

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, DECEMBER 29, 1838.

[NUMBER XXVIII.]

Poetry.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Moments pass slowly on,
Years fly apace,
When shall the wearied one
Rest from the Race?

Whether we smile or weep—
Time keeps his flight—
Hours, days, may seem to creep,
Life speeds like Light!

Whether we laugh or groan,
Seasons change fast;
Oh! what hath ever flown
Swift as the Past?

What though we chafe and chide,
Time holds his pace;
No step—no noiseless stride
Doth he retrace!

Hastening, still hastening on,
None may deem how;
But when 'tis fled and gone—
Then seems Time slow?

Time, while we chide thy pace,
Reckless and proud,
Oft doth thy shadowy face,
Laugh from our shroud!

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. XIX.

ENGLAND THREATENED WITH INVASION.

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When the great fleet invincible against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

Macauley.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurs the cheek of salutary hands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever.—Wordsworth.

It has been nobly remarked by the elegant Southey, in his usual vein of Christian patriotism, that "the people of England have never, since the Norman conquest, been chastised by the hand of a foreign enemy; when their own folly and their own sins have brought upon them God's judgments, the instructive punishment has been administered by their own hands." This happy exemption from the common lot of nations, not blest with an insular position, and less favoured by Providence with the elements of goodness, and greatness, has undoubtedly fostered the growth of that national pride, which lies at, and almost forms the foundation of the English character. Like an untamed horse which man has not yet tamed, and which tosses its mane in all the luxuriance of freedom, and puts forth its strength in motions of unchecked and undisciplined vigour, England, with sole reference to foreign domination and invasion has for eight centuries been emphatically free. The Scots have descended from their barren hills, and ravaged her fertile borders in a hurried foray; the Dutch have swept the channel with a broom, in the reign of a voluptuous and French hearted Monarch; but to actual invasion our forefathers have been strangers. The white Rose grew pale from the loss of blood, and the red Rose blushed with a deeper ensanguined dye,—but the carnage flowed from English hands, raised in a cruel and unnatural strife. The Cavalier spurred his gallant steed against the pikes of the Roundhead Ironsides, and civil dissension converted England, surfeited with a long and prosperous peace, into a general battle-ground; but no foreign power dared take advantage of the pending contest, and attempt to seize the prize for which the two contending parties fought. The insurrection of Monmouth was a domestic quarrel; and the Dutch army of William was introduced into the heart of the kingdom at the invitation and with the full consent of the Protestant people of England.

But although the flood of British freedom hath flowed through the course of so many centuries with a volume of waters unchecked by any foreign obstacles, yet we are not left without ample memorials of what was the feeling and demeanour of our sires when the threat of invasion broke hoarsely upon their indignant ear. As they have taught us how to wrest our liberties from a weak and superstitious John, and to preserve them from being choked by the iron grasp of a Tudor, crushed by the military despotism of a Cromwell, or frittered away by the bigot James, veiling the monk's cowl under the guise of toleration,—so have they handed down to us an ensample of what a nation's bearing ought to be when "the footstep of invader rude" threatened to invade its happy shores,—and that ensample is presented to us in the reigns of Elizabeth the Great and George the Good, under aspects but little varying save in unimportant and external features. The chivalry of 1588, burst forth with undiminished splendour in 1803; the "armoury of the invincible Knights of old" was wanting, but their valour was an inheritance that had descended without waste; the bow that was bent at Agincourt, and the pikes that bristled at Tilbury, had fallen into disuse, but the sinew of the English arm was unshrunk, and the bayonet most adequately supplied their place.

Beset as Upper Canada is, on every side, by bandit hordes of invaders, who rival the atrocities of the ancient tribe of 'Assassins,' it may prove no faint incentive to heroic deeds, to learn how our forefathers demeaned themselves under trials similar to our own,—how visibly, while arming in a holy cause they were "shielded, and helm'd, and weapon'd" by the God of Battles and of Nations.

Let us carry ourselves back to the year 1588, and behold the attitude of England awaiting the approach of what the Spaniards in their pride had designated "the most fortunate and invincible Armada." The energies of the Island were equal to the emergency, and they were wielded by a Sovereign who combined in her own person, the wisdom of a Ferdinand, and the lofty-minded courage of an Isabella. The nation beat but with one heart, and spoke but with one voice. The counties, at the summons of the Queen, arose up in arms; "from east to west, from north to south," the nobles, who had no special command in the neighbourhood of their own domains, with horse and infantry, with their sturdy tenants converted into serviceable soldiers, thronged the palace-gates of their lion-hearted Mistress; and first in the glorious and goodly array was the Viscount Montague, who, enfeebled by age and sickness, came to die in defence of his country—a patriarchal patriot indeed!—for his horsemen were led by his own sons, and with them came the heir of his house, "that is the eldest son to his son and heir, a young child, very comely, seated on horseback." The tide of patriotism, too, coursed as freely through the veins of the merchant-prince, as of the high-born baron. When the City of London was called upon to furnish its quota of defence, the Lord Mayor requested that Her Majesty's Council would state what would be sufficient. Five thousand men and fifteen ships was the contribution required: and twice those numbers granted, was the answer to the appeal. The noble burghers not only laid their treasures at their country's feet, but they also devoted their persons to the common weal. They met to train, and prepare themselves to take a part in the coming struggle: and, if one gentleman in Kent had a band of 150 foot-soldiers, who were worth in goods above £150,000 sterling, besides their lands—the metropolis was filled with many a band as opulent and patriotic as the Kentish yeomen. The sea presented a spectacle equally inspiring and sublime. The stately and gallant Effingham,—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Seymour, and the volunteer Raleigh,—with 191 ships, and nearly 18,000 seamen,—were eager to intercept the "Invincible" Armada, and leave no laurels to be gathered by their brethren on shore.

These mighty preparations proceeded under the impulse of the Virgin Queen. She was now in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and all the illusions of royalty could not conceal the ravages of time, or invest her with a beauty which it is doubtful whether she ever possessed in any striking degree! But a moral grandeur far more than supplied the deficiencies of feminine grace, and it needed not the loveliness of a Maria Theresa to unsheathe the swords of the Peers and People of England. In Elizabeth they beheld the genius of their country; on her firmness and wisdom they relied; and her voice came to them as the suggestions of inspiration. Much as we may despise her heartless coquetry and egregious vanity; severely as we may stigmatize her treachery and cruelty, in the recent execution of Mary Queen of Scots,—an act, however, of which her own subjects approved,—how do we forget all these glaring defects in her demeanour at this thrilling crisis! Behold her, "a mother in Israel" appealing to a mighty nation, and evoking a spirit which she knew full well how to direct! Imagine her at one moment, conversing with the profound Burleigh,—now with the courtly Howard—anon with her lieutenant Leicester,—and not nominally or formally, but actually exhibiting the wisdom of the statesman, the admiral, and the general. And she did not merely trust to an arm of flesh, and leave uninvoked that mighty Power which, after all the preparations for defence, accomplished the victory with its own right hand, availing itself more of winds and waves, than of human instruments, in discomfiting the pride of Philip. She enjoined the Clergy, who had freely contributed from their means to the general cause, to use a form of Prayers, adapted to the emergency; and the supplications, framed so suitably for the occasion, glow with a warmth of faith, and chastened impetuosity, which shows how alarming was the anticipated danger, and yet how firm the reliance of the people on the interposition of the Almighty in their behalf. At the nearer approach of the Invaders, the inspiration of Elizabeth's character and presence was more deeply and enthusiastically felt. She visits the memorable camp at Tilbury—and a speech, the parallel to which is not recorded in history, flows from her lips. Truly, as she herself said, though her body was that of a weak and feeble woman, she had the heart and stomach of a King, and of a King of England too; and it was no vain boast that she uttered, when she avowed her resolution "to live and die amongst them all, to lay down for her God, for her kingdom, and for her people, her honour and her blood even in the dust."

It is only my purpose to describe the feeling that animated England at this trying period, and not to enter into any account of the dispersion of the Spanish Armada. The page of history, most instructive for our study at this special moment is that which records a nation arming against invasion; and, therefore, I will pass on to another glorious leaf in the annals of our country, which, for interest and encouragement to us, may vie with that, on which we have already bestowed such a hasty glance.

Two centuries and more had passed over England, when Napoleon meditated the invasion of her shores, and the annihilation of her independence. And what have we to relate, but that Napoleon possessed all the power and purpose of Philip,—and England all the spirit of Elizabeth, and a people as patriotic as that, which it was her glory to govern? "Invincible Armadas" of gun-boats darkened every port of France: the wrecks of the French Navy were reunited in three different harbours: and the "Army of England", under the command of French Generals, whose names alone were a presage of success, threatened to sweep away from the world the last break-water that stemmed the ambition of the Corsican.

