

Poetry.

THE IRISH PROTESTANT'S CHRISTMAS EVENING HYMN.

Come, my dear ones, let us worship God, whose mercy once again Brings around the glad announcement Of a SAVIOUR born to men;

Grant, who out of dust has formed us, Putting hearts of flesh within, Grant—if yearning human nature Prompt me not to wish a sin—

Grant that, if my gallant children Are to perish for the right, They may render up their spirits On a stricken field of fight!

Grant that, if my gallant children Are to perish for the right, They may render up their spirits On a stricken field of fight!

Grant that, if my gallant children Are to perish for the right, They may render up their spirits On a stricken field of fight!

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Dec. 29.—Sunday after Christmas. 1840. Jan. 1.—The Circumcision of Christ. 6.—The Epiphany. 13.—First Sunday after Epiphany. 20.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.

WATERLOO.\*

The generation which has grown up within the last fifteen or twenty years can little understand the feelings which swayed men's minds during the great revolutionary war. They read of the conquests of the French emperor, and of the destructions which that modern Attila inflicted on continental Europe, dissolving dynasties and shaking nations, as a mere history; and they know nothing of the thrill which the awful name of Napoleon called forth in those who witnessed his wonderful career.

The days of that closing brief campaign were fearful ones. The vast interests at stake, the peril of so many lives—England's bravest and best—the known skill and desperation of Napoleon, the suddenness of his recovery from what had been esteemed his final fall—all these things kept the public mind in a fever of terrible suspense. And then came rumours of untoward conflicts, and announcements of lamentable losses; and men could hardly help trembling as they anticipated the possibility of the French emperor's reascending to the pinnacle of power from which he had been the year before precipitated.

I have trodden many of the spots remarkable in the history of Napoleon's career. I have stood where in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a Corsican soldier of fortune placed upon his own head—seizing it from the Roman pontiff, whom he had summoned to grace his inauguration—the imperial crown of one of the richest realms of Europe.

I have sat in the little room, in his favourite palace of Fontainebleau, where he was compelled to sign away, as it seemed forever, his authority, and then to bid, as it was thought, a last adieu to the comrades with whom he had victoriously traversed half the world; and I could not but feel somewhat for the humiliation of that mounting spirit; for terrible must have been his agony as he tore himself from the veterans who adored him, and kissed with streaming eyes the eagles that he had guided so often to their quarry.

But I have wandered over the field of Waterloo—the bloody stake of the last act in the tragic drama of his career, where his single and unprincipled ambition carried lamentation and woe into three ten thousand homes, and I could not think of his name without abhorrence. In his former wars, Napoleon was indeed the destroying spirit that rode upon the storm; but that storm had been raised before he aspired to direct it, and it would have raged—perhaps as furiously—if he had never lived: it was the convulsion of the French people—whom he personified. But of the massacre of Waterloo, he was individually the sole author, mover, source and cause.

\* From the Church of England Magazine.

the world in arms, and consumed, in perhaps the shortest campaign on record, more victims than probably were ever sacrificed before in such a little space. Poor wretched man! how his brother's blood cries from this field against him!

I went into the quiet, country-looking church of Waterloo. The walls on each side are covered with tablets to the memory of the brave who fell in the battle.—Then I walked on to Mont St. Jean. Almost every house I passed had a history belonging to it. Some distinguished person had either lodged there before the engagement, or had been brought thither after it died.—In one, about the best looking in the place, the Duke of Wellington had slept, my guide told me, for two nights, June 17th and 18th. To another, some way farther on, Sir William de Lancey had been carried mortally wounded. Oh, what tales of thrilling woe those walls, if they could speak, would tell!

The guide who accompanied me was an intelligent man. He described with vivid minuteness the terrors of that awful time. Most of the inhabitants of Waterloo and its neighbourhood had left their habitations, and fled to the woods; and though it was the Sabbath, no chime on that day called the people to the house of prayer.—He himself was a farm servant at Mont St. Jean; and he pointed out, on the left of the road, nearly the last house, the place where he lived. It was just behind the English line; and into it the wounded were conveyed in crowds, and it was his business to attend on them. He said that if he looked out he could see nothing of the battle; a sullen cloud of smoke enveloped the armies; but the noise was most terrific. And clearly, amid the roar of artillery and the tumult of charging squadrons, he could hear the shrieks of the wounded and dying.—One or two balls fell upon the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, but little damage was done to it. From this farm there is a slight descent, in the middle of which stands a ruinous-looking hut. It was there in the battle, but the shots passed over it. Then the ground rises again; and in a minute or two we stood upon the brow of the hill, and saw the whole field of Waterloo stretched before us.

