and so full of overpowering interest from the direct contrast which it afforded to the last hours of his father, to whose question also it proffered a direct answer, that he asked leave to repeat his visit on the following night. "I do not think that you will find me then in this world. Come, however, at all events. God has prompted thy request, and thou wilt surely find some gift awaiting thee here from him. God's fold is not yet full in this wilderness, I perceive." Then, with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, he beckoned Alban to his bedside, and laying his hand solemnly upon his head cried, "The blessing of God Almighty be upon thee: may his grace prevent thee and follow thee in all things: depart in peace." He then waved his hand. Alban understood the signal, and quitted the cell.

On coming into the fresh open air he found the night quite changed; the wind was laid, the forest was in deepest silence; the moonlight was streaming from the huge central altar, whose massive blocks jutted out giganticly in all the strength of contrasted light and shade. He stood for some minutes before it, picturing to his mind the white-robed Druid, and the prostrate people. He was thus occupied when he saw a figure emerge from behind the altar, and enter the cell which he had just quitted. He caught sufficient glimpse of it to discover that it was the same mysterious stranger whom he had followed into the forest on the preceding night: he felt a strong inclination to return to the cell; the recollection, however, of the Druid's words checked his curiosity. Once again he launched out into the wide forest, and after some delay, caused less by perplexity than by noting marks to direct him more readily on a future occasion, he emerged into the open country, and reached home with a much lighter heart than he left it.

The dawn had made some progress before he was laid in his bed. Having been sleepless all the former night, he soon fell asleep in despite of his agitated state of mind. But he was visited by dreams, which presented to him in detached fragments, and sometimes in entire scenes, of exceeding beauty and glitter, the feelings and conceptions which were working in his bosom. He dreamed at one time, that the God of the Christians came to him, in the shape of a man, but in exceeding glory, and put his hand on his forehead, and said, "Thou art mine." He then heard the voices of his acquaintance and friends crying out, some in derision, some in indignation, "Alban has become a Christian." He was pursued by them, and betook himself in flight to the forest, and found refuge in the Christian's hut. It was lighted up and full of people as before. No one noticed his intrusion, but he was allowed to take his place as if he had long been one of the society. They were singing; and, what seemed exceedingly strange, he heard mingled with their hymn the voices of his pursuers, as if they were standing outside the door and demanding him to be delivered to them, with threats and execrations. Yet the Christians took no notice, and sang on, as if they heard not. When the assembly broke up he staid behind, and was shortly left quite alone in the hut.—The voices of his pursuers had died away, but yet he feared to go forth.

Shortly a tremendous storm arose; the forest roared with the agony of conflict with its power; the rain descended with the noise of many waters. But just in the same degree as the fury of the tempest grew, the cheerfulness of his house of shelter increased; the lamps blazed with augmented light, until every part of the room was illuminated with surpassing brilliancy. Suddenly, in the midst of this splendour, he perceived the figure, which he had followed on the former night, approach him. He brought in his hands bread and wine, and offered them to him; being faint and hungry he partook of them, and in a moment he felt as if there were a new life within him; he felt as if he had the bodily power to do any thing he chose, even to tread upon the stars, and the mental power to comprehend every thing, even the secrets of heaven. All at once the place was filled with its usual congregation. They all pressed round him and hailed him as a brother, and he joined with them, with all his heart and voice, in singing a hymn to Christ, in which they praised and thanked him for forgiveness of sin, and resurrection from death.—Then, in the twinkling of an eye, he found himself in his father's sick chamber, and the old man reclined, as in his last sickness, on his bed. On seeing his son, he raised himself, and asked, "Have you brought me an

answer to my question?" I have, said Alban. At this the old man raised a loud cry of joy, and Alban awoke, and found his confidential slave at his bedside calling on him to rise, since the hour which he had appointed for the transaction of certain business was at hand.—Never since the commencement of his father's sickness had he arisen with a mind so much at peace, with a heart so cheerful.

(To be continued.)

The Garner.

