

Youth's Corner.

THE KIND CARE OF GOD.

God is very kind to us. He loves to make us happy. It is he who gives us food every day, and clothes to wear, and a house to live in. We have not a thing that he has not given us, nor a pleasure that he does not provide for us.

It is God who makes the sun to shine, to warm us; and makes us able to walk in the fields, and to see all the pleasant sights around us. We love to see pretty flowers; and it is God who has made the flowers. We like to hear the sweet music of birds; and God has made birds to cheer us. We enjoy the sweet fruits that grow in our garden; but we must not forget that those fruits are given to us by God. If it had pleased him to give us no fruits nor flowers, nor birds, we might still live, but our pleasures would have been less.

God is kind to all living creatures. The cows, and sheep, and horses, that we now see, enjoy the life that he has given them; and birds and insects are cared for by God. If he did not keep them, and feed them, from day to day, they would perish. God loves those who love him; but he is kind, even to the wicked. He gives them all the good things they enjoy. He thinks of them, though they do not think of him.

Let us often think of God, and thank him for his goodness, and ask him to help us to love him.

As a father, with his little son and daughter, took one of the flowers which his children had given him, and asked them if they could make one like it.

"O no," said Mary, "I could not make a real flower."

"How do you know that, Mary?" he asked.

"I am almost sure of it; for flowers come from seeds. I know that, for you gave me some seeds for my garden, and helped me to put them in, and now they are come up to flowers." "Can you tell me, then, where the seeds came from?"

"You bought them, did you not, father?"

"Yes," said their father; "but did any one make the seeds?"

Mary could not say; but she thought not. She asked her father to tell her where the seeds were made or found. Then he gathered a dry faded flower, and pulled off some of the leaves, and showed them that the seeds grow within the flower; and told them that when flowers begin to fade, the seed keeps on growing and ripening, until it is gathered, or falls to the ground. "So you see," said he, "that if flowers come from seed, the seed must first have come from flowers. But now can you tell me how the first seed and the first flowers came into the world?" "I think," said the little girl, "that God must have put them there."

"Yes, he did indeed; and if you will listen, I will tell you about it. There was once no world nor sun nor moon nor stars. This was a very long while ago."

"Was it twenty years ago?" asked Alfred. Now Alfred was only a little boy. He thought one year a very long time. He could count up to twenty; and twenty years seemed to be as long a time as his thoughts could reach. You may judge that the little boy was not a very wise or learned child, but then he was not four years old. His father did not laugh at him when he asked the question; but he said, "It was more than twenty years ago; more than a hundred twenties. But though there was no world, there was God."

"Then God saw fit that there should be a world, and he made it. There was not any thing for the world to be made of; but God made it out of nothing. He also made the sun that shines in the daytime, and the moon and the stars that shine by night."

"God made man to live on the world, and all kinds of beasts, and birds, and insects. He also made the great sea, and fishes to live in it."

"But before God made any living creatures, he had made ready the world for them, and had made trees and plants to grow for their good and use. And when God made the trees, and plants, and flowers, he said that they were to bear seed, that other trees, and plants, and flowers, might come from them. And it is God's great power that causes the flowers to come from seed, as you have said."

"Did God make any thing else besides what you have told me?" It was little Mary who asked this question.

"He made every thing. There is nothing that you see that was not made by God. You cannot think of a single thing that was, or is, that was not made by him."

"But," said the little girl, "God did not make my clothes, did he, father; nor needles and pins, and such things; nor our houses?"

"The clothes that my little girl wears, are made of different things that grow; and those things were made to grow by God. Pins and needles, and a great many other useful things, are made by men, from metal which is dug out of the earth; but that metal was formed and placed there by God. Houses are built by men, of wood and stone; and wood and stone are not made by man, but by God. It has pleased God to give us strength and skill to work, and put together what he has made; but let us work it and alter it as we will, yet it is God who has made it. Do you know what I mean?"

Mary and Alfred thought that they did know what their father meant. And I think so too; for though they were so young, they tried to learn what their father wished to teach them. Great thanks for little children.

THE HOBBS OF FARMING.

It is of great importance to the farmer to have his eyes having, by this time, become used to the darkness of the room, I could

then make out that in the bed was the body of a man, wasted to little more than skin and bones; it was lying on a litter of straw, and covered by a dirty ragged quilt. Gradually I recognised the features of JACK O'LEARY, lately the head of this desolate household. I was moved to tears; and these tokens of my grief called forth a fresh burst of sorrow from the poor broken-hearted woman. She pointed to a straw pallet which I had not before seen; and the dead body of a younger child was lying there, covered with just the rags of an old shirt. I thought it best for the mother, as well as myself, to get out of this chamber of death and misery; beckoning to her to follow me, I hastened back into the kitchen, where she placed a chair for me, and, seating herself upon one of the stools, kept rocking to and fro, for some time, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly.

