



this is quite a money-making business. Surely the Church is rich and able enough to do all the things which it is called to do? What is done with the Clergy Reserves and Glebe Lands, is there not enough of all these to build and repair? The Church should support itself—it is rich enough! Besides, the times are so bad, money so scarce, we cannot get our bills paid, interest on our mortgages, what a tyrant art thou! Hearing up riches for present gratification, future waste, and want; humbling the faculties of the soul, making it forget the welfare of those, and then where shall these things be?—*“Fidelity have received, freely give!”* Professing Christians not only give utterance to the above unfeeling and unchristian assertions, but spread their ungodly opinions far and wide. *“Leading silly women (and men) to captive at their will!”* Is it surprising, then, the enemies of the Church should avail themselves of such weapons to raze her to the ground? Enemies within are infinitely more to be dreaded than those without. This is no false colouring, improperly, pointedly applied. The occasion will fit every *“Borough of Little Pelegton”* in the Province!

How much more gratifying to the feelings to be able to record that, happily, characters of a totally different nature and temperament are to be found in the Clergy Reserves and Glebe Lands, is there not enough of all these to build and repair? The Church should support itself—it is rich enough! Besides, the times are so bad, money so scarce, we cannot get our bills paid, interest on our mortgages, what a tyrant art thou! Hearing up riches for present gratification, future waste, and want; humbling the faculties of the soul, making it forget the welfare of those, and then where shall these things be?—*“Fidelity have received, freely give!”* Professing Christians not only give utterance to the above unfeeling and unchristian assertions, but spread their ungodly opinions far and wide. *“Leading silly women (and men) to captive at their will!”* Is it surprising, then, the enemies of the Church should avail themselves of such weapons to raze her to the ground? Enemies within are infinitely more to be dreaded than those without. This is no false colouring, improperly, pointedly applied. The occasion will fit every *“Borough of Little Pelegton”* in the Province!

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pupils of Upper Canada College. The Candidates from other parts of the Province had not reached the standard which he had prescribed, and he felt that he could not maintain the dignity and usefulness of the University if he were to descend to not a single suspicion of partiality was entertained even by the prize. During the course of these remarks, and on another occasion, a complimentary reference—well-merited—was made to the excellent system of education pursued at Upper Canada College.

The interesting proceedings of the day were closed with an account of the present condition of the University, and with some appropriate observations upon different matters connected with the Institution, delivered by the Reverend and learned President in his usual felicitous style. After rendering a deserved tribute to the devoted labours of his Right Reverend predecessor, he went on to notice other affairs of academic interest. More particularly he stated, that he had been apprised of an intention on the part of the Graduates and Undergraduates to present him with an address. He set high value upon this evidence of their attachment and esteem; and he could assure them, that nothing but an imperative sense of duty precluded him from receiving their gratifying testimonial. But, whilst he made this heartfelt acknowledgment of their kind intentions, he was bound to adhere to University usage. If it should please Almighty God to remove him to another sphere of duty, in that case—if the same feeling towards him continued, and a similar address were prepared—there would then be no objection to the acceptance of it, and he would receive it with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction.

After the Convocation, the Graduates and Undergraduates repaired to the residence of the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and presented the following

ADDRESS:  
 To the Honourable and Right Reverend JOHN STRACHAN, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Toronto, and late President of the University of King's College.

We, the Principal and Masters of Upper Canada College, desire respectfully to address your Lordship on the occasion of your retiring from the Presidency of the University.

The sincerity of our words, and the warmth of our regard to your Lordship, may be supposed, and we trust will be believed, from our addressing you on this subject, your own and direct influence in our favour is about to cease.

Through all the many useful and distinguished paths in which it has been ordained that your Lordship should lead, you have passed with honour; and as you have been called to leave them, one by one, you have left also a name respected and revered for the unwavering integrity you have invariably displayed. Your word of office passed, your friendship once enlisted, the object of both felt alike confident and safe. Of these, and such like sterling qualities in your Lordship, Upper Canada College and its Masters have experienced the benefit. From the moment your Lordship's interest was excited in its behalf, and you became acquainted with its worth, you were anxious to promote its progress, and you were anxious to its wants the most generous liberality; and your advice, whenever asked, was given with such integrity of purpose, and single-mindedness, that a glance at its progress was sufficient to convince you of its worth, and that it must never be said of us, *“Fratrum quoque gratia rara est.”*

It is your Lordship's well-known happy lot to have been the pioneer of education in Western Canada; and it is indeed a proud privilege to have been an instrument in throwing open to the genial influence of literature, bearing and still promising to bear an abundant harvest. It will please your Lordship to learn that the College is steadily advancing in its progress, and that the confidence of the country; that many erroneous impressions respecting it were removed, and that many who, from mistaken views, were its opponents, have, from the best of reasons, on investigation into its working, become its friends and its supporters.

Upper Canada College, as your Lordship knows, opens her doors to all alike; no bias, of whatever kind on the parent's part, raises within her walls the slightest barrier to the advancement of her child.

It is a source of pride and joy to her sons differing and to differ on points of private judgment; but, in the midst of all the turmoil and heated passions of real life, her children know that there is one point towards which they can at all turn, exclaiming, with feelings sufficed by meditation, *“It must never be said of us, Fratrum quoque gratia rara est.”*

We desire your Lordship's prayers, with our own, to Almighty God, that He would influence all to regard with friendliness such a happy consummation, and induce all to persevere in their pursuit, that the good of the country, such a blessed, such a common good.

While placing in another's hands those interests which you have so faithfully guarded, it must tend to remove all solicitude from your mind that you know your successful efforts will be continued, and that the good of Upper Canada College by all the motives which made your Lordship its fast friend, has the additional one of having one presided over it with a father's care.

That your Lordship may be spared, yet many years, to that noble and ennobling pursuit, and that you may, with your family every earthly blessing and happiness, is our earnest, our heartfelt prayer.

Principal—F. W. BARNON, M.A.

