"THE REVIEW"

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town,

Durham, - - Ont.

TERMS:—$1.00 per year in Advance, or $1.25 if not paid within two months.

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J. TOWNSEND.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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MACDONELL & MACMILLAN,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c.
—Upper Town, Durham, Ont. y34

JAMES LAMON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Office and residence—Dundalk.

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BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery and Insolvency, Conveyancing, &c.
Office—Poulett St., next McClean Bros., Owen Sound, and every Thursday at Flesherton.
ALFRED FROST, J. W. FROST, LL. B.
County Crown Attorney. y31

MEDICAL.

DR. KIERNAN,

GRADUATE of Victoria University, Toronto, and Under-Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Surgery in rear of Medical Hall Lower Town, Durham. y8

DR. JAMIESON,

GRADUATE of Toronto University and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. OFFICE—Next door to Parker's Drug Store, Durham, Ontario. y21

GORDON.

DENTIST will visit British Hotel, Durham, on the 8th and 9th of every month. First class work only done. Head Offices at Elora & Fergus. y4

MISCELLANEOUS.

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F. MACRAE, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Durham, Co. Grey, Ont. Money to Loan at reasonable interest, payable half-yearly or at the end of the year—principal payable in 3, 5 or 10 years—or principal and interest yearly to suit Borrowers. Wild and improved Lands for sale. Mortgages Bought and Sold. y21

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Farmer's Hotel, Priceville.

FROM a long acquaintance with the wants of the travelling public, the subscriber feels encouraged to ask a call to the satisfaction of the travelling community. The care of Teams a specialty. ALEX. IRVINGSTON.
Priceville, June, 1878. 19

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Shaving, Shampooing, Hairdressing, &c.,

in the best style, being well experienced in the profession. Gentlemen or Ladies favoring him with their custom will receive his best attention. Manufacturer of the most approved Hair Restoratives. A call solicited. 12

Beautiful Ambrotypes For Only Ten Cents.

SPLENDID Photographs for $1 per doz. Photographs made in all the latest and best improved styles. Pictures copied and enlarged to any size. 8x10 Enlarged Photographs in best square walnut frame, only $2 each.

MOTTO FRAMES, 8½x21 Inch, fitted with glass, back and rings, ONLY FIFTY CENTS. Picture Nails, Cord and Rings always on hand.

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N. KELSEY, Photographer,
Opposite the "Review" Printing Office,
Upper Town, Durham

Nothing LIKE LEATHER!

FAIR PRICE AND LIVING PROFIT.

THE subscriber keeps on hand no low priced goods, but goods that are cheap when taking into consideration the long wear and comfort of the Rockville

BOOTS AND SHOES.

I have now facilities for manufacturing an article second to none in the County of Grey, and have no old stock on hand, but all my goods are of the latest style, having opened out a large consignment of A 1 Last, Centennial and French Box for gents' fine work. In sewed work I defy competition. The work is done by workmen of experience, as everyone admits that Jopps' Shoemakers cannot be surpassed.

Just call and see my "Eureka Shoe"—something new in these parts.

Orders left at J. W. Boulden's Harness Shop, Durham, will receive prompt attention.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

Always on hand all kinds of Leather of Native and Foreign Brands at my Tannery.

CASH FOR HIDES.

J. C. JOPP.

Rockville, Bentinck, March 1st, 1878.

Geo. J. Matthews.

Cabinet Maker,

UPHOLSTERER, and UNDERTAKER,
Garafraxa Street, DURHAM.

Wood Turning,

of all kinds done to order on short notice. y13

The Grey Review.

Vol. I. No. 39. DURHAM, Co. Grey, NOVEMBER 7, 1878. $1 per year in Advance.

ROBT. BULL,

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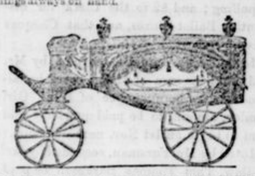

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Undertakers,

PRICEVILLE, ONT.

FUNERALS furnished on short notice. Caskets and Coffins, with all sorts of trimmings, always on hand.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE.

Hearse furnished free to parties buying coffins from us. Remember the place,

WATSON & SON'S
Wagon and Carriage Works,
y7 Priceville Ont.