"How is it, Mary," said I, "that you have been brought into this state? I am sure you and your husband were well off when I knew you formerly?"

"So we war, Sir, ever an always we had full an plenty ourselves, an a bit an a sup to give a poor body, when they kem the way; but ye see how it is, sir, himself had the whole of the farm set in score ground under praties, all to one little patch of grass that we kep for the cow, to give milk to the childer. An when the disease an the famine kem in the praties, sure we couldn't expect them that got a good of 'em, to pay for what they didn't get; an so we war at the loss of the ground be that manes. An though we got an abatement in the rint, still in all, it wasn't of much use to us, as we had nothing to look to when the praties war gone. An thin, sir, we had no help for it, but to kill the cow, an sure it went to my heart to part with her, for she was a kind an an iligent milker; an I hadn't a drop of milk to give to myself, that was always used to it, nor to the craythurs of childer, that couldn't do without it. An when that was gone an spint, sorra a stick of furniture that was in the house, big or little, but I had to put in the pawn, even to the iligent feather beds that was under 'em, an to the clothes off their backs. An even to my fine scarlet shawl that id delight your eyes to see, that was a handfull thick, an I kept it to the lasht, for I was loth to part with it, as 'twas himself that got it to me the year we war married. But sure, I'll be bound it had to go in the end, for I couldn't see the death staring them in the face, an so I had to carry even to the cups and saucers, everything, an put them in pledge, an glad we war to have 'em to put in or anything else that would keep the life in 'em."

"But still in all, your honour, 'twas a short time they lasted; an when every thing in the house was ate up and gone, the four had to take to the bed with the sickness that's going, an Oh! sir, it wot to my heart to see 'em dying there afore my eyes, an not a bit nor a sup to give 'em, baring a drink of the cold water. An sure the naybers itself couldn't help us, for they were as bad or worse nor ourselves. Glory be to His holy name, sorra a bit of food passed our lips this three days, an sorra a bed did I stretch my side on this week back, but sitting up night an day with them that's gone from me now, an och, sir, 'twas little good for me to be up with them, when I had nothing to give 'em."

"My heart was sick at the tale I had now heard; and as soon as I could put in a word, I asked, "Is there any place near this where you could buy bread?"

"There is a baker's shop down there, sir, in the village, of about half a mile from the corner of the road."

"Well," said I, "get the house a little to right, and I will soon be back with some food for your family, if any is to be had." So taking my hat, I walked out, and soon returned with provisions which would serve them for some days.

"The Lord love you, sir," said she, "for your goodness to me an mine, an it is a long time since we see so much food at onst in this house. Praise be to Him for sending you here this day, or the rest of us would be like them that's stretched in the cold grave, an thin that's there within. An sure 'twas he that put it into yer heart to come here this day, an to lave us sich a power of food."

Just as one little fellow had received a piece of bread, I saw him break off a small corner of it, which he eat, and then slip into the room inside the kitchen with the remainder. Anxious to see what he was about, I followed him unperceived, and saw him climb up into the bed where the body of his poor father lay, and putting a piece of the bread into the dead man's mouth, said, "Here, father, at this, and 'twill make ye strong and well again. Oh, father, father, won't ye look up at me nor spake to me, won't ye spake to yer own Patsy? Wisha, father, what ails ye, sure 'tis yer own Patsy that's giving it to ye, and he wouldn't give ye any thing out of the way. Oh, father, ashore, won't ye say one word to me nor look at me ever agin?"

"Come, my child," said I, going over to him, "your poor father cannot hear you or speak to you, for he is dead, come with me."

At first he seemed to understand me, but clung to his parent, whilst he wept and sobbed aloud; at length he saw that his entreaties were useless, and then he consented to come with me, after he had kissed his father's face and hands several times.