Henry Scadding, Clerk, M.A. 1st Classical Master.  
 (Absent in England) ..... 2nd Classical Master.  
 W. H. Ripley, Clerk, B.A. 3rd Classical Master.  
 W. Stennett, Clerk, B.A. 4th Classical Master.  
 J. D. Lamb, Clerk, B.A. 5th Classical Master.  
 J. M. Barrett, ..... 1st English Master.  
 John Gouinlock ..... 2nd English Master.  
 J. G. Howard ..... Architectural Drawing Master.  
 U. C. College, Feb. 12th, 1848.

ble and generous principle, the most glorious results to the future peace and happiness of this community may be reasonably anticipated.

To you, my young friends, I must be allowed a parting word on this welcome occasion. Cultivate, I beseech you, the privileges and advantages which you so abundantly enjoy—of the respect, honour, and inward satisfaction which you will earn for yourselves in future years. Do not permit any consideration to slacken your ardour in the pursuit of knowledge. Give no countenance to the false and silly maxim, that intense study and labour are not necessary to the expansion and improvement of natural talent, but be assured that diligence and virtue, conducted along with talents, eminence, and satisfy the cravings of an exalted mind.

In the happy allusion made to my successor I readily concur. He will unquestionably continue as he has done, parental anxiety, and rejoice in forwarding and cherishing its true interests. As for me, deeming it the handmaid of high principle and true religion, I shall ever feel warmly interested in its prosperity, and I trust that the hearts of all our fellow-subjects in the Province will be turned in friendship towards it.

In conclusion, I thank you for your kind wishes and fervent prayer for myself and family, and heartily do I pray that the divine blessing may sanctify all your labours, and that the college and all connected with it may ever remain in God's holy keeping.

(Signed) JOHN TORONTO.

ADDRESS OF CONVOCATION TO THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

On Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, the Vice-Chancellor, (Dr. McCaul), Proctors, and other members of the Convocation of King's College, proceeded to the residence of the Lord Bishop, to present the Address of the House of Convocation, on his Lordship's retirement from the office of President of the University.

His Lordship was attended, on the occasion, by his Chaplains, the Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A., and Rev. Henry Scadding, M.A.

The Vice-Chancellor read the following:

ADDRESS:  
 To the Honourable and Right Reverend JOHN STRACHAN, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Toronto, and late President of King's College.

We, the members of the Convocation of King's College, beg leave to tender to your Lordship, on the occasion of your final retirement from the office of President, this tribute of our respect and esteem.

To your Lordship belongs the distinguished honour of having been the earliest promoter of solid and useful Education in this portion of the Province; and the high ability, with which the important duties of your office were discharged by your Lordship, is fully attested by the valuable services which have been rendered to the Colony, by those who enjoyed the advantage of being trained under your care.

This House of Convocation, (as members of which we are proud to be numbered) and the offices and functions with which we are invested, cannot fail to remind us, that to your Lordship's unwearied perseverance, Upper Canada is indebted for the University of King's College, since we cannot but feel, that it was your foresight, which projected, your energy and patience which accomplished, the establishment of this Institution—which has since remained under your fostering supervision, and to the support of which, your watchful solicitude and vigorous exertions have never been wanting during the long period through which your Lordship has presided over it.

We entreat your Lordship to believe, that you are followed, in your retirement from the position which you have so ably occupied, by our cordial wishes for your happiness; and by the blessing of God, you may long be enabled to continue your exertions in that higher sphere of duty, to which you have restricted yourself.

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 Henry Scadding, Clerk, M.A. 1st Classical Master.  
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any attention to the popular literature of the day. No one, for instance, can analyze the writings of Charles Dickens, without coming to the conclusion, that with much natural kindness of heart, and many philanthropic aspirations for the alleviation of the numerous ills “to which flesh is heir,” his leading theory is widely different from that of the scriptures of truth. For our own part, we have never been able to discover in his pages—fascinating as we grant them to be—the most distant indication that the author held the doctrines of the depravity of fallen human nature—the absolute necessity of a God-made atonement—and a change of heart by the Holy Spirit. Revelation, in one word, is absolutely discarded, and the system adopted is precisely that which man, unenlightened by the oracles of God, might invent and act upon. An amiable heart would theorize as correctly upon all matters bearing upon the present condition and future prospects of Adam's backslidden family.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the following verses, which appeared in a late number of *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, a periodical of considerable talent. They are entitled:

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A BEGGAR KNEELING ON THE PAVEMENT TO SOLICIT ALMS.

“Why kneelst thou there, thou abject slave?  
 Why crouch so low, with look so woe?  
 Stand up, erect, if thou would'st create  
 Assistance from thy fellow man.

The Almighty Framer of this earth,  
 In love with wretches made to teem;  
 And thou, who wert, 'e'n from thy birth,  
 Of wealth more than thou dar'st to dream.

Yes! thou—poor, humble, simple soul—  
 Art just inferior of rank,  
 And yet, 'e'n in the will of God,  
 Of those who wrong'd thee from thy birth.

Up, like a man! assert thy right,  
 Nor stoop so low to be down-trod;  
 Ask freely, from the hand of God,  
 The portion given thee by thy God.

Be dazzled not by rank's false glare,  
 Nor awed by each high-sounding name;  
 Thou art a man! 'mongst men—thy share  
 Of Nature's gifts thou hold'st alike.

But never more with downcast eye,  
 And body bowing to the sod,  
 Degrade thus thy humanity,  
 And kneel to man as if to God!”