As the note of French preparation was loud, so was the note of English defiance still louder. The land, as of old,

became one universal camp. An army of one hundred thousand men, was backed by a Militia, scarcely less numerous or less disciplined. The volunteers in city, town, and country, almost doubled in number the army and militia combined, and formed a force of a moral weight, which would have more than compensated for a want of experience. The Christian Monarch had his Tilbury Camp, and that camp was every spot on which he trod. Five hundred and seventy British ships of war hovered about the coasts, or blockaded the ports of France. Cornwallis, Nelson, and Pellew, applied the place of Howard, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake. The noble summoned his tenants as of yore, and placed himself at their head: the wealthy merchant rivalled the descendant of a princely line and poured out his riches into the lap of his country; the very Clergy, not content with addressing patriotic exhortations from the pulpit, and through the press, were eager to embody themselves into a separate corps, and but one fear pervaded the country, and that was,—that the French would not attempt to land.

The Providence of 1588, did not slumber in 1803. The boasted project of Napoleon was frustrated by a disappointment as complete, tho' not so disastrous, as that of Philip.

When the public mind is stirred by events of more than ordinary importance, we cannot do better than repair to History, and gather from its records a lesson for our guidance. He who can recall, in imagination, "the might of England" as "it flashed to anticipate" the Spanish and French Invasions, and not derive confidence from such a reminiscence, can neither be actuated by the courage, nor the patriotism of a Briton: he who can read the noble prayers, which our Protestant forefathers breathed with impassioned lips, and not respond to them with a cordial amen, as applicable to the present crisis, however brave he may be, flings away an armour more impenetrable, and a spear more weighty than that of Goliath: and he, who casting his eye forwards thro' a few coming years, does not look with cheerfulness to the result of our present troubles, lacks that hopeful spirit which, when common to a nation and sanctified in its aspirations, accomplishes whatsoever it desires. Let us revert to the issue of the two great events, to which we have so briefly alluded, and from thence imbibe an assurance of present success, and a happy omen for futurity. Philip threatened to bring back England to the Papal yoke, and to imprison Elizabeth in the Castle of St. Angelo; but Elizabeth lived to repair in Christian triumph to the cathedral of St. Paul's, and kneeling at the West Door, to render thanks to Almighty God for the preservation of her realm, her religion, and her life. Napoleon boasted that he would blot out England from the rank of independent nations, but his vain imaginings were brought to scorn, and he died the prisoner of his deadliest enemy. Therefore, let us, while we "stiffen our sinews, and summon up our blood" for the worst that may befall us, uplift a resolute and cheerful countenance; let us pray for peace, without the intervention of war; but if war come, let us enter upon it in the language of prophetic inspiration, which Wordsworth breathed in 1803, and Wellington realized,—not "on British ground" but on,—many a Continental field:

Shout for a mighty victory is won!
On British ground the invaders are laid low;
The breath of Heaven hath drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun
Never to rise again!—the work is done!

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 18th December, 1838.

HORNE LITURGICAL.

No. X.

THE VENITE EXULTEMUS.—THE PSALMS.

From the act of prayer, first directed to be expressed in the words which the Saviour of the world hath taught us, the Church calls upon us—after an invocation of grace and help from above—to "shew forth the praise" of the triune Godhead. This is done, as we have seen, in that ancient and comprehensive hymn in which the victims of pagan persecution were wont to solace their dying hours and which, in many other portions of the service and especially at the conclusion of every Psalm, the Church employs, as being a simple but emphatic declaration of our faith in the Holy Trinity. The hearts of the worshippers being thus full of gratitude for the work of redemption by the triune Deity, the minister of the Church exhorts them to join him in further acts of praise, and he invites them to this office of thankfulness in the words, PRAISE YE THE LORD,—words which may be, as they often are, expressed in the term HALLELUJAH. "This word," says Dean Comber, "is so sacred that St. John retains it, Rev. xix. 1, 3, 4, 6; and St. Augustine saith, the Church of old scrupled to translate it. The use of it is frequent in the Psalms, being the title to, and the conclusion of, many of them; particularly of six Psalms, which were the Paschal Hymn, and called the great Hallelujah, Psalm cxiii. cxviii. And among the Christians it was so usual to sing Hallelujah, that St. Jerome saith little children were acquainted with it. The solemn times of singing it among divers churches were different; but it was used every where on the Lord's day; and among us it is used every day, and placed here, first as a return to the Gloria Patri, for in that we worship the Trinity, as we do the Unity in this: secondly, as a triumphant hymn upon the joyful news of our absolute, and the overthrow of our spiritual enemies; for which saith the priest to the people, 'Praise ye the Lord'; and they readily obey him, replying, 'The Lord's name be praised.' Thirdly, it is a proper preface to the Psalms, called in Hebrew, 'The Book of Praises.' The office hath been thus far penitential, it now becomes eucharistical; what more proper introduction can there be than this Hallelujah?"

In the frame of mind which this invocation of the Minister, and this response of the people bespeaks, we go on in the work of praise to the NINETY-FIFTH PSALM, commonly called the VENITE EXULTEMUS from the words with which it commences in Latin. It is called the "Invitatory Psalm,"

because, at its commencement, it invites us to "come and sing unto the Lord;" and acting upon this its spirit, the primitive Christians were in the habit of using it before the congregation went into Church. The original of the name is thus explained by a valuable writer on the Book of Common Prayer: "this," he says, "we learn from Chrysostom. He informs us, that till the whole congregation was fully assembled, it was usual for those who were present, by way of beguiling the time, to sing psalms, of which Venite Exultemus was the chief. Some parts of this Psalm were in subsequent ages, sung with a strong loud voice, like the sound of a trumpet. The intention of which was to bring the people into the Church. Durandus further informs us, that, in his time (above six hundred years ago,) it was a custom in some places, for the people waiting in expectation of the Morning Service, to hasten into the Church as soon as they heard Venite Exultemus begun to be sung."

In the words, then, of this Hymn, the Church invites us to give the rein, as it were, to those thankful feelings which the previous portions of the service are so calculated to awaken; because those are words which are replete with arguments for reverence and praise, for prayer and thankfulness, to the Great Author of all our mercies. The "Invitatory Psalm," we may observe, is not used in the Evening Service for the day, because then we are presumed to have already joined in it, and heard its invitation at Morning Service.—Nor is it possible to conceive any composition better adapted to the object for which the Church has appointed it: in the mouth of David it would have been a stirring and pious exhortation; but in the alternate voices of a Christian congregation, it is the noble concert of mutual joy and encouragement, brother joining with brother in the heartfelt and affectionate invitation—"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."—And may not only our songs arise, but our hearts rejoice "in the strength of our salvation!"

Very inspiring and animating is this beautiful Psalm; and would that they who recite it, catching the glow of its pious spirit, would from the heart sing the due praises unto the Lord, and offer the tribute of unfeigned thanksgiving to "the strength of our salvation!" "O come," exclaims the Lord's minister and messenger,—come to the work of dutiful praise; and shall the ransomed of the Lord be slow to obey the summons, or speak with faint heart and tongueless tongue, the joys of redemption which that Lord hath finished?

"Let us come"—with delight and exultation let us come—before his presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms; for should we not, in this joyful and grateful strain, approach Him who is the great God—of dominion unlimited, of Providence beneficent and unfailing? But with "no proud looks" should we approach that adorable Benefactor: the language of David instructs us in the humbleness of soul in which our gladness should be told,—"O come, let us fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker." "Yes, brethren, do not forget, or indolently disregard, the authority and the motives by which you are here invited to KNEEL. Do not despise the invitation; be not insensible to the claims which the Lord your God has to the bended knee. And especially, my brethren, with respect to this and all other duties to which you are invited in this impressive Hymn, forget not the caution which it sets before you—that if you "harden your hearts," as the Jews did in the wilderness, their fate will be an emblem of yours,—you will wander, during this brief life, in the wilderness of this world, and be finally excluded from God's rest in the heavenly Canaan."

From the Invitatory Hymn, we proceed to the PSALMS, which are appointed to be read by Minister and people in alternate verses,—thus manifesting, that while he calls upon them to "praise the Lord," they are not backward in responding to the appeal that "the Lord's name be praised." Volumes have been written upon the admirable compilation which bears the name of the Psalms of David; suffice it then that we adduce from the "shining lights" of our Church a few testimonies to their surpassing excellence.

