

MIS-SPENT HOURS.*

Though scarcely a day passes over our heads, without bringing death before our view in some form or other, sparing neither the young nor middle-aged, neither the weak nor the strong; severing the nearest and dearest ties; leaving thousands of weeping—and many perhaps quite desolate—beings, yet, how little serious attention do the young, and I fear I may add many of maturer years, give to the melancholy details, and heart-rending instances, that are so constantly meeting the eye and ear. Though, when we reflect, that our own days are numbered, and we know not how soon we may be called to a fearful reckoning, in the presence of an offended God; even, perhaps, before another day is gone, we may be laid on the bed of death, is it not wonderful, that our feelings should be thus stoical—thus callous—upon an event that, sooner or later, must be the end of all? Unless death appears amongst our own immediate circle of relations and friends, we heed not the devastation around us, but heedlessly continue in the same course, pursue the same series of amusements, and project new plans for our future advancement, though each succeeding year, we probably have lost some one or other of the companions of the preceding one, who were engaged with us in the like pursuits.

Some few years have now elapsed, since buoyant with youth, health, and spirits, I set out accompanied by two beautiful girls, to call for our chaperone, who was to attend us to a ball in Grosvenor square; I forget the reasons that prevented either of our mothers from performing that office, but so it was, and girl-like, we bequeathed the drive from Cumberland Place, with anticipating the supposed delights of the expected ball, which was of course, to be gay and more delightful than ever a ball had been before. My lovely companions were likewise much engrossed with the idea of an entertainment that their mother proposed giving for their amusement, and various opinions were given and asked, and to the probable number that would fill the rooms, and the important query of who was, and who was not to be invited, was fully discussed. We drank tea with our chaperone, who resided at Albemarle-street, and she laughingly declared her smiling trio would certainly bear the bell that evening. We proceeded to the ball in high spirits, and hardly had we made our entry into the well-filled rooms, when my companions and myself were engaged for the commencing quadrille, and continued dancing until supper was announced, with all the glee of mirth's happiest votaries. After supper, our chaperone ventured to propose our returning home, as she was sadly tired. "Return home? why the evening is only just begun; indeed, dear madam," was the thoughtless exclamation of three young hearts, who had yet their lesson to learn of this world's fleeting joys, "we cannot leave the ball so early." Our kind friend good humouredly consented to forget her fatigues in our behalf, and remained until even I, though by no means, in those days, the steadiest of the trio, thought it but right to induce my pretty companions to bid adieu to the giddy maze of pleasure, which had so infatuated our simple minds.

So chanced, owing to different circumstances, that I saw little more of Laura and Eveleen M., before we left town, and the first tidings I received of them, after we were settled in the country brought the intelligence that Laura was shortly going to be married, and that it was a match most highly approved of by her friends. Congratulations and presents were pouring in from all quarters; Laura was the happiest of the happy! I also heard, that she with her family, were going on a visit to the future father-in-law's house, to be present at a fête about to be given in honour of the approaching nuptials; for Arthur G. was an only son, young, rich, and handsome, and in the expectation of soon becoming the beloved husband of a lovely, loving, and bright eyed bride, and who would not say that that much happiness was in store for him? Poor, shortsighted mortals as we are, who can tell what trials awaits us?—trials indeed sent but in mercy to remind us that this world is not our abiding place; that all have sinned, that all will suffer, in this their transient state—a state only intended to fit us for another, and a happier sphere. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. The fête took place, Weippert's band played its best, garlands of variegated lamps illumined the surrounding scenery, emblems of felicity covered the floor, chalked in the most approved style of excellence; in fact all the usual agréments, attendant on such a scene, were there; nothing had been neglected, nothing omitted that could do honour to the especial occasion. But where was the fair girl in whose favour all these delights had been collected? She poor thing, was dressed and ready, when alas! ere she could leave her apartment, she was taken so seriously ill, as to be wholly unable to grace the festive throng with her presence. She continued ill, very ill, for some time; then we heard there was a change, and for the better, and the lover urged that the marriage should not be longer delayed. The family removed to the sea-side, whilst lawyers and milliners were engaged in active preparation. Arthur G. was hourly expected to arrive, to claim his still lovely bride; but the awful decree had gone forth, that decree from which there is no appeal. In this world they were to meet no more. He arrived late one evening at H., and hastened to the house; alas! it was but to find that fair creature he had loved so well, perhaps too well—a corpse! It was but too true, the beautiful, the highly connected, the richly affianced Laura M.—was no more. All her family had considered her health so fast approaching towards convalescence, that they could hardly be convinced of the melancholy reality, for she went off in a fainting fit, when apparently as well as usual, and never revived again. This sudden and sad event occurred only a few hours previous to her lover's arrival.