Along this ridge, and in the little hollow behind it, the English army was posted. There was a gentle slope, then a narrow plain, and beyond that a range of hills like that we stood on: there were the mighty hosts of France. The high road ran from the point where we were to the opposite eminence; a little below us was La Haye Sainte; on the extreme left La Haye; about a mile off, in front, we saw La Belle Alliance; and on the right was the chateau of Hougomont. The field looked calm and quiet; corn was growing in most parts of it—and it was difficult to realize the fact, that here so many thousand bodies were waiting the last trumpet, to stand again upon their feet. The guide had been employed to bury the dead. Large pits were dug, and the corpses were hastily thrown in; but it was twelve days ere the field was cleared; and long before that time, so dreadful was the stench of the putrifying carcases, that many of the country people engaged in the pestiferous task of interring them, died.

I crossed over to Hougomont. Here was indeed a scene of desolation; the once-beautiful grounds were lying waste; the gates were gone—and the walls of the house and outbuildings were shattered and crumbling. But the chapel presented the most striking appearance. Many of the wounded, during the heat of the action were placed there; and then, when it was nearly full of these poor helpless creatures, it was fired. The blackened walls and scorched image of the Virgin tell an awful tale. I never had such a vivid perception of the misery war really inflicts, as while I wandered through the desolate habitation. Truly the sword is well described as one of God's "four sore judgments." (Ezek. xiv. 21.) Even the hearts of conquerors, I am sure, must be touched at the sight of the field in which they have gathered their laurels. It is said that, the night after the battle, as the Duke of Wellington rode solitarily back to his quarters at Waterloo, he could not restrain, even in that hour of his glory, an agony of tears, when he thought of the gallant friends he had that day seen stricken down in such numbers by his side.

Can we then, at Waterloo, feel sympathy for Napoleon? or not rejoice that the sceptre of that terrible monarch was stricken from his grasp? We may indeed entertain pity for a being who was so evidently urged forward by the evil one, and shudder at the account he will have to render at a just tribunal. And we must make the application to ourselves. How corrupt must be the nature, how fallen the condition of men, who, instead of cultivating, like children of one common parent, the ties of amity, can embroil their hands in blood, and call it honour! Well said a Christian poet,

"One murder makes a villain; Millions, a hero."

The existence of war is a profanation to be evaded, of the fall of man.

Slowly, and with many a backward look, I quitted the plain of Waterloo. I remember no day in my life in which more peculiar trains of thought were called forth. And though the time passed rapidly while exploring the field, yet it seemed in the retrospect at night as if a long, long period had been lived that day. With more feeling than I had previously experienced, I have since been enabled to say, "From battle, murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us."

THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

"One day," said Mr. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, the institutor of Sunday Schools, "as I was going to church, I overtook a soldier just entering the church door; this was on a week-day. As I passed him, I said it gave me great pleasure to see that he was going to a place of divine worship. 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for that.' 'Me!' said I, 'why I do not know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' said he, 'when I was a little boy, I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday Scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire; and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I often used to think of you. At length I went to London; and was there drawn to serve as a militia-man in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and I took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in the hope of once more seeing you.'

"He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance, which happened whilst he was at school. His father was a journeyman carrier; a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me, that his father was wonderfully changed; and that he had left off going to the alehouse on Sunday. It happened, soon after, that I met the man in the street,

and said to him, 'My friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sunday; your boy tells me that you now stay at home, and never get tipsy.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I may thank you for it.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that is impossible; I do not recollect that I ever spoke to you before.' 'No Sir,' said he, 'but the good instruction you give my boy, he brings home to me: and it is that, Sir, which has induced me to reform my life.'—Penny Sunday Reader.

The Garner.

THE ABUSE OF GOD'S PATIENCE.