NO ARMISTICE

War, War!

With the Circular Saw against all kinds of Saw Logs during 1878.

Custom Sawing of Lumber

AND SHINGLES,

done at once, and cheap, to suit the times.

SHINGLES, LATH AND LUMBER on hand and sold at down hill prices.

J. W. CRAWFORD:
Rockville Mills, Durham P. O.
Bentinck, Feb. 14, 1878. y1

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English & Scottish

INVESTMENT COMPANY, (Limited.)

Capital £500,000, Stirling.

Loans made at 8 per cent and upwards according to privileges granted.

No fines. Expenses Lower than any other Company.

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Or to NORMAN McINTYRE,
y18 Valuator, Durham.

Geo. Rutherford,

Real Estate, Loan,
INSURANCE, AND

General Agent.

Comissioner in B. R., Conveyancer &c.

IMPROVED and Unimproved Farms for sale, cheap. Send for Land List. Village lots for sale in Dundalk.

Money Loaned on farm security at 8 per cent. Simple interest, for any period of time between 2 and 20 years.

District Agent for the Victoria, The Western and Canada Fire & Marine Insurance Co's. Insurance effected at Low Rates. Farm Property insured for three years against Fire and Lightning at 75c on each $100.00.

All Communications promptly attended to. Business private and confidential.

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Loan and Investment Co.,

(LIMITED)

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Agent at D
HEAD OFFICE 14 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

POETRY.

Autumn.

The dying leaves fall fast,
Chestnut, willow, oak and beech,
All brown and withered lie,
Now swirling in the cutting blast,
Now trodden under foot—they teach
That one and all must die.

This Autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my poor heart,
Whose youthful hopes are fled.
The darkening days are dear—
Each love once mine I see depart,
As withered leaves and dead.

The Snow Bird.

When the leaves are shed,
And the branches bare,
When the snows are deep,
And the flowers asleep,
And the Autumn dead.
And the skies are o'er us bent
Grey and gloomy, since she went,
And the sifting snow is drifting
Through the air.

Then, 'mid snow-drifts white,
Though the trees are bare,
Comes the snow-bird, bold,
In the winter's cold;
Quick, and round, and bright,
Light he steps across the snow,
Cares he not for winds that blow,
Though the sifting snow be drifting
Through the air.

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

Lost and Found.

I was a young doctor, not overburdened with practice, when I sat half a dozing in my surgery one stifling August afternoon and was roused by a bustle in the street and a cry, "Here's a doctor! Ring the bell!"

By the time the ring was answered, I was wide awake, and had "my profession" on. Two men came in, and one held in his arms a limp, senseless figure, a boy about three years old, covered with blood flowing from a gash in his head. I took the little fellow in my own arms and carried him to the sofa, while the men brought me water, and seemed deeply interested in all my movements.

A broken arm and a deep cut on the head kept me busy some time, and at last my little patient was made as comfortable as possible, and was moaning with recovering consciousness.

Have you far to carry him? I asked one of the men.

We don't own him, was the answer. "He was a-running across the street, and a horse kicked him over. Jim, here," indicated his companion, "he picked him up, and I came along to help find a doctor, 'cause Jim can't read.

Needn't a-shoved that in! growled Jim, turning red. "Poor little chap how he groans!"

I will give him something to quiet him presently, I said, "and will send word to the station-house if his name is not on his clothes."

The men departed, and I lifted my charge once more, and went up-stairs to my mother's room room, over the surgery.

It did not take many minutes to enlist her sympathies, and we undressed the child and put it in her wide bed, hoping to find some mark upon his clothing. There was none, and when I saw this I spoke frankly, "Mother, there is just one chance for the little fellow's life, and that is perfect quiet. He will have fever, probably be delirous, and to carry him to a hospital, or even to his own home, may be fatal. I will send word to the station-house, and then——"

You know I wil nurse him, John, my mother said. "If his mother comes, as she thinks best; but until she does come leave him to me."

I wrote a description of the child's long brown curls and brown eyes, of the delicate suit of clothes in which he was dressed, and sent it to the station-house. No call being made in three days, I advertised him for a week, and still he was not claimed. It was very strange, for the child's pure, delicate skin and dainty clothing seemed to mark him as a child of wealth.