"The Book of Psalms," says Dean Comber, "is a collection of praises and prayers indited by the Spirit, composed by holy men on various occasions, and so suited to public worship, that they are used and commended by the Jews and Mahometans, as well as by Christians; and though the several parties of Christians differ in most other things, in this they all agree; so that Cassander designed to compose a Liturgy out of the Psalms, in which all Christians might join. They contain a variety of devotions, agreeable to all degrees and conditions of men, so that without much difficulty every man may apply them to his own case, either directly or by way of accommodation; for which cause the Church useth these oftener than any other part of Scripture. It is certain, the Temple Service consisted chiefly of forms taken out of this Book of Psalms (1 Chron. xvi. 7—37; 1 Chron. xxv. 1, 2), and the prayers of the modern Jews also are mostly gathered thence. The Christians undoubtedly used them in their public service in the Apostles' time (1 Cor. xiv. 26; Col. iii. 16), and in the following ages it is very plain that they sung Psalms in the Church by turns, each side of the choir answering to the other; yea, it appears the Psalms were placed about the beginning of Prayers, soon after the Confession; and that they were so often repeated at the Church, that the poorest Christians could say them by heart, and used to sing them at their labours, in their houses, and in the fields."

"The Psalms," says the eloquent Bishop Horne, "are an epitome of the Bible, adapted to the purposes of devotion. They treat occasionally of the creation and formation of the world; the dispensations of Providence, and the economy of grace; the transactions of the patriarchs, the exodus of the children of Israel; their journey through the wilderness, and their settlement in Canaan; their law, priesthood, and ritual:—the exploits of their great men, wrought through

* Shepherd.

† Penny Sunday Reader.

‡ Penny Sunday Reader.

faith; their sins and captivities, their repentances, and restorations; the sufferings and victories of David, the peaceful and happy reign of Solomon; the advent of the Messiah, with its effects and consequences: his incarnation, birth, life, passion, death, resurrection, ascension, kingdom, and priesthood: the effusion of the Spirit, the conversion of the Gentiles, the rejection of the Jews: the establishment, increase, and perpetuity of the Christian Church: the end of the world, the general judgment, the condemnation of the wicked, and the final triumph of the righteous with their Lord and King. These are the subjects presented to our imaginations. We are instructed how to conceive of them aright, and to express the different affections, which, when so conceived of, they must excite in our minds. They are for this purpose adorned with the figures, and set off with all the graces of poetry.

"This little volume, like the Paradise of Eden, afford us, in perfection, though in miniature, every thing that growth elsewhere, every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, and, above all, that which was there lost and is here restored, 'the tree of life in the midst of the garden.' That which we read as matter of speculation in the other Scriptures, is reduced to practice, when we recite it in the Psalms. In those, faith and repentance are described; in these, they are acted. By a perusal of the former, we learn how others served God, but by using the latter, we serve God ourselves."

Such are the eloquent words of Bishop Horne; the 'judicious Hooker' speaks as follows upon the same subject. "What is there necessary for men to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction—a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before—a strong confirmation to the most perfect. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known, done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident to the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found. This is the very cause why we iterate the Psalms oftener than any other part of Scripture besides; the cause wherefore we inure the people together with their Minister, and not the Minister alone to read them, as other parts of Scripture he doth."

"In the language of this divine book," says the prelate already quoted, "the prayers of the Church have been offered up to the throne of grace from age to age. And it appears to have been the manual of the Son of God in the days of his flesh; who, at the conclusion of his supper, is generally supposed, and that upon good grounds, to have sung a hymn taken from it; who pronounced upon the cross the beginning of the twenty-second Psalm, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' and expired with a part of the thirty-first in his mouth, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

"Thus he who spake, as never man spake, chose to conclude his life, to solace himself in his greatest agony, and at last to breathe out his soul, in the Psalmist's form of words rather than his own. No tongue of man or angel, as Dr. Hammond justly observes, can convey a higher idea of any book, and of their felicity who use it right."

"Let us stop for a moment to contemplate the true character of these sacred Hymns.—Greatness confers no exemption from the pains and sorrows of life. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the inquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion."

"His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are open, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful: their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again, and he who tastes them oftener, will relish them best."

No apology is needed for these lengthened extracts from the pious and eloquent Bishop Horne; and after those, the reader can desire nothing more upon the subject. I shall only add, that, at the conclusion of every Psalm, the Gloria Patri is directed to be used,—as being peculiarly appropriate to compositions which have their leading object the glory of God, and as interposing a useful mark of division betwixt such of the Psalms as are read in succession; for, generally, they have no immediate connection, but proceed, without regard to numerical order, to topics of devotion quite distinct in their character.*

C. R.

* "In clausula Psalmi, omnes concludunt Gloria Patri &c." says Io. Cassian (A. D. 424).—a proof that the custom now adopted was practised in the ancient Churches.

NATIONAL SINS NATIONALLY PUNISHED.

From Alison's History of the French Revolution.

Vast as had been the conquests, unbounded the triumphs of France during the campaign [of Friedland and Tilsit in 1807], the consumption of life to the victors had been, if possible, still greater; and it was already apparent that war, conducted on this gigantic scale, was attended with a sacrifice of human beings which, for any lengthened time, would be insupportable. The fearful and ominous call of eighty thousand conscripts, three repeated during the short period of eight months, had already told the French people at what cost, of their best and their bravest, they followed the car of victory; and the official details which have since come to light, show that even the enormous levy of two hundred and forty thousand men in that short period was not disproportionate to the expenditure of the campaign. Authentic documents prove that the number of sick and wounded who

were received into the French hospitals during the campaign, from the banks of the Saale to those of the Niemen, amounted to the stupendous number of FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND; of whom, at an average, not more than a ninth were prisoners taken from the Allies! If such were the losses of the victors, it may readily be believed, that those of the vanquished were still greater; and putting the two together, it may fairly be concluded that, from the 1st October 1806, to the 30th June, 1807, that is, during a period of nine months, a million of human beings were consigned to military hospitals, of whom at least a hundred thousand perished, independent of those slain in battle, who were at least as many more! The mind finds it impossible to apprehend such enormous calamities; like the calculations of the distance of the sun, or the fixed stars, they elude the grasp of the most vivid imagination; but even in the bewildering impression which they produce, they tend to show how boundless was the suffering then occasioned by human ambition; how awful the judgment of the Almighty then executed upon the earth!

Nor is it difficult to discern what were the national sins which were thus visited with so terrible a punishment.—Fourteen years before, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, had united their armies to partition Sarmatia, and Suwarrow had entered Warsaw while yet reeking with Polish blood.—In the prosecution of this guilty object, they neglected the volcano which was bursting forth in the west of Europe; they starved the war on the Rhine to feed that on the Vistula, and opened the gates of Germany to French ambition. Prussia, in particular, first drew off from the European alliance, and after the great barrier of frontier fortresses had been broken through in 1793, and revolutionary France stood, as Napoleon admits, "on the verge of ruin," allowed her to restore her tottering fortunes, and, for ten long years, stood by in dubious and selfish neutrality, anxious only to secure or increase her ill-gotten gains. And what was the result? Poland became the great theatre of punishment to the partitioning powers; her blood-stained fields beheld the writhing and the anguish of the victors. Pierced to the heart by hostile armies, driven up to a corner of her territory, within sight almost of the Sarmatian wilds, Austria saw her expiring efforts for independence overthrown on the field of Austerlitz. Refractory to her dominions, bound in chains for the insult of the Conqueror, with the iron driven into her soul, Prussia beheld her last hopes expire on the shores of the Vistula. Banished almost from Europe, conquered in war, sullied in fame, Russia was compelled to sign the ignominious peace on the banks of the Niemen, the frontier of her Lithuanian spoils. The measure of her retribution is not yet complete; and the grand Duchy of Warsaw is to become the outwork of France against Moscow; the tide of war is to roll on to Red Russia; the sacred towers of Smolensko are to be shaken by Polish battalions, the sack of Praga is to be expiated by the flames of Moscow. That Providence superintends the progress of human affairs; that the retributions of justice apply to political societies as well as single men, and that nations, which have no immortality,* are destined to undergo the punishment of their flagrant iniquities in this world, was long ago announced from Mount Sinai, and may be observed in every subsequent page of civilized history. But it is often on the third and fourth generation that the retribution descends, and in the complicated thread of intervening events, it is sometimes difficult to trace the connexion which we know exists between the guilty deeds and the deserved suffering. In the present instance, however, the connexion was immediate and palpable; the actors in the iniquitous spoliation were themselves the sufferers by its effects; it was the partition of Poland which opened the gates of Europe to France; it was the partitioning powers that sunk beneath the car of Napoleon's ambition.

