

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER 1, 12.

VOLUME II.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839.

[NUMBER L.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

A MEDITATION.

Hallowed be thy Name.—*Lord's Prayer.*
We beseech thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service.—*General Thanksgiving.*
We offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.—*Communion Service.*

I.
Not a word was said—not a lonely word
Of Him, all night, was spoken;
Not once was the praise of a SAVIOUR heard
From hearts "contrite and broken."

II.
Not once, as a dear and welcome sound
Was JESUS by us muttered,
And it felt as though it had strange been found
Had that holy Name been uttered!

III.
Yet as CHRISTIANS we met, and we bore the name
Of pilgrim brethren speeding
To a mutual home—his praise to proclaim,
Who for us all died bleeding.

IV.
And on things of time, and on earthly dreams,
We commun'd with eager joy;
But where was the love of those blessed themes,
That the ransom'd of Christ employ?

V.
Though our gracious God we besought to bless
The food from his bounteous store;
'Twas an echo brief in the wilderness,—
And the voice of praise was o'er!

VI.
Unhallow'd by talk, or by holy song,
Or the Bible's purer ray,
On his upward flight, Time hurried along—
With his records passed away.*

VII.
Oh, do we implore our Father above
To hallow his holy Name,
Nor shrink from the sin of their mocking love,
Who in practice that God disclaim?

VIII.
Oh, do we but Sabbath-professions† make,
Nor feel the service we say?
Alas! should his judgments against us wake,
And, forever, forbid to pray!‡

IX.
And in Christ's holy feast mere forms attend,
Where his faithful disciples meet,—
Where the Spirit expects glad hearts to blend
In one communion sweet?

X.
Oh, do we forget or despise our vows
To the holy Triune God?
And shall we provoke till our spirit bows
Beneath his chastening rod?

XI.
Oh, can we that crucified "Friend" deceive,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love?
Shall our waywardness still his Spirit grieve,
While Christ for us pleads above?

XII.
Forgive us, O Father; O Saviour, forgive,
Nor in justice visit our sin!
Oh, spare us, and send us thy grace to give
A clean heart and right spirit within!

AMICUS.

May, 1838.

* "Every hour comes to us charged with duty, and the moment it is past, returns to heaven, to register itself how spent.—My hours how trifled, sensualized, sauntered, dozed, sinned away!"—*Rev. Thos. Adam.*

† "The appearance of religion only on Sundays, proves that it is only an appearance."—*Rev. Thos. Adam.*

‡ See Bickersteth on Prayer.

GIBBON.*

Of the deistical writers who, about a century ago, were regarded by the friends of Christianity in this country with so much alarm, scarcely any are now read; very few are even remembered. The pompous objections of Bolingbroke, and the acute sophistry of Hume, have almost reached the state of oblivion which has been already attained by the less attractive writings of their predecessors. There is one work, however, of a decidedly infidel character which retains its place in our literature, unaffected by the lapse of sixty years. The scholar and the man of the world still turn for information and amusement to "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The reviving taste for the study of history has recalled this work into a degree of popularity which it had lost during the stirring times which marked the commencement of the present century. The jealousy and dislike with which it was regarded by two generations are scarcely shared by a liberal age. A handsome edition, superintended by an ingenious and accomplished clergyman, is courting a new generation of readers. The book is studied and referred to. It will therefore scarcely be deemed unseasonable to attempt an estimate of its real character and value.

It is well known how the work of Gibbon was received by those of his contemporaries who felt interested in the cause of religion. Such was the alarm which was excited by the publication of the first volume, that the author himself confessed that "had he believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity,—had he foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility," he might have observed greater

caution. And the warmth and earnestness with which it was attacked by theologians of all ranks and parties sufficiently showed the importance which was attached to it as an attempt to undermine the divine authority of the Gospel, and to weaken the principles of morality.

Yet it is perhaps scarcely correct to regard it as a deliberate attempt to unchristianize our literature. It more probably owed its infidel character to mere vanity and affectation. The author was by education and in manners a Frenchman. As he had no fixed principles, he very naturally adopted the tone and opinions of his foreign associates. He had learned from his early years to regard his countrymen as unpolished and unenlightened, and he was willing to astonish them by a display of paradox and sophistry. These and some still more obvious peculiarities of the author's personal character, sufficiently explain what is most objectionable in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The history of his life, which has been communicated by his own pen, is curious and interesting. He was born at Putney, in Surrey, in the year 1737. His father was a gentleman in easy circumstances, who represented Hampshire in two Parliaments. He was early deprived of his mother, but a maternal aunt reared him with a mother's tenderness. The deficiency of his health caused his early education to be greatly neglected. But he had from his early childhood an insatiable thirst for reading. In his fifteenth year he "arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." At Magdalen College he was neglected by his tutors, and fell into habits of dissipation and extravagance. His taste for discursive reading led him to books of religious controversy; "and at the age of sixteen he bewildered himself in the errors of the Church of Rome." He professed himself a Papist. And his father, who regarded his conduct as an act of insubordination, immediately removed him from the university.

This was the event which determined the character of his future life. He was sent from England, and, under the care of M. Pavilliard, a reformed minister at Lausanne, in whose family he remained nearly five years, zealously pursued his classical studies and soon renounced the peculiarities of Romanism. But these rapid changes of opinion permanently impaired his principles; and he appears soon to have subsided into a state of indifference or scepticism, which, in the course of his intercourse with French society, eventually settled into positive infidelity. At Lausanne, however, he read with diligence and success, and laid the foundation of his future learning. In 1758 his father allowed him to return to England. His first work, (*Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature*), which had been commenced at Lausanne, and was published in 1761, is a proof not only of his intimate acquaintance with the French language, but of his acquirements and talents.

In 1763 he again visited the continent. He then became acquainted with Paris, and made the tour of Italy. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol," that he first conceived the idea of writing on the decline and fall of the capital of the world. Several other subjects, however, successively presented themselves to his mind as fit subjects for a historical composition. For several years he was too much engaged in society and intercourse with his family to find leisure for regular study. After the death of his father, in 1770, he was several years in Parliament; and it was not until 1776 that he published the first volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

His great work had, however, for some time before been the chief business of his life. He was engaged upon it with more or less activity from 1768 to 1787. The first three volumes and the greater part of the fourth were written in London, the remainder of the work at Lausanne, where he chiefly resided during the last ten years of his life. He returned, however, to England upon a visit to his intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, in 1793, and died in London, on the 16th of January, 1794.

The character of Gibbon, as it is exhibited by his autobiography and letters, reflects much light upon his writings. He has himself enabled us to describe him as a man of a cold and phlegmatic temperament, who was impelled to exertion only by motives of vanity and selfishness. If his life was marked by no flagrant irregularities, it is clear from his own account that the decency of his conduct did not proceed from any principle of conscience or any feeling for moral beauty. For learning, indeed, and a general acquaintance with literature, he must be ranked among the very first of his contemporaries. He had great natural sagacity; he had an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge; and was at once ingenious and diligent. But he had no dignity of mind, no elevation nor warmth of sentiment, no purity nor delicacy of taste. His knowledge of mankind was derived from a corrupt state of society, and from a corrupt heart. Self-devotion and disinterestedness were things beyond his comprehension; he could scarcely realize the possibility even of sincere belief, and virtue he regarded as an empty name.

His history largely partakes of the peculiarities of his moral and intellectual character. It is rich in various learning. It abounds in sagacious and acute reflections. But it is loaded with excessive ornament. It is absolutely destitute of moral purpose. It never rises beyond the material and visible. It constantly seeks to depress what is noble and lofty, while it places in strong relief whatever is mean and disgusting. Instead of endeavoring to inculcate some great ethical lesson, it only strives to confound the distinction between vice and virtue, and utterly to extinguish all respect for religion.

Voltaire had introduced a new method of historical composition. He had presumed to summon the past to the bar of the present, and to arraign it upon the enactments of an arbitrary *ex post facto* legislation. Under pretence of tracing the philosophy of history, he measured the men and things of other times by the standard of modern civiliza-

tion, and ventured to pronounce upon the probability or improbability of the testimony of contemporary authors, and to assign the motives which actuated the men of distant ages and countries, solely with reference to the principles which obtained among the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. Thucydides and Tacitus had indeed painted the hearts of men, and disclosed the secret springs of events, but it was after having carefully studied the originals. They wrote of men who were still well remembered, or were actually their contemporaries. The first Frenchman of an enlightened age needed not this tedious and modest process. With the telescope of philosophy he might explore at will what was most remote in time or place, and tell others all that it was worth their while to know, without the vulgar aid of observation or learning. The laws of nature were always uniform, and men were always men, and men were, of course, always savages or Frenchmen. He wanted no other principles to know with positive certainty *how* and *why* they acted. Bare facts only served to load the memory, and enfeeble the understanding. *His* only was the way of studying history to advantage. It was only when expounded by the philosopher that it afforded any thing worth knowing by one who aspired to the dignity of a man. The novelty of this method, the reputation of its inventor, and the general sciolism, procured for it no little popularity. Acute and sober men were dazzled by its pretensions. Hume and Robertson had already naturalized it—purified, however, from its more flagrant absurdities—in the literature of Britain, when Gibbon caught the contagion, and aspired to the rank of a pragmatical historian.