There was something peculiarly awful in this beautiful, elegant creature being thus suddenly snatched away, just entering upon the threshold of life's brightest pathway. She had barely numbered nineteen summers, and hardly six months had elapsed since the evening I have mentioned of those mis-spent hours—past hours not to be recalled! O could we but have foreseen how short the interval between us and the grave, how differently would our young hearts have been affected, how empty and unsatisfactory would this world's pass-away joys have appeared to our heaven-directed vision. Why are we thus blind, thus careless, when we know not how soon we may be summoned away from all we prize on earth, to give an account of each moment of time? how precious would such moments be, if they could but be recalled: how have we trifled away years, days, and hours in passive forgetfulness of the "one thing needful!" Who can be thoughtless, who can be devoted to the pleasures of this life, with such warnings of the uncertainty of human happiness? But a few short months had passed away, and the friend of our thoughtless hours was gone from amongst us, no longer an inhabitant of this earth, no longer a sharer in the pursuits which once were followed with such zest; alike indifferent to praise or pleasure, the lively, animated being, who so lately trod the earth in health and beauty, now lay mouldering in the grave, where all things are alike forgotten and forgot.

O, may such warnings be remembered ere it be too late to profit by them!

In one short year Eveleen M.—became a wife, another had scarcely passed away, and she was a widow, and the same gravestone covered her husband and infant boy.

Arthur G.—was no more, gone to his last home, that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart."

If the young would but reflect on the many changes that daily and hourly occur, changes which are so constantly altering and disarranging the fondest schemes, and destroying the brightest hopes, surely this life would appear in its true light, only to be considered as a passage to another and a better world—not for our precious moments to be frittered away in frivolity and amusement, incapacitating the mind from higher and holier pursuits. "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." Do not let us shut our eyes wilfully to such a state of varying change, let us rather pray that "we be not conformed to this world; but ye be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

It is doubtless mercifully ordained, that we should not brood too deeply on sorrows over which we have no control, as such feelings, if indulged, would unfit us for the active duties of life; but may our hearts be duly impressed with the one pious thought, which should always be uppermost in the true believer's heart, and which alone can give comfort to the mourner in the earliest stage of suffering when our spirit is bowed low by the pressure of some heavy trial, "It is the will of God," and may we all, in every trouble of this life, with which it shall please the Almighty hand to permit that we should be afflicted, be enabled to say with humble submission, and pious resignation "Thy will be done," and may our hearts ever be fixed where true joys are to be found, and may we, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, who died for our sins, who effaced the memory of whole years, nay, centuries of mis-spent hours, so direct our thoughts that we should always bear in mind that one startling truth, we are standing on the brink of eternity—we know not in how short a space of time we may be called.

ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

Engrossed with the care of his parish, [he was then a Presbyterian Minister,] he seldom mixed in the convocations of the Presbytery, whose practice of desecrating on the Covenant from the pulpit he greatly disapproved; and still more their stern determination to force that bitter morsel on conscientious objectors. It was his aim not to win proselytes to a party, but converts to Jesus Christ, and exemplarily indeed must have been, since the picture of a finished evangelist, which his intimate friend [Bishop Burnet] has drawn in the beautiful discourse of the Pastoral Care, was correctly copied from the lively pattern exhibited by Leighton. Yet the blameless sanctity of his manners, his professional excellence, and his studious inoffensiveness, were not enough to control the zealots of his [the Presbyterian] church. In a synod he was publicly reprimanded for not "preaching up the times." Who, "he asked, "does preach up the times?" It was answered, that all the brethren did it. "then," he rejoined, "if all of you preach up the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and eternity."—Pearson's Life of Leighton.