"Oh, sir," said his mother, who had just then come into the room, "he was always the father's pet, an his life was wrapped up in him; an sure I don't know what Patsy will do, at all, at all, after him. But come, allanna, an ate some of the fine bread an milk the gentleman was so good as to give ye. Here, machree-hu-an-ahig, drink this an 'will raise yer poor heart, an don't ye be crying that way, Patsy, agin, for ye can do no good to yer poor father, for he is dead avourneen, God be merciful to his soul. Here, ashore, the gentleman is axing ye to take it, an don't ye throw away his goodness. An sure, sir, if I had the luck to have the Lord send ye sooner with the victuals, that's sorely wanting to us this

day, I wouldn't be the lone widdy now, with my poor man stretched there afore me, an my fine boy, an my fine shilp of a girl carried off to be buried without a coffin, nor a wako; nor candles, nor having the priest itself with them. An though I say it, that shouldn't say it, there was not a likelier boy nor girl at the chapel every Sunday. Oh, sir, 'tis a sore thing to part with 'em, and they just rared an all, an thin that small craythurren, sure the Lord look 'em all out of the trouble an hardship of this world, an they won't have much to suffer in the next for all the punishment they have in this."

"Mary," said I, "your Priests cruelly deceive you, when they lead you to believe that their anointing is a ready passport to heaven. What good do you think could your poor husband and children have gained, by having the Priest with them in their last moments?"

"Oh, sir, an sure it is a fine thing to have the Priest with one, an to have the blessed oil an the holy Eucharist an the Mass read over the poor soul when it is departing; but I trust in God he wout require it of 'em nor punish 'em for it, seeing as how they couldn't have the anointing nor the blessed candles nor nothing else, but a small drop of the holy water, that I had with me in the house to sprinkle 'em with. But, sir, you are a Protestant, of course ye don't do the likes of this that we Romans do."

"Mary," said I, "Protestants do not believe that Priest or Minister can do any thing to help the salvation of a poor sinner, because the word of God declares that the blood of Jesus Christ is alone sufficient to take away our sin, and that we can do nothing to help ourselves. What can a poor sinner like ourselves do for us, and why should we trust in the merits of the saints, in holy oil, or any thing else, when the Bible tells us that we can only be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ; and is not the word of God to be minded before the word of man?"

"Of course it is, sir, but then it is a terrible thing for a poor soul to die without being prepared, an to lave this world with their sins in a manner on their head. But sure God is merciful, an he wout punish us for what is no fault of ours."

"The preparation you look to, Mary, is the anointing of the Priest, and the Masses said for the soul, but the preparation which the Lord requires is to be washed in the blood of Christ, to believe on him and to love him. If our souls are not pardoned here, there is no hope for them in the next world, for out of hell there is no redemption; and all the misery and sorrow we suffer here, will not lessen our punishment one atom in the next, because we must be saved only by Jesus Christ; and if we do not come to Him for salvation, of course there is no other way for us to escape the wrath to come; for God's word makes no mention of Purgatory, nor tells us that Priests, or Saints, or Masses, or any thing else, can atone for a sinner's soul. Would your Priest, Mary, allow you to read the Bible?"

"Wisha, sir, 'tis little of him we see these times, since we haven't the dhues to give him, an I'll be bound he wout be troubling his head about us now any way, for though I sent for him to anoint the poor man that's there within, he sint me word that he couldn't come, unless I had the money to give him; an sure I had it in the world, or any way of getting it, I would not let him die without the Sacraments of the Church, but the Lord above knows that I had no way to make it out here or there."

To be concluded in our next.

A TUESDAY AFTERNOON AT THE HOME AND COLONIAL SCHOOLS, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

SECTION OF A LESSON ON SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE MODEL INFANT SCHOOL.

Silver. To illustrate the refiner's work.—Malachi iii. 3.

1st.—I will show the children a piece of silver, and also some silver ore, question them as to the difference in them; one is bright, reflective, and valuable, the other is impure, mixed with inferior substances, that render it much less valuable, destroy its best qualities. Having drawn from the children all they know as to how silver may be obtained from its ore, I will describe to them the work of the refiner; he places the ore in a furnace which removes the earth united with the silver; there yet may remain much dross, or scum, to dull its brilliancy; the refiner patiently sits watching the purifying process, and never leaves his work till the bright metal reflects perfectly, like a mirror, his image. Then he knows his work is done. I will then write on the slate, "Silver when taken from the earth is very impure, but the dross is separated by fire, and when quite pure, it reflects perfectly the refiner's image."

2d.—I will read Mal. iii. 3; and question the children as to whom the refiner represents; whom the silver. I will help the children to trace out our resemblance to silver ore; so much of sin mixes up with all we do; so defiled by evil, that we do not reflect the Saviour's image, we are not like him. Then I will endeavour to lead them to see how the Saviour is like a refiner, he sends us trials and chastisements that act like a furnace in removing the evil that defiles us till we become more and more like himself. I will write on the slate, "Christ purifies his people from sin, by sending them trials, till they become like him."