And was France, then, the instrument of this terrible dispensation, to escape herself the punishment of her sins?—Was she, stained with the blood of the righteous, wrapt in the flames of the church, marked with the sign of the miscreant, to be the besom of destruction to others, and to bask only in the sunshine of glory herself?—No! the dread hour of her retribution was steadily approaching; swift as was the march of her triumphant hosts, swifter still was the advance of the calamities which were to prestage her fall. Already to the discerning eye was visible the handwriting on the wall which foretold her doom. At Tilsit she reached the highest point of her ascendancy; every subsequent change was a step nearer to her ruin. True, the Continent had sunk beneath her arms; true, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, had successively fallen in the conflict: true, she had advanced her eagles to the Niemen, and from the rock of Gibraltar to the Baltic Sea, no voice dared to breathe a whisper against her authority, still the seeds of destruction were implanted in her bosom. Her feet were of base and perishable clay. The resources of the empire were wasting away in the pursuit of the lurid phantoms which its people worshipped; its strength was melting under the incessant drains which the career of victory demanded; a hundred and fifty thousand men were annually sacrificed to the Moloch of its ambition. They saw it not—they felt it not; joyfully its youth, "like reapers, descend to the harvest of death." "They repented not of their sins, to give glory to the Lord." But the effect was not the less certain, that the operation of the circumstances producing it was not perceived; and among the many concurring causes which at this period were preparing its fall, a prominent place must be assigned to that very treaty of Tilsit which apparently carried its fortunes to their highest elevation.

* No immortality as nations.—[En.]

A WORD BY A WESLEYAN IN FAVOUR OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I found there is in this, as in many other places in the United States, in consequence of indifference, and the influence of sectarian feeling, and other causes, no Christian minister settled amongst them. This is one of the evils growing out of their national laws and institutions which make no provision for the religious instruction of the people, who in many cases make none for themselves on account of the difference of sentiment which prevails among them on religious subjects. This difference, though it often exists in reference to things non-essential (as, for instance, infant baptism, or the peculiarities of Calvinism) prevents them from uniting in the choice of a minister, and because they cannot find one to please all, they remain without any; or if they do engage a preacher for a short time, they seldom agree long. Hence, if you ask, "Have you divine service to-day?" "No," is the reply; "we had a man hired for a few months, but he has left us. I guess, however, we shall soon have another." This is an evil, and a source of evil to individuals and to communities. The sabbath is neglect-

ed, and God is forgotten. In order to form a correct estimate of the working of their system, it is necessary to visit the small and remote settlements, and also the recently occupied districts in the State of Ohio, Illinois, Alabama, and the Michigan territory, where there are thousands, and tens of thousands, who have neither Christian instruction, nor Christian ordinances. I confess these things have made a strong impression on my mind in favour of the Ecclesiastical Establishment of our own country. It secures a place of worship, at least, in every parish, the regular reading of the Scriptures in the hearing of the people, and the decent and due observance of public devotion. This is a testimony for God.—ROBERT ALDER.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for April 1835.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1838.

Darkness still broods over our political horizon; but we fancy we descry now and then glimpses of the soft and tranquil sky amid the clouds which are coursing gloomily over it. We speak not, however, of our hopes in any tone of confidence; for the temporary lull may prove but the portentous calm which the howl of the nearing tempest will speedily break. While we catch, and welcome, and are thankful for the smallest token of peace, it would be unwise to trust to its perhaps delusive promises. Repeated disasters will doubtless produce the dispersion of those brigand hordes by which alone our quiet is assailed; but their experiment of madness and crime may be renewed, before the "delusion" is finally broken. We must not, then, be lulled into security by a fallacious calm, but rest upon our arms, and watch every serpent winding of the insidious foe.

But if our political horizon remains disturbed and darkened, there is less of cloud and commotion on the religious. The population in general have nobly responded to our Lieutenant Governor's recommendation to lay aside "minor differences," and their only emulation has been who shall be most forward in guarding our common oak of British liberty from the axe of the ruthless destroyer,—our common altars from the pollution of the bandit. It is true there are some who partake not in this magnanimous forbearance, and who are unwilling to stifle the swellings of vindictive passion, and curb the wantonness of personal ambition;—even when the murderous weapon which aims at a rival's breast, or the torch which threatens a rival's dwelling, may be turned next against themselves. There are those who like the stormy petrel, cling to scenes of agitation, even while the soft and sunny landscape lies within their ken and invites them to its repose and sweetness. But these we leave to the pity and the prayers of the more christian-minded, and turn to a more refreshing picture.

The people of the country are evidently weary of agitation; and, detecting the pseudo-patriot's schemes, they begin to see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, the subjects which had lately been presented to them with all the blazonry of interested exaggeration. The farmer begins to feel that the threat of the tithe-exaction upon his hard-earned produce, was a needless alarm, which it was as absurd to entertain as it was mischievous to raise; and the rectory "domination," has proved but a theoretical grievance. People find that they can fill their garners without dread of the tithe-proctor; and that they can worship where they will without the risk of "dominant" dictation, or rectorial interference!

Although, as we have said, there are still a few who would keep up this delusion, and deepen this fear, and increase this jealousy, it is gratifying to observe that the conductors of that mighty engine, the public press, have in general abstained, with a patriotic forbearance, from those agitating discussions, and wait until at least the alarms of external warfare are passed, before they whet again their weapons for a renewal of the internal but constitutional contest. The armistice, we believe, will induce a calmer view of the late disturbing questions, and give time, we trust, for the spirits to subside into a Christian complacency before the contention be renewed. We pray that it may be so; and if disputation on these subjects is to be resumed, that it will be resumed on the mutual terms of Christian amity and good-will.

We cannot say that our kindly feelings were disturbed, or that the equable current of our unfeigned charity was either ruffled or thwarted, when we read in a late *British Colonist* an extract from the "Edinburgh Observer," taking up, as we think, with unseemly warmth, that unhappily disputed question, and giving currency as respects ourselves to what we cannot but feel to be a vulgar personality. A journal which may chance to enjoy a prominence in the mother country should not foster, but check, by the counsels of a better experience, the wantonness of the press in a younger land; instead of adding excitement to our angry contentions, it becomes those to whom we look up with a species of filial reverence, to shame and subdue, by sober and dignified example, the juvenile and impetuous ardour which may here be exhibited.

But the "Observer" has obviously mistaken the spirit of our remarks,—caused, in some degree, by a slight but important inaccuracy in the manner in which they were reprinted; and has viewed that as an insult which was merely a declaration of what we believe to be a legal technicality. There may, possibly, have been something exceptional in the manner of expressing that opinion; but in purport and substance, it differed not from what the Bishop of London asserted in the House of Lords last winter, and which he uttered unrebuked by Scottish or other peer. But we mean not to dwell upon that topic; and we might refer the respectable conductors of the "Observer" to files of our journal to ascertain whether, in a vigorous defence of our own principles, we have evinced that exclusiveness and illiberality which, from adopting the sentiments of a hasty and unaccountable attack, they have been pleased to charge upon us.

In our columns, from time to time, we have spoken more—and in favourable terms—of Scottish divines, and quoted more largely from their writings than, we believe, any other periodical in the Canadas; and, if we recollect aright, ours was the only journal in the Colony which contained any account, or at least gave any analysis, of the late memorable lectures of Dr. Chalmers on Church Establishments. Our bigotry—if such we possess—knows at least how to discriminate talent and worth in other communions, and to afford the hearty meed of our humble commendations in whatsoever quarter we believe them to be due.

Amongst the English religious periodicals,—from the magnificent "Church of England Quarterly Review" to

the simple but simply elegant "Penny Sunday Reader,"—with which our editorial table is crowded, there is none which we more heartily welcome, or to which we are under greater obligations than the CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAGAZINE. In the fourth volume of that elegant and evangelical periodical, we observe a complaint that some of the articles transferred from thence, at the commencement of our labours, to our humble sheet, were not acknowledged. This, we beg to say, was caused by their being at first sent to us by a correspondent, as selected matter in general,—at least without a specific addition of the source from which they were derived. This apparent want of fairness, proceeding originally from inadvertence and continued perhaps, through our editorial inexperience, has, as our contemporary will have observed, been long ago corrected.

It is rather to afford evidence of the interest felt in the conduct of this journal, than to vaunt our own or the industry of our friends, that we assure our readers that the extracts we furnish to them from standard authors, or from the higher periodical literature of the day, are, with very few exceptions, culled specially for this paper. The short but, as we hope, useful extracts which appear under the head of "The Garner," have, in particular, been supplied in that manner;—gathered from the authors themselves to whom they are credited, and not, unless in a few rare instances, taken second-hand from other periodicals.

In the last received volume of the Church of England Magazine, we rejoice to perceive a continuation of the popular little pieces entitled "Passing Thoughts" by Charlotte Elizabeth; and it may gratify their pious and highly-gifted author to know that the suggestion for their republication in our columns came first from a near and venerable relative of her own, resident in the city of Toronto. In the republication of these excellent little pieces, we have not, however, adhered to the numerical order in which they originally appeared; having generally introduced them in adaptation to some particular time or circumstance to which they were calculated to lend an interest.