Now what would be the natural inference which any one, imperfectly grounded in the religion of the Bible, would draw from these democratic ravings? As a matter of course he would jump to the conclusion, that such a thing as *poverty* had never been contemplated by God; and as certainly would he be prepared to quarrel with the declaration, that the poor should never cease out of the land. How rightful, too, would be the state of society, if men took this radical poet as an authority, and acted accordingly. The pauper would regard his more wealthy or industrious brother as a usurping tyrant, who had wrong'd him from his birth; and, giving credence to the monstrous and irrational fallacy, that the Supreme Governor of the Universe intended that all should have *share and share alike* of the good things of earth, the poor man would be constantly compassing the spoliation of his more favoured brother mortal. According to this hypothesis, *Lazarus*, instead of lying humbly beneath the table of the rich man, and *desiring* to be fed with the crumbs which fell therefrom, would have expended his scanty store of breath in protesting against the usurpation of *Dives*.

We trust that we will not be written down as alarmists, for dwelling so pointedly upon this matter. Thousands will read a tale or a copy of verses, who by no inducement could be brought to study an abstract disquisition; and therefore the danger to be apprehended from an enticing speculist like Douglas Jerrold, is infinitely greater than that from the more didactic infidelity of an Owen, a Combe, or a Channing. The poison may be slower in operation, but is not less certain or fatal in its results.

reprinted letter, written by the celebrated Leslie, in the clear, forcible, and lucid style that distinguishes that honest-minded writer; and I may here say, it was the perusal of that work that confirmed me in my view of the matter, and tended to remove an uncomfortable doubt that had previously existed in my mind,—though already acting on the principle,—and that doubt was, whether I could give one-tenth of my income, consistently with the duty of providing for my family. I knew of course, that if one-half were given, God could easily provide for my family, however large; but it was fearful of presumption. Now, however, it appears to me clear enough, that *positive duties cannot interfere with each other*; and our duty to God is plainly the first. It may be, and no doubt is intended to be, a trial of our faith and trust in God; but we know that nobody ever yet trusted in Him in vain. And now let any one go into his chamber, and in the presence of Him who reads the heart, put this solemn question to himself:—In the last awful day of judgment, his question should be put to me, what answer did I give to the Supreme Judge? I gave thee all—thy life, thy reason, thy senses, and all that thou hadst besides, and I might have taken all back; but, to try thee, I required but one-tenth, which didst thou not give to me?—

Even in this life, if a man were to make over a deed of conveyance for all his real estate, a large portion of which should himself come to want, and ask for a small portion of it back again, and it should be refused, how should we stigmatize such back ingratitude.

And it is no flight of imagination, but a sober, certain, starting fact, that all succeeding days, weeks, and months, and year, is bearing us onward to that awful day, and whether we pretend to smile, or whether we look grave,—whether we look at it, or whether we turn away, it will stand before us in all its terrible reality; and if the shadow of a doubt should spring from his fancied security, the most daring infidel himself. But why should we dwell on it only as a stern duty? It is not a stern and great and wonderful privilege? It is not a sweet and amazing thought, that our Creator, like an indulgent and smiling parent, will permit us to permit us to call it *viewing Him*, which is actually His own. Only who view it in this light, and will not our hearts swell with unutterable gratitude to Him for all His gifts to us, and shall we not appear in His service in the most blessed way, when any opportunity of assisting in a work of charity presents itself to us. If all Churchmen felt and acted on this duty, of consecrating one-tenth of their means to the service of God, what ample funds there would be for every good and noble purpose.

I remain, Sir, with respect,  
 Your obedient servant,  
 A LAYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.  
 Prescott, 8th Feb. 1848.

To the Editor of The Church.  
 Quebec, 11th Feb. 1848.

Sir,—As you have done me the honour to transfer, at full length, to the columns of *The Church* (No. 30 of the present volume) some Stanzas of mine which have been published in the *Canadian Christian Offering*, I am desirous of explaining to your readers, (what I believe will have been already explained in your publication,—of which I have not yet received a copy) that the Stanzas were written very twenty years ago.

They contain some expressions,—particularly in the 5th Stanza, which I am afraid might be borne out by a more recent and still continued attack, in particular upon the *Canadian Christian Offering*, which is now immediately dictated, at that time, by very marked circumstances, in the hostility manifested against her by a portion of the present press in this country,—then, I think, making only a *provisional* issue,—and by certain individual leaders in the opposition. I may also take the opportunity of mentioning, (and it is made) that, in these twenty years, a conspicuous and happy improvement has taken place in the efficiency of the Church, the genuine devotedness of the Clergy, and the correction of the errors of the past, in times of laxity, had been suffered to creep into the sanctuary; and that an adherent, beyond what could have been looked for, had been made towards the attainment of that condition of our Church, which must be among the leading objects of bringing into the world, a more perfect order and unity in the Christian world, as is ardently longed for by the author of the poor Stanzas here in question.

There is one typographical error in your publication of the Stanzas, which produces the effect of false grammar:—

“Who from their standard waves?”

being printed instead of  
 “Whom from their standard waves?”

I am, Sir,  
 Your faithful humble servant,  
 MONTREAL.

NOTE.—The typographical error above referred to, has been corrected in the book.

THE CHURCH.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1848.

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- Proficiency.
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- The Death-bed of the Rev. Benjamin Colwell.
- Fourth Page.
- The Sexton's Hero.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Beloved Brethren in the Lord:

The period having arrived when it is usual to announce one of the four Annual Collections provided for by the Constitution of The Church Society, I have fixed upon SEPTAGESIMA SUNDAY, being Sunday the 20th February next, for a general Collection in all the Churches, Chapels, and Stations, of this Diocese, in aid of the Fund for the support of Missions.

To the few who seem disposed to think that our appeals are too frequent, I would quote the result of my own experience, and that of all my Brethren who have entered heartily into this duty, namely,—“That the practice of giving creates the inclination and habit of giving”; and this will ever be the consequence where the love of Christ and the desire of his promises are the motives of our labours and of our gifts.

The influence of the Gospel in our more remote settlements, through the agency of Travelling Missionaries, is one of the leading objects of the Church Society; and every member of our holy Communion must be deeply impressed with the importance and benefit of aiding in promoting the ministrations of the Church to the more distant Townships of the Diocese, that it cannot be necessary to urge at any length so high and sacred a duty.