ANECDOTE OF THE HON. AND REV. DR. JOHN NORTH.

The doctor had no favourite diversion, or manual exercise, to rest his mind a little, which he had bent upon continual thinking. His parents, who were much addicted to music, recommended that to him for a diversion, and particularly the noble organ, as the fullest, and not only a complete solitary concert, but most proper for an ecclesiastic. And indeed, if study had not had the upper hand of all his intentions, he must of course have taken up in that way, his parents themselves being so fond of it. For after the care of prayer and meals, nothing was more constant and solemn than music was in that family. He was sensible that advice was very good, and accordingly got a small organ into his chamber at Jesus College, and suffered himself to be taught a lesson or two, which he practised over when he had a mind to be unbent; but he made no manner of advance, and one accident put him out of all manner of conceit of it. His under neighbour was a morose and impudent master of arts; and one night the doctor could not sleep; and thought to fit himself for it by playing upon his organ. The bellows knocking on the floor, and the hum of the pipes, made a strange din at midnight, and the gentleman below, that never heard it so before, could not tell what to make of it; but, at length, he found it out to be his neighbour's organ. And thereupon, to retaliate this night's work, got out of his bed, and with his two couple of bowls, went to bowls by himself. This made a much louder noise than the organ, and the doctor was as much at a loss to know what that meant, but, suspecting how the case stood, he left off, and scarce ever touched his organ after. The pleasure of music is like that of books, never true and good, unless easy and familiarly read, and performed; and then nothing is more medicinal to a crazy and fatigued mind than that.

BISHOP LAKE.

ARTHUR LAKE, was born in the Parish of St. Michael, in the town of Southampton, bred first in Winchester School, then Fellow of New College. In his own nature he preferred the fruitfulness of the vine and fatness of the olive (painfulness in a private parish) before the government of the Trees, had not immediate Providence, without his suit and seeking, preferred him successively Warden of New College, Prefect of St. Cross near Winchester, Dean of Worcester, Bishop of Bath and Wells. He continued the same in his rochet, that he was in his Scholar's gown, and lived a real comment upon St. Paul's character of a Bishop.

- 1. Blameless.] Such as hated his order, could not cast any aspersion upon him.
2. The Husband of one Wife.] He took not that lawful liberty, but led a single life, honouring matrimony in his brethren who embraced it.
3. Vigilant.] Examining canonically in his own person all those whom he ordained.
4. Sober, of good behaviour.] Such his austerity in diet, (from his University Commons to his dying day) that he generally fed but on one (and that no dainty) dish, and fasted four times a week from supper.
5. Given to hospitality.] When Master of St. Cross, he increased the allowance of the Poor Brethren, in diet and otherwise, when Bishop he kept fifty servants in his family, not so much for state or attendance on his person, but pure charity in regard of their private need.
6. Apt to teach.] The living with his pious sermons, in his cathedral and neighbouring parishes; and posterity with those learned writings he hath left behind him.
7. Not given to wine.] His abstemiousness herein was remarkable.

8. No striker, not given to filthy lucre.] He never fouled his fingers with the least touch of Gehazi's reward, freely preferring desert.

9. One that ruleth well his own house.] The rankness of house-keeping brake not out into any riot, and a chapter was constantly read every meal, by one kept for that purpose. Every night (besides cathedral and chapel prayers) he prayed in his own person, with the family in the dining-room.

In a word, his intellectuals had such predominance of his sensuality, or rather grace so ruled in both, that the man in him being subordinate to the Christian, he lived a pattern of piety.

I have read of one Arthur Faunt, a Jesuit, who, entering into orders, renounced the Christian name, because (forsooth) never legendary Saint thereof, and assumed that of Lawrence. This gracious Arthur was not so superstitiously scrupulous, and (if none before) may pass for the first Saint of his name, dying in the fifth month year of his age, A. D. 1602.—Fuller's Worthies.