The author of the admired lines on the death of the late Bishop of Quebec will be gratified to hear that they have been transferred to the pages of the Church of England Magazine; and we are happy to add that the same compliment has been paid to the affecting sketch of a scene in an Hospital by our correspondent B. F. T.

A friend has favoured us with a copy of the Sermon preached by the Rev. W. T. Leach before the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto, at the late celebration of their patron saint, and we have pleasure in expressing the gratification we have felt from its perusal. The following honest and patriotic sentiments are worthy of a general dissemination:—

"Let every man, who is not a destructive and pseudo-patriot, but a lover of God and of the order and subordination by which God preserves the harmony of all things, lend to the powers that be the shoulder of his might. Things will jostle right, if only the name and sense of right be preserved. In this case there may be reasonable expectation, that notwithstanding the ignorance and disorder that heavily press upon the land, there may one day be presented the glorious spectacle of a people holding forth with prosperous effect the light of truth and the sceptre of lawful power. This is an end that might well deserve to become our 'last dream at night and first vision in the morning.' Nor is this a thing to be altogether despaired of. The proud and loyal men of England, they of Ireland, so well tried and honorably distinguished, and the sons of our own country, whose deeds of late require no one to speak their praise—these are many, and combined, would be invincible; for thrice are they armed whose cause is just, the cause of God and of humanity, which is also His; at any rate, Heaven has decreed that the servants of a righteous cause shall surely be blessed, whether or not they prevail: and if the time ever come when these sentiments, which he has hastily, and almost from the impulse of the moment, expressed, shall sicken and expire, the prayer of the Chaplain of the St. Andrew's Society is, that the last throbs of them may exist in a Scottish heart. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Be happy all the days of your mortal life, and may God crown your mortality with immortal joys."

There is a sort of *Æsopian* piquancy in the following passage,—the more piquant from the obviousness of the moral it conveys:—

"There was a man whose family having taken counsel together, agreed to go forth into a far country. A kind father, he selected for them a guide, whom he rewarded out of his own stores, to keep them in the right way, and to constrain them by gentle means to be prosperous and happy. It came to pass, as they journeyed along, that they grew impatient of the presence of their guide, suspicious of his intentions, and averse in all things to his interference. Nevertheless, they waxed fat and strong on the fruits of the valleys, and at the living springs of water by the way of which he led them, and wanted one thing alone, as they said, to render their happiness perfect,—namely, to do "every one what was right in his own eyes." Wherefore rose they up against their guide to smite him with the edge of the sword, against whom, however, their attempt was hurtless, because their father had armed him with strong armour of proof. At length they prevailed so far as to force him to flee from them; and as he took his departure, wrath at their ingratitude, and pitying their errors, wild cries of joy rang through the forest; such a day of joy they thought they had never known. In the meantime, certain strangers from another country passing by, and happening to hear the voice of their mirth, came upon them, and being stronger than they, took possession of their substance. Being also, like them, addicted to their own will, they forced them to do whatsoever they pleased. Hungry and thirsty, these miserable men found not in all that country any city of habitation, save the cities of these strangers."

Almost every Montreal paper that we take up, contains some fresh account of the warm and substantial sympathy towards the widows and orphans of the brave Volunteers who fell in the late conflicts near the lines, evinced by their generous brethren in arms in that Province. Not only have the several Militia Corps contributed each a day's pay towards the relief of those sufferers, but the Regiments of the Line are manifesting a similar generosity in the same praiseworthy cause:—pleasing and affecting proof as well of the brotherly concord which subsists between the regular soldiers and the militia, as of the high and ennobling love of country which pervades them all!

It has struck us that, amongst the widows and orphans of the brave men who fell at Prescott and Sandwich, there may possibly be some cases of distress similar to those which our loyal fellow-subjects in Lower Canada have been so prompt to relieve. We should be happy to receive any communication, conveying explicit information on that subject; and we promise our best endeavours to forward any plan that may be suggested for the relief of such distress, if it exists. If circumstances are such as to justify an appeal to the generosity of the people of the Province, we are well enough acquainted with the general state of feeling upon that subject, to know that it will be most promptly and liberally responded to. No earthly consolation or relief can compensate for lost husbands, fathers, or brothers; but if for the replenishment of "the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil," any have been dependent on the energies of the fallen brave,

there are thousands who will come forward to supply the failing store.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

On Friday the 21st instant, the Annual Recitations and Distribution of Prizes, took place before Sir George and Lady Arthur, the members of the University Council, and a large assemblage of the most influential and respectable inhabitants of Toronto.

The following is a list of the boys who obtained Prizes:

- CLASSICS. 6th Form, J. Ewart, 3rd Form, George, 5th " Stephen Jarvis, 2nd " Andrews, 4th " Dempsey, 1st " Keeler. Preparatory School—Kirkpatrick. Mathematics—1st prize—McKenzie—2d prize D. McLeod.

From the above it will appear that the boys who most distinguished themselves during the past year, are JOHN EWART, JOHN HELLWELL, DANIEL McLEOD, and especially JOHN G. D. MCKENZIE; who, in addition to the prizes he received for his varied attainments, deserves the greatest commendation for the propriety, energy, and versatility with which he delivered the recitations allotted to him, serious and comic, in Latin, French and English.—Com.

Pursuant to the request of his congregation, the Rev. T. Green has consented to publish the two admirable Sermons delivered by him in St. Mark's Church, in this town, on Friday last, in observance of the day appointed by the Lieut. Governor for a general Fast.

Summary of Civil Intelligence.

There is no later news from England.

MEXICO.

We are indebted to the Montreal Gazette for the following: The New York papers contain very important intelligence from Mexico; which is the bombardment and capture of the fortress of Vera Cruz, by the French blockading squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Baudin.

About two o'clock the same day, three French frigates, a sloop of war and two bombketches, moored between the reef within gunshot of the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa, and so well directed were their bombs and heavy artillery, that in less than four hours they had silenced the fire of one hundred and sixty pieces of Mexican artillery, demolished all the outworks, including the famous redoubt called El Caballero, and killed and wounded six hundred men of the Mexican garrison, of whom thirty-five are said to be officers.

About six o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, the Mexican commander in the castle hung out a signal for the cessation of hostilities, and begged to be allowed time to withdraw his wounded from the ruins of the fortifications.

UNITED STATES.

From the Burlington, N. J. Gazette.

THE OUTRAGES AT HARRISBURG.—Regarding the late proceedings at Harrisburg as a most important chapter in the history of the times—and we may add in the history of parties also—we have devoted considerable space to a detail of the occurrences, as they are given in the Pennsylvania papers.

ENORMOUS DEFALCATIONS.—Never was a party more unfortunate than the Sub-Treasury party seems to be at present. President Van Buren, notwithstanding the repeated expressions of the people's will in opposition to it, still urges the propriety of committing the public funds to the hands of countless public officers, and his party uphold him in it, with all the zeal they can bring to the task.

enormous defalcations of public officers are continually coming to light, thus demonstrating to all reasonable men the absurdity of the Sub-Treasury scheme. In addition to the defalcation of Mr. Swartwout, late Collector of New York, which is said to amount to over a million of dollars, we have now to record that of Mr. Price, the United States district Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Recent letters from Washington also inform us that Gen. Gratiot, the Chief of the Engineer Department, has been stricken from the rolls of the Army, for a misapplication of about fifty thousand dollars of funds placed in his hands for the service of that department.

It is also said that a defalcation is suspected in the office of one of the Auditors of the Treasury.

LOWER CANADA.

From the Montreal Herald.

We have much satisfaction in learning, that the 71st Regiment, under the command of the Hon. Lieut. Col. Grey have contributed a day's pay, amounting to £48 17s. 10.

We also learn that Captain Grieve, of Three Rivers, transmitted £8, which was contributed to the same fund, by the company of Volunteers under his command, as formerly noticed.

In consequence of an apprehended movement on the parts of the refugees and sympathisers collected at Champlain, State of New York, the 71st regiment, lately stationed at Beauharnois, have moved to L'Acadie and the 15th from St. Johns to Isle aux Noix and Napierville.

His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has, on the application of the Board of Trade of this city, permitted the merchants to pay their bonds for duties, in the notes of the chartered Banks and of the People's Bank, on condition of their redeeming the same in specie by the 1st of June.

A few days ago, two kegs of powder, a lot of ball cartridge, and three new American muskets were seized in a house near St. Mary's by Captain George Macdonald, of the First Company of St. John's Volunteers, and handed over to the military authorities at St. John's.

From the Montreal Gazette.