An allowance from this Fund, besides an Interpreter, and Catechist,—creating an annual charge upon it of £464. 2s. 11d.; whilst it is in contemplation, as soon as the Clergyman can be furnished after the next general Ordination, to increase the number of Travelling Missionaries, and thus to augment the demand upon this Fund.

To meet the sum for which the Society is actually pledged for the present year, it appears from a statement furnished by the Secretary and Treasurer, that £179. 13s. 5d. will be required,—and this without taking into account the increase of Missionaries as proposed; and which it is most desirable to supply.

On these grounds I appeal on behalf of the Mission Fund to the never-failing liberality of the members of the Church in this Diocese; and I trust that their children in the elder parishes especially, who have so long enjoyed her ministrations at little or no cost, will exercise a proportionate liberality in helping to furnish the consolations of religion to those amongst whom we have no other means of diffusing them.

I remain,  
 Beloved Brethren,  
 Your very affectionately,  
 JOHN TORONTO.

Toronto, 12th January, 1848.

UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE.

On Friday last, the 11th instant, the anxious Candidates for Degrees and Extemporal Prizes found their suspense agreeably relieved by the celebration of the deferred “Commencement.” This ceremony—which was to have taken place in the month of October last year—was postponed in consequence of the continued vacancy of the Presidential chair. The vacancy—as our readers are aware—was caused by the resignation of his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto; and the appointment of his successor became known to the University only about a week before the late Convocation. Great reason have we to congratulate the University upon the judicious manner in which the vacant office has been conferred. As it would have been cause of grief and mortification had the important trust, so faithfully and successfully discharged by the first President, been inconsiderately and unwisely disposed of; and as such mistaken policy must inevitably have injured the character of King's College, and darkened its prospects; so it is our sanguine hope and our persuasion that the future administration of Dr. McCaul will accomplish for the University—with guidance and aid from high—all that human skill and perseverance can effect. In times which we fear are likely to prove stormy and perplexing. And—if we are not exactly entitled to suggest anything of coming events from the auspicious circumstances of the late Commencement—still, it was gratifying to notice the dense array of visitors who thronged the Hall to mark the excellent order and happy management of the proceedings; and to feel that the opening scene in the administration of the new President was as bright and promising as the best friends of the Institution could desire.

The usual synopsis of the proceedings will be found in another column.

In addressing the successful candidates for the Scholarships, the President made a statement of which he expressed a wish that the public should be informed. He had been asked, whether, in the Latin and Greek Parsing, he required the rules of any particular Grammar? He could assure all who were interested in the matter, that he did not. So long as the principles were understood, the quotation of any rules, whether Latin or English, would satisfy him. He alluded likewise to the circumstance, which many of our readers have, doubtless, already observed—perhaps with some surprise,—that all the victorious competitors had been

TO THE HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND JOHN, LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP:

We, the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of King's College, beg permission to address your Lordship upon the occasion of your retirement from the office of President of this University; desiring, as both duty and affection prompt us, to testify our grateful sense of the services which you have rendered as our Academic Head.

Although the period of your administration forms—more immediately—the bond of connexion between your Lordship and ourselves, we cannot forget that this Institution has been entrusted to you for very much more than the tenure of the office which you have resigned. You have been the first President—the Father, we may say, as well as the Chief Governor—of this University. Through your foresight and exertions it was founded, and it is to you that we are indebted for its progress during the early years of its existence—were confided to your wise supervision and your fostering care.

The establishment of an Institution like that which we account it a privilege to be connected, is sufficient, in itself, to perpetuate your memory to future generations. Your Lordship must feel—as all the friends of learning cannot but feel—that the accomplishment of such an undertaking is a conspicuous epoch even in your eventual life, and may fitly be regarded as an honourable and triumphant termination of your career as a public man; and your endeavours in behalf of education. Your residence in this Province has now nearly reached the term of half a century; and during this long period in the brief life of man, your Lordship, with unflinching zeal and self-devotion, has been engaged in cherishing and disseminating the principles and advantages of sound education; and this by a combination of efforts and a variety of endowments which are rarely found in any single individual.

Your Lordship has now ceased to be our President. It is, I trust, with heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude that we look back upon what the Author of all Wisdom has enabled you to do for this University, as the chief guardian of its interests and rights. It is natural that we should feel much concern at your resignation, although we are satisfied that the trust has passed into hands every way worthy, by universal consent, to receive it.

It is our earnest prayer to Almighty God that He may continue to watch over and to bless both your Lordship and your family; that the course of your declining years may afford you an easy and gentle passage to the enjoyment of a blessed immortality.

Toronto, 11th February, 1848.

The signatures were as follows:—

To which your Lordship was pleased to return this impressive and admirable

REPLY:  
 To the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of King's College.

TO THE HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND JOHN STRACHAN, D.D., LL.D., LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO, AND LATE PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE.

We, the members of the Convocation of King's College, beg leave to tender to your Lordship, on the occasion of your final retirement from the office of President, this tribute of our respect and esteem.

To your Lordship belongs the distinguished honour of having been the earliest promoter of solid and useful Education in this portion of the Province; and the high ability, with which the important duties of your office were discharged by your Lordship, is fully attested by the valuable services which have been rendered to the Colony, by those who enjoyed the advantage of being trained under your care.

This House of Convocation, (as members of which we are proud to be numbered) and the offices and functions with which we are invested, cannot fail to remind us, that to your Lordship's unwearied perseverance, Upper Canada is indebted for the University of King's College, since we cannot but feel, that it was your foresight, which projected, your energy and patience which accomplished, the establishment of this Institution—which has since remained under your fostering supervision, and to the support of which, your watchful solicitude and vigorous exertions have never been wanting during the long period through which your Lordship has presided over it.

We entreat your Lordship to believe, that you are followed, in your retirement from the position which you have so ably occupied, by our cordial wishes for your happiness; and by the blessing of God, you may long be enabled to continue your exertions in that higher sphere of duty, to which you have restricted yourself.