Whether you mean it or not, you are verily guilty of despising the goodness and forbearance of God. Can any guilt well be greater? Is it a small thing that you are despising: no, it is riches, the best riches, the riches of the mercy of the King of heaven. It is easy to see why St. Paul calls it riches. He would teach us the excellence of this, which is so great, that, if we only knew the true value of things, we should fall on our knees, and bless God with all our hearts for sparing us month after month, and year after year, that we may have time and opportunities for repentance. But what if the opportunities are given in vain? What if the time, which should have been spent in repentance, has been employed in heaping sin upon sin? What if December leave us as far from heaven as January found us, but with a heavier load on our consciences, and a deeper stain on our souls?—Then I must set before you the evil end of such a life of sin, the evil end of going on year after year despising the riches of God's goodness and forbearance. The wages of sin is death. The end of rejecting God's mercy must be to abide the fierceness of his anger, in that day when the Son of man comes in all his father's glory to execute judgment on the wicked. Against that day, St. Paul tells us, hardened and impenitent sinners are treasuring up for themselves wrath. Let no man be mad enough to say within himself, I will lay up my treasure upon earth: for we must all lay up treasure in heaven, whether we will or no. We are all laying up treasure there at this moment: if it be not a treasure of holiness, it must be a treasure of wrath. Could our eyes be opened to behold the secrets of the next world, how should we start and tremble at seeing this mountain of wrath and misery and punishment, which we are heaping up against ourselves! The covetous muckworm for instance, who scrapes up penny upon penny, and pound upon pound, by so many base, dishonest, oppressive ways, how would he shudder to find the treasure he delights in, a treasure not of money, but of wrath! The drunkard, who wallows in strong drink,—it might rouse even him from his dreadful lethargy, could he see every cup of drunkenness swelling a stream of wrath for him. The unclean man, who offends the Holy Spirit of God by his adultery, his fornication, his impure thoughts and filthy words,—what would be his feelings, if he saw the pile of flaming wrath, which his pleasures, as he deems them, are rapidly raising up against him! But so it is, whether we see it or not. We have the Apostle's word for it: the joys of sin are joys of wrath; the wages of sin are wages of wrath; the treasures of sin are treasures of wrath, and vengeance, and punishment, and misery, and woe.—Rev. A. W. Hare.

OBSCURITY OF PROPHECY.

Length of time, by the changes which it makes in the customs and manners of mankind, on which the figures of speech depend, and by various other means, brings an obscurity on the most precious writings. Among all the books now extant, none hath suffered more from this cause, in its original perspicuity, than the Bible; nor hath any part of the Bible suffered equally with the prophetic books, in particular passages: but, notwithstanding the great and confessed obscurity of particular parts of the prophecies, those which immediately concern the Christian church are for the most part, so far at least as they are already accomplished, abundantly perspicuous or unobscured with no other difficulty than the Apostle's rules of exposition will remove; nor does the obscurity of other parts at all lessen the certainty of the evidence which these afford. The obscurity, therefore, of the prophecies, great as it is in certain parts, is not such, upon the whole, as should discourage the Christian laic from the study of them, nor such as will excuse him under the neglect of it. Let him remember that it is not mine, but the apostle's admonition, who would not enjoy an useless or impracticable task, "to give heed to the prophetic word."—Bishop Horsely.

A GOOD RULER.

The virtues of private persons, how bright and exemplary soever, operate but on few, on those only who are near enough to observe and inclined to imitate them: their sphere of action is narrow, and their influence is confined to it. But a just and wise magistrate is a blessing as extensive as the community to which he belongs; a blessing, which includes all other blessings whatsoever that relate to this life; secures to us the possession, and enhances the value of all of them; which renders the condition of the happiest among men still more happy, and the state of the meanest less miserable, than if it would otherwise be: and for the enjoyment of which no one man can well envy another; because all men, in their several ranks, and according to their several proportions and degrees, do alike share in it. As the precious ointment upon the head, which ran down upon the beard of Aaron, and went down from thence even to the skirts of his clothing.—(Psalm cxviii. 2.)—such, and so universal are the benefits which a good ruler bestows; in like manner are they derived from him, the head, and gently diffused over the whole body which he governs, refreshing every part of it, as they descend, from the highest to the lowest.—Bishop Atterbury.

A PREVENTIVE OF REBELLION.