But while he lay unknown, my little patient was struggling hard for life against fever and injuries. He was delirious for many days, calling pitifully for "Mamma—pretty mamma!" begging her not to go away, and making our hearts ache by often crying, "Oh, Aunt Lucy, don't beat Freddie! Freddie will be good!" or Grandma, grandma, don't don't!" in cries of extreme terror.

Mother would get so excited with indignation over those cries, that I saw the child had won a fond place in her warm heart.

"He has been ill-treated, John, the pretty darling!," she would say. "I hope the cruel people who could hurt such a baby will never find him again."

She would rock him in her own motherly arms, would spend sleepless nights watching beside him, petting and fondling till he seemed in his delirium to love her, and would nestle up to her for protection against the phantoms of his own fevered imagination,

The second week of his stay with us was closing, and Freddie had regained his reason and was on the road to recovery, when one morning a carriage dashed up to my door, and two ladies alighted.

They wore rustling silks of the latest fashion, and were evidently mother and daughter. The younger lady was verr beautiful, a perfect blonde, and dressed in exquisite tatse.

Docter Morrill? inquired the older lady.

I bowed.

We called to answer an advertisement regarding a child, my grandson. You will probably think it strange we have not been here before, but we were obliged to leave the town the day before he was lost, and have just returned. The nurse who had him in charge ran away and, while we supposed him safe at home he has been lying in a hospital, perhaps dying.

We were nearly distracted on our return, said the young lady, "when we missed our darling; but an inquiry at the station-house sent us here. The officer also showed us your advertisement. Where is our dear child?"

He is here, I answered, "under my mother's care, and, I am happy to say doing well."

An unmistakable look of dissappointment crossed the faces of my visitors, but the elder one said "Can we see him doctor?"

I asked permission to announce their coming to my mother, and left the ladies alone. When I returned, after some five minutes absence I was struck by the change in their faces. The younger one was pale as ashes and the older one had a set, hard look of determination, as if nerved by some sudden resolution.

I led the way to my mother's bed-room where Freddie was in a profound slumber. The young lady shrank back in the shadow of the bed-courtains, but the mother advanced and bent over the child.

There was a moment of profound silence, and then in a hard voice, the old lady said, "I am very sorry to have put you to so much trouble Doctor Morrill. This is not the child we lost.

A heavy fall startled us, and I turned to see the young stranger seusless on the floor. Her mother spoke quietly, "The disappointment is too much for her. We hoped to find my grandson.

I did not reply. The delirious ravings of the child were still singing in my ears as he pleaded with the harsh grandmother and aunt. I did not believe the old lady's statement, but having no proof to the contrary, was forced to accept it.

Long after my visitors had departed, the beautiful blonde still trembling and white, mother and I talked of their strange conduct.

It is evident they wish to deny the child, I said.

I am glad of it, mother replied. "We will keep him, John. He shall have a grandma to love, not one to fear.

So the summer and early autumn wore away, and Freddie was dear to us as if he had claim of kinship. His rare beauty, his precious intellect, and his loving heart had completed the fascination commenced by our pity for his suffering, weakness, and lonliness. He called us "Grandma" and "Uncle John," and clung to us with the most affectionate carresses.

We tried in vain, from his childish prattle, to gain some clue to his parents or relatives. He told us his papa had gone "far, far off," and mamma "gone to papa;" so we concluded he was an orphan, and I often heard mother telling him of the beautiful heaven where his parents waited for their little boy.

Of his grandmother and aunt Lucy he spoke with shrinking fear, and seemed to have an equal dread of Susan, whom we judged to be the nurse. Susan was talking to a tall man, he told us, who boxed his ears and told him to go home, when, trying to escape, he ran under the horses' hoofs and was hurt.

Being blessed with ample means, mother and I had quite decided to formally adopt pretty Freddie when he had been a little longer unclaimed in our house. The convalescence of the child requiring fresh air without too much exercise, I made a habit of taking him with me in my daily drive to visit my patients.

Dennis, my coachman, was very fond of Freddie, and very careful; so I was not afraid to leave my charge with him while I was indoors, and he was very happy chatting with the good natured Irishman, and waiting my returning.