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TO THE HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND JOHN STRACHAN, D.D., LL.D., LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO, AND LATE PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE.

We, the members of the Convocation of King's College, beg leave to tender to your Lordship, on the occasion of your final retirement from the office of President, this tribute of our respect and esteem.

To your Lordship belongs the distinguished honour of having been the earliest promoter of solid and useful Education in this portion of the Province; and the high ability, with which the important duties of your office were discharged by your Lordship, is fully attested by the valuable services which have been rendered to the Colony, by those who enjoyed the advantage of being trained under your care.

This House of Convocation, (as members of which we are proud to be numbered) and the offices and functions with which we are invested, cannot fail to remind us, that to your Lordship's unwearied perseverance, Upper Canada is indebted for the University of King's College, since we cannot but feel, that it was your foresight, which projected, your energy and patience which accomplished, the establishment of this Institution—which has since remained under your fostering supervision, and to the support of which, your watchful solicitude and vigorous exertions have never been wanting during the long period through which your Lordship has presided over it.

We entreat your Lordship to believe, that you are followed, in your retirement from the position which you have so ably occupied, by our cordial wishes for your happiness; and by the blessing of God, you may long be enabled to continue your exertions in that higher sphere of duty, to which you have restricted yourself.

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THE SEXTON'S HERO.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESQ.

The afternoon sun shed down his glorious rays on the grassy churchyard, making the shadow cast by the old yew tree under which we sat seem deeper and deeper by contrast.

Of the view that lay beneath our gaze, I cannot speak adequately. The foreground was the grey stone wall of the vicarage garden; rich in the coloring made by innumerable lichens, ferns, ivy of most tender green, and most delicate tracery, and the vivid scarlet of the crane's-bill, which found a home in every nook and crevice—and at the summit of that old wall

For a while we were silent, living in sight, and murmuring sound. Then Jeremy took up our conversation where, suddenly feeling weariness, as we saw that deep green shadow resting place, we had ceased speaking, a quarter of an hour before.

It is one of the luxuries of holiday time that thought is not rudely shaken from us by outward violence of hurry, and busy impatience, but falls naturally from our lips in the sunny leisure of our days. The stock may be bad, but the fruit is ripe.

"How then would you define a hero?" "There was a long pause, and I had almost forgotten my question in watching a cloud shadow floating over the far-away hills, when Jeremy made answer:

"My idea of a hero, is one who acts up to the highest idea of duty he has been able to form, no matter at what sacrifice. I think that by this definition, we may include all phases of the character, even to the heroes of old, whose (and to us, low) idea of duty consisted in personal prowess."

"Then you would even admit the military heroes?" asked I.

"I would, with a certain kind of pity for the circumstances which had given them no higher ideas of duty. Still if they sacrificed to do what they sincerely believed to be right, I do not think I could deny them the title of hero."

"A poor, unchristian heroism, whose manifestation consists in injury to others!" I said.

"We were both startled by a third voice: "If I might make so bold, sir,"—and then the speaker stopped.

It was the sexton, whom, when we first arrived, we had noticed, as an accessory to the scene, but whom we had forgotten as much as though he were as inanimate as one of the moss-covered headstones.

"If I might be so bold," said he again, awaiting leave to speak. Jeremy bowed in deference to his white, uncovered head. And so encouraged, he went on:

"What that gentleman" (alluding to my last speech) "has just now said, brings to my mind one who is dead and gone this many a year ago. I may be have not rightly understood your meaning, gentlemen, but as far as I could gather it, I think you'd both have given rise to thinking poor Gilbert Dawson a hero. At any rate," said he, heaving a long quivering sigh, "I have reason to think him so."

"Will you take a seat, sir, and tell us about him?" said Jeremy, standing up until the old man was seated. I confess I felt impatient at the interruption.

"It will be forty-five years come Martinmas," said the sexton, sitting down on a grassy mound at our feet "since I had finished my apprenticeship, and settled down at Lindal. You can see Lindal, sir, at evenings and mornings, across the bay; a little to the right of Grange; at least, I used to see it many a time, and oft, afore my sight grew so dark; and I have spent many a quarter of an hour gazing at it far away, and thinking of the days I lived there, (till the tears came so thick to my eyes, I could gaze no longer. I shall never look on it again, either far off or near, but you may see it both ways, and a terrible bonny spot it is:—in my young days, when I went to settle there, it was full of as wild a set of young fellows as ever were clapped eyes on; all for fighting, poaching, quarrelling, and such like work. I was startled myself when I first found what a set I were among, but soon I began to fall into their ways, and I ended by being as rough a chap as any on 'em. I'd been there a matter of two year, and were reckoned by most the cock of the village, when Gilbert Dawson, as I was speaking of, came to Lindal. He was about as strapping a chap as I was, (I used to be six feet high, though now I'm no shrunks and doubled up), and as we were like in the same trade, (both used to prepare oysters and wood for the Liverpool coopers, who get a great deal of stuff from the coopers round the bay, sir), we were thrown together, and took mighty to each other. I put my best leg foremost to be equal with Gilbert, for I'd had some schooling, though since I'd been at Lindal I'd lost a good part of what I learnt; and I kept my rough ways out of sight for a time, I felt so ashamed of his getting to know them. But that did not last long; I began to think he fancied a girl I dearly loved but who had always held off from me. Eh! but she was a pretty one in those days! There's none like her now. I think I see her going along the road with her dancing tread, and shaking back her long yellow curls, to give me or any other young fellow a saucy word; no wonder Gilbert was taken with her, for all he was so grave, and she so merry and light. But I began to think she liked him again; and then my blood was all afire. I got to hate him for everything he did. Aforetime I had stood by, admiring to see him, how he leapt, and what a quoter and cricketer he was. And now I ground my teeth with hatred whenever he did a thing which caught Letty's eye. I could read it in her eye that she liked him, for all she held herself just as high with him as with all the rest.—Lord God forgive me! how I hated that man!"