DEATHS OF SOME PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority, in the supreme hour, to the sublimest efforts of human virtue which was vouchsafed by the believers in his own faith.—Alison's History of Europe during the French Revolution.

THE FATE OF ITALY.

[1503.] The tents of the hostile armies [of France and Spain] were now pitched in the bosom of the most lovely and cultivated regions on the globe; inhabited by a people, who had carried the various arts of policy and social life to a degree of perfection elsewhere unknown; whose natural resources had been augmented by all the appliances of ingenuity and industry; whose cities were crowded with magnificent and costly works of public utility; into whose ports every wind that blew wafted the rich freights of distant climes; whose thousand hills were covered to their very tops with the golden labours of the husbandman; and whose intellectual development showed itself, not only in a liberal scholarship far outstripping that of their contemporaries, but in works of imagination, and of elegant art more particularly, which rivalled the best days of antiquity.—The period before us, indeed, the commencement of the fifteenth century, was that of their meridian splendour, when Italian genius, breaking through the cloud which had temporarily obscured its early dawn, shone out in full effulgence; for we are now touching on the age of Machiavelli, Ariosto, and Michael Angelo,—the golden age of Leo X.

It is impossible, even at this distance of time, to contemplate without feelings of sadness the fate of such a country, thus suddenly converted into an arena for the bloody exhibitions of the gladiators of Europe; to behold her trodden under foot by the very nations on whom she had freely poured the light of civilization; to see the fierce soldiery of Europe, from the Danube to the Tagus, sweeping like an army of locusts over her fields, defiling her pleasant places, and raising the shout of battle or of brutal triumph under the shadow of those monuments of genius, which have been the delight and despair of succeeding ages. It was the old story of the Goths and Vandals acted over again. Those more refined arts of the cabinet, on which the Italians were accustomed to rely, much more than on the sword in their disputes with one another, were of no avail against these rude invaders, whose strong arm easily broke through the subtle webs of policy which entangled the movements of less formidable adversaries. It was the triumph of brute force over civilization,—one of the most humiliating lessons by which Providence has seen fit to rebuke the pride of human intellect.

The fate of Italy inculcates a most important lesson. With all this outward show of prosperity, her political institutions had gradually lost the vital principle which could alone give them stability or real value. The forms of freedom, indeed, in most instances, had sunk under the usurpation of some aspiring chief. Every where patriotism was lost in the most intense selfishness. Moral principle was at as low an ebb in private as in public life. The hands which shed their liberal patronage over genius and learning were too often red with blood. The courtly precincts, which seemed the favourite haunt of the Muses, were too often the Epicurean sty of brutish sensuality; while the head of the church itself, [Pope Alexander Borgia,] whose station, exalted over that of every worldly potentate, should have raised him at least above his grosser vices, was sunk in the foulest corruptions that debase poor human nature. Was it surprising then that the tree, thus cankered at heart, with all the gaudy show of blossoms on its branches, should have fallen before the blast which now descended in such pitiless fury from the mountains?

Had there been an invigorating national feeling, any common principle of coalition between the Italian states; had they, in short, been true to themselves; they possessed abundant resources in their wealth, talent, and superior science, to have shielded their soil from violation. Unfortunately, while the other European states had been augmenting their strength incalculably by the consolidation of their scattered fragments into one whole, those of Italy, in the absence of some great central point round which to rally, had grown more and more confirmed in their original disunion. Thus, without concert in action, and destitute of the vivifying impulse of patriotic sentiment, they were delivered up to the spoil and mockery of nations whom, in their proud language, they still despised as barbarians; an impressive example of the impotence of human genius, and of the instability of human institutions, however excellent in themselves, when unsustained by public and private virtue.—Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The Garner.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL. Since the ascension of Christ, the Heathen world has been converted to the Gospel, and that desert has become the garden of the Lord. But in this garden is there no tree of death? no specious fruit held forth to entice the unwise to perdition? What is the doctrine which, in some parts of Christendom, gives adoration to beings that are not God; or that, which, in others, denies it to him who is so? What is the scheme that asserts the non-necessity of a Divine Revelation, claiming to man the right, and attributing to him the power, of making a religion for himself, and prescribing to his maker the terms of his own acceptance? What is the atheistical policy, which excludes the Creator from the care of his works, and his providence from the kingdoms of the earth? What is that system of Paganism, revived under the name and notion of philosophy, as opposed to Christianity, and every thing that is called religion, by which either the Deity is