It was early in November, and mother had dressed Freddie for the first time in a jaunty suit of velvet, with a dainty velvet cap over his brown curls, when one morning I sent him out with Dennis until I was ready to start. Looking out, I saw him standing upon the pavement, giving Nat my horse, a long carrot he had procured in the kitchen, while Dennis stood near, guarding the curly head from any mishap.

I was making my final preparation for departure, when I heard a piercing scream under my window, and Dennis saying, "By jabers, she's fainted, the crater!"

While Freddie cried, "Mamma—pretty mamma!"

I ran out hastily, to see an odd tableau Dennis was supporting in his strong arms a slender figure in deep mourning, half leaning, on the shafts, while Freddie clung to her skirts, sobbing, "Mamma—mamma!"

A few passers-by stood near, making various suggestions; and Nat looked gravely over Dennis's shoulders, as if he could say a great deal if he had the inclination.

Bring her in, Dennis, I said.

I'll do that same, sur, was the reply, as Dennis lifted the little figure like a feather-weight, and, crossing the pavement, came into the surgery. I shut out the curious people who followed, and Freddie clung to the black dress, never ceasing his cries of "Oh, mamma! It is my mamma come home to Freddie! Mamma—pretty mamma!"

The song rang through the house, reaching my mother's ears, as she sat in her room. She came hurrying down the stairs, and entered the surgery just as Dennis deposited his burden in an arm-chair. Comprehending the situation at a glance, mother tenderly removed the heavy crape veil and bonnet, loosing a shower of brown curls round a marble-white face, still insensible.

You see, sur, said Dennis, "Master Freddie had just given the horse the last of the carrot, and was running up and down, when the poor crater threw up her veil, gave one screech, and would ha, fallen on the ground if the shafts and I hadn't a-cotched her atween us. Do you think, sir, it's his mother?

At that moment the stranger opened a pair of large eyes, as brown and soft as Freddie's own, and murmured, in a faint voice, "Freddie! Did I see my boy?"

Then her eyes fell upon the child, and in a moment she was on her knees before him, till mother broke out crying, too, and I was obliged to assume my "professional expression" by sheer force of will.

"Come, come," I said, gently. "Freddie has been very ill, and cannot bear so much excitement."

This quited the mother in an instant, and she rose, still holding the child's hand in her own.

It is my boy! she said, looking into my face.

Freddie, I asked, "is this mamma?"

Yes, said the little fellow, decidedly; "of course it is. My own pretty ma, came from heaven!"

She reeled back at the innocent words and would have fallen had I not caught her, and put her once more in the arm-chair.

Come from heaven! she repeated, with ashy lips and gasping breath. "They told me he was dead, my boy, my Freddie—that he was run over and killed! The nurse saw him fall under the horse's feet."

But, you see, he was not killed, mother said, in a gentle tone; "but is well and strong again."

And then, motioning me to keep silent mother told the widow of the child's injuries and recovery, of his winning ways, and our love for him.

And you kept him and nursed him! she said, kissing mother's hands. "Oh, what can I ever do for you to prove my gratitude? Freddie, my boy, how you must love the kind lady!

Yes assented Freddie. "that's grandma and this is Uncle John!" and I was dragged forward.

I cannot understand it all, the mother said. "Did no one know he was here—my mother-in-law? Will you let me tell you," she added, looking at mother and myself, "how my boy was lost?"

If you will drink this first, I said, giving her a quieting beverage.

She obeyed at once, and, taking off Freddie's cap, lifted him to her lap while she told her story. When we saw the two fair faces so close together, any lingering doubt we might have had of the stranger's claim vanished at once. Even in parent and child the resemblance between the woman and her boy was wonderful. The same brown hair and eyes, the same delicate features and fair complexion, the same childlike expression, marked both countenances. Even to the pallid, wasted look of recent suffering the resemblance was perfect.

