

A CHILD'S DREAM.

THE HIDDEN WORLD.

"Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin Forbids us to decay The mystic heaven and earth within, Plain as the sea and sky."

Christian Year.

The child slept. Before he slept he had thinking much of him he dreamt of; wondering whether a guardian angel were assigned to all, and wishing that one might ever be near him, as near that little boy; and now he slept to cloud his spirit, a clear, soft light, most like a moonbeam of all earthly things, only more pure and calm, and not so cold, beamed round about him, and, by that light, he saw his Angel.

Under this guidance all nature grew instinct with life; it seemed as though a veil was taken from every outward object, and its spiritual meanings, more or less disclosed, were as the soul within. This earth, all that the eye discerns, or ear may hear, in ocean, air, or sky, but something to unfold, until the whole became but as a type of that high world above where all is true and real; time, in shadowy semblance, setting forth what was, and is, and shall be in eternity.

He taught him how many spiritual lessons, deep by day, yet of our universe the first and best, is reading unto all. He bade him see in it an image of Him who is the true light; and of that kingdom which He makes light; here as the soul can bear it, and hereafter in perfect fulness; of His Holy Word; and still expanding from that radiance divine, of lowly Christian and his heavenward path. And as the child imbibed all this, and it became to him so sacred in its high revelations, so beautiful as an emblem of innocence and truth, of all things pure and good, he felt that it was no wonder he had always loved, as children do spontaneously, the light.

Water, the chief support, in ways so manifold, of vegetable as well as animal life; the want of which withers the fruitful land into a desert, and the gushing forth changes the wilderness into a garden; the winds coming and going we know not whence or where; strengthening the faint and weary traveller, purifying the laden atmosphere, stealing in softness to the fevered cheek, or rushing fearfully in mighty power; both combined forming the breath of our existence: how reverent grew the spirit of the child when he had learned to feel all these varied operations, as emblematic of his working. Who is around and, in some mysterious sense, within us.

Then it was night; a clear, bright, frosty night, and he was watching the moon's eclipse; he saw, as the earth passed between her and the sun, the deep shadow stealing more and more, till the whole orb had lost his light, and faintly visible, her dull and sombre hue robed sky and earth in gloom. And while he looked, 'twas whispering to him, that in that fair world he saw a Church, in that dark shadow worldliness and sin hiding His face who is her sun, from whom alone her light is all derived; and, as in typical things are many meanings, from the Church it seemed to picture an individual member, a soul enlightened falling into sin; and so fearfully it mirrored, as a sign, the Holy Word; that the child gazed with trembling, and his heart was very glad when the first star-like spot appeared, and gradually as one restored to love and light, the moon emerged from shade, and once more shining forth, walked her calm path in beauty.

Again, the moon causing the flowing tides was as the Church stirring our hearts at her recurring seasons and raising them heavenward. The sun drawing up vapour, to be condensed in clouds, and then returned to moisten the ground in summer rains; or when by cold congealed high up in air, to fall as winter's snow, sheltering the tender herb and grass, with its white robe, from cutting frost, and when it melts fertilising the earth, this seemed to tell him who, drawing our affections, so wayward else and narrow, unto Himself, these bids them, purified, go forth to seek the good of all within their sphere.

How beautiful the rainbow! The black cloud well shows affliction, and the softened heart mourning its sin. The sun shines on the falling rain; He looks upon the mourning heart, and, from his bitter tears, calls forth graces lovelier far than those bright colours; distinct yet blending, mingled of earth and Heaven, and floating between both.

And there were other things, as darkness, fire,—of these faint glimpses, just enough to wake me awake and holy fear, the Angel shewed; and then he led the child through paths of sun and shade, over the soft green earth. And now most wonderful it seemed to him to find himself on every side surrounded by tokens of the Cross. Trees, with out-stretched branches, bearing the living leaf throughout the summer's noon, to die and fall off with the waning year, grew into silent monuments exhorting ever to penitence and faith. In form, he saw it now where he had never seen it before; in the still clouds and in the starry sky; in the plants and flowers innumerable; and in material, where could he turn his eye without the precious Wood—precious, when so regarded, unto him, however mean and lowly it appeared.

Rivers, that rising where they may, yet ever seek the sea; still flowing towards it, so smooth at times, and then, when ought obstructs, swelling and striving, till the obstacle surmounted, they press forward with a swifter course,—how well these pictured a soul's path through earth to Heaven; or, again, viewed, in their varied progress of successive waves, as people from all parts being gathered to the Church; while the ocean's "voice of many waters" was as that Church serving day and night with prayer and praise.