materialised, or matter deified? What is that unbounded licentiousness in principles and manners, daily growing more and more into vogue, and shamefully, by some of the new philosophers, defended in form? What is the luxury, the splendour, the extravagance, the dissipation, the abandoned profligacy, and ungodliness of the age? Behold the flourishing state of the fatal tree! View the extent of its branches, and the abundance of its fruit, in these latter days! But remember, that still, the end is death; to a nation, exsisting; to individuals, without repentance and faith, destruction everlasting from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall descend into his garden to makequisition, and call offenders to their final account. Be not ye, therefore, deceived and seduced, however the temptation may seem "fair to the sight, and good for food;" however "desirable" it may be represented "to make you wise." Take your direction, through life, from the word of God, and be not prevailed upon to falsify and transgress it. The conflict may be sharp, but it will be soon over; bear up resolutely under it; and, for your consolation and encouragement in the hour of trial, when strongly solicited to taste the tree of death, listen to that strength-conferring voice, which crieth from the eternal throne, in words that will bear a repetition—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."—Bishop Horne.

COMMUNING OF SAINTS.

In your private society, seek unanimously your own and each other's spiritual good; not only agreeing in your affairs and civil converse, but having one heart and mind as christians to eat and drink together, if you do no more, it is such society as beasts may have: to do these in the excess, to eat and drink intemperately together, is a society worse than that of beasts, and below them. To discourse together of civil business, is to converse as men; but the peculiar converse of Christians in that notion, as born again to immortality, an unfading inheritance above, is to further one another towards that, to put one another in mind of Heaven and Heavenly things. And, it is strange that men who profess to be Christians, when they meet, either fill one another's ears with lies and profane speeches, or with vanities and trifles, or, at the best, with the affairs of the earth, and not a word of those things that should most possess the heart, and where the mind should be most set, and be ready to reproach and taunt any such thing in others. What! are you ashamed of Christ and religion? Why do you, if you are then? Is there such a thing, think ye, as the communing of saints? If not, why say you believe it? It is a truth, think it as you will. The public ministry will profit little any where, where a people or some part of them, are not thus one, and do not live together as of one mind, and use diligently all due means of edifying one another in their holy Faith. How much of the primitive Christians' praise and profit is involved in the word, They were together with one accord, with one mind; and so they grew; the Lord added to the church. Acts ii. 1, 44, 47.—Archbishop T. Lighton.

THE SERVILE SPIRIT IN RELIGION.

This servile spirit in religion is always illiberal and needy in the great and weightier matters of religion, and here weighs out obedience by drachms and scruples. It never finds itself more shrivelled and shrunk up, than when it is to converse with God; like those creatures that are generated of slime and mud, the more the summer sun shines upon them, and the nearer it comes to them, the more is all their vital strength dried up and spent away; their dreadful thoughts of God, like a cold eastern wind, blast all their blossoming affections, and nip them in the bud: these exhaust their native vigour, and make them weak and sluggish in all their motions towards God. Their religion is rather a prison, or a piece of penance to them, than any voluntary and free compliance of their souls with the Divine will; and yet, because they bear the burden and heat of the day, they think, when the evening comes, they ought to be more liberally rewarded; such slavish spirits being even apt inwardly to conceit that Heaven receives some emolument or other by their hard labours, and so becomes indebted to them, because they see no true gain and comfort accruing from them to their own souls: and so, because they do God's work, and not their own, they think they may reasonably expect a fair compensation, as having been profitable to him. And this, I doubt, was the first and vulgar foundation of Merit, though now the world is ashamed to own it.—Rev. John Smith. [b. 1618. d. 1652.]