Yet Gibbon was something more than a mere disciple of the historical school of Voltaire. He was well aware of its deficiencies. In his diffusive reading he had acquired no ordinary amount of erudition. From the time he had chosen the subject of his work he was eagerly engaged in the pursuit of the right materials. He knew what the historian had to do. He made it his business to find his way to the best information. His knowledge was perhaps often derived in the first instance from secondary writers—he freely confesses his obligations to Tillemont—but he generally verified important facts by referring to the sources, and he was rarely unacquainted with the discoveries of modern learning.

His learning indeed was his strongest point. His perseverance and sedentary industry well fitted him to make himself master of the information necessary for his subject. His private means enabled him to obtain books, and he was moreover generally in situations where he had access to public libraries. It could not be asserted that he was a scholar in the highest sense of the term. He had not the finish and accuracy which can be attained only by those who pursue learning as a profession. But he was most intimately acquainted with the materials of history. No one who has gone over the ground he professes to have surveyed can help seeing that he has been there before him. Students who are engaged in a particular inquiry may find much which has eluded his observation, but they will generally be surprised to find how much he knew. His references are frequently ostentatious, sometimes irrelevant, sometimes not strictly accurate; but what we find to complain of in them must usually be laid to other accounts, they do not go to impeach his learning.

The subject on which his acquirements were employed was a noble one. History does not present any thing more memorable than the decay and extinction of ancient civilization. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as a work of art, is well conceived, and executed with a rare ability. The distribution is felicitous, the composition is striking; notwithstanding the defects in drawing and perspective, it has an air of grandeur; and though the parts are often strangely out of proportion, we are scarcely sensible of a want of harmony in the whole. The great fault is, that it is so artificial. You scarcely ever lose the artist, and art is obtrusive every where. The style is affected and labored to a degree positively offensive. There is no variety of construction or manner. There is a total absence of nature. The ornaments are all of the most gaudy and meretricious sort. We are displeased at once by effort and insipidity.

It was in the highest qualifications of the historian that Gibbon was most deficient. He had no large views, nor lofty feelings. He could not disengage himself from the narrow circle of manners and fashion, nor sympathize with the genuine feelings of the human heart. He knew nothing of man as a moral being. His imagination was inflamed only by material objects. He was not awed by the sublimity of virtue; he felt no tenderness for human infirmities. He regarded what was morally great and disinterested with invincible scepticism, while he received with vulgar credulity every insinuation of evil.

But it is the malign aspect of his work towards Christianity and morality which constitutes its great fault, and renders it dangerous and noxious. Whatever may have been his motives, it is quite certain that he constantly makes it his business to treat the Gospel as a fable, and to sneer at the very idea of virtue. Every thing connected with revealed religion is exhibited in the light in which it may be regarded by a captious adversary. Though he did not in the remainder of his undertaking introduce any attack so direct as that which is contained in the last two chapters of his first volume, he never ceased to insinuate that Christianity was a mere system of imposture, devised by priests, and believed only by fanatics. He possessed in perfection the art which had been so successful in the hands of the French infidels, of conveying by insinuations and sarcasm opinions and sentiments which it was not convenient openly to avow. Without leaving the subject he has in hand, he can always find occasion to suggest doubts and ridicule. When the outline of the likeness he is painting is correct and accurate, he can produce the most objectionable effects by the choice of attitude and expression, and especially by coloring. Often when we cannot deny the resemblance, we can say em-

phatically that it conveys a false or most inadequate conception of the original. Mahomet is painted with all the luxuriance of Venetian art; Cyril and Bernard are rude caricatures. Constantine and Theodosius are heavy and ungracious; while all the resources of his skill are lavished upon Julian. Thus the reader of the "Decline and Fall" is defrauded of the fruits of human experience, and receives a deadly poison instead of the precious nourishment which is the natural produce of history and especially of the history of the Church.

It is really curious to observe how thoroughly Gibbon's work is saturated with his infidelity. The venom has been distilled into every part. His scepticism, and malevolence, and impurity, meet us every where. It is strange that any one could ever have supposed it possible to counteract its mischievous tendency by controverting particular statements, or refuting particular views. It is not easy to conceive how any one could read it, and fancy that any good could be done in this way. It mocks such an antidote. No one could make it any thing else than an infidel book without actually taking it to pieces. Little is gained even by expunging the most obnoxious passages; for an epithet sometimes presents a licentious picture, a conjunction often suggests an embarrassing doubt.

If these remarks have given a fair character of this celebrated work; it is almost needless to deduce a formal conclusion. In such a case there can be but one opinion. It must be regarded as an anti-christian book, which exhibits great powers misemployed, and which no one can read but at his peril. If the estimate now attempted of its literary value be at all correct, the young and inexperienced student may well spare it from his library. It is not less calculated to vitiate his taste, and to weaken his judgment, than to corrupt his moral and religious principles. A spacious field of historical reading is open to him, in which he may safely expatiate. He will be better employed in qualifying himself to obtain genuine information, than in perusing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

HORÆ LITURGICÆ.

No. XVII.

THE COLLECTS.

It has been correctly remarked that while no prohibition of short prayers is to be found in the Scriptures, they contain frequent cautions against the indiscreet use of long ones. In drawing near to the throne of grace, we are exhorted by the wisest of men to take heed to the manner of the addresses which we make to that adorable Majesty, and a warning is at the same time conveyed against long and ill considered prayers to the Deity: "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth, therefore let thy words be few."¹

Our Saviour expressly warns his hearers against those "vain repetitions," included in the long-protracted prayers which it was the practice of the heathen to employ; he reminds them of the Majesty of Him whom they were privileged to address; and encouraging them to a humble dependence upon His kindness and mercy, he assures them that they must not expect to be heard for "their much speaking." In correspondence with these injunctions, when his disciples solicited instruction in this important duty, he furnished them with a form of prayer, the most comprehensive, yet at the same time one of the shortest, that had ever been employed.

We are not, however, to understand that our blessed Lord by any means discouraged the urgency or the frequency of prayer: his own conduct as well as his precepts are explicit enough upon that point; but he sought to correct a prevailing abuse,—to discountenance heathen practices in the performance of this duty,—to produce a more chastened manner of addressing the Deity,—to ensure a more careful and better considered expression of our wants and wishes at the throne of grace. In the words of our judicious Hooker, "the thing which God doth regard is, how virtuous their minds are and not how copious their tongues are in prayer; how well they think, and not how long they talk, who come to present their supplications before Him."

It was no doubt for these reasons, and in conformity with the authority of our Saviour himself, that the compilers of our Liturgy adopted, in the COLLECTS of the Church, those brief yet comprehensive prayers, which, while they are interesting from their variety, are from their shortness best calculated to impress the minds and ensure the attention of the worshippers. They are "brief and well compacted collections of petitions on several subjects, which are, as it were, collected, like a quiver of arrows, into a convenient sheaf or little bundle, ready for use, easily to be received and carried by the understanding, and quickly stored and arranged in the memory."² Nor have these short prayers less the sanction of antiquity than of expediency. "The brethren in Egypt," says the venerable Hooker, quoting from St. Augustine, "are reported to have many prayers, but every one of them very short, as if they were darts thrown out with a kind of sudden quickness, lest that vigilant and erect attention of mind which in prayer is very necessary, should be wasted or dulled through continuance, if their prayers were few and long." And in the words of the excellent Dean Comber, "That most of our Collects are very ancient appears by their conformity to the Epistles and Gospels [which they precede], selected by St. Jerome and placed in the Lectionary ascribed to him by many old writers; wherefore many believe the pious and learned St. Jerome first framed them, for the use of the Roman Church, in the time of Pope Damasus, nearly 1500 years ago. Certain it is, that Gelasius who was bishop of Rome about a century later, did range those Collects which were then used into order, and composed some new ones; and that office of his

* Eccles. v. 2.

† Penny Sunday Reader.

* From the British Magazine.

was corrected by Pope Gregory the Great, A. D. 600, whose Sacramentary contains most of those collects which we now use.—Our Reformers, however, observing that many of these Collects were affected by the corruptions that were introduced into the Romish Church,—some being abridged, others receiving additions, and many altogether omitted,—entered upon a strict examination of them all, corrected what was unsound, removed interpolations, expunged the new ones that had been inserted, and restored the old ones that had been left out. Another review took place at the Restoration; when every thing that was deficient in the Collects was supplied, and a correction made of all that was improperly expressed. While we can respond the honest boast that our Common Prayer “corresponds with the best and most ancient Liturgies that were used in the Church, in the most primitive and purest times,” we have the satisfaction of knowing also that in the Collects especially “we offer up those consecrated devotions, which from the mouths and hearts of holy men, have, from age to age, ascended like incense up to Heaven; and have been a more pleasing and acceptable sacrifice to the Almighty than ‘thousands of rams and ten thousands of rivers of oil.’”

Why these admirable prayers received the name of *Collects*, “Ritualists,” observes the writer last quoted, “have given various and apparently contradictory accounts. Yet if we remember, that different Churches had different usages, and that the same Church, in different ages, was not uniform in its practice, these various accounts will be found reconcilable, and may all probably be true.