3d.—I will endeavour to apply the subject. What makes the children like the ore? When does their teacher act like a refiner? Whom does she wish them to be like? How should they receive her punishments?

The Superintendent explained that this was a lesson on a piece of silver; the object being to throw light on the Scripture by means of a natural object. The step was much more advanced, than those already witnessed.

The children first sung.

A piece of silver ore, and one of bright silver, were then exhibited by the teacher.

Teacher.—(Holding up the bright silver.) What is this? All.—Silver. T.—Now tell me what this is (exhibiting the ore). No answer. T.—Suppose you were walking along the street, and saw this lying on the ground, what would you call it? What does it look like? C.—It looks like a piece of stone. T.—(Exhibiting the bright metal.) What do you know this to be? All.—Silver. T.—Would you think this silver (presenting the ore)? C.—It looks like a piece of coal. T.—You would not think this to be silver (pointing to the ore), but when you look at that (pointing to the polished silver), you know at once that it is silver: what difference do you observe in them? C.—One is white and the other is blue. T.—What besides? C.—One is bright, the other is dull.

T.—Now tell me something in which you can see yourselves or your image? C.—A looking-glass. T.—Why can we see ourselves in a looking-glass? C.—Because it is reflective. T.—What can you say of a looking-glass? C.—It is reflective. T.—Which of these is like the looking-glass in this respect? C.—The bright silver. T.—Is this (holding up the ore) reflective? C.—No. T.—What can you say of these two? The children repeated together, "The one is reflective and the other is not." T.—Which would you rather have? C.—The bright silver. T.—And because the bright silver is worth the most money, what is it said to be? C.—Valuable.

T.—Can you find out any reason why the silver in this piece (pointing to the ore) is not so bright as in this (pointing to the silver)? C.—Because it is mixed with stone. T.—What makes the silver look like stone? Can you find out? C.—It is mixed with stone. T.—Silver is taken from the earth in this state (pointing to the ore), mixed with stones and other things; what would you call it when thus mixed? C.—A mixture. T.—What is a mixture? C.—Several things mixed up. T.—When water is mixed with mud, what do you say it is? C.—"Dirty," "unclean," "filthy," "unpleasant." T.—There is another word. C.—Black. T.—What do you say it is when it is nice and clean? C.—"Clear," "fresh." T.—What else? C.—Pure. T.—Yes, when it is not mixed it is pure. When a thing is not mixed, what is it? C.—Pure. T.—Now, which of these two pieces of silver is pure? (A pause.) What would you say this is (showing the ore)? C.—Impure. T. No; impure. Now say that is impure silver. (The children all repeated the words.) T.—Now say (pointing to the bright silver), "That is pure silver." T.—When is silver impure? C.—When it is taken out of the ground. T.—Say, "When silver is first taken out of the ground it is impure."

The words were repeated by the class, and the teacher wrote them upon the slate. T.—Now, what must have been done to make this reflecting the bright silver; look at it does? What must be done to it after it is taken out of the earth? C.—It must be polished. T.—Do you think if I were to rub the ore, I should, by so doing, ever make it pure? C.—No. T.—Polishing it, you see, then, is not the way to make it pure. What is it mixed with? C.—Stones and earth. T.—Yes; and it is often mixed with lead. If I rubbed the lead, should I make it silver? C.—No. T.—How would I get the silver pure? (No answer.) What must I do to make muddy water pure? (A pause.) Must I not take the mud away? C.—Yes. T.—What do you think I must do to the silver ore to get it pure? C.—Take away all the earth and stones with which it is mixed. (The children repeat the latter words.)

T.—I do not think you know how this is done; so I will tell you. The man who purifies this silver ore, or refines it, puts it into a vessel, and then he puts the vessel into a kind of furnace. Do you know what a furnace is? (A pause.) It is a kind of oven; and when it is there, what do you think the heat does to it? C.—Melts it. T.—Yes, it heat melts it; and then, what becomes of all the earthy substances which are mixed with the silver? (A pause.) They rise to the top, and the silver remains at the bottom. And what do you think the man who is refining the silver, does then to get rid of the impurities? I think some of you have seen your mother do something of the same kind. C.—Skim it. T.—Yes, the man skims off what is at the top. Now, what is it that separates the impure substances from the silver? C.—The heat of the fire. T.—Say, "The fire separates the silver from the impure substances." The children repeated this.