When I beheld the evil and pestiferously-affected minds of Englishmen, and ponder and weigh the fruits of such corrupt minds, contempt, hatred, grudge and malice against their kings, magistrates, laws, orders, and policies,—doubtless I cannot think but these men, as much as in them, conspire and work the destruction of this realm. For it can be no otherwise, but that as contempt of godly laws, and sedition among the people and subjects, of what degree soever they are, have wrought the destruction of other realms; so it must and can do no otherwise unto this realm. But what realm or kingdom soever will avoid these evils, let them promote the word of God to be truly and diligently preached and taught unto the subjects and members thereof. The want of it is the chief cause of sedition and trouble, as Solomon saith: "If the prophecy is wanting, the people are dissipated." Wherefore I cannot but wonder at the opinion and doctrine of such as say, a sermon once in a week, in a month, or a quarter of a year, is sufficient for the people. Truly it is injuriously and evil spoken against the glory of God and salvation of the people.—Bishop Hooper.

PROSPERITY.

Nothing shall more effectually betray the heart into a love of sin, and a loathing of holiness, than an ill-managed prosperity.—It is like some meats, the more luscious, the more dangerous.—Prosperity and ease upon an unsanctified, impure heart, is like the sun-beams upon a dunghill, it raises many filthy noisome exhalations. The same soldiers, who, in hard service, and in the battle, are in perfect subjection to their leaders, in peace and luxury are apt to mutiny and rebel. That corrupt affection which has lain, as it were, dead and frozen in the midst of distracting businesses, or under adversity, when the sun of prosperity has shined upon it, then, like a snake, it presently recovers its former strength and venom. Vice must be caressed and smiled upon, that it may thrive and sting. It is starved by poverty. It droops under the frowns of fortune, and pines away upon bread and water. But when the channels of plenty run high, and every appetite is pleased with abundance and variety, so that SATISFACTION is but a mean word to express its enjoyment, then the inbred corruption of the heart shows itself pampered and insolent, too unruly for discipline, and too big for correction.—South.

Advertisements.

UPPER CANADA CHURCH OF ENGLAND DIOCESAN PRESS. SUBSCRIBERS to this institution are requested to pay a second instalment of FIVE PER CENT [or five shillings per share] on the amount of their respective shares, into the hands of the undersigned, on or before the tenth day of January next. When more convenient the remittance may be made to the Editor of "The Church." H. J. GRASSETT, Secretary and Treasurer. Toronto, Dec. 16, 1839. 25-4f

A YOUNG ENGLISH LADY, accustomed to tuition, wishes to obtain a situation as Governess in a Family where the children are young. She will instruct them in the usual branches of a liberal education; including Music, French, Dancing, and Ornamental Needle-work. References of the highest respectability. Address S. Y. Belleville, U. C. 23-4w

WANTED, an Assistant (a member of the Church of England) qualified to teach the usual branches of an English education. A person acquainted with the National School system would be preferred; who, for the present, would be satisfied with a small salary. Application to be made at the UPPER CANADA CENTRAL SCHOOL, Toronto. November 25, 1839. 22-4f

MIDLAND DISTRICT SCHOOL. THE REV. R. V. ROGERS, Principal. Mr. C. B. TURNER, B. A., BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, Assistant. TERMS.—For Day Scholars, fixed by the Trustees.—The quarter having been entered upon the whole will be charged. For Boarders, £40 per annum. A limited number only will be taken. It is therefore requested that a quarter's notice be given previously to the removal of a pupil. Each Boarder is to provide his own washing, bed, and bedding, and silver dessert spoon. For further particulars apply, if by letter post paid, to the Principal. N. B.—The present term will end on Tuesday, December 24th, and the next will commence on Monday, January 6th, 1840. Kingston, U. C., December 11, 1839. 25-4f

THE JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT SCHOOL. THE Principal of the above Institution respectfully informs the public, that in consequence of the increasing number of his pupils, he has engaged as an Academy the large and handsome edifice on "Court-House Avenue," Brockville, lately known as the Commercial Hotel. The accommodations are of a most superior description; the situation is airy and healthy; and the playground is unsurpassed by any in the country. Mr. William Miller, late student of Trinity College, Dublin, has been engaged as second Master. The terms for boarders are as follows. Theological pupils, £50 per annum: other pupils £30 per annum. Various extra charges, exclusive of school-books, from £2 to £3 per annum. Pupils are required to furnish their bed materials and towels; and to provide for their washing. The quarter consists of eleven weeks. No deduction for absence except in case of sickness. All payments for Board and Tuition must be settled quarterly in advance. Address (post paid) the Rev. H. Caswall, M. A., Brockville. 18-4f