“Some say they were called Collects, because many distinct petitions are collected into one body, and united in one prayer.

“Others think that they took their name from being collected out of the Holy Scriptures; for the Collects for Sundays and Holidays are for the most part taken out of the portions of Scripture appointed to be read as Epistles and Gospels for the day, or at least they are generally accommodated to them.

“Ecclesiastical writers of great authority relate, as Cassander has observed, that Collects derived their name from their being repeated in the stations, or religious assemblies of the Roman Church. On these occasions, it was customary for the Bishop or Priest, after the Introit, when the people were collected, to recite prayers of this kind upon the collection of the people, or the people so collected. Hence by a little deviation from the original meaning, *Collects* became the general name of prayers conceived in this manner and form.

“But in ages more early than those, of which the writers mentioned by Cassander speak, the Greek *epiklesis*, and the Latin *Collecta*, meant the collection, recitation, and recommendation, publicly made by the Bishop or Priest, of the Prayers which had been privately offered up by the people.—The private prayers were made by the people kneeling; the Collect or public recitation, was afterwards pronounced by the minister alone, the people all standing.

“To me, says Cassander, it appears not improbable, that all these Prayers, which were made at any meeting of the people, even in the morning and evening Service, were called *Collects*; and it is certain, that the ancient Church first called these prayers *Collects*, from their being used when the people were come together, and collected in religious assemblies.”

We have already adverted to the advantage of brevity and variety, which the Collects afford; there should not be omitted the benefit they also supply, in the frequent appeal to the Saviour's merits and mediation which they contain.—Our Saviour earnestly urged upon his disciples that they should present their petitions to the throne of grace in his name: in the Collects, therefore, by the repeated obedience we give to that injunction, we are furnished, as it were, with a safeguard against the error of those who deny his divinity and thus impair the efficacy of his cross and passion.

On the Collects for the several Sundays and holidays in the year, it is not the design of these essays to offer any particular remarks: the consideration of those which are stated use, on every occasion of divine Service, will form the subject of the next and concluding essay of the present series. C. R.

* Shepherd in loco.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1839.

Within two or three days of this date, in the year 1660, Charles II. ascended the throne of his ancestors, amidst the acclamations and festivities of exulting multitudes. The nation almost to a man, rejoiced in the restoration of the monarchy, and felt as if liberated from manacles and chains. The glories of Oliver Cromwell's usurpation,—the terrific splendour which he had thrown around the name of England,—his truly-royal and powerful interposition on behalf of the persecuted Vaudois,—and we may add, his general abstinence from those crimes which usually stain the usurper's purple,—could not reconcile the heart of England, degenerate and corrupt as it had become, to an iron and unaccustomed despotism. The immense majority of the titled and landed aristocracy—the clergy—the followers of the liberal professions—and the sturdy yeomanry, whose fortunes were linked in with those of the possessors of the soil,—although compelled by the might of the Protector to smother for many a long year their unquenched indignation and unextinguished loyalty,—like hounds in the leash or the lion on the spring, were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to shew themselves with availing and seasonable force, to raise up aloft the trampled Crown, to cleanse the Mitre from ashes and pollution, and replace it on Episcopal brows.

Above all, the Christian Patriot, with a spirit akin to that of the gentle and heroic Falkland, hailed the dawn of the TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY with a fulness of joy which words and even looks must have been feeble to express. The hour had come, when Religion was about to free herself from those weights and burdensome yokes which a morose and persecuting bigotry had long imposed upon her. As at the Reformation, she had emancipated herself from the superstition of Rome,—so at the Restoration, she shook off the fanaticism of Geneva. It is not easy to conceive the sensations which would overpower the feelings of many a nobleman and country gentleman, when, returning from exile, they repaired to the churches so long closed against them; and heard that form of Prayer, so long disused, while their recollections were carried back to the troubles and woes which had almost shipwrecked their fortunes, had slain their relatives and friends, and clothed the land with mourning. Yet can we fancy some surviving loyalist, with

suffused eyes, viewing the vacant spaces in the rustic congregation,—once filled by a happy tenantry, who died fighting for their King. We can imagine the thoughtless and dissipated cavalier, driven perhaps into the extreme of licentiousness by the extreme of fanaticism,—we can imagine even him, on treading again the aisles where his ancestors lay buried, and on viewing their monuments, loathing the course of his past irregularities, and chastened by sorrow into holy and virtuous resolves! And if we turn from single scenes, such as we have attempted to describe as illustrative of the feelings of the more distinguished Royalists, how must the honest face of “merry England” have shone with gladness, as the bells pealed cheerily from every church-tower in city, town, and hamlet, dispelling by their familiar and homely music the dark and gloomy spirits of Democracy and Dissent!

But we need not dwell longer on the extraordinary and almost extravagant exultation, with which the morning of the Royal Restoration was ushered in. It is fully recorded in the page of the historian; nor does even the republican dare to deny it, but ascribes it to a momentary intoxication of the public mind. And it is consolatory to know that the principle of Monarchy, though sorely menaced in England, is still deeply rooted in the minds of her people; and that though it may receive a shock in the conflict which we see approaching, all the world over, between Monarchy and Protestantism on the one hand, and Democracy and Infidelity linked with Popery on the other, it will, guarded by Him whose kingdom ruleth over all, issue triumphant from the contest. From these reflections we can deduce a warning applicable to our own most critical position in this Province.

Danger is generally most formidable at a distance; and when we read of the Chartist meetings, of the torch-light gatherings, and of the manufacture and open sale of pikes and fire-arms in some of the districts of England, we are too apt to forebode a general disruption of the frame of society, and the commencement of a civil war! The alarming circumstances stare us full in the face; but we do not think of the checks and counterbalances which a mighty nation can offer to such exhibitions of lawless insubordination.

Notwithstanding that an imbecile and anti-Protestant ministry have tarnished the honour of England in every quarter of the globe, and submitted her once stainless flag to every insult; notwithstanding that profligacy dares to shew itself within the very precincts of the royal palace, and a high-born maiden, the daughter of a chivalric and gallant race, is slandered almost to death like the “wrong'd Hero” of our matchless Shakspeare; notwithstanding that the destinies of the Empire are swayed by the accidental influence which the almost equalized balance of parties has given to a faction, democratic and anti-Protestant in its views; notwithstanding that the sympathy of a Lord High Commissioner, and an un-British Cabinet in his wake, seems warm and strong for ingrate rebels and butchering brigands, and loyalty is either chilled with insulting silence or mocked at as an antiquated prejudice, as an owl that ought to be put to flight by the full blaze of modern enlightenment; notwithstanding that internal convulsion, foreign humiliation, and threatened Colonial dismemberment are amongst the misfortunes which incapable and unprincipled rulers have been engendering, England is still the impregnable citadel of Monarchy. It is in the very nature of her noble people to be loyal. The bias of their education—their domestic training—their inherent mental conformation—the very prayers which are breathed in the sanctuary and spoken at the domestic altar,—all rivet and establish the principle of Monarchy. They would be unhappy without the various gradations that mark society. They would, if deprived of them, lose the strongest incentive to honourable ambition; and having nothing above them, they would soon cease to have any thing below them.

Over such a people, faction and innovation may hurriedly sweep, and work some mischief in their devastating flight; they may even succeed in uprooting for a season the goodliest oaks of the forest, and scattering ruin and desolation around; but their fury would soon be spent, the sun would soon emerge from the clouds, and nature re-appear in fresh beauty and unaltered majesty.

We think that no one need be alarmed about the stability of the Monarchical institutions of England, unless he supposes the duration in power, for years to come, of the party now holding its reins with all the unskilfulness but without the merit of Phaeton's destructive temerity. It is impossible that a nation of Protestant freemen can much longer endure their present degradation and dishonour; and every day accelerates the approach of a period when the matured mind of our beloved Queen, bursting through the clouds that intercept but cannot dim the lustrous purity of her vestal diadem, will unfold its royal and growing excellencies to the gaze of an enraptured people, and gathering strength with time, will restore the glories of the Elizabethan age. Then, like the lady in Milton's exquisite “Mask,” will her christian virtues, strengthened with years, put to flight the revelling herd of Comus that infest her royal abode; and then will the pure graces of a Charlotte or an Adelaide's Court diffuse their holy influence throughout the land.

If, however, the waves of insurrection, swelled by the tributary waters of schism, superstition and infidelity, should dash fiercely round the foundations of the English throne, and our honoured VICTORIA be compelled, like Maria Theresa, to throw herself upon the affections of her people, we have no doubt of the result which the undying spirit of Conservatism would achieve. The first Charles might not remain the only royal martyr in the Church's Calendar; the Church herself might be levelled to the dust; the royalists might be scattered like the Jews; but the day would come,—a TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY would smile again upon our father-land, when in the language of the Service appropriated for that memorable day, “God, in his infinite and unspeakable goodness, [would] in a most extraordinary and wonderful manner, disappoint and overthrow the wicked designs of those traitorous, heady, and high-minded men, who, under pretence of Religion and His most holy name, had contrived and well nigh effected the utter destruction of this Church and Kingdom.”