T.—What is the man called? C.—The refiner. T.—How does the refiner know when the silver is refined? (A pause.) You cannot tell me. How does he know when all the impurity is removed? C.—When there is a great smoke. T.—Not quite so. Would you like to know? All.—Yes, teacher. T.—Well, the silver, remember, is in the furnace, and the fire is separating all the impurities from it. The refiner sits down and looks at it, and when the impurities rise to the top, he takes them off; and then he sits down and looks again; he does not get weary, but sits there and watches the impurities as they rise up; and he takes them off as fast as they rise. At last the impurities are taken away, and the silver looks so bright that he can see his face in it—he can see his own image. What can he see? All.—His image. T.—Say, "The silver, when purified perfectly, reflects his image." The children repeated this. T.—Yes. If you look in a looking-glass, what do you see there? You see your image. Well, the silver does just the same as the looking-glass. The refiner sits and watches it all the time it is in the furnace.

A little boy.—Teacher, how does he touch it when he wants to do anything with it, and it is so hot? T.—He uses a spoon. He sits there and skims it until he can see his image in it. What does he know then? C.—That the silver is pure. A little boy.—Would he get the silver out of that stone? (pointing to the ore.) T.—Oh, yes, Jackson; and that is the way in which men get it. It is at first all mixed with impurities; but they break it up into small pieces, and put it into the furnace; and then how is it made pure? All.—By fire.

The teacher then wrote this on the slate. Teacher reads from the slate, "When silver is taken out of the earth, it is impure. It is separated from impurities by—what? C.—By fire. T.—And when it perfectly reflects the image of the refiner, then it is in what state? C.—Then it is pure. The teacher having written all these points on the slate, the children repeated them. T.—What will the silver do when it is pure? C.—Reflect the image of the refiner. T.—What does the refiner do if he cannot see his image in it? C.—He puts it on the fire again. T.—Yes; he will not take it away until he sees his image; and when he sees his image perfectly reflected, upon the safety of which so many lives frequently depend. Another remarkable circumstance, which Captain Keyse has introduced, enables the generous-hearted sailors who peril their lives for the salvation of the shipwrecked, to lower the mast on bearing a rocky, for a landing bridge; and its efficiency in this respect is increased, tenfold, by its being removable upon a swivel to either end of the life boat. It

has received the approval of the Admiralty, and will be removed shortly to Woolwich Arsenal. Captain Keyse is also the inventor of a floating line, which is calculated to be the means of saving many valuable lives in cases of shipwreck, and it is anticipated will prove wonderfully serviceable in enabling an army advancing into an enemy's country to establish the communication across rivers necessary for the construction of ponton bridges and other purposes.—London Morning Chronicle.

MANUFACTURE OF GAS FROM WATER.—We were much pleased with a descriptive lecture at the Polytechnic Institution, accompanied by a working model of a new hydro-carbon gas apparatus, patented by Mr. Stephen White, for the manufacture of gas from water and common air, or resin, &c. The apparatus consists of three retorts placed in a stove, two of which are filled with charcoal, and thin pieces of iron, and the other with iron chains, hanging from a central bar. The first two retorts, in the decomposition of water, which is regularly supplied by means of a siphon pipe, through and into the centre of the retort; the water, in passing into the heated material, becomes converted into pure hydrogen and oxide of carbon. It then passes into the third retort, to receive its dose of bi-carburet of hydrogen, which is prepared from common tar, resin, or similar substances, passing, or dropping, on the red hot chain, from a siphon tube, which regulates its supply. This causes the tar, or melted resin, to throw off an abundance of bi-carburet of hydrogen gas. The gases being mixed in this manner, are immediately conveyed into the gaseometer for use, without any purifying vessels whatever, none being required. The great advantages arising from this invention appear to be the small, simple, and cheap apparatus required, and the beautiful, clear, and bright light produced, surpassing the ordinary coal gas; also, its perfect purity, being free from any impurities in its manufacture, and above all, its pure and innocuous, that it may be burnt in any private room, without the least ill effects or smoke resulting from it. The apparatus may be used, and the gas made, in any private mansions, churches, or manufactories, and on any scale, from 5 to 1,000 lights or more, as well as for cities and towns. This gas can be made and supplied at a price considerably less than that of coal gas. Thus we see accomplished the foretelling of that eminent chemist and philosopher, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, "that at some future time gas would be generated from water for general purposes, surpassing coal gas in brilliancy and purity."—Mining Journal.

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