Pursuant to sentence, Joseph Narcisse Cardinal and Joseph Duquette, two of the leaders in the late insurrection at Chateauguay, were yesterday executed in front of the new gaol. The unfortunate men had, we believe, become resigned to their fate, and were attended by the clergymen of their persuasion, ever since their sentence had been communicated to them.

The finding of the Court Martial on the sergeant and four privates of the Coldstream Guards, who were placed on their trial for supposed connivance in the escape of Theller and Dodge, from the citadel of Quebec, has received the sanction of the Commander of the Forces. We understand, that by it all are acquitted of assisting or conniving in the escape; but the sergeant is reduced to the ranks for his too great familiarity with the prisoners; two of the privates are sentenced to some months imprisonment, for want of vigilance, and the other two are acquitted.

THE NAVY.—H. M. S. Cornwallis, 74. Capt. Sir Richard Grant, K. H., H. M. S. Malabar, 74. Capt. E. Harvey, both from Halifax, and H. M. S. Racehorse, Commander Crawford, from New York, arrived at Bermuda, on the 15th ult.

Immediatly preceding the date of your letter, and even after the news of the fate of their brethren in infancy who made the attack at Prescott, a band of three or four hundred desperadoes again polluted our soil at Sandwich, and again the feelings of humanity were outraged and disgraced by a repetition of the inhuman and brutal treatment practised upon the body of a brave officer killed at Prescott.

UPPER CANADA.

From the Western Herald.

We have recently obtained intelligence of formidable preparations now being made under the superintendance of the ci-devant General Theller, who is now in Detroit. At a public "Patriot" meeting lately held in that city, he openly declared his intention of raising a force of two thousand men, to lay waste our towns and villages along this frontier; that he hoped yet of having the satisfaction of "washing his hands in the blood of Col. John Prince."

A Company of the 34th Regt. commanded by Captain Mathews, is now stationed in this town. We have besides four companies of Col. Prince's Battalion, Captain Sparke's and Bell's companies, and a portion of the second Essex Militia, under the command of Col. Elliot. Major Deeds of the 34th is now Col. Commandant.

From the British Colonist.

POSTSCRIPT.—Intelligence has been received in town this morning, of another attempt on the part of the pirates, to effect a landing in Canada, On Monday evening last, while Col. Kerby was walking along shore, from Fort Erie barracks towards Point Abino, he observed some persons approaching him on the ice. He immediately returned to the barracks, and having got his men under arms they marched against the invaders, who turned about and retreated.

About fourteen sleighs came out from their hiding place in the woods, when they saw the others retreating, and followed them very quickly. Col. Kerby ordered his men to fire upon them, but with what effect we have not heard. It is supposed that the intention of the party was to approach the garrison during the night, and fire it.—Dec. 27.

We omit several items in order to make room for the following admirable letter of Mr. Justice Jones, which ought to be generally circulated:

lowing admirable letter of Mr. Justice Jones, which ought to be generally circulated:

Toronto, Dec. 17, 1838.

Sir,—I received your letter of the 10th inst., relative to the situation of the guilty individuals now undergoing their trials before a Militia General Court Martial at Kingston, for their lawless and unprovoked aggression upon our soil, and the murder of our people.

You say, upon your return from Kingston, where you had gone to enquire into and supply the wants of the unfortunate American prisoners, you passed through Jefferson County, and that you are entirely satisfied that the greater part of the boys under 21 have been deceived; in one instance by a school master, but generally by the travelling Canada refugees, many of whom are without character and principle. You heard of one mother in Brownville who had become insane; and saw others in the deepest distress. You also say that it is desirable that this most dishonest, unjustifiable, and cruel system of aggression upon our country, should be put an end to without delay, and that if you could believe that the hanging or transportation of your youth was necessary to this result, you would remain silent.

In reply thereto I beg to remark, that the situation in which this province is placed by the lawless and unprovoked aggression of a people with whom Great Britain still maintains the relations of peace and amity, is unparalleled in the history of nations; and the difficulties which have been thrown in the way of this government are such as have never been encountered by a Colonial Government. A few unprincipled men, having after years of uninterrupted agitation failed to shake the loyalty of the great body of the people, and having, after a daring but vain attempt to overturn the government, been compelled to seek an asylum in your country, they were there received with open arms, by almost all classes of the frontier population; and though up to that moment the most friendly relations and constant intercourse had been maintained, from that moment every consideration of duty to their own government—every religious and moral restraint—every ordinary feeling of humanity, seems to have been lost in a wild and reckless desire to overrun this country, and to substitute in the room of the institutions under which the people have proved themselves in numerous instances happy and content to live, their own democratic form of government, as the only one under which civil and religious liberty can find a shelter.

It is said that the great bulk of the American people detest the lawless conduct of these brigands and marauders, and their abettors throughout the frontier,—what evidence have we of this? It is usual in the United States for the people to express their approval or disapprobation of public men and measures through public meetings. While meetings approving the conduct and in aid of the invaders are constantly being held, I have not yet heard of a solitary one in opposition. How have the people of Ogdensburg shown their detestation of the conduct of these lawless invaders who, as it is alleged, forcibly took their steamboat to carry on their offensive operations, after she had kindly brought them to their destination; her commander, however, ignorant of their designs? Can you assure me that even the majority of the population in your own village do not still entertain these hostile feelings towards the loyal Canadians which they have heretofore publicly expressed, and which are wholly inexcusable on their part, knowing as they do the situation of the Canadians, and the feelings entertained by them towards your people?

Vast preparations are now making in Ohio and Michigan, for a renewed attack upon the Western part of the Province, and since I commenced this letter, certain information has been received that great exertions are making in your immediate neighborhood to assemble another force, to wreak their vengeance upon the devoted people of Prescott, for the manly and fearless discharge of their duty in resisting their late aggression, and to satisfy their inhuman passions for its failure, and for the sufferings of their guilty associates, killed and taken prisoners, brought upon themselves by their unholty proceedings.

Under these circumstances, and a full knowledge that a mild and humane course with such an enemy can only have the effect of provoking further aggressions, the time seems to have arrived to exercise such a measure of severity as may convince those who may countenance such outrages, that the government, despairing of any good result from forbearance, are resolved, and not afraid, to punish transgressors, whether they are traitors to her Majesty or citizens of a foreign country.—The people of this Province are not satisfied with the forbearance heretofore exercised by the government, and now, when a number of valuable lives have been sacrificed in repelling an attack which was as unprovoked as it was barbarously atrocious, they look with confidence to the executive for that full measure of justice upon the guilty perpetrators who were spared in the day of battle that they might be tried by the laws of the country, and suffer under their sentence.

The proper end of all punishment is the prevention of crime; and a salutary and judicious course of punishment pursued on the present occasion, may (as it should) have the effect of deterring your people from a repetition of their flagitious conduct. Leniency and mercy have heretofore failed; a different proceeding now may serve the ends of humanity. Although I must confess that I am not sanguine that any course which our government may pursue will have any good effect upon that portion of your population engaged in these nefarious undertakings.

I have been apprised of a fact of which perhaps you are not ignorant, that with very few exceptions, the whole body of the prisoners do not profess to be of any religion! What effect can our government expect to produce upon the moral feelings of such people, by a merciful and lenient course of conduct? All the prisoners concerned in the recent outrage, have justly forfeited their lives, and your people would have no right to complain if all were executed. Nevertheless, I am quite satisfied that the humane feelings of his Excellency will not sanction, nor will the injured people of Canada require, the infliction of the last penalty of the law upon those guilty youths to whom you refer; indeed, I have reason to believe that, if no change of circumstances requires a different course, many of them will be permitted to return to their families, "to dry up their mothers' gushing tears."

While it is enjoyed by our government, that the Canadians shall forbear committing acts of aggression upon your people, in retaliation for their outrages upon our soil, you are quietly enjoying all the comforts and happiness of peace, and we are in the midst of a most bitter and vindictive war, waged against us by Americans; worse than a lawful war, because in such case we should be permitted to disperse a gathering force in their own country, which we have hitherto forbore to do, and calmly awaited the attacks, when and where the enemy determined to make them.

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Original Poetry.

For the Church.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

From the French of Alphonse de Lamartine.

I. Hark! 'tis the solemn knell of death that sounds With measured clang. What pious crowd surrounds My dying form? And why that funeral strain— The torch-light pale? Is this thy voice, O Death, That strikes my ear at last?—I gasp for breath! Now yawns the opening tomb!

II. Oh thou! redeeming spark of fire divine! Dweller immortal in this earth,—be thine The care! dispel these terrors!—death is near To free thee! part my soul—throw off thy chain— Lay by this load of misery, and pain!— Is this the death I fear?

III. Yes, fleeting time has ceased my hours to mete! Refulgent messengers from Heaven's high seat Celestial—whither fly ye? to what land Of new delight?—I float, I float on glowing waves! The heavens expand! see burst the yawning graves! Earth glides away—a distant land!