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE Subscriber begs leave to state that a School for Young Ladies will be opened in the Academy at Brockville, by Mrs. Caswall and Miss Street, on Monday, November 10th. The terms for tuition are reasonable, and will be made known on application. Young Ladies can be accommodated with Board in respectable families residing near the Academy, at 10s. or 12s. 6d. per week. Application to be made as above. H. CASWALL. Brockville, Nov. 4, 1839. 20-4w

THE HOME DISTRICT SCHOOL.

THIS Institution is now in successful operation. An additional number of in-door pupils can be conveniently received and comfortably accommodated. TERMS OF TUITION, BOARD, &c. For pupils under 10 years of age, £32 per academical year. For pupils in or above their 10th year, £36 per do. Cards of particulars may be had on application to the Principal, personally, or by letter [post paid]. M. C. CROMBIE, Principal. Toronto, May 24, 1839. 50-4f

CHINA, EARTHENWARE AND GLASS.

THE Subscribers have recently received, direct from the first manufacturers in England, a very extensive assortment of China, Earthenware and Glass. SHUTER & PATERSON. Toronto, Dec. 12, 1839. 25-13w

FOR SALE OR TO LET

IN THE TOWNSHIP OF SEYMOUR. A FARM, beautifully situated on the west bank of the River Trent, consisting of 245 Acres of Land, 70 acres of which are under cultivation—with a new fallow of 7 acres just cleared and ready for a crop. THE BUILDINGS CONSIST OF A GOOD LOG HOUSE, 36 by 28 feet, with good cellars and kitchen beneath. A back kitchen in the rear, a large wood-shed, store house and boiling house, and good piggery and poultry houses. A CAPITAL FRAMED BARN, just erected, 60 by 40 feet, with stabling and extensive accommodation for cattle beneath. A beautiful living stream of excellent water runs between the House and Barn, and is well calculated for a Distillery, Tannery, or other works requiring water power. This Farm from being situated in the centre of the Township, and opposite to the only Ferry across the river for many miles, is admirably calculated for a Store or Tavern. The Post-Office is now kept there, and would be a great advantage to a person keeping a Store. There is a good Grist and Saw-Mill within a mile and a half of the premises. A portion only of the purchase money would be required to be paid down, the remainder to be secured on the Property. For particulars apply to D'Arcy E. Boulton, Esq. Cobourg, or to the Proprietor, on the Premises. ST. JOHN C. KEYS. Seymour-West, Oct. 14th, 1839. 24-4f

THE Subscriber having taken out letters of Administration to the Estate of the late Robert Craig, late of the Township of Crumach, in the Newcastle District, hereby requires all persons indebted to the Estate to make immediate payment to Charles Short, Esq. of Presque Isle, who is empowered to grant receipts for the same—and all persons to whom the Estate is indebted will please present their claims. DAVID JOHN SMITH, ADMINISTRATOR. Kingston, 30th Sept. 1839. 13w14

REMOVAL.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO. IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, MANUFACTURERS OF CHAMPION'S WARRANTED AXES, AND AGENTS FOR VAN NORMAN'S FOUNDRY. HAVE removed their business from 22 Yonge Street, to 110 A King Street, where their friends will find a well assorted Stock of Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c. suitable for this market. Toronto, December, 1839. 26-4f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, (from London), King Street, City of Toronto. All Carriages built to order warranted 12 months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N. B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-4f