Whatever affects England,—the heart of the Empire,—affects us, its extremities; and from both at home and the neighbouring republic, we may gather lessons that, if well applied, will, in all human probability, deliver us from the miseries of anarchy and the further effusion of blood. It is not altogether within our province to speculate on the future destinies of this strangely-circumstanced but bountifully-gifted Province, or to descant at large on the nature of those changes which political empirics may recommend, and which, if carried into operation, must vitally affect our existence as a portion of the British Empire. We avert

our face from the horrors that must ensue if Imperial firmness and might shall not soon be effectually interposed to crush the cankering worm of rebellion, and destroy for ever the wantonness of piratical sympathy; we shudder at the phantoms which the imagination conjures up, in the event of England dropping the Colonial sceptre from her grasp, and thus wilfully parting with the locks of her strength; and we mourn, with a prophetic sorrow, over the reflux of barbarism, infidelity, and despotism which will deluge the whole world, if the sun of Protestant England should suffer a partial eclipse, as it did in the bygone times at which we have rapidly glanced. Yet resentfully as we may regard the Colonial history of the last few years,—unsettled as the present may seem,—and despondingly as we may anticipate the future,—as christian patriots, we must not, shall not droop in the season of darkness and uncertainty. Conscientiously attached to the principles of Church and State, we shall maintain them at every personal sacrifice; and although, in these extraordinary days, the advocate of those principles must expect little of honour and advantage, and much of obloquy and discouragement, we shall never eschew them either to gain smiles on the one hand or to escape frowns on the other.—The unhappy Charles,—in this respect truly unhappy, because fearfully criminal,—surrendered his trust and ablest friends to the cruel mercies of their enemies; and though as yet no scaffolds or axes are prepared, a fearless and uncompromising assertion of those principles to which the Sovereign owes her throne, is too often visited by banishment from courtly favour and incapacity to serve the State! It is not, therefore, on temporal grounds, or on motives of selfish interest, that we would urge our fellow-subjects to the observance,—strict, hearty, and unwavering,—of the duty of loyalty; but it is because we believe that the cause of loyalty is the cause of God, and that, if cast down for a period it will re-assert its lost sway,—courted back and enthusiastically welcomed by those who were once its bitterest opponents.

As we understand there is a great probability that the present Editor of the *Christian Guardian* will be relieved from his labours at the approaching Wesleyan Conference, we are desirous, before his involuntary retirement, of still further exposing the means by which he has attempted to create and sustain an excitement on the subject of what he terms a “Dominant Church.” We take this opportunity of performing so disagreeable a duty, because it is our sincere wish, upon the anticipated change of editorship, to resume those friendly relations with the *Christian Guardian* which for the last twelve months we have found it utterly impossible to maintain.

It will be recollected by those who are in the habit of watching the current of political events, that in the course of last autumn the *Guardian* had resorted to various schemes for furthering his crusade against the Church of England. Amongst these, he endeavoured to raise the groundless alarm that there was a danger of Tithes being levied,—and that there was a remote probability of Church Rates being imposed. At the time that these wicked insinuations were most industriously propagated, we narrowly watched the effect they were likely to produce; and although in some instances they were not without an unfavorable impression on the minds of the credulous and ill-informed, we had the satisfaction to observe that they did not succeed in fanning the flames of agitation to any serious extent. Of this the best proof is to be found in the almost total failure of the petitions against the Church, set on foot by the *Guardian*, and confessedly promoted by a contemporary and co-operating journal, the successor of Mackenzie's *Constitution*. So far, therefore, the machinations of the *Guardian* were defeated, without any opposition on our part; and it may seem needless for us to put forth any strength against an opponent who has already fallen by his own weakness. But as a specimen of the arts by which the Canadian public have been instigated to hate and dread our National Church Establishment, we will venture a few remarks on an attempt made by the *Guardian* to press the subject of Church Rates in England into an argument against the Church in this Province.

In the *Guardian* of the 24th October last, was published a collection of extracts from English papers under the head of “*Annual workings of a dominant Church*,” and to these the attention of his readers was directed by an editorial remark in the same paper. These extracts, eleven in number, were designed to shew to those who know little or nothing about England, that the Church there was very unpopular, and that opposition to Church rates was a matter of almost constant occurrence. They were called,—though the source from which they were derived was not acknowledged,—from the lowest radical and sectarian prints; and from self-evidence, they are replete with falsehood and exaggeration.

We are ready to admit that, two or three years ago, a Church-rate was refused in several parishes in England; that then indeed, from the “heavy blows and great discouragements” of those in power, the cause of the Establishment presented a very disheartening appearance. But whence did this originate? Churchmen, long unused to opposition, were taken by surprise; but directly they shook off their apathy, they defeated their opponents in almost every encounter. In almost every contest respecting Church-rates for the last two years, the Establishment has been triumphant. The English Wesleyans, to their credit be it said,—aye, and the few Dissenters who are so for conscience sake, and not on mere political and factious grounds,—have come forward and supported the Church; and in many cases, former opponents subdued by argument and startled by the outward progress of Popery, have become converted into strenuous and conscientious friends.

The *Guardian* would make his readers believe, that the poor are cruelly oppressed by these rates; but with reference to this, we remember reading, a short time ago, the account of a contested rate at Bedford, where a poor man walked nine miles to be present and record his vote for the “Church of the poor.” We have also taken the trouble to look through a file of English papers from August 1833 to April 1839; and out of seventeen Church-rates contested during that period, we find only one rejected! If the *Guardian* must meddle with this subject at all, is he not bound, as an honest man,—to say nothing of his religious profession,—to place the whole truth before the public? Is he not bound to tell his people, as a Wesleyan minister told the parishioners of Windsor, “That the Church-rate is the right of the poor, as being a long established mode by which places of worship are maintained for their use;” and would he not be stepping more closely in the steps of John Wesley, if, with the minister above alluded to, he were to declare,—“I should ill sustain my character and profession as a Wesleyan minister, did I not come forward in these ec-

clesiastically perilous times, and lend my humble aid in defence of the venerable establishment of our country?”

Many of our readers perchance may ask, What is a Church Rate? It is an annual sum, we briefly answer, levied on the householders of every parish, for the sustentation and repair of the parish Church, and for providing whatever may be requisite for the due performance of public worship, and the opposition to this ancient and reasonable impost is one of the devices of modern radicalism.—Dissenters have objected to its payment from pretended scruples of conscience; but, says Mr. BARON GURNEY, in a late charge, when sentencing a Dissenting teacher for exciting a riot on the subject of Church-rates,—“till within the last ten years, no man living had ever heard of ‘conscientious scruples’ upon this particular subject from any class of Dissenters, nor until questions of conscience had been mixed with political feeling. If a man purchased a house, he gave a price subject to all burdens upon it, and he calculated that he should have to pay certain rates and certain taxes, and in proportion to those so had he estimated its value, and he (the learned Baron) had never heard that any one of these persons had paid over to his landlord any sum he might have saved in consequence of the reduction of any tax; and until any man had done that, the less he said about his conscience the better. The Church-rate was an ancient rate payable by law. It was the duty of all men to pay it, as it was the duty of all men to submit to the law.”

These remarks we offer in explanation of the state of the case in England; we need not assure our readers that we do not desire the introduction of any such system here, any more than we wish the establishment of tithes. The latter have been provided against by a special enactment, and the special provision for religion must render their establishment here for ever unnecessary; no law exists in the Colonies for the collection of a Church-rate, and the appropriation for the maintenance of religion will necessarily be made to include the particular object for which a Church-rate was established.

These, too, are facts quite as well known to the Editor of the *Guardian* as to ourselves; and their perversion merely forms part of the system of vindictive though futile persecution in which, like the unfilial Canaan, he has so long indulged against the parent of Protestant Churches. Time and experience drove back the founder of the Brownists (Independents) into the Church, whose unity he had so lamentably marred; several of the Puritan preachers of the Elizabethan age died regretting the schisms to which they had given birth; and few honest men have ever raised their hand against the Church, without deeply regretting it in their calmer and better moments. That the present Editor of the *Guardian* may yet be visited with this honourable compunction, is our sincere wish; and though he is at present entangled in the meshes of a politico-religious controversy, and is too frequently goaded by the spur of a restless ambition, the day may come when his feelings will be softened towards our venerable Establishment, and when in the ensuing struggle between Popery and Protestantism, he will be glad to fight under the banners of the “State Church,”—more piously designated by a distinguished Wesleyan, “The Mother of us all.”

Scarcely had we written the above when, as if in direct testimony against the un-Wesleyan and anti-Protestant course which the Editor of the *Guardian* has thought proper to pursue, there came into our hands an Irish Journal containing an interesting description of a public meeting in Dublin, in commemoration of the centenary of Wesleyanism. On that occasion, where a Rector of the Established Church presided, the Rev. Adam Awerell, President of the Conference, delivered, amongst other admirable remarks, the following sentiments, more worthy to be responded by the Editor of the *Guardian* than the taunts and libels he is in the habit of culling from seditious and unchristian prints:—

“In now celebrating the centenary they were thankful to Almighty God for continuing it for one hundred years. They had a fair prospect before them, for this was only the beginning of Methodism. He humbly trusted that they would never separate from the Church of England. From the prospects which he saw before him, he hoped that Primitive Methodism would soon extend through every part of the world, and that while it extended it would be closely united to the Church of England, and that they and the Church would continue one body. Let them (the Methodists) be the humble servants of the clergy—let them continue to live in the pure principles of the church, and jointly labour to carry the word of the Lord every where among the people, until all were united as one people before God.”