IV. But hark! 'tis human wail and groans I hear— And sighs break forth upon my list'ning ear! What! fellow exiles, do ye mourn my fate? You weep! already from the sacred cup Oblivion I have drained! my soul mounts up, And enters at the heavenly gate!

B. V. R.

Belleville, 11th Dec., 1838.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Dec. 30.—Sunday after Christmas. 1839.

Jan. 1.—Circumcision of Christ.

6.—Epiphany.

13.—First Sunday after Epiphany.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. XVI.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

The perfection to which our modern mechanics have carried the art of watch and clock making, with the abundance and comparative cheapness of those useful auxiliaries, has rendered the simple and once popular hour-glass quite a rarity among us. Perhaps its scarceness is one recommendation; for our proud, impatient spirits, ever thirsting for something new and strange, spurn at what is abundant and common. One of my earliest recollections leads me to the modest dwelling of a worthy old spinster, who followed the employment of a bonnet-maker, occasionally repairing and remodelling chintz dresses, of fabric too valuable to be thrown away, and of fashion too antique to suit the then modern taste. I remember her, a tall, spare figure, seated in fashion as upright as the high back of her wooden chair, and exercising despotic rule over two young damsels, apprenticed to learn the mystery of her calling. A well-boarded floor, strewn with dry yellow sand, a small square bit of carpet, laid precisely in front of the white hearth-stone, a little round table placed before the mistress, and just within arm's length of the girls, and a demure tabby cat, purring on a low three-legged stool—these are all the particulars that I can avouch for at this distance of time, save and except an hour-glass of capacious dimensions, standing on the broad ledge of an old fashioned casement, near the left hand of its owner, who, with quick, careful glance, failed not to detect the last sand, in the act of escaping, and to reverse, in the twinkling of an eye, the silent monitor. I was, even at an infantine age, somewhat given to thought; and happy was the day to me, when I could obtain leave to go and ask our civil neighbour for a few snippings of her many coloured materials, to eke out the wardrobe of a twopenny doll. She was no loser by it, for I was often permitted to carry a basket of fruit, or choice vegetables, from our spacious garden, to regale the old lady; and I took care so to time my visits, as to ensure being present at that adroit and interesting operation, the turning of her hour-glass.

Many years have passed since then, Many changes have I seen;

and, from this early recollection being deeply impressed, I cannot now cast my eyes on an old-fashioned hour-glass, but it becomes identified with that of the good sempstress. I seem to view it through the long chequered vista that lies between me and the scenes of careless childhood; and as a rapid glance scans that intervening space, the hour-glass becomes a memento more touching than any classical association could render it.

There is surely something more suitable to the stealthy lapse of time, in the noiseless and almost imperceptible fall of the sands, than in the ticking of chronometers, more practically useful. The deepening vacancy above, the rising heap beneath, and the falling away, from time to time, of that miniature mountain which gathers below,—all have a meaning. I observe that the sand in the upper division of the glass, running from the centre, often leaves a hollow, producing deception as to the quantity actually subtracted. Clinging yet to the sides, it makes the vacancy look less; just as we love to deceive ourselves as to the proportion of our numbered days that has escaped. The pyramidal appearance of the sand below, as the last particles that fall produce an eminence, until, displaced by following grains, they sink into the common level: this vividly represents the undue importance assumed by events while yet very recent; although, while dwelling on their magnitude, we well know that, displaced by other things, they will soon be mingled with the common mass of recollections. It were easy to moralize at great length on the subject; but I would rather spiritualize, and read the lesson in its highest, holiest sense. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The days remaining to us we cannot number, for we know not but that our very last sand is escaping while we try to compute; but the days that are gone—O, what a testimony do they bear against us! We may have applied our time and faculties to the acquirement of wisdom, according to the general sense of the word among men; but our hearts—our most secret desires and ardent affections—how far have they been centred in the wisdom that is from above, and in "Christ, the wisdom of God?" An honest answer to this question, would send the greater number of us to the throne of grace, with the confession that we still have to be taught this application of heart to the purposes designed by our heavenly Father. Solomon trod the whole round of car-

nal and intellectual enjoyments, having his fill of all wisdom; yet how late in his long and prosperous life did he sit down to write "vanity of vanities" upon it all, and apply his heart to the God from whom, through the abuse of his abundant gifts, the favored king had so deeply revolted! Let me number the days that are gone, and seeing how God has hitherto been robbed by me, let me strive to redeem the few that may still remain.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING THE BIBLE.

There are a few anecdotes relating to the publication of the first authorised translation of the Bible, which are well worth recording, as demonstrative of the temper in which our ancestors received the blessing, and the use they made of it. A command was issued that every church should be provided with one of these folio bibles. It was done; but the anxiety of the people, of such as could, to read the precious volume, and of such as could not, to handle and turn over the pages of that book, which they had been in the habit of regarding as a thing of mystery and prohibition, was so great, that it was found necessary to chain them for security to the desks. In a country church I have seen the very bible, and the very chain preserved as relics, which, three hundred years ago, attested the popular feeling on this subject. But so deeply rooted were the old prejudices of the governing authorities, that it was four years after the Bible was placed in the churches, before the King could be persuaded to revoke the decrees which forbade his subjects to have it in their private possession. At last they were graciously permitted, by royal license, to purchase bibles for their own reading at home. Then it was that every body who could afford it, bought a copy of the Scriptures: such as could not buy the whole, purchased detached passages. A cart-load of hay was known to be given for a few chapters of St. Paul's Epistles. And many there were, who having learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of poring over the written word, and reading with their own eyes the wonderful things of God, exclaimed with the Prophet, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart." The crosses and public places often presented the moving sight of men, women and children, crowding round a reader who was rehearsing the songs of Zion, and the prophecies of the seers of Israel, or the tender discourses of the Redeemer of mankind.

One poor man, named John Marbeck, was so desirous of making himself the master of a bible, that he determined to write one out, because he had not money enough to buy one; and when he had accomplished that laborious task, he set about the still more trying toil of making a Concordance.

"They would hide the forbidden treasure under the floors of their houses," says Mr. Blunt in his admirable 'Sketch of the Reformation,' which every body should read, "and put their lives in peril, rather than forego the book they desired; they would sit up all night, their doors being shut for fear of surprise, reading, or hearing others read, the Word of God; they would bury themselves in the woods, and there converse with it in solitude; they would tend their herds in the fields, and still steal an hour for drinking in the good tidings of great joy."

Such being the avidity with which the Scriptures were cherished, let the reader imagine the consternation which overwhelmed the pious of this country, when the capricious Henry reversed his former decrees in favour of biblical learning, and threatened his people with imprisonment, confiscation, and fire, if any below the privileged classes should presume to search the Scriptures. This terrible stretch of royal prerogative was confirmed by Act of Parliament in 1543;—and it seemed like a seal of human folly and infatuation, forced upon a tyrant king and a subservient senate, to refute future calumnies against Protestantism, and to be handed down to posterity as proof, that the Reformation was carried on, not by the cold mechanism of state politics, but by the fervent zeal and undaunted devotion of holy men, in spite of kings and parliaments. Our Protestant forefathers would have been crushed, and their names and their labours clean forgotten, if the will of their temporal and spiritual rulers could have been accomplished. This proclamation of 1543 set forth that "No books were to be printed about religion without the King's consent; none might read the scripture in any open assembly, or expound it, but he who was licensed by the king or his ordinary. Every nobleman or gentleman might cause the Bible to be read to him in or about his house. Every merchant, who was a house-keeper, might also read it, but no woman, nor artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving-men under the degree of yeomen, and no husbandman, nor labourer, might read it."

Such were the struggles of Protestantism! Nearly two hundred years after Wickliffe's translation first appeared, even after the authorised version was published and freely circulated, the king, who is falsely described by our opponents as the nursing father of our faith, strove, by every means with which absolute power invested him, to stifle the infant religion, which he is said to have engendered.

There is a curious document still in existence, which shews what was felt by the humble and lowly Christians of that day, who were thought too degraded in intellect to be permitted to read in the Bible. It is in the form of a note, made by a shepherd in the spare leaf of a book, which he bought after the passing of the act above referred to:—"At Oxford, in the year 1546, brought down to Seynbyr, by John Darly, price 14d. When I kept Mr. Letymers, I bought this book, when the Testament was abrogated, that shepherds might not read it. I pray God amend that blindness. Writ by Robert Williams, keeping sheep upon Seynbyr Hill, 1546."—"Our Protestant Forefathers," by W. S. Gilly, D.D.)