Once the child passed along the grassy lane, and the light breeze of spring bore on its fragrance so delicious none could mistake from whence it came; joyously he bounded over the dry ditch and crept along the bank, and then sat down and clapt his hands with glee to find himself amid a bed of violets. How holy did that fragrance seem, how grateful and refreshing unto soul as well as sense, when he was told that he was an emblem of humility; that all sweet scents of herb and flower were as the odour of a righteous life; that love, and faith, and hope, breathed typically from the sheltered garden making it a sacred spot to those who can discern its hidden beauties.

The labour of the field, sowing and reaping, in their many Scriptural meanings, so very plain, so very awful, grew into something mystical; the food prepared for the natural, nourishing the spiritual life. A farm or garden, attended to with care and yielding fruit in their due season, was as a soul well cultivated; and the same left wild and overgrown with weeds, spoke but too clearly the sad state of one, where evil passions, meeting little check, choke the better thoughts.

These and more, many, many more than these, the Angel brought before him in his dream, till the earth seemed as one vast temple, whence unceasing worship ascended up to Heaven; and so deeply was the impression wrought into the child's soul, that while he slept, his little hands were clasped and his lips moved in prayer.

SUNDAY CHRISTIANITY.

Capstick rose early; and, speedily joined by Bright Gem, both took their way to Mr. Tangle's private manor, Red Lion Square. It was scarcely nine o'clock, when the mufin maker knocked at the lawyer's door! It was quite impossible that Mr. Tangle should be seen. "But the business," cried Capstick to the man servant—a hybrid between a groom and a footman—"the business is upon life and death."

"Bless you," said the footman, "that makes no difference whatever. We deal so much in life and death, that we think nothing of it. It's like plucking a grocery you know. Mr. Tangle never can be seen on a Sunday before half-past ten; a quarter to eleven he goes, of course, to church. The Sabbath, he always says, should be a day of rest." And Tangle—it was his only self-indulgence—illustrated this principle by lying late in bed every Sunday morning to read his papers. Nevertheless, with smoothly shaven face, and with an all-worldly look, he was ere the church-bell ceased, enshrined in the family pew.—There was he with his wife, decorously garnished with half-a-dozen children, sons and daughters, patterns of Sabbath piety; of seventh-day Christianity. "After six days' hard work, what a comfort it was," he would say, "to enjoy Church of a Sunday!" And Tangle, after his fashion, did enjoy it: he enjoyed the respectability which church-going threw about him; he enjoyed his worldly ease and superiority, as manifested in his own costly furnished pew. Looking upon the paper worshippers on the benches, and then contemplating the comforts of his own nook, he felt very proud of his Christianity. And in this way did Mr. Tangle attend church. It was a decent form due to society, and especially to himself. He went to church as he would to his office—as a matter of business; though he would have been mightily shocked had such a motive been attributed to him.

"I'll come at half-past ten," said Capstick, "for I must see him." The servant looked stolidly at the mufin-maker, and, without a word, closed the door. "He can then tell us," said Capstick to Jen, "when he can see us in the afternoon. And now, Jen, we can only stroll about till the time comes." And so they walked on silently; for both felt oppressed with the belief that their errand to the lawyer would be fruitless; yet both were determined to try every means, and however hopeless. They walked, and sauntered, and the church-bells rang out, summoning Christian congregations to common worship. "There's something beautiful in the church-bells, don't you think so, Jen?" asked Capstick, in a subdued tone. "Beautiful and hopeful—they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there's a sound in 'em that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes Jen; there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church-bells, if we have only the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every bell, Jen, that cries Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet—Forget your vanities, your follies; your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! /nd you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted; believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colours, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church-bell, and learn to be humble; learning that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but clay! Come Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take ye heart and walk among the wickednesses, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions." Here Capstick, flushed and excited, wrought beyond himself, suddenly paused. Jen stared, astonished, but said no word. And then, Capstick, with calmer manner, said—"Jen, is there a finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian Church?"

"Why," said Jen, "that's as a man may consider with himself. It may be, as you say, a very fine sight—and it may be, what I call a very sad and melancholy show, indeed."

"Sad and melancholy!" cried Capstick; "you'll have a hard task to prove that."