Mr. Revington, in following this speaker, said that “the meeting had now heard the oldest Methodist Preacher in Ireland, perhaps the oldest clergyman of the Church of England.” Mr. Robert Connolly of Limerick, in seconding a resolution, said:—

“There are two essential views to be taken of the church as established in these countries. You are to distinguish between its being a branch of the Apostolic and Catholic church as founded by our Lord Christ, and as a national institution, established in these realms by God's providence, under human authority. In the former sense you behold the church the real fold. We see it in this country, by the doings of the reformation, rid of those corruptions and erroneous and carnal inventions which still enslave the church of the apostacy. Yes, think in the church of England—in the apostolicity and uninterrupted course of its orders—in the pastoral mode of its ministrations—in its unsealed Scriptures—its widely opened Bible—its standard homilies—its pure liturgy—its scriptural articles, and its ancient creeds, we have truly a church, a healthy and a fruitful branch, of the catholic and apostolic church. When I draw a distinction between it in this capacity, and that of a national establishment, I don't mean to say that its nationality takes from its apostolicity. No! A nation without a religion, and a religion without an established church would be an anomaly which could not have the sanction of Him who does every thing decently and in order. Kings should be the nursing fathers and Queens should be the nursing mothers of the church. What I mean is, that though the church were not the church of England and Ireland, it would be not less the church of Christ. The church, as the church of Christ, could live without the patronage of England; so that should any Queen, instead of being a nursing mother, act the ungrateful part of a step-mother, it will be found that so vigorous is the constitution, and so independent of all human aid are the resources of that church, that it can live, and grow, and prosper by itself.”

“This, I say, is the spirit of old Methodism. I want to know is this meeting willing to pledge itself to it? (yes).—You have had a hundred years' trial of the church—for one hundred long years you have gone together in close companionship. I want to know, to-night, are you tired of the union? (hear, hear). I want to know will you, as a body—I speak not of individuals—I hold individuals in positive contempt—let them in their individual capacity do as they like—whether preachers or clergymen—but will the Primitives as a body ever leave the church? (no, no, and cheers). I am sure you will not. The body so nobly represented here will not. The aspect of the assembly, though you had given me no audible assurance, might have satisfied me. And as I must con-

elude, let me remind you the time may not be far distant when, in this country, you will be called upon to distinguish between the church established and as founded by Christ.

We should be glad, if our limits permitted, to make further quotations from the admirable sentiments delivered on this occasion by members of the genuine Wesleyan community; we shall conclude with a citation of one of their resolutions unanimously passed:—

Resolved,—“That when true religion had fearfully declined, and these nations were threatened to be inundated with the principles of infidelity, we admire the wisdom and goodness of God, in raising up his faithful servants, the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, and those venerable men who acted in conjunction with them, to erect a barrier against the widely spreading evil, and to diffuse vital godliness not only in the Church, but amongst the various denominations of Protestants, the happy effects of which have extended to our own times, through the instrumentality of Primitive Wesleyan Methodism, the principal object of which is, without becoming a separate sect or party, to promote the dissemination of the Gospel throughout every part of this country, and should the providence of God open us the way, throughout every part of the world.”

We have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following Address from the Venerable the Archdeacon of York to the members of our communion in this Province; and well assured we are that it must be read with satisfaction by the friends, and without disapprobation by the opponents of the Church, in which he deservedly holds so exalted a station:—

Toronto, May 27, 1839.

My brethren of the Clergy and Laity;

Now that the Legislature have determined to refer the disposition of the Clergy Reserves to the Imperial Government, it becomes necessary that the sentiments of the members of the Church of England, both lay and clerical, should be placed without delay before the British Parliament.

The great wisdom of referring the whole question respecting the Church property home, for the decision of the supreme power,—which is the natural arbitrator, judge, and reconciler in all matters which agitate, disturb, and divide any of our Colonies,—is freely acknowledged by a vast majority of the inhabitants of the Province.

All men of reflection know that the waste lands of the Colony are the property of the British Crown, and that the disposition of these, whether for the temporal or spiritual benefit of the inhabitants, ought to be settled by the supreme Government.

In doing this, our desire is to avoid the slightest appearance of agitation, which we have always sedulously discouraged; and in pleading our cause, it is not our intention even to mention—much less to interfere with—the pretensions of other denominations.

It was well observed in one of the late numbers of “THE CHURCH,” that every Christian Government is entrusted with the guardianship of the public morals, and to make provision for the religious instruction of all its people; and this more especially in a Colony, which is gradually filling up with emigrants who have in general no means of procuring it for themselves.

I remain, my brethren of the Clergy and Laity, Your affectionate friend and devoted servant, JOHN STRACHAN, Archdeacon of York.

We alluded some weeks ago to the exertions entered upon by the members of the Church of England at Bytown, for procuring an Organ; we are now happy to announce that upwards of £100 has been raised for that object, and £50 towards procuring a Bell.

The following straight-forward communication speaks sufficiently for itself, without the necessity of any comment from us. It meets the calumny with the best refutation,—that which is furnished by facts; and we thank its writer

for stepping honestly forward in calm vindication of the conduct and motives of his slandered minister:—

To the Editor of the Church.

LOT No. 2, 2nd CON. E. YONGE STREET, May 20th, 1839.

Rev. Sir;—The Editor of the British Colonist having refused to print the accompanying letter, remarking on some mis-statements injurious to the Minister and Congregation of St. John's Church, Yonge Street, contained in his paper of the 24th April and the following number; and it being necessary for the restoration of a right feeling as well as the establishment of a proper understanding between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians on Yonge Street, that some such explanation as I have offered be made public;—an object which I have much at heart,—I have taken the liberty of applying to you to give my simple statement a place in your valuable columns, and oblige

Your obedient Servant, HENRY G. PAPST.

To the Editor of the British Colonist.

Sir;—In your paper of April 24th, in a complaint against the Rev. Mr. Matthews in respect to the funeral of the much lamented Mr. Hogg, you stated, “That the Church at York Mills was built by public subscription, and that it was at first designed as a place of worship to which preachers of various denominations would have access. But by some means or other, which have not as yet been satisfactorily explained, Dr. Strachan managed to secure the exclusive possession of the Church for an Episcopal Minister only; contrary to the original design of the inhabitants of the place, who contributed towards its erection, and as we are informed, without the sanction or knowledge of many of them.”

The original agreement, Mr. Editor, can yet be proved, and the explanation of it as nearly as I can learn, is as follows:—the Church was built by subscription, on the understanding that they who subscribed most were to be the Owners of it. It cost nearly or quite £500; of which the Presbyterians paid no more than £18. The Methodists contributed something, but most of them were then members of the Church: consequently the Church belonged to the Episcopalians, and has always been known by the name of Church of England. The Methodists have never claimed the use of it. If its being built by subscription be any argument against the right of the Church of England, we all know that there are three Chapels in its immediate neighbourhood,—two of them Methodist, and the third Baptist; not one of which was built without the assistance of all the different denominations, yet the Episcopalians claim no right of worshipping in them.

You further state, “that Mr. Matthews takes great pains to assail from the pulpit the Christian profession of any person who does not belong to the Episcopal Church;” and you give an example from the remarks which Mr. Matthews is alleged to have made about Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

Now, Sir, it is very well known to the whole Congregation that Mr. Matthews never did what you have charged him with. I have been a regular attendant on his ministrations since he came to the place, now eight years; in all which time, I never remember having once heard him name any denomination from the pulpit, or speak of the tenets or conduct of any religious body disrespectfully.

I have frequently heard the Methodists commend Mr. Matthews' preaching; nor have any persons represented him to me as intolerant. He maintains the right of his Church in a becoming manner against all assailants.

Mr. Matthews is certainly in the habit of preaching and impressing the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures. If other denominations call this assailing their Christian profession, why neither he, nor I, can help that. I confess I have not the patience to see the Minister, who comes to give me Christian instruction so shamefully misrepresented or so irreverently treated as in your paper, and say nothing. What I have said is not necessary to his character, which stands higher as a Teacher, and a Clergyman than you think; but I shall be pleased nevertheless that you should make it public after the remarks you have offered. Justice to the congregation which Mr. Matthews serves, requires no less. I would have sent this earlier but, being engaged in farming, cannot command my time.

I remain, Sir, Your obedient Servant, HENRY G. PAPST.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF THE NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.

Table with 2 columns: Denomination and Number. Includes Church of England (10,734), Presbyterians (9,021), Methodists (6,619), Roman Catholics (4,562), Baptists (1,471), Quakers (595), Christians (564), Bible Christians (270), Universalists (190), Independents (91), Mormons (76), Free Thinkers (49), Disciples (21), Society of Peace (9), Reformers (9), Latitudinarians (6), Restorationist (1), No Religious Persuasion (1,918).

N. B. There are four townships, viz. Fenelon, Harvey, Verulam, and Alnwick,—the population of which is small—from whence no returns have been received. In the three former, however, it is well known that a large majority are members of the Church of England.