"I spoke as if he hated were a thing of yesterday so clear within his memory were shown the actions and feelings of his youth. And then he dropped his voice, and said:

"Well! I began to look out to pick a quarrel with him! for my blood was up to fight him. If I beat him, (and I were a rare boxer in those days), I thought Letty would cool towards him. So one evening at quilts, (I'm sure I don't know how or why, but large doings grow out of small words), I fell out with him, and challenged him to fight. I could see that he was very wroth by his colour coming and going—and as I said before he was a fine active young fellow. But all at once he drew in, and said he would not fight. Such a yell as the Lindal lads, who were watching us, set up, I hear it yet; I could not help but feel sorry for him, he was so scorned, and I thought he'd not rightly taken my meaning, and I'd give him another chance; so I said it again, and dared him, as plain as words could speak, to fight out the quarrel. He told me he had had no quarrel against me; that he might have said something to put me up; he did not know that he had but that if he had he asked my pardon; but that he would not fight no-how."

"I was so full of scorn at his cowardliness, that I was vexed I'd given him the second chance, and I joined in the yell that was set up, twice as loud as before. He stood it up, his teeth set, and looking very white, and when we were silent for want of breath, he said out loud, but in a hoarse voice, quite different from his own:

"Well, they laughed, but I could not laugh. It seemed such a thing for a stout young chap to be a coward, and afraid!"

"Before the sun had set, it was talked of all over Lindal, how I had challenged Gilbert to fight, and how he'd denied me: and the folks stood at the doors and looked at him going up the hill to his home, as if he had been a monkey, or a foreigner—but no one wished him good 'e'en. Such a thing as refusing to fight had never been heard of afore at Lindal. Next day, however, they had found voice. The men uttered the word 'coward' in his hearing, all kept aloof; the women tittered as he passed, and the little impudent lads and lasses shouted out, 'How long is it sin' thou turned Quaker?' 'Good-bye, Jonathan Broad-brim,' and such like jests.

"That evening I met him, with Letty by his side, coming up from the shore. She was almost crying as I came upon them at the turn of the lane; and looking up in his face as if begging him something. And so she was; she told me it after. For she did really like him; and could not abide to hear him scorned by every one for being a coward; and she coy as she was all but told him that very night that she loved him, and begged him not to disgrace himself, but fight me, as I'd dared him to. When he still stuck to it that he could not for it was wrong, she was so vexed and mad-like at the way she'd spoken, and the feelings she'd let out to coax him that she said more stinging things about his being a coward than all the rest put together, (according to what she told me, sir, afterwards), and ended by saying she'd never speak to him again, as long as she lived—she did once again though her ear was the last human speech that reached his ear in his wild death-struggle.

"But what happened afore that time. From the day I met them walking, Letty turned towards me; I could see a part of it was to spite Gilbert, for she'd be twice as kind when he was near, or likely to hear of it; but by-and-by she got to like me for my own sake, and it was all settled for our marriage. Gilbert kept aloof from every one, and fell into a sad careless way. His very gait was changed, his step used to be brisk and bounding, and now his foot lingered heavily on the ground. I used to try to daunt him with my eye, but he would always meet my look in a steady, quiet way, for all so much about him was altered; the lads would not play with him; and as soon as he found he was to be slighted by them whenever he came to quilting, or cricket he just left off coming."

"The old clerk was the only one he kept company with; or perhaps, rightly to speak, the only one who would keep company with him. They got so thick at last, that old Jonas used to Gilbert had Gospel on his side, and did no more than gossip to him to do; but none of us gave much credit to what he said, more by token our vicar had a brother, a colonel in the army; and as we threeped it many a time to Jonas, would he set himself up to know the gospel better than the vicar? that would be putting cart afore horse, like the French radicals. And if the vicar had thought quarrelling and fighting wicked, and again the Bible, would he have made so much work about all the victories, that were as plenty as blackberries at that time of day, and kept the little bell of Lindal Church forever ringing; or would he have thought so much of 'my brother the colonel,' as he was always talking on."

"After I was married to Letty I left off hating Gilbert. I even kind of pitied him; for he was so scorned and slighted; and for all he'd a bold look about him, as if he were not ashamed; he seemed pining and shrunk. It's a wearing thing to be kept at arm's length by one's kind; and so Gilbert took it, poor fellow. The little children took to him, though they'd be round about him like a swarm of bees—they was so young to know what a coward was, and only felt that he was ever ready to love and help them, and was never loud or cross; however naughty they might be. Afore a while we had our little one too; such a blessed darling she was, and dearly did we love her; Letty in especial, who seemed to get all the thought I used to think sometimes she wanted, after she had her baby to care for."