"Perhaps so—only let me do it after my own fashion." Capstick nodded assent. "Bless you! I've thought of it many a time when I've seen a church emptying itself into the street. Look here, now—I'll suppose there's a crowd of people—a whole mob of 'em going down the church steps. And at the church door, there is I don't know how many roads of Christian carriages—with griffins painted on the panels, and swords, and daggers, and battle-axes, that, as well as I can remember, Jesus doesn't recommend nowhere; and there's the coachman, half-sleep and trying to look religious—and there's footmen following some and carrying the Holy Bible after their missuses, just as to-morrow they'll carry a spaniel—and that's what they call their humility. Well, that's a pleasant sight, isn't it! And then for them who're not ashamed to carry their own big prayer-books, with the gold leaves twinkling in the sun, as if they took pains to tell the world they'd been to church—well, how many men have been there in earnest?—How many of them go there with no thought whatsoever, only that it's Sunday—church-going day?—And so they put on what they think religion that day, just as I put on a clean shirt. Bless you! sometimes I've stood and watched the crowd, and I've said to myself—'Well, I should like to know how many of you will remember you're Christians till next week? How many of you will go to-morrow morning to your offices, and counting-houses, and stand behind your counters, and all in the way of business—all to scramble up the coin—forget they're miserable sinners, while every other thing you do may make you more miserable, only you never feel it, so long as it makes you more rich? And so there's a Sunday conscience like a Sunday coat; and folks, who'd get on in the world, put the coat and the conscience carefully by, and only wear 'em once a week. Well, to think how many such folks go to worship—I must say it, Master Capstick, to stand inside a church and watch a congregation coming out, I can't help thinking it, however you may state, may be, thinking after my fashion, a melancholy sight indeed. When we see what some people do all the week—people who're staunch at church, remember—I can't help thinking there's a good many poor souls who're only Christians at morning and afternoon services."

Capstick looked earnestly at Jen and said, "My dear fellow, it's all very well between you and me to say this; but don't say it to the world; don't let me if you would't be hunted, hurried, stoned to death, like a mad dog. Folks won't be turned inside out after this fashion without revenging the treatment with all sorts of bad names. Very pure folks won't be held up to the light and shown to be very dirty bottles, without paying back hard abuse for the impertinence. Jen, whatever coat a man may wear, never see a hole in it. Though it may be full of holes as a net, never see 'em; but take your hat off to the coat, as if it was the best bit of broad-cloth in the world, without a flaw or a thread drop, and with the finest bits of gold lace upon it. In this world, Jen, we to the man with an eye for holes! He's a beast, a wretch, an evil-speaker, an uncharitable thinker, a pest to be put down."

"I always speak my mind," said Jen. "It's an extravagance that has ruined many a man," said the mufin maker. "But enough of this, Jen; it's just the time to catch Tangle before he goes out." A few moments brought them to the lawyer's door. Ere, however, the mufin maker could touch the knocker, the door opened, and Mr. Tangle, with his two sons, and two daughters presented themselves, all, the females especially, being dressed for church. Yes; the females especially, being dressed for church. Yes; dressed for church; carefully, elaborately arrayed and ornamented, to sustain the severest criticism that, during the hours of devotion, might be passed upon them by sister sinners.—Little's Living Age.

SUICIDE OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.

The following is an extract from the forthcoming work of Richard Rush, containing his "Recollections of England," while he was there as the Minister of his country.—Calendar.

July, 1832. The last preceding memorandum in this irregular narrative of a public mission was in July, 1831. I cannot resume its thread, here broken by a chain of two years, without alluding to the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, which happened in August, 1832. He died by his own hand at North Cray, his country home, in Kent. The event proceeded from temporary aberration of mind, caused in all probability by his laborious exertions as ministerial leader in the House of Commons, during the session of Parliament which had just closed, added to trials and solitudes of scarcely inferior burden upon him as first Minister of the Crown for Foreign Affairs. His death created a very great shock. As a statesman, moving largely in English and European affairs, during the momentous transactions which preceded and followed the overthrow of Napoleon, and influencing decidedly some of them, history has already passed upon his character; and it is no part of my purpose, in these humble and fugitive pages, to discuss it in these relations. But as regards that portion of English statesmanship which has to do with American affairs, and it is no unimportant portion, I appeal to the preceding pages to attest the candid and liberal spirit in which he was ever disposed to view them.