Summary of Civil Intelligence.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the packet ships Hibernia and England from Liverpool, London dates to the 23d April have been received.

The debate elicited by Lord John Russell's application for a “certificate of character” on the Irish policy of Ministers, was closed on the morning of the 20th ult.—when the vote stood thus:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Count. For Ministers (318), For Sir Robert Peel's amendment (296).

Majority for Ministers (22). But, observes the Morning Post, “the public must not be deceived in this matter. There happen to be 36 paid members of the Government who have seats in the House; and as the question was a vote of confidence in themselves, it is only bare justice to their delicacy that, by deducting them from the gross majority, they should have the full benefit of the opinion expressed by the Commons of Great Britain—Ireland included.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Count. Against Sir Robert Peel's amendment (318), Deduct members of Govt. voting to retain their offices (36,282), For Sir Robert Peel's amendment (296).

Actual majority against Ministers (14). Had the terms of Sir Robert Peel's amendment been a condemnation of the general policy of Ministers, his majority would have been certain.

The next and last proceeding of the night, or rather morning, was to divide on Mr. T. Duncombe's proposed addition to Lord John Russell's resolution, to the effect that further Parliamentary Reform was necessary.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Count. On this occasion there appeared (61), For Mr. T. Duncombe's motion (299), Against it (218).

A Paris letter of Sunday, April 21, dated three o'clock, states that it is highly probable the following cabinet would be gazetted on Monday:

Table with 2 columns: Position and Name. President of War (Soul), Foreign Affairs (Thiers), Justice (Dupin), Interior (Passy), Finances (D'Argout), Instruction (Sauzet), Commerce (Dufaure).

The Morning Herald of the 23d says—Among many rumours to which the result of the late debate has given rise, is one, that Lord Melbourne is to retire from the administration, and to be succeeded by Lord Durham. Others assign the post of premier to Lord Normanby. In either case the whigs are to throw “finality” overboard, and as the price of the support of the radicals, adopt the ballot and all their other ultra notions for their guide.

Spain.—The news from Madrid is to the 14th of April. This intelligence announces the disgraceful flight of Gen. Van Halen from before Segura, occupied by Cabrera, and that such was the indignation of the common soldiery that they openly revolted and deposed their general. This is in part confirmed by the publication of a despatch from Van Halen to the Minister of War. In La Mancha the Carlists butcher Paillos has refused quarter to every Christiano falling into his hands. All that are taken are instantly shot.

LOWER CANADA.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Count. Number of Emigrants arrived at the Port of Quebec from the 19 to 25th instant, both days inclusive: England (245), Ireland (245), Scotland (375), Previously reported (620), To corresponding period last year (571), Difference in favor of 1839 (49).

MONTREAL MARKETS.

FRIDAY, May 24, 1839.

There has been rather more done in produce this week than last.

ASKERS are in demand, some large lots of Pots have changed hands at 2s. 6d., and Pearls may be quoted at 3s. 6d. a 33s.

PROVISIONS.—A good many sales have transpired for the West India trade and Lower Ports; both Pork and Beef keep up in price, although large quantities are daily arriving.—The retail price of Butcher Meat is exorbitant—for what reason we cannot account.

FLOUR.—A few sales have taken place of small lots at a reduction of 2s. 6d. upon last week's prices.—The nominal price of Fine is now 37s. 6d. but the coarser kinds meet with the most ready sale; Fine Middlings and Middlings have been sold—the former at 1s. 3d. and the latter at 2s. 6d. under the price of Fine.—The Bakers, who have no stock on hand, expecting a further decline, are only buying from “hand to mouth.” The general impression seems to be that fine will be bought for 35s. before another week, at which price large quantities will no doubt be exported. We have heard of one lot having been offered as low as 36s. 3d. and refused.

WHISKEY.—This article has risen 3j. per gallon. The price for Canada 12 over proof is 3s. 9d., and some are even asking 4s. The rise has taken place in consequence of the scarcity and very high price of Rum. Brandy is coming out higher this season than former years, it will cost 7s. laid down here, for the best qualities. Gin 4s. 6d. a 4s. 9d. Refined Sugar will cost importers little short of 7j.

MUSCOVADO is still a 44s. a 45s. for Brown and 50s. a 54s. for Bright.

TEAS are rather on the decline.—Transcript.

UPPER CANADA.

The following was in type before we received the more graphic account of the same occurrence in the Brockville Statesman: the facts appear, however, to be similarly stated in both:—

From the Brockville Recorder. CUSTOM HOUSE SEIZURE.

No little excitement has been caused in our community, by some proceedings in this town connected with the Customs.

The circumstances are briefly as follows:—On Friday morning last, the United States trading Schooner G. S. Weeks, Turner, Master, came into port and moored along side the Wharf and Warehouse formerly occupied by Messrs Maynard & Co., but now in the use of Matthie, Easton & Co. The vessel was freighted with goods, part of which were for Merchants of this place, (principally Matthie, Easton & Co. and J. A. McLean,) and the remainder for persons in Morristown and Ogdensburg. Among the latter was a Six pound Gun and carriage, dismounted and inserted as Freight in the bill of Lading. The Master came on shore, after securing his vessel, inquired for the consignees of the goods, when Mr. Matthie, who was on the wharf, was pointed out to him, and he showed him his papers, at the same time enquiring where he should find the Custom House. Mr. Matthie and Mr. McLean accompanied him there. The papers were exhibited and no exception being taken to them, by the Deputy Collector in charge, Mr. G. Prevost, permits were granted to unload the goods for this place. The Master consequently proceeded to discharge his cargo. Meanwhile, it seems, some busy person had got an eye on the gun, and it being circulated that an American Schooner was in port with a gun on board consigned to A. B. James, Captain of an Artillery Company at Ogdensburg, whose former gun had been taken by the Patriots over to the Windmill, and some more disposed for mischief than others, urged on by men who ought to have acted in a more correct manner, threatened to take the gun off by force. James Morris, Esq. Magistrate of the District, being notified of the circumstance, went down to the wharf, where, with a good deal of difficulty, he succeeded in preventing the gun being removed until a guard could be furnished by Col. Marshall, Commandant of the Post. The Colonel accompanied the guard, placed them on the vessel, and the Master continued to unload her.—When the goods for this place were nearly out Col. Fraser, Collector for the Port, arrived in the Brockville steamer from Prescott. A party of the dissatisfied immediately went to him, on his landing at the wharf of Messrs. H. & S. Jones, and represented to him that there was an American vessel in port, having a gun on board for the rebel Captain James, of Ogdensburg, &c. The Colonel immediately came up, and going on the vessel, declared that she was seized in Her Majesty's name. A cheering was thereupon set up by the party who had previously attempted to take off the gun; the vessel's anchor was then taken off, mounted, drawn through the town with occasional cheering, brought down to the East Market-place and fired three times, then deposited in Mr. Mair's possession of by the Officer of Customs, Mr. Morris and Col. Marshall withdrew, the latter furnishing a sentry to prevent interference with the vessel. She was afterwards taken up and moored inside the long wharf of A. & W. Morris & Co. While these things were going on the Master went over to Morristown, but again returned, and the remainder of the goods for this place were got out by the owners. Here the matter rested.

On Saturday afternoon about five o'clock, the United States Armed Steamboat Oneida, ranged up near the Block-house, opposite the Town, and two Officers of the Army put in for shore in a boat, came up to Mr. Reynolds' wharf where they were treated rather discourteously and ordered not to land by a party on the wharf. Lieutenant Fitzgerald of the 73d Regiment, who had come down to the water side, jumped on board and the party landed at the wharf of A. & W. Morris & Co., and were accompanied by Lt. Fitzgerald to the lodgings of Colonel Marshall. After a short delay the latter, with James Morris, Esq. and Captain Hervey of the Horse, accompanied them down to the Quarters of the Collector of Customs, as we understand, for the purpose of inquiring into the cause for seizing the vessel. Col. Fraser having previously gone to Prescott, nothing decisive was made known, as it was necessary to communicate with him on the matter. They then returned on board the Oneida, accompanied by Colonel Marshall, and Mr. Morris. These having remained some time on board, returned, and the Steamer departed. We learn that a subsequent communication was had with Colonel Fraser, and the permits to unload exhibited to him, the existence of which he was not before made aware of. This circumstance as well as a further consideration of the case, induced him to come to the conclusion of delivering up the Gun and Vessel. The determination having been communicated to the parties concerned, the Deputy was directed to put the gun on board the vessel and allow her to depart. Finding this impracticable from the excited state of feeling manifested, the military was called on to assist, and the gun brought down to the waterside, where a good deal of opposition was made to its being taken on board. In fact, the weight and nature of the article as well as peculiar situation of the place, would not permit of its being easily accomplished, independent of the unwillingness of some present to let it go. The gun was therefore removed to the wharf of Messrs. H. & S. Jones, on which those people were not allowed to come. The vessel was loosened and moved down, but in consequence of the heavy wind which prevailed, missed getting to it. She afterwards beat in to the wharf where she first landed, to which the gun was removed and put on board, and the vessel departed. While these things were going on the Oneida Steamer came over near our shore where she continued to move up and down, as if watching the motion of things, thereby giving the appearance of compulsion, to the restoration of the vessel. This however was not the case; and indeed intimation was sent to the Commander to leave our waters, or the Vessel and Gun would not be delivered up. She in consequence left for a time, while the gun was embarking, but returned shortly after, and before the schooner had left the wharf. During the time these matters were in progress, (and they occupied some time owing to the difficulty the schooner had in regaining the wharf,) the British Armed Steamboat Traveller, came into port from Kingston, as did the Kingston Steamer, with troops on board, so that our waters and shores wore quite a warlike appearance.