THE PEACE-MAKER.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."—"To see God is a privilege above all others. To be the child of God is something still more happy! What is man? What is God? Yet the immense abyss which separates man from the divinity is crossed, in this application of child of God! For the moment this glorious qualification is bestowed upon us, we are raised to the dignity of God himself,—we acquire a right to the paternal heritage. Such is the recompense that attends us at the end of the combat. But what is this combat? If you are a peace-maker, you will be introduced, by a glorious adoption, into the family of God. What is more sweet than peace? Whatever goods we possess, is it not peace that gives the relish to them all? without that there is no good. But what is a peace-maker? What is peace? The peace-maker is he who gives peace to another. Can we give that which we do not ourselves possess? Peace is love toward our neighbour, founded on charity. By this simple definition we do away with every thing that is in opposition to peace; with hatred, violence, envy, resentment, dissimulation, war, and all the miseries included in her train. Like precious balsams, the perfumes of which exhale themselves into distance, peace dispenses its sweet influences all around. Peace is to the soul what health is to the body; with the one there can be no disease; with the other, none of the violent or disgraceful passions which fill the mind with uneasiness, and the senses with disorder.—St. Gregory of Nyssa.

A GARDEN.

No other sort of abode seems to contribute so much both to the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body. The sweetness of the air, the pleasantness of the smell, the verdure of the plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or walking; but, above all, the exemption from care and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of body and mind. A garden has been the inclination of kings, and the choice of philosophers; the common favourite of public and private men; the pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high or too low. If we believe the Scriptures we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of man in a garden, the happiest he could give him; or else he would not have placed Adam in that of Eden.—Sir William Temple.

Advertisements.

- Earthen, China, and Glassware Establishment. No. 10, New City Buildings, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH CHURCH, KING STREET.
THE SUBSCRIBERS are now receiving, at the above premises, an extensive and choice assortment of every description of WARE in their line, among which are handsome China, Tea, Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets; Japan and the Printed Earthenware Sets of ditto, fine Cut and Common Glassware, and a large supply of Ware suitable for Country Stores. Persons wishing to purchase will find it their interest to call.
TORONTO, October 20, 1840. JOHN MULHOLLAND & Co. 17-4f
TORONTO AND HOME DISTRICT GRAMMAR SCHOOL. THIS School will be re-opened, after the Christmas recess, on Monday the 4th of January, 1841. Mrs. CROMBIE's Seminary will also re-open on the 6th, the Wednesday following. M. C. CROMBIE, Principal. 26-4f
MIDLAND DISTRICT SCHOOL, The Rev. R. V. ROGERS, Principal. THE Christmas Vacation of this Institution will commence on the 24th Inst. and end on January 11, 1841. There are Two vacancies as Boarders. Kingston, Dec. 12, 1840. 24-4f

THOMAS STINSON, GENERAL DEALER IN BRITISH, AMERICAN, AND INDIA GOODS, HAMILTON.

CONSIDERS it his duty not only in justice to himself, but also for the benefit of Town and Country purchasers generally, again to call their attention to his present STOCK OF GOODS in the above line, which far exceeds both in quantity and quality his purchases during any previous year; on which account he has thought it expedient to make it generally known, by thus giving it publicity. The Subscriber has been principally induced to enter into the Trade so early this Fall, on account of the high bargains which were presented him: knowing well that a LARGE STOCK OF GOODS far below the usual prices, cannot fail to attract the notice of the Public generally. He does not consider it to be a duty incumbent on him to apologize for thus calling on the public for their patronage, from a sincere consciousness that it will be, in many instances, a saving of at least 20 per cent. to those who may receive their supplies from him. In a previous Advertisement the Subscriber mentioned that he was enabled to sell his Goods TEN PER CENT CHEAPER than if he had imported them himself; but he now confidently asserts that he can sell his present Stock at FIFTY PER CENT. less than he could afford, were he necessitated to pay the various charges attending their transportation to the Canada which he avoided, by purchasing Consignments in Montreal below the usual cost. On account of the LARGE SUPPLY at present on hand, the Subscriber is well aware that were his Purchasers this Winter, confined to the Hamilton and vicinity, the consumption would be far too limited to exhaust his present Stock, previous to the arrival of his Spring supply; for which reason he would respectfully invite Customers from a distance,—and he is well convinced that they will be fully recompensed for any delay in their journey to Hamilton. The extensive patronage which the Subscriber has heretofore received from the Public he considers a sufficient guarantee that the articles he now offers will be fully appreciated by them; on which account he is emboldened to call on them still for a continuance; as assured that his Old Customers will be still more gratified from an examination of the present prices of his Goods. The Subscriber considers it not only vain, but useless for him to attempt to enumerate within the compass of an Advertisement, the different articles and quality of Goods comprising his Stock. Suffice it to say that almost every article in the above line, suitable for the Season, may be had at his Establishment; and Purchasers may also rely on immediate attention being paid to them, as there are at present an increased number of hands employed in the Establishment. The Subscriber would merely call attention to a few articles not comprised under the denomination of either DRY GOODS or GROCERIES, viz.: a large quantity of the best SPANISH SOLE LEATHER, BOOTS AND SHOES, PLUSH every size and quality. English and Swedish Iron; Cut and Wrought Nails. Of which articles there is a very full supply; all of which will be sold on the same Reasonable Terms. The Subscriber still continues a Store in DUNDAS, where an assortment in the above line may be had at the same reduced prices. For the information and guidance of Strangers, the undersigned would particularly point out the situation of the Establishment, as elsewhere some might not conveniently find it out.—It is situated at the West end of the Brick Block, and next door to Mr. Juson's Hardware Store. THOMAS STINSON. Hamilton, December 7, 1840. 25-4f