Let those who may doubt it consult the archives of the two nations since the end of our revolutionary war, and point off the British statesmen of any class or party who up to the period of his death, made more advances, or did more in fact, toward placing their relations upon an amicable footing. I even hazarded the opinion, in chapter xx. of the former volume of this work, that had he not left England to attend the Congress at Aix la Chapelle in 1818, he would have settled with the United States, in the negotiation then pending, the question of impressment; and as an opinion, I still hold it on grounds then intimated.—His sentiments were all of a lofty kind. His private life was pure, and all who knew him in those relations loved him. In society, he was attractive in the highest degree: the firmness and courage of his nature being more remarkable than the gentleness and suavity of his manners. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, between the graves of Pitt and Fox. The diplomatic corps all went to his funeral; and no one among them could gaze upon his pall without leaving his memory filled with recollections of kindness received from him. If any thing intrinsically unpleasant ever arose in the transaction of international business with them, he threw round it every mitigation which blandness of manner could impart; while to announce or promote what was agreeable seemed always to give him pleasure.

His personal attentions to them were shown in ways which seemed to put out of view their coming from an official source, so unconstrained and friendly did they ever appear. Might not each individual, of the large assemblage of Ambassadors and Ministers who were of the funeral train, naturally have felt grief at the death of such a Foreign Secretary? struck down as he was, by an event wholly a fate, in the midst of his high employments, and with apparently so strong a hold upon life and his honors. Nor did I ever see many sorrow more written upon any countenance than on that of the Duke of Wellington, as he took a last look at the coffin when lowered into the vault.

Upon the death of Lord Londonderry the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in England passed to the hands of Mr. Canning—a name so well known to fame—a statesman and an orator, filling each sphere with powers highly disciplined, whether their exercise was on great occasions, or only dazzled on lighter ones he was equally the ornament of private life, in a society refined by age, by education and by wealth; as attendant in the highest literary circles, and adding dignity to those of rank. His funeral recedence was at Gloucester Lodge; and his classic dinners at that abode, as the hospitalities of Lord Londonderry, at North Cray and St. James' Square, will long be remembered by the diplomatic corps at the English Court in the time of George IV., as relics along the often anxious path of international business. He, too, soon passed away. Raised by his genius to the Premiership, the proud dream, it may be, of his life, he died almost immediately after ascending to that pinnacle; the victim, in his turn, of official labors too intense when superadded to those of that stormy ocean where his sway was great—the House of Commons. Britain entombed him also side by side with those of her distinguished men whose lives were devoted to her service and renown.

Advertisements.

RATES. Six lines and under, 2s. 4d. first insertion, and 7d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines and under, 3s. 9d. first insertion, and 1s. each subsequent insertion. Above ten lines, 4d. per line first insertion, and 1s. per line each subsequent insertion. The usual discount made where parties advertise by the year, or for a considerable time from the extensive circulation of the Church, in the Province of Canada, (from Sandwich to Cape) in Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, in the Hudson's Bay Territories, and in Great Britain & Ireland, will in various parts of the United States, it will be found a profitable medium for all advertisements which are desired to be widely and generally diffused.

Advertisements from the City of Toronto, may be left in the hands of the Agent of this Journal, THOMAS CROSSAN, Esq., 144, King-st., and will be forwarded by him free from the charge of postage to the advertiser.

Advertisements without written directions to the contrary (post-paid) inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOB WORK.

Done in a superior manner At the Office of "The Church."

ALSO, BLANK DEEDS AND MEMORIALS, KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND, WITH AND WITHOUT BAR OF DOWER, Handsomely printed on superior Paper and on Parchment.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Sale of the Eleven (sixteen, per hand-bills) BUILDING LOTS, on the East bank of the River Don, near the City of Toronto, advertised in the fourth page of this journal, will be sold by AUCTION, on TUESDAY EVENING, the 13th day of June next, at Eight o'clock precisely, at Mr. Wakefield's Auction Mart.

TERMS:—Only 22 1/2c. on each lot required down; the remainder can be paid in four equal annual instalments.

NOTICE. These Lots are large, (being from one-fourth to three-fourths of an acre each) cheaper, (see hand-bills) and upon easier terms than any lots now offered for sale. The soil is well adapted for Pasture, Orchard, or Garden; and those lying at the Margin of the River, are well adapted for the erection of any kind of Machinery propelled by Steam, and would answer well for a Brewery, Distillery, or Tannery.