"All my kin lived on this side the bay, up above Kellet. Jane (that's her that lies buried near your white rose tree) was to be married, and nought would serve her but that Letty and I must come to the wedding; for all my sisters loved Letty, she had such winning ways with her. Letty did not like to leave her talk, nor yet did I want her to take it; so after a while, we fixed to leave it with Letty's mother for the afternoon. I could see her heart ached a bit, for she'd never left it till then, and she seemed to fear all manner of evil, even to the French coming and taking it away. Well, we borrowed a shandy, and harnessed my old grey mare, as I used in 't' cart, and set off as our grand as King George across the Sands about three o'clock, for you see it were high water about twelve, and we'd to go and come back same tide, as Letty could not leave her baby for long. It were a merry afternoon, were that;—last time I ever saw Letty laugh heartily; and for that matter the last time I ever laughed downright hearty myself. The latest crossing time fell about nine o'clock, and we were late at starting. Clocks were wrong; and we'd a piece of work chasing a pig father had given Letty to take home; we bagged him at last, and he screeched and screeched in the back part of shandy, and we laughed and they laughed; and in the midst of all the merriment the sun set, and that sobered us a bit, for then we knew what time it was. I whipped the old mare, but she was a deal keener than she was in the morning, and would neither go quick nor down the brow, and they're not a few 'twixt Kellet and the shore.—On the sands it were worse. They were very heavy, for the fresh had come down after the rains we'd had. Lord! how I did whip the poor mare, to make the most of the red light as yet lasted. You, maybe, don't know the Sands, gentlemen. From Bolton-side, where we started from, it's better than six miles to Cart-lane, and two channels to cross, let alone holes and quick-sands. At the second channel from us the guide waits all during crossing time from sunrise to sunset; but for the three hours on each side high water, he's not there, in course. He stays after sunset if he's fore-spoken, not else. So now you know where we were that awful night. For we'd crossed the first channel about two mile, and it were growing darker and darker above and around us, all but one red line of light above the hills, when we came to a hollow (for all the Sands look so flat, there's many a hollow in them where you lose all sight of the shore.) We were longer than we should have been in crossing the hollow, the sand was so quick; and when we came up again, there, again the blackness, was the white line of the rushing tide coming up the bay. It looked not a mile from us; and when the wind blew up the bay, it comes swifter than a galloping horse. 'Lord help us!' said I, and then I were sorry I'd spoken, my heart, and I thought he'd not rightly taken my meaning, and I'd give him another chance; so I said it again, and dared him, as plain as words could speak, to fight out the quarrel. He told me he had had no quarrel against me; that he might have said something to put me up; he did not know that he had but that if he had he asked my pardon; but that he would not fight no-how."

"I was so full of scorn at his cowardliness, that I was vexed I'd given him the second chance, and I joined in the yell that was set up, twice as loud as before. He stood it up, his teeth set, and looking very white, and when we were silent for want of breath, he said out loud, but in a hoarse voice, quite different from his own:

"I cannot fight, because I think it's wrong to quarrel, and use violence."

"Then he turned to go away; I were so beside myself with scorn and hate, that I called out:

"Tell truth, lad, at least, if you dare not fight, don't go away and tell a lie about it. Mother's moppet is afraid of a black eye, pretty dear, it shan't be hurt but it mustn't tell lies."

"And then she sent up such a cry—so loud, and shrill and pitiful! It fairly maddened me. I pulled out my knife to spur on the old mare, that it might end one way or the other, for the water was stealing sullenly up to the very axle-tree, let alone the white waves that knew no mercy in their steady advance.—That one quarter of an hour, sir, seemed as long as all my life since. Thoughts, and fancies, and dreams, and memory, ran into each other. The mist, the heavy mist, that was like a ghastly curtain, shutting us in for death, seemed to bring with it the scents of the flowers that grew round out own threshold.—It might be, for it was falling on them like blessed dew, though to us it was a shroud. Letty told me, after, she heard her baby crying for her, above the gurgle of the tising waters, as plain as ever she heard any thing; but the sea birds were skirling, and the pig skirling—I never caught it; it was miles away at any rate."

"Just as I'd gotten my knife out, another sound was close upon us, blending with the gurgle of the near waters, and the roar of the distant; (not so distant though) we could hardly see, but we thought we saw something black against the deep lead colour of wave, and mist, and sky. It neared, and neared; with slow, steady motion it came across the channel right to where we were. O God! it was Gilbert Dawson on his strong bay horse."

"Few words did we speak, and little time had we to say them in. I had no knowledge at that time of part or future—only of present thought—how to save Letty, and if I could, myself. I only remembered afterwards that Gilbert said he had been guided by an animal's shriek of terror. I only heard, when all was over, that he had been uneasy about our return, because of the depth of fresh; and had borrowed a pig, and saddled his horse early in the evening, and ridden down to Cart lane to watch for us. If all had gone well, we should never have heard of it. As it was, old Jonas told it, the tears down-dropping from his withered cheeks."

"We fastened his horse to the shanty. We lifted Letty to the pillow. The waters rose every instant with a sullen sound. They were all but in the shanty. Letty clung to the pillow handlets, but drooped her head as if she had yet no hope of life.

"Swifter than thought, (and yet he might have had time for thought and for temptation, sir;—if he had ridden off with Letty he would have been saved—not me), Gilbert was in the shanty by his side.

"Quick! said he, clear and firm. 'You must ride before her, and keep her. The horse can swim. By God's mercy I will follow. I can cut the traces, and if the mare is not hampered with the shanty, she'll carry me safely through. At any rate, you are a husband and a father. No one cares for me!'"

"Do not hate me gentlemen. I often wish that night was a dream. It has haunted my sleep ever since like a dream; and yet it was no dream. I took his place on the saddle, and put Letty's arms around me, and felt her head rest on my shoulder. I trust in God the horse, like the French radicals. And if the vicar had thought quarrelling and fighting wicked, and again the Bible, would he have made so much work about all the victories, that were as plenty as blackberries at that time of day, and kept the little bell of Lindal Church forever ringing; or would he have thought so much of 'my brother the colonel,' as he was always talking on."

"After I was married to Letty I left off hating Gilbert. I even kind of pitied him; for he was so scorned and slighted; and for all he'd a bold look about him, as if he were not ashamed; he seemed pining and shrunk. It's a wearing thing to be kept at arm's length by one's kind; and so Gilbert took it, poor fellow. The little children took to him, though they'd be round about him like a swarm of bees—they was so young to know what a coward was, and only felt that he was ever ready to love and help them, and was never loud or cross; however naughty they might be. Afore a while we had our little one too; such a blessed darling she was, and dearly did we love her; Letty in especial, who seemed to get all the thought I used to think sometimes she wanted, after she had her baby to care for."