EXCELLENCE OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

Every member of the Church of England possesses in the Book of Common Prayer, a safeguard against error of doctrine; a guide to Christian knowledge, which will avail him at home as well as at Church; a manual of private as well as public devotion. And observe here the advantage which they who cannot read derive from the constant repetition of the same service every Sabbath-day. It is by that very repetition, that the unlearned are taught to pray; it is thus that they learn prayers by art, and are enabled both to take their part in the public worship of God, and also to address him "secretly in their chamber." It is thus, (if at all), that "line upon line, precept upon precept," of Christian duty, is instilled into their minds. Instances of this important result are constantly witnessed by every parochial minister. The following is strongly impressed on my recollection. On my first visit to a woman in the work-house, who was bedridden, and of a great age, I read two or three prayers from a collection, recently published, which I happened to have with

me. She listened with attention, and devoutly said, Amen. But, when I took up the Prayer Book, and began to read the general confession, nothing could exceed the satisfaction which she shewed; she repeated every sentence with me, from memory, with a loud voice, and continued to do the same, in several other prayers, which I added from the Liturgy. "Ah! (she said, when I had finished,) these are the prayers I love: they are what I learnt by hearing them so often at church; for I'm no scholar, I was never taught to read; they are the prayers which have served me all my life; they are my comfort, while I lie on this bed." I can add, with great truth, that this "comfort did not fail her to the last." She died a few months ago. There is no reason why I should conceal her name, and the mention of it will give additional interest to the fact, in the minds of some of my readers. It was Susan Cook.—Rev. Sir H. Oakley's Address to his Parishioners.

The Garner.

GOOD WORKS.

Good Works are in no respect, in the covenant of grace, the condition of requiring a right to justification and salvation: they are not such a condition, either in whole or in part; in that quality they are not necessary. Nay, in that quality they are insupportable. This is a truth, and a truth important in the highest degree, which has always been acknowledged and advanced by all the orthodox; but which has not always been sufficiently urged and sufficiently improved, when the opportunity offered. All this, however, does not hinder good works from being in the covenant of grace a real condition, and a condition absolutely necessary. But it is a condition parallel to that which obliges a beloved child to render to his father, to the utmost of his power, a respectful and filial obedience,—an obedience not forced nor peevish, but paid with alacrity, and having no mixture in it of any thing servile or mercenary. Works, then, are a condition of homage and acknowledgment, in the same sense and with the same restriction as an annual rent, with which a landed estate is charged, is a condition that a donee must fulfil in order to retain legitimately that which he possesses by the sole liberality of the donor, and which he has not previously merited by his services.—Ch. Naudé de Pere.

PRAYER.

Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus; it draws charity, followed by her lovely train, her forbearance with faults, her forgiveness of injuries, her pity for errors, her compassion for want. It draws repentance, with her holy sorrows, her pious resolutions, her self-distrust; it attracts faith, with her elevated eye—hope, with her grasped anchor—beneficence, with her own hand—zeal, looking far and wide to serve—humility, with introverted eye, looking at home. Prayer, by quickening these graces in the heart, warms them into life, fits them for service, and dismisses each to its appropriate practice. Cordial prayer is mental virtue: Christian virtue is spiritual action: the mould into which genuine prayer casts the soul is not effaced by the suspension of the act, but retains some touches of the impression till the act is repeated.—Mrs. Hannah More.

CONVERSION.

There is a certain period in the life of every sincere christian, at which he becomes the subject of an inward change, the effect of the power of God. It began perhaps in fear: it was attended with faint resolutions to amend; and then, by various steps, it ended in a cordial application to Christ, and an unreserved self-dedication to God. Yet all this, perhaps, took place by imperceptible degrees. When the morning succeeds the night, light and darkness are blended in continually different proportions, so that we cannot say when night is ended and day begins.—Rev. Henry Martyn.

CIVIL OBEDIENCE.

If the powers on earth command anything contrary to the express command of God, we are no ways to give a like obedience, for it is better to obey God than man; but we must give passive obedience and suffer, for it is better to suffer than sin, and if we suffer for righteousness' sake happy are we.—But in no ways are we to resist; resistance is absolutely forbidden, and that upon pain of condemnation; and thus even when the powers were tyrannical in passing many oppressive acts; yea, when they were heathenish and idolatrous, commanding many ungodly and profane things; yea, when they were anti-christian, giving out many severe edicts, persecuting Christians, and all who called upon the name of Jesus; this was Paul's Gospel. Such who now teach that Christian magistrates may be resisted, let them consider whether they be not preaching another Gospel than Paul taught, and what is the doom of such.—Archbishop Leighton.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

We cannot but be peculiarly struck with the natural and appropriate, as well as beautiful delineation of female character in Scripture. No point is overcharged—no virtue exaggerated. The portrait is the more affecting, because it is so like. It is the gentle, tender, and feeling woman whom we meet with in real life; and though the sublime situations in which she is placed, as well as the language and imagery of Scripture, invest the heroine of the Bible with a peculiar charm, she is not so highly raised above ordinary circumstances as not to provoke our sympathy, and invite our imitation. On this account the illustrations of the sacred volume are of the highest value. The female Christian who is familiar with them needs few other models. Besides the chasteness and simplicity which characterise these examples, there is a detail about them which is not only graphically true, but practically instructive. It is not merely by their prophetic visions or inspired songs that we are made acquainted with the female worthies of the ancient church; we converse with them in their homes; we see them in the discharge of family and social functions; and we find in general, that those who were the most highly honored by divine favor were the most blameless and amiable, according to our ideas of female excellence.—Mrs. John Sandford.

Advertisements.

JUST PUBLISHED

AND for sale at the Star Office, and at Messrs. Graveley and Jackson's Cobourg; at the stores of Messrs. R. Stanton, and H. Rowsell, Toronto; and of Mr. J. Macfarlane, Kingston.

(Price 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. per dozen.)

A SERMON preached in St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, on occasion of the GENERAL FAST, on the 14th December instant, and published by request of several members of the congregation of that Church,—

By the Rev. A. N. BETHUNE, Rector of Cobourg.

29—4w.

LANDS FOR SALE,

On the most reasonable terms, with Long Credit.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Table with columns: Township, Concession, Lots, No. of Acres. Rows include Plantagenet, Alfred, etc.

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

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Table with columns: Township, Concession, Lot, No. of Acres. Rows include Gainsboro, etc.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Table with columns: Township, Concession, Lots, No. of Acres. Rows include Walsingham, Dorchester, etc.

Particulars as to terms, &c., may be learned on application to the subscriber, at Toronto.

JAMES M. STRACHAN.

Toronto, 8th October, 1838.

18 3m

EDUCATION.

THE REV. H. CASWELL, M. A. Master of the District School in the healthy and delightful town of Brockville, is prepared to receive into his family a limited number of Young Gentlemen as Pupils. The course of study embraces Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and the usual English branches. Having been engaged for several years as a Professor in a Theological School, Mr. C. would be happy to give instructions in Hebrew and other branches of Sacred Literature to pupils desirous of preparing for Holy Orders.

The Terms are Thirty Pounds for Board and Tuition during the Academical year. Every pupil is expected to be supplied with a bed and bedding, silver spoon, and towels. Letters addressed, (post paid,) as above, will meet with prompt attention. The most satisfactory references can be given, if required. 18—1f

WANTS A SITUATION AS GOVERNESS,

A YOUNG LADY accustomed to tuition, who undertakes to teach Italian, French, Music, Dancing, the use of the Globes, and the other general branches of education. She would prefer the charge of children from eight to twelve years of age. Application (post-paid) to the Editor of 'The Church', will be forwarded and attended to. 21—4w.

TO LET

AND immediate possession given, A NEAT COTTAGE within the limits of Cobourg, containing a kitchen, two sitting-rooms, four bed-rooms, &c.—with an acre of ground and stabling attached. Application may be made at the Star office. Cobourg, November 19th. 1838. 23—4w

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO.

TORONTO,

Importers of Hardware, &c. &c.

HAVE on hand a general and well assorted Stock of Shelf Goods suitable to the country trade, which they will sell Wholesale for CASH, or approved three months Paper, at their usual low prices. They have also a large Stock of CHAMPION'S WARRANTED CAST STEEL AXES, made at the Factory originally built by the late Harvey Shepard, and afterwards occupied by John Armstrong. As Shepard's and Armstrong's Axes have been decidedly preferred before any others in the Province, it is only necessary to state that Champion's are made by the same workmen and from the very best material, to insure for them the same continued preference.

C. B. & Co. are agents for the sale (to the Trade) of Joseph Van Norman's well known Castings, a large Stock of which they have always on hand, consisting of

Cooking Stoves,

Six Plate do,

Parlour do.

Sugar Kettles, Pot Ash Coolers, &c. &c. &c.

Toronto, July, 1838.

7-1f.

The Church

WILL for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg, every Saturday.

TERMS.

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