N.B.—Purchasers wishing to have a Deed at once, can have one, by giving a Mortgage.

It may be well to remark, that such a Deed will entitle the holder to a VOTE in the First Riding of the County of York.

FOR SALE, THAT very valuable property, beautifully situated in the Shore of Lake Simcoe, Township of Georgina, being "THE BRIARS," the property of the late CAPTAIN BOURCHIER.

The Estate contains 200 acres of very good land, of which there are 70 under good cultivation, and fenced in a very superior manner; the House is of Brick, well built, and not only comfortably arranged for a gentleman's family, with all necessary and fitting offices, but also well and completely finished in every particular.

"THE BRIARS" is within a mile of the Church, Post Office, excellent Grist Mill, Saw Mill, and Store, and a few minutes walk from the Steamboat Wharf at Jackson's Point, the centre of the Steamboat Trade, which is acquainted with the river and adapted for Pasture, Orchard, or Garden; and those lying at the Margin of the River, are well adapted for the erection of any kind of Machinery propelled by Steam, and would answer well for a Brewery, Distillery, or Tannery.

N.B.—Purchasers wishing to have a Deed at once, can have one, by giving a Mortgage.

It may be well to remark, that such a Deed will entitle the holder to a VOTE in the First Riding of the County of York.

FOR SALE, THAT very valuable property, beautifully situated in the Shore of Lake Simcoe, Township of Georgina, being "THE BRIARS," the property of the late CAPTAIN BOURCHIER.

ONE MILLION AND A HALF ACRES OF LAND IN UPPER CANADA.

To Old Settlers, Emigrants and others.

THE CANADA COMPANY offer about the above stated quantity of Land, particularized in their Printed Lists of this date. It consists of Lots of from 100 to 200 Acres each, scattered throughout the country, from 1000 to 10,000 Acres in the Western District, and of a very important territory of 700,000 in the Huron Tract—30 miles South of Owen Sound.

These Lands are offered on the most advantageous and beneficial terms to suit the means or views of Settlers of every description. They may be had in several ways—viz. by purchase of the Purchase Money in five Annual Installments, with interest—by way of LEASE FOR TEN YEARS—NO MONEY BEING REQUIRED DOWN. The Bids payable 1st, February in each year—being equal to the Interest upon the present value of the Land. The peculiarity of the Company's Leases is, that under them the Settler's Soil has secured to him the entire benefit of his improvements, and increased value of the Land, as he is guaranteed the right of purchase of the Land at a fixed price named in the Lease, at which he may at any time during the Ten Years, demand the Land free for the Freehold—also, for example, by paying the moderate annual Rent of \$12, and no more, upon one hundred Acres of Good land, he may find it to his advantage—the option being entirely with the Lessee.

The SETTLERS SAVINGS BANK, by which the Company allow Lessees interest at 6 per cent. per annum on Monies deposited, will accumulate sufficient means to purchase the Land he Leases, if he choose so to do.

The EMIGRANTS DEPOSIT BANK, the Company allow interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, upon monies deposited by Emigrants, for every period not less than 50 days—the money being always at the disposal of the Emigrant.

The Company will REMIT any sum of money for SETTLERS to their Friends at HOME, by placing the amounts in the hands of the parties for whom they are destined, free of all cost, expense and risk, accompanied by every kind of useful information upon Canada. Last year the Company sent home in this manner, \$24,181, 15s. 7d. from 265 Settlers.

The Company will REMIT any sum of money from EUROPE to CANADA, by Letters of Credit upon their Commissioners in the Province.

Kind of Information upon Canada, and Directions that can be useful to intending Emigrants, can be obtained free of expense, at the Company's Office, St. Helen's Place, London.

The New Printed Lists, to be seen at every Post Office and Store in Upper Canada, and any information can be obtained free of charge, upon application, (if by letter, post-paid) at the Company's Office, Goderich, as regards the Huron Lands—at Frederick Street, Toronto, as regards all other Lands—Licences and Deposits of Money, &c.

CANADA COMPANY'S OFFICE, Frederick Street, Toronto, 2nd June, 1845. 412-13

JOHN HART, PAINTER, GLAZIER, GRAINER AND PAPER-HANGER, (LATE OF THE FIRM OF HART & MARCH.)