"All my kin lived on this side the bay, up above Kellet. Jane (that's her that lies buried near your white rose tree) was to be married, and nought would serve her but that Letty and I must come to the wedding; for all my sisters loved Letty, she had such winning ways with her. Letty did not like to leave her talk, nor yet did I want her to take it; so after a while, we fixed to leave it with Letty's mother for the afternoon. I could see her heart ached a bit, for she'd never left it till then, and she seemed to fear all manner of evil, even to the French coming and taking it away. Well, we borrowed a shandy, and harnessed my old grey mare, as I used in 't' cart, and set off as our grand as King George across the Sands about three o'clock, for you see it were high water about twelve, and we'd to go and come back same tide, as Letty could not leave her baby for long. It were a merry afternoon, were that;—last time I ever saw Letty laugh heartily; and for that matter the last time I ever laughed downright hearty myself. The latest crossing time fell about nine o'clock, and we were late at starting. Clocks were wrong; and we'd a piece of work chasing a pig father had given Letty to take home; we bagged him at last, and he screeched and screeched in the back part of shandy, and we laughed and they laughed; and in the midst of all the merriment the sun set, and that sobered us a bit, for then we knew what time it was. I whipped the old mare, but she was a deal keener than she was in the morning, and would neither go quick nor down the brow, and they're not a few 'twixt Kellet and the shore.—On the sands it were worse. They were very heavy, for the fresh had come down after the rains we'd had. Lord! how I did whip the poor mare, to make the most of the red light as yet lasted. You, maybe, don't know the Sands, gentlemen. From Bolton-side, where we started from, it's better than six miles to Cart-lane, and two channels to cross, let alone holes and quick-sands. At the second channel from us the guide waits all during crossing time from sunrise to sunset; but for the three hours on each side high water, he's not there, in course. He stays after sunset if he's fore-spoken, not else. So now you know where we were that awful night. For we'd crossed the first channel about two mile, and it were growing darker and darker above and around us, all but one red line of light above the hills, when we came to a hollow (for all the Sands look so flat, there's many a hollow in them where you lose all sight of the shore.) We were longer than we should have been in crossing the hollow, the sand was so quick; and when we came up again, there, again the blackness, was the white line of the rushing tide coming up the bay. It looked not a mile from us; and when the wind blew up the bay, it comes swifter than a galloping horse. 'Lord help us!' said I, and then I were sorry I'd spoken, my heart, and I thought he'd not rightly taken my meaning, and I'd give him another chance; so I said it again, and dared him, as plain as words could speak, to fight out the quarrel. He told me he had had no quarrel against me; that he might have said something to put me up; he did not know that he had but that if he had he asked my pardon; but that he would not fight no-how."

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J. P. respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of the best West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, &c. &c. ALSO, A SELECTION OF SUPERIOR VESTINGS.

All of which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable manner and on moderate terms. Cassocks, Clergymen's and Queen's Counsel's Gowns, Barriers' Ruffs, &c. made on the shortest notice and in superior style.

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RE takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his Friends, for the very liberal patronage extended to him since he commenced business, and respectfully acquaints them (and the public generally), that he keeps constantly on hand a very superior Stock of WEST OF ENGLAND BROAD-CLOTHS, CASSEMIERES, DOESKINS, and Rich VESTINGS; all of which he is prepared to make up in the best style, and on terms that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

N.B.—University work done in all the different orders; also Judges', Queen's Counsel, and Barriers' Ruffs, in the most correct style, and at his customary unprecedented low prices. Toronto, June 9th, 1847.

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HAVE constantly on hand, from their HUSON OIL WORKS, Bleached and Unbleached WINTER AND FALL OILS, of all kinds; such as Spinn, Elephant, Whale, and Lard Oils; and SPERM CANDLES, which they offer at the lowest prices.

DOCTOR O'BRIEN Has Removed to 27, Bay Street, SECOND DOOR ABOVE WELLINGTON STREET, Toronto, Sept. 23, 1847.

MR. WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, HAS REMOVED a few doors West, to MR. BERRY'S, ON YORK STREET, the first Brick House North of King Street. Toronto, January 6, 1848.

MR. ROBERT COOPER, SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY, Wellington Buildings, King Street, TORONTO.

DONALD BETHUNE, JR. BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptcy, CONVEYANCER, &c. DIVISION STREET, COBURG, CANADA WEST. Cobourg, Oct. 21, 1845.

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K. C. PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO FORTE, SINGING AND GUITAR, 62, CHURCH STREET. Toronto, Jan. 13, 1847.

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BRONTE MILLS FOR SALE. THE PROPERTY consists of Sixteen Feet privilege on the Twelve Mile Creek, on the Lake Shore, in the Township of Trafalgar, and about Sixty-five Acres of good cleared Farm Land. A large Stone and Frame Woolen Factory, 82 feet by 32, and three Stories high, capable of being easily converted into a Flouring Mill. A Grist Mill with one run of Stones, Smut Machine and all requisites. Two Saw Mills with Circular Saws and Timber Yard Railway. A Blacksmith's Shop and several Dwelling Houses. This Property is now let to a yearly tenant for £200 per year, and would bring on a Lease £250. Price £2500; of which £1000 would be required down, the residue might be paid by Instalments as agreed upon.

A PRIVILEGE on the same Creek of 12 feet next above the Mills, with about 75 or 80 Acres of Land, mostly cleared and in cultivation, and an excellent Mill Site, with good Roads.—Price £1000; of which £300 would be required in Cash, the remainder by Instalments. The option of this part of the Property is offered to the Purchaser of the first, and if not taken, it will be sold separately.

ADJOINING the above, a Farm of about 70 Acres, in full cultivation, with a large unfinished Dwelling House thereon, and an Orchard of 4 Acres of Grafted Fruit Trees. Price £700; of which only £200 would be required immediately, the rest in ten years.

The whole of the above Property will be sold together if desired. For particulars apply, Post-paid, to S. B. HARRISON, Solicitor, King Street, Toronto, January 1st, 1848.

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THE COLLECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, for every Sunday in the Year and the principal Festivals, compiled, compared, corrected, and briefly commented upon, with the date and origin of each Collect annexed, so far as they are known, by the Rev. C. MILLER, A.M., Curate of the Parish of St. Andrew's, Archbishop of Armagh, London: L. S. 2s. 6d.

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