"Faith," says the Apostle to the Hebrews, "is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." It makes us acquainted with objects not discernible by the light of Nature. It embodies, as it were, our hopes, and renders them substantial and certain. In our spiritual concerns, therefore, wherein "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," the necessity of "walking by Faith, not by sight," appears to be self-evident. To creatures born for immortality, and ordained to life for ever in a future and invisible world, there must be many things to be hoped for, and many things "not seen," concerning which we may justly be solicitous, although they are not, and cannot be, the objects of our senses, nor discoverable by any exertion of our intellectual faculties. We contend, therefore, for the reasonableness and the importance of faith, as the only principle on which a knowledge of theological subjects can properly be grounded, and because there is no inlet through which such knowledge can be communicated, but that of Divine instruction. And as Divine instruction can be of no effect, unless those to whom it is vouchsafed are willing to receive it, as necessarily and indisputably true, on account of the source from which it is derived, it follows that all who renounce Faith as their guide, must be content to remain in ignorance of the truths thus imparted, however important or necessary they may be.—Bishop Van Mildert.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

This fearlessness of evil as to the future, this power of contemplating without alarm the passage through the deep waters of trouble, and through the valley of the shadow of death, is the privilege of faith and the blessedness which belongeth unto the adoption; and we are daily sensible of the magnitude, and the fulness and the freedom of the unsearchable gift which God has given to his Church in giving Christ Jesus, and all things in him; and in giving the Holy Spirit to make all these things ours; and did we seek unto the Lord with holy confidence and bold requests for the very largest, chiefest, yea, for all the blessings which his precious blood has purchased, we too should say with David, "I will fear no evil." Where our fears do not arise from our worldly dispositions and worldly compliances, from our inconsistent lives and un sanctified tempers, from our grieving the Holy Spirit by an unholy walk, they spring, and therefore, in the broken-hearted and sorrowful contrite ones, do arise from legal fears and a want of realizing the exceeding great and precious promises which are their rightful portion, and not from any will or purpose in Jehovah that they should be thus fearful. Oh, God would have us stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made his adopted free. He would have us fear no evil, since no evil can ever reach those around whom Jesus throws his everlasting arms, and for whom he sanctifies every dispensation and causes all things to work together for good.—Rev. H. J. Owen.

WORLDLY PLEASURES.

Suppose a man lord of all this world, a universal monarch, as some princes have lately designed; all that cannot minister content to him; not that content which a poor contemplative man, by the strength of Christian philosophy, and the support of a very small fortune, daily does enjoy. All his power and greatness cannot command the sea to overflow his shores, or to stay from retreating to the opposite strand; it cannot make his children dutiful or wise. And though the world admired at the greatness of Philip the Second's fortune, in the accession of Portugal and the East Indies to his principality, yet this could not allay the infelicity of his family, and the unhappinessness of his condition in having a proud, and indiscreet, and a vicious young Prince, likely to inherit all his greatness. And if nothing appears in the face of such a fortune to tell all the world that it is spotted and imperfect; yet there is in all conditions of the world, such weakness and tediousness of the spirits that a man is ever more pleased with hopes of going off from the present, than in dwelling upon that condition, which it may be, others admire and think beautiful, but none knoweth the smart of it but he that drank off the little pleasure and felt the ill relish of the appendage. How many Kings have groined under the burden of their crowns, and have sunk down and died! How many have quitted their pompous cares, and retired into private lives, there to enjoy the pleasures of philosophy and religion, which their thrones denied!—Jeremy Taylor.

Advertisements.

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT SCHOOL AND BROCKVILLE ACADEMY.

THE SUMMER VACATION of this institution will terminate as follows:— Male Department,—Tuesday, August 18th. Female Department,—Saturday, August 22d. Apply to the Rev. H. CASWELL, Brockville. 4tf

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE Court of Directors hereby give notice that a Half Yearly Dividend of Fifteen Shillings, Sterling, per share will become payable on the shares registered in the Colonies on and after the Third 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. 2-tf

FAMILY AND INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS.

JUST PUBLISHED, Second Edition, price one shilling and six pence, FAMILY & INDIVIDUAL PRAYERS, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, by the Rev. James Thompson, Agent for the British & 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. 43—6m

TO BE SOLD OR LET

IN THE TOWNSHIP OF SEYMOUR,

THE South-East half of Lot No. 16 in the 7th 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. Dougal Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliot, Cobourg. If by letter post-paid. January 1st, 1840. 27tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET

IN THE TOWNSHIP OF SEYMOUR.

A FARM, beautifully situated on the west bank of the River Trent, consisting of 245 Acres of Land, 70 acres of which are under cultivation—with a new fallow of 7 acres just cleared and ready for a crop.

THE BUILDINGS CONSIST OF A GOOD LOG HOUSE,

36 by 28 feet, with good collars and kitchen beneath. A back kitchen in the rear, a large wood-shed, store house and boiling house, and good piggery and poultry houses. A CAPITAL FRAMED BARN, just erected, 60 by 40 feet, with stabling and extensive accommodation for cattle beneath.