RESPECTFULLY returns thanks for the kind support he has received while in partnership, and desires to acquire his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by Mr. Puffer, No. 233, King Street, two doors east of Mr. Rowell's, where he intends carrying on the above business, and trusts, by strict attention and liberal terms, still to merit a continuance of public patronage. Toronto, 25th May, 1845. 47-11

THOMAS H. EDMUNDS, TAILOR, ROBE MAKER, AND DRAPER, NO. 2, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

IN returning his most sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally, for the liberal support hitherto extended to him, would most respectfully inform them that he has just received (per Great Britain from London) a large assortment of Goods, adapted for the present and coming seasons, which, for quality and elegance, cannot be surpassed in the Province. Also, material for University, Barriester, and Clergyman's Robes, from ANAN & Edes, Robe Maker to Her Majesty's High Court of Exchequer, Chancery Lane, London. And as the advertiser has had considerable experience in Robe making, as well as all other branches of his business, he hopes, by unremitting attention to business, to merit that patronage which it will ever be his glory to deserve. Toronto, May 23, 1845. 383-10

T. & H. BURGESS, MERCHANT TAILORS, NO. 128, KING STREET, TORONTO. 343

A. McMORPH, UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER, One door West St. Peter's Church.

Sofas, Couches, and Chairs, stuffed and neatly repaired; Mattresses and Pillows always on hand; Curtains and Carpets cut and made to order. 391-1y

THOMAS WHEELER, CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER, ENGRAVER, &c. 191, King Street, Toronto. Reference, for integrity and ability, kindly permitted to the Lord Bishop of Toronto. 370

OWEN MILLER & MILLS, COACH BUILDERS, FROM LONDON, CORNER OF PRINCESS AND BARRIE STREETS, KINGSTON, AND KING STREET, TORONTO. 325-1f

G. T. BILTON, MERCHANT TAILORS, NO. 2, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, TORONTO. (LATE T. J. PRESTON.) 397

RIDOUT & PHILLIPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, AND DEALERS IN WINES AND LIQUORS, Wellington Buildings, CORNER OF KING AND CHURCH STREETS, Toronto, February 2, 1845. 291-1f

J. W. BRENT, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, KING STREET, KINGSTON. PHYSICIAN, and FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. July 14, 1845. 292-1f

MR. J. D. HUMPHREYS, (FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC) PROFESSOR OF SINGING AND THE PIANO FORTE. Toronto, Oct. 7, 1845. 330-1f

MR. W. SCOTT BURN, ACCOUNTANT, NO. 8, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, TORONTO. Toronto, June, 1844. 364

EDWARD GEORGE O'BRIEN, GENERAL AGENT, ACCOUNTANT AND Notary Public, CHURCH STREET, TWO DOORS SOUTH OF KING STREET, TORONTO. 332-1f

FOR SALE, BANK STOCK, LAND SCRIP, &c. BY EDWARD G. O'BRIEN, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. Current Prices of Bank and other Stocks, as well as rates of Exchange, &c., may be ascertained on application to the above. 339-1f

WILLIAM A. GARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, &c. &c. (Over the Store of J. V. Bassell & Co.) COBURG, CANADA. Cobourg, Dec. 18, 1844. 388-1f

MESSRS. BETHUNE & BLACKSTONE, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c. OFFICE OVER THE WATERLOO HOUSE, NO. 134, KING STREET, TORONTO. ONE DOOR EAST OF RIDOUT, BROTHERS & CO. December 1, 1842. 282-1y

DR. PEIROSE, (Late of Newmarket.) OPPOSITE LADY CAMPBELL'S, DUKE STREET. Toronto, 7th August, 1841. 7-1f

MR. BEAUMONT, Professor of Surgery in the University of King's College, FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND. REMOVED TO BAY STREET, NEAR TO FRONT STREET, Athome for consultation from 10 a.m. till 12 daily. Toronto, April, 1844. 353-1f

MR. MEREDITH, SURGEON DENTIST, FROM ENGLAND, 239, KING STREET, NEAR CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO. 402

BUILDING LOTS. FLEVEN splendid Building Lots for sale, containing about half an acre each, beautifully situated on the East Bank of the River Don, about a quarter of a mile from the Bridge, and well adapted for the erection of Houses, Cottages, or manufactory buildings, several of the lots run down to the river, the soil is excellent, and the price extremely low.