It strikes us that our neighbors on the other side made far more show over this matter than was needful. After the Collector had intimated his intention of liberating the vessel, we think the parading of an Armed Steamboat with colours flying in front of the town, was quite unnecessary; as it is not to be supposed that the Commander had any intention of taking the schooner by forcible means if the Collector were not disposed to deliver her up, or if he had such intention that he could have succeeded. In fact we learn that the Commander of the Oneida had directed the Master to leave her, if she was not allowed to depart that day, and that application would be made to the Government for her release. The bravado displayed had the tendency to cause increased feeling, which rendered the execution of the determination of the Collector more difficult. This, however was no justification of the conduct of those individuals who interfered to prevent the proper Officer discharging what he considered to be his duty. And we regret that any portion of our inhabitants should have adopted a course of conduct, which we are sure more mature reflection must convince them was wrong. The course pursued by James Morris, Esq. and Col. Marshall on the occasion, by their effective interference to protect the vessel and to cause the laws of the country to be carried into operation, is deserving of high commendation, and cannot but meet the approbation of all good subjects, desirous of maintaining peace abroad and good order at home.

DIED.—In this town, on the 28th May, Mr. Wm. Walker, Auctioneer, aged 39.

List of Letters received to Friday, May 31st:—Rev. F. Evans, rem.; Rev. G. Salmon, do. in full; Rev. W. Morse, add. sub.; T. S. Shortt Esq.; M. C. Crombie Esq.; Rev. S. S. Strong; Rev. S. Givins, rem.; Rev. C. Chambers [shall feel grateful for his exertions]; P. M. Cooksville; T. Fidler Esq. (2); J. Crooks Jun. Esq.; Rev. W. McMurray; Rev. J. G. Goddes, rem.; Ven. the Archdeacon of York; Rev. R. H. Bourne; Rev. F. Tremayne, rem.; Rev. R. Athill, add. sub. and rem.; Rev. C. T. Wade, add. sub.; A. C. Gen. Scobell, rem. in full vol. 2; Mr. R. Maxwell, do. do.; J. Kent Esq.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

LI. EGYPT, CONTINUED.

428. The papyrus, or paper-reed, as it is termed in Scripture, grew abundantly in the shallows and brooks connected with the River Nile. Where do you find any mention made of this celebrated plant?—*Isaiah*.

429. The waters of the Nile have been deservedly celebrated as superior to most if not all in Europe, possessing a peculiar flavour, and uniting all the properties both of spring and soft water. On what occasion is it stated that the Egyptians should loath to drink of these their far-famed waters?—*Exodus*.

430. Egypt, with all its fertility, is far from being salubrious. Ophthalmia and other diseases of the eyes so prevail there, that out of a hundred persons whom M. Volney met, twenty were completely blind. It has also many other diseases peculiar to itself. Do you recollect where God threatens to bring these collected diseases upon the Israelites, in case of their disobedience?—*Deuteronomy*.

431. "The botch of Egypt," is particularly mentioned in another part of the same chapter, as one of these evil diseases; this was a cutaneous eruption, exceedingly painful, and making its appearance at the time of the overflowing of the Nile, and supposed to arise from the change of its waters. Can you refer to the passage alluded to?—*Deuteronomy*.

432. Egypt, however, is chiefly remarkable in Scripture, as being "the house of bondage" to the Israelites. They first went there in the life-time of Jacob, when only seventy in number, but under the most favourable circumstances. Can you give an account of their journey and subsequent introduction to Pharaoh?—*Genesis*.

433. In consequence of the fostering care of Joseph, and the attendant blessing of their God, the people "increased abundantly, waxed exceedingly mighty, and filled the land." This excited the jealousy of the Egyptian king, and gave rise to the most determined and cruel oppressions. Can you state the several particulars?—*Exodus*.

434. When the Children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage, and their cry came up before God—what are the terms in which his gracious and compassionate feelings are described?—*Exodus*.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

June 2.—First Sunday after Trinity.
9.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
11.—St. Barnabas the Apostle.
16.—Third Sunday after Trinity.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. XXII.—SLIEVE DONARD.

In the county Down, where the magnificent range known as the Mourne mountains terminates on the coast, there rises what may well be called the king of that giant group. Slieve Donard is nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea at its base, abrupt in its ascent, and presenting at the highest point a dome-like elevation of extraordinary grandeur. Immediately beneath this towering summit lies the exquisitely beautiful demesne of Lord Roden, Tollymore Park; but on that side the mountain is wholly inaccessible: a circuit of some miles must be made to reach the only track by which the ascent can be gained, and that, after a short space, disappears, leaving the traveller to his own choice in the four hours' hard labour by which he may expect to reach the pinnacle of his ambition. And little of a traveller's soul can he possess who does not consider that attainment an abundant recompense for his toil.

Viewing Slieve Donard's height from the demesne, I had remarked what appeared an object about as large as an ordinary milestone, topping its crest; and, although making all reasonable allowance for the deception that so vast an altitude might occasion as to size, I was amazed to find myself within a heap of stones, the irregular outline of which might probably enclose as much ground as a moderate-sized dwelling-house stands upon. In some places the wall thus formed was several feet in thickness, and between seven and eight in height; at other points only a few scattered stones marked the boundary of the principal heap, within which was a well of excellent water, and close beside it a large slab of dark grey stone, supported by heaps of various dimensions, and formerly used as a Romish altar.

Amid the exultation that naturally followed the success of our arduous undertaking, and the enjoyment of plentiful good cheer, rendered delicious by the sharp edge that fatigue and our elevated position, with the help of a rough sea-breeze, had imparted to our appetites; in spite, too, of the overpowering extent of our magnificent view, embracing England and Scotland in its range, I felt oppressed at heart, and could have stolen away—in truth, I did steal away from the merry group—to indulge the sadness that I could not dispel. What extent of effort was requisite to bring an active, unencumbered frame to that spot, I had sensible experience of in every limb and sinew; yet the stones that by hundreds and thousands lay heaped about me, many of which I could not, by any exertion, have lifted from the earth, had all been brought from the plain below by the hands of devotes to the blinding and destroying system of popery.

It cannot be doubted, that my feeling, in the first instance, was one of deepest compassion for my deluded fellow-sinners, and increased abhorrence of that crafty device, which, by making merchandise of their souls, maintains itself in supreme power, and holds them in abject bondage. The prevailing impression, however, was of a more personal nature. I read a rebuke in every object before me. Calculating the ponderosity of the burden, the length and extreme laboriousness of the way, and considering the debility probably induced alike by the privations of poverty, and the imposed exercise of fasting, how could I look upon the evidences of what a false religion could stimulate its votaries to achieve, without being struck to the heart by a consciousness of my own fearful lack of zeal and devotion in what I know to be the truth? Many poor, emaciated creatures had, "for the glory of God," as they term and consider it, borne those burdens up to the spot where I found them; how often had I, for the glory of God, encountered as large an amount of labour, suffering, and privation? Many a diseased creature had dragged his feeble, perhaps crippled limbs and exhausted frame to the top of Slieve Donard, to plunge them in the so-called holy well, hoping to find a healing power in its spring. Alas for my careless, lagging, reluctant steps, over smooth, and even flowery paths, to

bring my death-stricken soul within reach of the waters of eternal life!

The error of the poor Irish devotee consisted in attaching a notion of merit to his difficult service, and in supposing that thereby he made God his debtor to a certain amount.—My sin lay in the habitual neglect of far easier duties, by the performance of which I might before men manifest somewhat of gratitude for the free gift of what the poor papist blindly toiled to purchase, and toiled to the last in vain. The conviction that struck me so deeply was this: I confess daily that it is my bounden duty to yield myself a living sacrifice to the Lord, and to love Him with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength. Now here is an evidence of what may be accomplished when those faculties are really and in earnest devoted to an object and an end; and what have I ever done, or attempted, even with the offered strength of Omnipotence to aid me, equal to the carrying of one of these stones from the beach yonder, to this elevated spot? Bodily exercise, I know, profiteth little; and I might bring the church of Newcastle, lying far below, to the crown of Slieve Donard, and be further from the kingdom of God at the close than at the commencement of such a task; but have I ever put forth my energies, to serve God in the Gospel of his Son, with the honesty wherewith these poor people have exerted themselves to serve them which be no gods? From the depths of self-abasement, I even ventured then to cast a thought beyond myself, and asked, Are Protestants, enlightened, unfettered, spiritually-instructed Protestants, as much in earnest in Christ's cause as these their degraded fellow-subjects are in that of anti-christ? I fear we are not so willing to act and to suffer according to the will of God, as they ignorantly are to strain every nerve in violating that will. A thousand instances in my own experience, where a little extra self-denial, a little more determined energy and perseverance in an unpleasant task, might have greatly rounded to the glory of God and the good of his people, arose to my remembrance, filling my eyes with tears, and my heart with remorse. And often, when tempted to flag in some work and labour of love, I do hope that I shall, by the Lord's blessing, find a powerful stimulus in the recollection of that broken heap of stones on the lofty summit of Slieve Donard.