A beautiful living stream of excellent water runs between the House and Barn, and is well calculated for a Distillery, Tannery, or other works requiring waterpower.

This Farm from being situated in the centre of the Township, and opposite to the only Ferry across the river for many miles, is admirably calculated for a Store or Tavern. The Post-Office is now kept there, and would be a great advantage to a person keeping a Store. There is a good Grist and Saw-Mill within a mile and a half of the premises. A portion only of the purchase money would be required to be paid down, the remainder to be secured on the Property.

For particulars apply to D'Arcy E. Boulton, Esq. Cobourg, or to the Proprietor, on the Premises.

ST. JOHN C. KEYSE.

Seymour-West, Oct. 14th, 1839. 24-1f

DR. CAMPBELL will attend to professional calls at the house occupied by the late Dr. Carlie. Cobourg, June 19th, 1840. 15f

VANNORMAN'S STOVES.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO. HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED 75 TONS Vannorman's celebrated Cooking and other Stoves, of new patterns, which (with their former stock) are now very complete, to which they beg to call the attention of the Trade. 110 King St. Toronto.

BRITISH SADDLERY WAREHOUSE.

Removed to Wellington Buildings, King-St. 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 resolved to sell at the lowest cash prices, viz:— Ladies' Saddles, improved pattern. Ladies' Fancy Brides of every description. Hunting Saddles, improved. Saddle-trees, with Spring Bars, &c. Silver mounted Carriages, Tandem, Jockey, and Ladies' Whips, in great variety. Silver plated, Brass, and Japanned Single and Double Harness Furniture, latest Patterns. Horse and Carriage Brushes. Needham's Silver Plated, Brass and Japanned Spurs. Horse Clothing and Blankets, of the best quality. Breaking Bridles, Cavasans, &c. &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. 15tf

CUTLERY, MILITARY & FANCY STORE.

NO. 120, KING STREET, TORONTO. THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous customers, for the liberal encouragement he has received since his commencement in this City, and respectfully informs them, that he has received direct from England, a well selected Stock of articles in the above line, partly consisting of— Infantry and Cavalry Regulation Swords; common Cavalry Swords; Frog & Sling Belts; Staff Officers' Belts; Sabre Dashes; Cavalry and Infantry Shells and Scabbles; best quality Infantry and Navy Regulation Buttons; Navy Lace; Gold and Silver Lace; various qualities and patterns; Light Infantry and Battalion Shashes; Gold and Silver Sword Knives; real Silver Epauletes; Gold and Plated do.; Gold and Silver Cord; Gold and Silver Tassels; Cap Mountings; Brass, Steel, and German Silver Military Spurs; Ivory, Buck, and Buffalo Hand Knives and Forks; best quality Razors; Penknives; Scissors; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, and Work Boxes; with almost every other article in the above line too numerous to mention, which he offers on as reasonable terms as any other House in Upper Canada. N. B.—The Subscriber having now in his employment some of the best workmen, he flatters himself that he can manufacture Cutlery, Military Goods, and Surgeons' Instruments, in a manner superior to any thing heretofore done in the Country, and as good if not superior to any imported from Europe. Razors, Knives, Scissors, Surgeons' Instruments, &c. &c., with every other article of Steel, Brass, or Silver, repaired in the best possible manner. SAMUEL SHAW. 47f

Toronto, Sept. 12th, 1839.

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London,) King Street, City of Toronto. All Carriages built to order warranted 12 months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N. B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-tf

REMOVAL.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO. IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, MANUFACTURERS OF CHAMPION'S WARRANTED AXES, AND AGENTS FOR VAN NORMAN'S FOUNDRY,

HAVE removed their business from 22 Yonge Street, to 110 A King Street, where their friends will find a well assorted Stock of Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c., suitable for this market. Toronto, December, 1839. 26-tf

HENRY ROWSELL,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

TO V. CANADA COLLEGE,

KING STREET, TORONTO,

HAS just received from London a large assortment of Books and Stationery of every description, to which he respectfully invites attention. Among his new arrivals are the latest published volumes of the Church of England Magazine, Penny and Saturday Magazines, Penny Cyclopaedia, &c.; likewise a great variety of Theological Works, as also Works of General Literature.

Having, as Publisher of the Church newspaper, added a Printing Office to his establishment, and imported a full supply of type &c. from London, he will be enabled to execute orders for every kind of Book and Job Printing, in a superior manner.

The Church

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* From "Tales of the Ancient British Church," by the Rev. R. W. Evans.