For further particulars apply to J. G. HOWARD, Architect and D. P. SURVEYOR, 243, King Street, Toronto. Toronto, October 27, 1842. 27-1f

NOTICE. I hereby given, that D'ARCY E. BOULTON, Esq. of Cobourg, Canada West, is sole Agent for the general management, superintendence and sale, of all Lands in this Province registered in the name of JACQUES ADRIAN BARRE BARRETT, Trustee of EUPHRASIE BARRETT; and that no sales will be recognised, or payments upon mortgages acknowledged, that are not effected personally with Madame Barre, or this her Agent, Mr. Boulton. And all mortgages, or persons indebted for payments on sales of lands, may wish to please communicate the particulars of their debts forthwith to Mr. Boulton, who is authorised to collect and receive the same. New York, February 14, 1845. 398-1f

THE ROYAL MAIL

STEAM PACKETS.

BETWEEN TORONTO AND KINGSTON, ON FRIDAY NEXT, THE 18TH INSTANT.

DOWNWARDS. From Toronto to Kingston. SOVEREIGN, CAPT. SUTHERLAND, Every Monday and Thursday.—At Noon. CITY OF TORONTO, CAPTAIN DICK, Every Tuesday and Friday.—At Noon. PRINCESS ROYAL, CAPT. COLCLEUGH, Every Wednesday and Saturday.—At Noon.

UPWARDS. From Kingston to Toronto. PRINCESS ROYAL, CAPT. COLCLEUGH, Every Monday and Thursday Evenings, At Seven o'clock. SOVEREIGN, CAPT. SUTHERLAND, Every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, At Seven o'clock. CITY OF TORONTO, CAPTAIN DICK, Every Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, At Seven o'clock.

The above Steamers will call regularly at Cobourg and Port Hope, (weather permitting) and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, on their downward trip, at Windsor Harbor, Darlington, and Bond Head.

Parcels and baggage at the risk of the owners, unless booked and paid for as freight.

The proprietors will not hold themselves responsible for damage to Goods by accidental fire or collision with other vessels, in the ordinary exemption from liability. Regular parcels at the risk of the owners thereof.

Royal Mail Steam Packet Office, Front-Street, Toronto, 14th April, 1845. 405

THREE TIMES A-WEEK! THE STEAMER AMERICA, CAPT. HENRY TWHY, WILL, until further notice, leave Toronto for Rochester, Harbour, Oswego, Burlington, Bond Head, Port Hope, and Cobourg, (weather permitting) commencing on TUESDAY next, the 22nd instant.

The America will leave Toronto every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at Eleven o'clock, and will leave Rochester Landing every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, at Nine o'clock.

Parcels and Luggage at the risk of the owners, unless booked and paid for as freight.

N.B.—No freight received on board after the second bell has rung for starting.

The America will leave Toronto for Rochester DIRECT, on Sunday Evening next, at Seven o'clock—to commence her regular trip from Rochester on Monday Morning. Toronto, April 14, 1845. 404

THE STEAMER ECLIPSE, CAPT. JOHN GORDON, WILL, until further notice, leave Hamilton for Toronto at 7 A.M. every morning, (Sundays excepted) and returning will leave Toronto for Hamilton, at 4 P.M., touching at the intermediate Ports, weather permitting.

Hamilton and Rochester Steamboat Office, Toronto, April 10, 1845. 405

RIDEAU CANAL. 1845. 1845.

THE STEAMERS AID, PRINCE ALBERT, AND BEAVER, WILL ply during the season between KINGSTON and BYTOWN, and vice versa, as follows:—

LEAVE KINGSTON. The Aid, Every Monday, at 7 A.M. Prince Albert, Every Wednesday, at 7 A.M. Beaver, Every Friday, at 7 A.M.

LEAVE BYTOWN. The Aid, Every Wednesday, at 9 A.M. Prince Albert, Every Friday, at 9 A.M. Beaver, Every Monday, at 9 A.M.

The above Boats run in connexion with a regular daily Line of Steam-boats and Stages between Bytown and Montreal. Kingston, 1st May, 1845. 407-26

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE AT THE "CHURCH" OFFICE, IN SHEET FORM, (PRICE 5d) THE TABLE OF CUSTOMS DUTIES TO BE LEVIED

On Articles Imported by Land or Inland Navigation INTO THE PROVINCE OF CANADA, FROM AND AFTER THE 6TH APRIL, 1845.

This is an indispensable document to all persons engaged in Trade, and an early application is recommended. Cobourg, May 9th, 1845