BILTON, Woollen Draper and Tailor, 128, King-street.—Always on hand a large assortment of West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Ac. Ac. Cloggins' and Burdett's HATS, from the shortest to the longest. McIntosh Waterproof Coats made up in the newest style. Naval and Military uniforms. Toronto, Nov. 13, 1840. 10-4f

HAT, CAP, AND FUR MART. CLARKE & BOYD, grateful for past favors, respectfully announce the arrival of their Fall and Winter Stock of LONDON HATS, from the most approved makers, and of the very latest London and Paris fashions, with a choice stock of FURS, suitable for the climate. King Street, Toronto, 18th Sept., 1840. 11-4f

AXES! AXES! AXES!! THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in addition to his former business, he has commenced the manufacture of 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

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 commodious room, in Church Street, adjoining the Ontario House, for SHAVING, HAIR DRESSING, &c. A select assortment of Perfumery, Stocks, Collars, and every other article in his line, will be kept on hand. For Hair, Scissors, and Razettes, always on hand, or made to order on a short notice. Toronto, September 17, 1840. 12-4f

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. THE COURT OF DIRECTORS hereby give notice that a Half Yearly Dividend of Fifteen Shillings, Sterling, per share will become payable on the shares registered in the Colonies, on and after the 1st day of August, 1841. A full list of the names of 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 Board. 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. 21-4f

D.R. CAMPBELL will attend to professional calls at the house occupied by the late Dr. Carlie, Colbourn, June 19th, 1840. 51-4f

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 thereto attached, to B. Dougal, Esq., Belleville, or to Robert Elliot, Colbourn, if by letter, post-paid. January 1st, 1840. 27-4f

TORONTO AXE FACTORY. JOHN C. CHAMPTION begs to inform the dealers in AXES, that he is now conducting the above establishment on his own account, and has before him a large stock of first quality Axes, which he has had before him so liberally given for Champtions' AXES. Hospital Street, 22d July, 1840. 18-4f

TORONTO AXE FACTORY. JOHN C. CHAMPTION, MANUFACTURER OF CHAMPTION'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

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 Price. Ladies' Saddles, improved patterns. Ladies' Fancy Bridles of every description. Hunting Saddles, improved. Saddle-trees, with Spring Bars, &c. Silver mounted Carriage, Tandem, Jockey, and Ladies' Whips, in great variety. Studded, 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 first quality. Breaking Bridles, Cavassons, &c. &c. &c. N.B.—Every description of single and double harness, manufactured by English Leather, constantly for sale, with every other article in the trade. Toronto, August 29, 1839. 51-4f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London), King Street, City of Toronto, All Carriages built to order warranted twelve months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-4f

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* From the Church of England Magazine.