WILBERFORCE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

While contemplating the moral and intellectual physiognomy of Wilberforce, the eye continually glances at the eminent individuals who surround him in the foreground of the historical picture. It is a salutary, not less than an agreeable occupation, to meditate in these Portrait Galleries when the fever and excitement of the exhibition are over, and the music of adulation has played itself out. No longer lighted up with the sunny blaze of their reputation, the student lingers thoughtfully over the features upon which the finger of time is beginning to operate; now that the varnish is rubbing off, every trait of character, every indication of passion, becomes apparent to his scrutiny; flattery can no longer decorate their ugliness with a costly frame, nor soften their asperities by a mellowed light; criticism lets in upon them the full lustre of truth; nothing is mitigated, nothing is hidden. Here may the patriot and the statesman come to meditate. "The school of example," says Bolingbroke, "is the world; and the masters of this school are history and experience." These are the wings upon which Genius must learn to elevate itself. Without them it will only be, in the words of that unhappy and gifted writer whom we have quoted, a blazing meteor, irregular in its course, and dangerous in its approach, useless to all systems, and destructive of all. But while we muse upon these delineations of the mighty or the good, who are passed away from the tumult of life, into a sadder, or a holier existence; a reflection upon the vanity of worldly distinction passes gloomily over the mind. Those eyes, once kindled with mirthful raillery, are closed and dim; those lips, once burning with invective, are cold and silent; those hands, once wielding the sceptre of the fierce democracy, hang weak and nerveless. Even the records of their eloquence moulder with their ashes. What is remembered of the witty, the sophisticated, the brilliant Bolingbroke, a single specimen of whose senatorial composition Lord Grenville would have preferred to any relic of antiquity? Who can revive the spell of Walpole? Who can recal the majestic patriotism of Chatham?

Time will not permit us to protract our review of Wilberforce and his contemporaries, although we have advanced only a little way in the Portrait Gallery: many a thoughtful hour, "from morn to dewy eve, a summer day," might be passed in this employment. But as the student in the chambers consecrated to the works of genius, after wandering from picture to picture of mailed warrior, or emined noble, or purple conqueror, turns to take a farewell glance at some gentle countenance of poet or philosopher, which had haunted him during his survey; so we, after gazing upon the stern features of the statesman, or the commanding dignity of the orator, linger again, but for a moment, before the milder lineaments of Wilberforce. In him was beheld for the first, if not for the last time, the spectacle of a single individual, without patronage or office, to whom parliament listened with respect, and the country with reverence; having no friends but the good, no side but virtue. As a Christian, he will live in the memory of national piety; as a politician, in the memory of national patriotism. If Shakespeare was naturally learned, Wilberforce was naturally eloquent. Never charming the soul with the magic of fancy, like Burke; or confusing it with the glittering sophistries of Pitt; or trampling upon it with the thundering declamation of Fox; if he enchanted the hearer, it was in the circle of the affections; if he dazzled the eyes, it was with the moral beauty of his sentiments; if he subdued the feelings, it was with the language of the heart. His wit might sparkle round an opponent, but it was a harmless lightning. With greater propriety may we affirm of him, than of Sheridan, that

"His humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every object, and shone as it play'd;
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."
Church of England Quarterly Review.

The Garner.

CHRIST'S AMBASSADORS.

Any man may read the Scriptures, or make an oration to the people, but it is not that which the Scriptures call preaching the word of God, unless he be sent by God to do it.—*For how can they preach except they be sent.* Rom. x. 15. A butcher might kill an ox or a lamb, as well as the high-priest; but it was no sacrifice to God, unless one of his

priests did it. *And no man taketh this honour to himself but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.* Heb. v. 4.—Any man may treat of public affairs as well as an ambassador; but he cannot do it to any purpose, without a commission from his prince. As suppose a foreign nation should set up one among themselves to make a league with England what would that signify when he is not authorized by the king to do it? And yet this is the case of many among us, who, as the Apostle foretold, cannot endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, 2 Tim. iv. 3. But such teachers as men thus heap to themselves, howsoever they may tickle their itching ears, they can never touch their hearts: for that can be done only by the power of God, accompanying and assisting his own institution and commission. Inasmuch that if I did not think, or rather was not fully assured, that I had such a commission to be an ambassador for Christ, and to act in his name, I should never think it worth the while to preach or execute any ministerial office; for I am sure that all I did would be null and void of itself, according to God's ordinary way of working; and we have no ground to expect miracles. But, blessed be God, we in our church, by a successive imposition of hands, continued all along from the apostles themselves, receive the same Spirit that was conferred upon them for the administration of the word and sacraments ordained by our Lord and Master, and therefore may do it as effectually to the salvation of mankind as they did. For as they were, so are we, ambassadors for Christ.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

THE TREE OF LIFE.

To whom, blessed Lord Jesus, should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Thou art the true tree of life, in the midst of the Paradise of God. For us men, and for our salvation, thou didst condescend to be planted, in a lowly form, upon the earth. But thy head soon reached to heaven, and thy branches to the ends of the earth. Thy head is covered with glory, and thy branches are the branches of honour and grace. Medicinal are thy leaves to heal every malady, and thy fruits are all the blessings of immortality. It is our hope, our support, our comfort, and all our joy, to reflect, that, wearied with the labours, and worn out with the cares and sorrows of a fallen world, we shall sit down under thy shadow with great delight, and thy fruit shall be sweet to our taste.—*Bishop Horne.*

GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

Though God's judgments may be secret, yet they cannot be unjust; like the great deep, indeed, an abyss unfathomable; but, though we have no plumb-line of reason that can reach it, our faith assures us, there is justice at the bottom. Clouds and darkness are round about him, saith the Psalmist; but, as it follows, Righteousness and Judgment are the habitation of his throne: so much we may easily discern through all the veils and curtains that envelope him, that justice stands always fast by his judgment-seat.—*Archbishop Sancroft.*

MY BELOVED SON.

In this word lies all the comfort of a Christian. No pleasingness, no acceptance indeed of him; but in him, all acceptance of all that are in him. Nothing delights the Father but in this view; all the world [is] as nothing in his eye, and all men hateful and abominable by sin. Thou with all thy good nature and good breeding, and good carriage, vile and detestable of Christ. But if thou get under the robe of Jesus, thou and all thy guiltiness, and vileness, then art thou lovely in the Father's eye. Oh! that we could absolutely take up in him, whatsoever we are, yet shrouded under him. Constant, fixed, believing is all. Let not the Father then see us but in the Son, and all is well.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! O word of a vast comprehension, how doth this world, and the duration of all things therein, vanish and disappear at the very naming of thee! It is impossible to use exact propriety of speech in discoursing of this matter: and therefore we must express ourselves as well as we can. Before we were, there was an infinite space of time, which no finite understanding can reach; and when we die, and shall be no more in this world, an endless eternity of time (if I may so speak) succeeds and follows, in which infinite duration our poor life on earth intervenes, or comes in as a handbreath, the space of a few minutes, as a small isthmus, or creek of land, between two boundless oceans. In short, our life in this world is but a little point of time, interposed between an eternity past and an eternity to come.—*Bishop Bull.*

CHARITY A DOUBLE BLESSING.

There is no virtue in being relieved; a poor man is not a better man for the charity he receives; it brings with it an increase of duty, and calls upon him for a more sure trust on God, for greater thankfulness to him; and some obligations it lays him under, with respect to his benefactors here. And it may happen, that the charity, which is his present relief, may be a burden upon his future account; and will be so, if he misapplies the gift. But the giver has a better prospect before him; charity is the discharge of a duty, and has the general promises of obedience; it is a virtue likewise distinguished from the rest, and has its own reward; the blessings of the life which is, and of that which is to come; it is a debt which God will own at the last day; it is a treasure transferred to heaven, and will be repaid in never failing riches. To conclude, charity is a double maintenance; it gives temporal life to the poor, and spiritual life to the rich; it bestows the comforts of the world on the receiver, and the glories of immortality on the giver.—*Bishop Sherlock.*

TRUE WORTH.

Whatever external advantages a man may have, yet if he be not endowed with virtuous qualities, he is far from having any true worth or excellence, and consequently cannot be a fit object of our praise and esteem; because he wants that which should make him perfect and good in his kind. For it is not a comely personage, or a long race of famous ancestors, or a large revenue, or a multitude of servants, or many swelling titles, or any other things without a man, that speaks him a complete man, or makes him to be what he should be: But the right use of his reason, the employing his liberty and choice to the best purposes, the exercising his powers and faculties about the fittest objects, and in the most due measures; these are the things that make him excellent. Now none can be said to do this, but only he that is virtuous.—*Sharp, Archbishop of York.*

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Toronto, May 24, 1839.

50-1f.

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Cobourg, January 18th, 1839.

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The Church

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(R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.)