I must tell you first who I am, our visitor said. "I am the widow of Carroll West, who died of cholera in Liverpool only two weeks ago. He was taken ill in July, and I was telegraphed to come to him. We had parted," she added, turning to the mother, "because his business called him to Liverpool, and he was afraid to have Freddie and me go there on account of the cholera. But when I heard he was ill, I went to him at once, leaving my boy with my husband's mother and sister. I knew they were not very fond of him, but I had no choice. I dared not take him to Liverpool with the cholera raging there, and I had nowhere else to leave him. I found my husband very ill, but he was recovering, when he had a relapse. He rallied from that, and took cold, I think, or over fatigued himself, bringing on the second relapse that proved fatal. During all his illness I heard only twice of Freddie—once that he was well, once that he had been killed on the street. I came home only two days ago, and they would tell me nothing of where my boy was buried—nothing but the bare fact of his death. I—I—oh, do not blame me!—I was on my way to the river to end it all, when I met Freddie."

Mother looked at me, and whispered, "The grandmother who beat Freddie has driven her mad. Let her stay with me while you try to find out something about her."

But I have no right to force myself into her private affairs, I said.

She is Freddie's mother. That gives you a right.

It would be tedious to tell in detail all the long conversation that followed; but, authorized by Mrs. West, I called upon her husband's lawyer, and there heard her story.

I think, the lawyer said, confidentially, "that the Wests are the proudest people I ever knew—proud of their family, their money, and their beauty. Carroll West was the only son, Lucy the only daughter, when the old man died. His mother was very desirous of having him make a great match, and proportionately furious when he married a little dark-eyed seamstress, of no family in particular, and worked for a living.

I thought of the exquisite face, the low, tender voice of Freddie's mamma, and mentally applauded Carroll's choice.

Carroll, continued the lawyer, "had sufficient good sense to keep up his own establishment until he went into the heavy cotton speculations that called him to Liverpool at the height of the cholera. Then he left his wife and child under his mother's care, and before he went made his will. Now, doctor, said the lawyer, speaking very slowly, and with marked emphasis, that will leaves half his fortune with his wife, half to his child, but in case of the death of the child, the half that is his goes to Mrs. West and her daughter Lucy. If the mother dies, all goes to the child, to revert again to the Wests if he dies without direct heirs. Do you see?

I did see. I saw again the hard, determined face leaning over the sleeping child who was neither dead nor dying, but recovering. It was all clear now, but I shuddered as I recalled the mother's face when she confessed that she had contemplated suicide rather than bear her widowed childless lot.

We could never tell whether the unnatural grandmother and aunt would have risked a legal investigation. The recognition between mother and child was complete, and the clothing we had carefully preserved was fully identified. Mrs. West did not return to her mother-in-law. For some weeks she was my mother's guest, and my patient, being prostrated with low, nervous fever, and then she took the house next our own, her own claim and Freddie's to Carroll West's property being undisputed.

We were warm friends for two years, and Mrs. West, senior, with the beautiful blonde, were occasional visitors at the widow's house; but when the violet and white took the place of the crape and bombazine, I ventured to ask Adelaide West if a second love could comfort her for the one she had lost, and my mother became Freddie's grandmother in truth, when his "pretty mamma" became my wife.

Mrs. West is dead, and Lucy married to a titled Italian, who admired her blonde beauty, but unlike many of his compatriots, finds the lovely lady fully able to take care of her own interests, and guard her money against his too profuse expenditure.

Other children call me papa, and Adelaide mamma; but I do not thik I give any of them a warmer or truer love than I feel for brown-eyed Freddie, who was "Lost and Found."

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.—There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb, It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gale on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home-voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest-voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life."—*Primitive Methodist.*

Maynooth College, county of Kildare, Ireland, was destroyed by fire on Friday.

The size of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, may be imagined from the fact that more than 20,000 persons assembled on its floor the other night at the church fair.

THE LATEST SWINDLE. — The latest swindle in the rural districts, says an exchange, is for two oily fellows to call upon a farmer, ostensibly for statistics for the agricultural paper or bureau. They stay to dinner, or over night, and insisting on paying for their accommodation, shove a counterfeit bill on the farmer in exchange for good money.

Melancthon Council.

The Council met at the Town Hall, on Tuesday, th 8th day of October, 1878, pursuant to adjournment. Members present, Robert McGhee, Esq., reeve; Henry Hewett, Esq., deputy reeve; and Messrs August and Corbett, councillors.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. A communication from Messrs Riley & Hamilton, P.L.S., was presented and read.