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE Subscribers respectfully announce having now got to hand the most of their FALL GOODS, being by far the largest and best assorted Stock they ever imported, and which having been purchased on very advantageous terms, they are enabled to offer them much below the usual prices. The following comprise a part of their Stock, and Country Merchants would do well to examine it before purchasing elsewhere:— Broad Cloths, all colours and pieces; Plain and Fancy Cassimeres and Buckskins; Plain and Plaid Pilots and Beaver Cloths and Flushings; Tweeds and Gallashiel's Cloths; Plain and Twilled Prints, Gingham, and Furniture Chintz; Plain and Printed Molesters and Drills; Blankets, Flannels, Baizes, Serges, Carpets and Rugs; Grey and Bleached Cottons; Plain and Twilled Shirting Stripes and Apron Checks; Turkey Stripes, Derrys and Druggates; A great variety of Tartans, Plaid Shawls, and Handkerchiefs; Twill Sacking and Russia Sheetings; Osnaburghs, Canvas, Brown Holland, Dowlas, Diapers and Huckabacks; Brown and Bleached Table Cloths; Linens and Lawns; Hats, Caps, and Scotch Bonnets; Hosiery and Gloves; Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; Gentlemen's Waterproof Cloaks; Ladies' Wool Shirts and Drawers; Silk and Cotton Bandanas and Barcelonas; Black Bandanas and Stockings; A large assortment of Small Wares, &c. Writing and Wrapping paper; 3-4 and 6-4 Plain and Figured Merinos; Printed Scarves and Robe D'Oreans and Muslin de Laines; Shawl Dresses and Fancy Evening Dresses; Plain and Figured Gros de Naples and Persians; Lutestring, Satin and Gauze Ribbons; Gauze Handkerchiefs and Scarfs, and Artificial Flowers; Black Lace and Blond Gauze Veils; Black and Coloured Silk Velvets; Bobbinets, Quilks, Tatting, Thread Lace and Edgings; Thibet and Filled Shawls and Handkerchiefs; Superior Furs, in Caps, Muffs, Boas, and Operas; White and Colored Stays; Book, Jaconet, and Mull Muslins.—Also Striped and Checked do. Muslin Capes and Collars. ROSS & MACLEOD. Toronto, 26th Sept., 1839. 16-4f

BRITISH SADDLERY WAREHOUSE. Removed to Wellington Buildings, King-St. Toronto. ALEXANDER DIXON, SADDLER AND HARNESS MANUFACTURER.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Gentry and Public of Upper Canada that he has just received [direct from England] a very extensive and Fashionable assortment of

SADDLERY GOODS,

equal in quality to any in the first Houses in Britain, which he is resolved to sell at the lowest cash prices, viz:— Ladies' Saddles, improved pattern. Ladies' English Bridles of every description. Hunting Saddles, improved. Saddle-trees, with Spring Bars, &c. Silver mounted Carriage, Tandem, Jokey, and Ladies' Whips, in great variety. Silver-plated, Brass, and Japanned Single and Double Harness Furniture, latest Patterns. Horse and Carriage Brushes. Needham's Silver Plated, Brass and Japanned Spurs. Horse Clothing and Blankets, of the first quality. Breaking Bridles, Caravans, &c. &c. N. B.—Every description of single and double harness, manufactured with English Leather, constantly for sale, with every other article in the Trade. Toronto, August 29, 1839. 15-4f

CUTLERY, MILITARY & FANCY STORE.

NO. 120, KING STREET, TORONTO. THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous customers, for the liberal encouragement he has received since his commencement in this City, and respectfully informs them, that he has received direct from England, a well selected Stock of articles in the above line, partly consisting of:— Infantry and Cavalry Regulation Swords; common Cavalry Swords; Frog & Slung Belts; Staff Officers' Belts; Sabre Dashes; Cavalry and Infantry Shells and Scales; best quality Infantry and Navy Regulation Buttons; Navy Lace; Gold and Silver Lace; various qualities and patterns, Light Infantry and Battalion Sashes; Gold and Silver Sword Knots; real Silver Epaulets; Gold and Plated do.; Gold and Silver Cord; Gold and Silver Cap Tassels; Cap Mountings; Brass, Steel, and German Silver Military Spurs; Ivory, Buck, and Buffalo Handle Knives and Forks; best quality Razors; Penknives; Scissors; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases; and Work Boxes; with almost every other article in the above line too numerous to mention, which he offers on as reasonable terms as any other House in Upper Canada. N. B.—The Subscriber having now in his employment some of the best workmen, he flatters himself that he can manufacture Cutlery, Military Goods, and Surgeons' Instruments, in a manner superior to any thing heretofore done in the Country, and as good if not superior to any imported from Europe. Razors, Knives, Scissors, Surgeons' Instruments, &c. &c. with every other article of Steel, Brass, or Silver, repaired in the best possible manner. SAMUEL SHAW. Toronto, Sept. 12th, 1839. 17-4f

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