Moved by Mr. Hewett, seconded by Mr. August, That George Leitch be appointed auditor, to audit collector's roll for 1877, in the place of Wm. Leitch, not able to attend. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Hewett, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That the treasurer be authorized to pay the balance of account of Messrs. Riley & Hamilton, P.L.S., being the sum of $9, for survey and plans of bridge between Melancthon and Nottawasaga, and that he be instructed to write to the treasurer of Nottawasaga, asking payment for half the amount, being $5, for plans and specifications of bridge as aforesaid.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Hewett, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That Henry Walker receive an order for $1, for one day's statute labour performed under the pathmaster in his beat, for lot No. 13, 8th concession, S.W., for 1878.—Carried.

Moved by Mr Hewett, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That the treasurer be authorized to pay the clerk's postage account up to 30th September, 1878.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. August, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That the clerk report at next Council meeting the number of road scrapers left at the several depots, in compliance with the standing orders of the Council.—Carried.

The Council went into committee of the whole on By-Law No. 46. Mr. Hewett in the chair.

The committee arose, and reported By-Law No. 46 as filled up in committee of the whole.

The reeve in the chair.

Moved by Mr. Hewitt, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That By-Law No. 46, now read a third time, be signed, sealed, and engrossed in the By Law Book.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. August, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That the undermentioned persons receive the amount opposite their respective names, for road work done and certified to by the several road commissioners:—George McCoy, $18.75; David McCoy, $11.25; Henry Taylor, $35; special grant, 1878, W. Nethercott $10.50.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Corbett, seconded by Mr. August, That the sum of $50 be apportioned to the town line between Amaranth and Melancthon, to supplement the grant of the county of Wellington to the said town line, and that John Hogg be appointed to expend the said amount.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. August, seconded by Mr. Corbett, That this Council do now ad ourn, to meet again on the 2nd Monday in November next.—Carried.

Mr. Spurgeon on Chastisement.

In the course of a sermon recently delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who had not yet quite recovered from his recent indisposition, remarked that as a certainty the people of God were to be chastised in this world. Some men lived on year after year without a chastisement. This was quite possible, nay was to be desired in a worldly sense, for he who has not felt the wrath of God ought not to seek for it. The rev. gentleman proceeded to argue that were it given to man to choose his cross it would inevitably end unfavourably with him. What would be his choice? Sickness of body? He would recommend his hearers not to choose that, for he had had experience of it and knew what it was. Poverty? It was a sore trial to experience poverty; not to know in the morning how the days necessaries were to be got. Having explained the nature and characteristics of "divinely-sent afflictions" and visitations the rev. gentleman alluded to an order of *religieuses* in Rome—the Nuns of St. Anne, as well as recollected—who used to sleep upright in their coffins. After some time they become used to it, and no one pitied the poor ladies. During a visit to Antwerp he went to a convent in which, over the bed were hung scourges with which the monks flogged themselves. He was sure they enjoyed the flogging, and would wish them to lay on, because he believed they did enjoy it, and deserved it. "You smile," continued the rev. gentleman; "but does God wish, or is He disposed to see His people miserable? Go into your gardens some of these summer evenings, and see the thousands of gnats and other creatures flitting about. God made them, and they appear to be happy. Pass along the sea shore, and observe the fringe along the edge of the retiring wave — the shrimps and sand-hoppers full of life, and joy, and happiness. That is what God does, and he would rather see these nuns in comfortable feather beds than sleeping upright in their coffins, and the monks enjoying sound slumber than giving themselves such a whipping.

ALGOMA.—Since the revision of the boundary the extent of Algoma has been much increased. It is now 900 miles long and 500 miles wide at its greatest width, and 250 miles at its least. The white population is now 16,000, and the Indian 10,000; total, 26,000. There are between 4,000 and 5,000 people in the Thunder Bay district alone. The majority are chiefly employed on the public works, but many are farmers, especially the settlers in the township of Oliver. Mining is prosperous. A Custom House officer at Silver Islet says that in two months, from that place alone, the export of silver exceeded $300,000, and in addition there was a large quantity ready to ship. About $70,000 a week is being produced there, and the mine is more wealthy now than in any of its past palmy days.

The municipal elections in France, which took place last Sunday, have resulted so favourably to the Republicans that they feel certain of carrying the Senatorial elections in January.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO