"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

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Professional and business cards, one inch space and under, per year,	$ 4
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Half column, "	28
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Do. three months	15

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Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and all kinds of local news, inserted free of charge.

STRAY ANIMALS, &c., advertised three weeks for $1, the advertisement not to exceed 8 lines.

Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates,

J. TOWNSEND.

The Grey Review.

Vol. II. No. 41. DURHAM, Co. Grey, NOVEMBER 20, 1879. Whole No. 92.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

E. D. MACMILLAN,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, &c.—Upper Town, Durham, Ont.
Money to Loan. y10

C. B. JACKES, B. A.

ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Commissioner in B. R., Notary Public, Lower Town, Durham. May 7th, 1879. y-64

McFAYDEN & ROBARTS,

BARRISTERS, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office, one door east of the Merchants' Bank Union-st., Owen Sound.
C. McFAYDEN. y-50 J. T. ROBARTS.

Frost & Frost.

BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery and Insolvency, Conveyancing, &c.
Offices—Poulett St., next McClean Bros., Owen Sound, and every Thursday at Flesherton.
ALFRED FROST, County Crown Attorney. J. W. FROST, LL. B. 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—Opposite Parker's Drug Store, Durham, where he may be found at all hours day or night. y24

DR. LIGHTBODY,

WILL be at his Office, Hanover, from 8 a.m. to Noon. At home, 2nd Con. N.D.R., Bentinck, after noon. Messages for the Dr. left at Rutherford's attended to. y-50

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

WILLIAM A. ROSE,

Veterinary Surgeon, Durham, ONT.

GRADUATE of Ontario Vectrinary College, Toronto, will be at his office in Mr. Hugh Rose's Blacksmith Shop, from 9 a. m. to 5 m. Orders will be promptly attended to.
Durham, April 17th, 1879. cm-61.

F. Z. NIXON.

GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto.
VETERINARY SURGEON,
DUNDALK, Ont.
Will be at Hesting's Hotel, Shelburne, every Monday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 5 p. m.
Dundalk, March, 20th 1879. y57

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do You Want Money.

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. *y1

AGENTS, READ THIS.

WE will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. "We mean what we say. Sample free. Address, SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

Geo. J. Matthews,

Cabinet Maker,

UPHOLSTERER, and UNDERTAKER,
Garafraxa Street, DURHAM.

Wood Turning,

of all kinds done to order on short notice. y17

Watson Bros.,

Carpenters and Builders.

PLANS and Specifications furnished for Schools, Churches, and private Dwellings. Doors, Sash and Blinds made to order.
A., P. & C. WATSON,
DRONORE P. O.
Egremont, Jan., 1878. tf-49

The British Hotel, Durham,

HAVING been thoroughly overhauled and put in first-class order, the travelling public may depend on finding every convenience and ample accommodation. The table is supplied with the best the season can afford. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars. A first-class Sample Room for Commercial Travellers. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

A LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT having been opened in connection with the Hotel. The best Conveyances, either double or single, all new, can be procured at any time on the most reasonable terms.
JOHN HOGAN,
Durham, August 7, 1879. Proprietor.

W. CALDWELL

Boot and Shoemaker,

SOUTH END, Durham, near Cattle-Yard Hotel, having commenced business in the above line would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.

The very best material used; workmanship superior to anything in the county, having made prize work in the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

Formerly Master Shoemaker in Her Majesty's craigh Regiment.

Fine Calf Boots, sewed, from $5.50 to $6.50.
" " pegged, from $4.75 to $5.50.
y-50.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale Lots 4 and 5, on the 9th Con. of the Township of Glenelg The lots contain 200 acres, all hardwood. About 25 acres are cleared: the soil is as good as any in the Township. The lots will be sold either together or separate, on easy terms of payment. For further particulars apply at Durham P. O. to
J. P. HUNTER.
Durham, Sept. 17th, 1879. tf-83.

House and Lot for Sale in Durham.

THE Proprietor wishes to dispose of Lot No. 3, on Albert Street, one Range East of Garafraxa Street, Lower Town, Durham. On the lot is erected a good dwelling House and Stable. The Lot contains one acre of land. A good well and pump, and a number of fruit trees, on the premises. For garden purposes the land is unexcelled. The whole property will be sold cheap for cash, or otherwise as may be agreed upon. For further particulars apply at the REVIEW Office.
Durham, June 24, 1879.

House and Three Acres of Land For Sale.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

THE Subscriber wishing to leave this part of the country offers for sale his property in the
VILLAGE OF PRICEVILLE,
consisting of three acres of excellent land, under cultivation, on which is erected a small cottage and a frame stable. This property would make a nice homestead for a Mechanic or any one wishing to retire from farming and live in a village. Will be sold for $300, which is only $25 per quarter acre lot. Apply to the proprietor, or by letter to
NEIL MUNN,
Priceville, Au. 16 1877. Priceville P. O. tf-27.

Money to Loan

ON Real Estates at 8, 8½, and 9 per cent, according to privilages granted.

Loans Repayable

BY

Instalments, or Otherwise

To Suit Borrowers.

TRUST AND LOAN CO. OF CANADA.

English & Scottish Investment Co., (Limited)
NORMAN McINTYRE, Valuator, Durham. JOS. F. MOWAT, Agent, Durham

Notice to Farmers

IN THE

South Riding of Grey.

THE great stringency of the Money Market, which has prevailed for the last two years not only in Canada but in Great Britain, has made the more substantial Loan Companies very cautious in their investments, and very slow to advance money except upon security known to the Directors.—This depression is now passing away and I am instructed by
The London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Limited,
(Whose Agent I am,) that they have about
Half a Million of Dollars
Ready for immediate investment and are anxious to place it at reasonable rates of interest upon improved Farm Security.

This Company is one of the most liberal in Ontario, and I confidently recommend it to those wanting money.

Interest half yearly on 1st of May and 1st November or may be made payable once-a-year after Harvest if the applicant desires.

The Borrower may arrange for the right to pay sums of money at any time without notice in direct reduction of the principal of their mortgage debts. These payments at once stopping interest to a proportionate extent.

No Fines—No Commission—No Bonus.
C. B. JACKES,
Lower Town, DURHAM.
July 4th, 1879. cm73

500 Men Wanted,

—AT—

Kelsey's Gallery to Stand or Sit for their Photos.

THE undersigned having thoroughly refitted his Gallery, adding New Furniture and accessories of the most approved design, is now prepared to supply the public with

First-Class Photographs,

At the lowest possible prices.

Cabinet Sizes a Specialty.

Parties wishing to get Photos would do well to call and see samples before going elsewhere.
NORMAN KELSEY,
W. BLACK, Operator. Proprietor.
Upper Town, Durham, Opposite the REVIEW Office
Durham, Aug. 21, 1879. tf-78

ROBT. BULL,

BUILDER, Durham, keeps on hand a large stock of Sash, Doors and all kinds of Building materials, also a stock of Mouldings in Walnut, Rosewood, and Gilt. Plans, specifications and Bills of Lumber made out on short notice. A full stock of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Trimmings always on hand.

A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE TO HIRE.

Remember the place,—a short distance north of the Post Office.

Alexander Robertson,

TAILOR,

Residence at the Old Post Office, Lower Town, DURHAM.

THE subscriber is prepared to Receive and Make Up, on the shortest notice, and in the Latest Style, Men and Boy's Clothing. A good fit guaranteed.

Latest Fashions Regularly Received

A few first-class BARCLAY

Sewing Machines For Sale,

Cheap for Cash. These Machines are the best made, and give entire satisfaction to those using them.
ALEX. ROBERT
Durham Nov 1878. y4

POETRY

For the Review.

Consolation.

'Tis true, my friend, Life's ills are hard to bear
When one seems burdened with a double share
When every path that should lead on to joy
Is blocked by care or trouble's dark alloy.

We look around the scene of busy strife,
The struggling, striving ways of mortal life,
Ambition noble, and hard, selfish greed,
The homes of plenty, and the haunts of need.

Each brow, mature, bears the rough brand of care
And Doubt's grim shadow lingers everywhere;
Earth's chalice, sweet, stands by the child's fair crown,
Which all too soon the eager hands cast down.

In every home a haunting spectre stands,
With the sealed mandate in its ghastlity hands,
And to the strong or weak, the grand or proud
It whispers of the coffin or the shroud.

Yet, thoughtless all, we linger o'er the dross,
Gladly we count each gain, sadly each loss,
While pain and care and striving may not cease
And the worn spirit finds no boon of peace.

Perchance we ask, "Why is it we are here?
What profiteth a soul the mortal sphere
Where nought is stable, and strong hopes are vain,
Where sinks the spirit 'neath care's weary pain?"

Yet though we cherish hopes that find sad flight
And oft may grope through paths of dismal night,
If, with unselfish gaze we kindly turn.
Than ours more hopeless sorrows we may learn.

Be not cast down, my friend, I bid you rise,
Consider that you hold earth's grandest prize,
And though you may not have the needed wealth
You have what gold can never buy—good health.

Now look around and see what you can see,
You say Misfortune's football you must be;
Yet thousands bear a deeper, deadlier woe
Than it may ever be your lot to know.

'Tis ours to strive with the strong will of man,
And do with all our hearts the best we can,
With duty done upon the mortal sod,
And conscience clear we'll leave the rest to God.

Durham, FRANK W. PORTER.

Six Love Letters.

"Are there any more of those letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucillia," said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder:

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all, as much as hers, and you won't break her heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only—" gasped the little woman: and hearing Lucilla coming she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla Richmond for 12 months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands, as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his desparing daughter.

"Lock these up until I return this evening," he said to his wife: "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music teacher on any pretence whatever."

And then Lucilla went down upon her knees.

"Oh, dear papa!" she cried "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed, I could not. He's poor I know, but he's a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa!"

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With which remarks Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with your paper, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so very pleasing. I wish I could soften your father."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope, I'm afraid," sobbed Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know), I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond. But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down, then went into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and, as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as these were, and drew them out. These letters were to a Lucilla, also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had her troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that the lovers' letters were all so much alike. Half a dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those these music teacher had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or word she had never attempted such a thing. But she was very fond of her daughter.

When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded "the letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated, still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbons, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla she began to weep as though the end of all things had came at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty. The lovehest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you, or die!' Dear, dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such rhapsodies, I'm sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lunilla."

"Great Heavens,, what impertinence to pour parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence, until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll—I'll murder him; As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope—elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab—I——"

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa! you are crazy!" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your letters to mamma, written long ago. Mother's name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly, and say:

"You know, Charles, it's so long ago, and I thought you might not exactly remember how you fell in love with me at first sight; how papa and mamma objected, and how, at last, we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let Lucilla marry the man she loves, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy—have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an elopement; and in due course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

The Blazing Butler Mine.

TEN ACRES OF ANTHRACITE COAL GLOWING LIKE A FURNACE.

The fire in the Butler colliery, a short distance from the Lehigh & Susquehanna Railway, on the outskirts of Pittston, Pa., continues to burn fiercely. At present it is estimated that ten acres of anthracite are glowing in the upper veins, and the most startling phase of the affair is that the miners in the employ of the company are working the vein beneath. A visit to the workmen in their subterranean oven gives some idea of the intensity with which the fire is raging over their heads. Although separated from them by seventy feet of solid rock, yet the heat is so great that they are compelled to work without a particle of clothing upon them, excepting a light pair of drawers or overalls. The perspiration pours constantly from their bodies, and the temperature is continually much the same as if they were at work in the presence of a roaring furnace. It is very seriously questioned by those understanding the situation, whether the men should be permitted to work in this, intensely perilous position. Even the air they breathe has to pass through the flame of the burning vein before it reaches them, and it is understood that Mine Inspector Jones has already notified the company that they must construct another shaft to admit pure air to the workmen, or quit work.

The fire in the Butler mine has now been burning upward of two years. It originated in the old workings of an abandoned or worked out mine, near what is known as the outcrop of the fourteen feet vein and on the very highest ground of the property of the Butler Coal Company. The destructive spark was first kindled by a poor degraded woman, who having been driven from the shelter of the town, took refuge in one of the numerous caves on the outskirts. Here she made a fire for the purpose of cooking such stray crumbs as she could pick up and keep her warm at night. One midnight she was alarmed by seeing the entire side of the cave on fire, and she fled in terror from the scene. Superintendent Bennett, one of the most practical and careful managers in this region, had his attention called to the fire early in June, 1877. By that time it had made a good deal of headway northeast of the pitch along the millars, and the course it was taking indicated that it would shortly exhaust itself. There was nothing to give rise then to the apprehension that it would work its way down the pitch or declivity, and immediate steps were taken to cover the "cave holes" by which the air was admitted to feed the flames. The immediate vicinity of the first at that time was honeycombed with three cave holes, caused by the caving in of the surface where the mine had been worked out and no pillars left to support the roof. The stopping up of these prevented in a measure the progress of the fire, but owing to the elevated character of the place it was impossible to obtain water in sufficient quantity to be effective. An arrangement was made with a party to open and clear out an old chamber in the mine, intending thereby to cut off the flames, but the work was done in a bungling manner and failed to do what was intended.

Seeing the threatening character of the element the company at length adopted a plan at an enormous expense, which it was hoped would prove effective. A point was selected about 800 feet from the fire, at which an open cut was begun from the surface down to the old workings. It was intended that this cut would be 350 yards in length, twenty feet wide at the bottom, and ranging from twelve to forty feet in depth. The plan was that of Engineer C. T. Conrad, who contemplated at the outset the removal of 50,000 cubic feet of earth, rock and coal in the construction of this magic circle about the fire. He tunnelled a part of the way, and, in the face of obstacles apparently insurmountable, he worked steadily day and night with a stronge force of men until his plan was effected. The progress of the flames has since been slow, but now they seem to have gained a great hold, and not only the coal but the superincumbent rock is red with fire. It has now advanced almost to Engineer Conrad's circumscribed limit, and much anxiety is felt lest it should break beyond the boundary.

The danger lies in the tunnelled part, where it is feared glowing rock will carry destruction over the sackway and communicate it to the adjoining property. The greater danger from the fire would arise from its extension into the workings of the Pennsylvania, Coal Company, and, once there, no power on earth can prevent it from working its way under the town of Pittston.—*New York Herald.*

Some Nuts for Sir Leonard to Crack.

FROM OUR CONTEMPARIES.

The dealers in carriage and saddlery hardware have, in convention assembled, raised the price of their manufactures 20 per cent. This is one of the articles of import on which heavy duties were put by the "N.P." It will be a heavy blow to the carriage building manufacturers, the raw material entering into their business being already heavily taxed.

The Government organs at first apologized for the heavy prices which the tariff has enabled the rubber goods monopolist to impose upon the Canadian public by charging them exorbitant prices, by blaming the increase on cost of raw material. The Montreal *Gazette*, however, has a novel and original pretext for the latest advance made by the monopolist. It is because the weather had become wintry and there was an immediate demand for rubber goods!

Mr. Fleck, of Ottawa, a prominent Conservative voted for the "N.P." believing it would benefit his business. He was kept pretty busy during Mr. Mackenzie's term of office; was never compelled to reduce the wages of his employees, or to dispense with the services of any of them. A day or two ago, Mr. Fleck had to reduce his workmen by one half, and the remaining men can only get work four days a week. Why should Sir Samuel come west looking for "booms," when his services are so urgently required at the Capital? This is the dark side of the picture however, and Sir Samuel only looks at the bright side.

A Protectionist journal says:—

"The bulk of our imports from the United States consists of articles which do not enter into competition with Great Britain."

What humbug, then, for the "heaven-born" to say he had constructed a tariff which would "take it out of the Americans" more than out of the British. It is easily demonstrated that the increase of duties was less on the articles taken principally from the United States than it was on the articles taken principally from Britain.

COAL AND FLOUR.—The great interchangeable flour and coal trade between Halifax and Toronto has ended for the season and probably forever. The last of the five vessels chartered by Howland and Company to carry coal down and flour back has arrived here. The total amount of Nova Scotian coal brought into Toronto was 1,600 tons. We are assured by the Tory press that Ontario millers have complete possession of the eastern markets. It follows that the quantity of coal brought up this year cannot be increased in future years. For the sake of bringing up that coal, worth to the coal-owner at the outside price, $2,600, every ton of the eight hundred thousand tons of American coal brought into Canada has been taxed fifty cents, and the Government has promised it shall be taxed 75 cents. This year we have been taxed $400,000, and in future years, if the Tory Government should last, we shall have to pay $600,000, and all in order that Nova Scotian miners may do $2,000 worth of business. If there could be any greater instance of suicidal tomfoolery than the coal-tax, we do hope that some other country than ours is answerable for it.—*Globe.*

SELLING THE JEWELS.—The Plantagenets were very rough and ready financiers. When Richard I took it into his head to try conclusions with Saladdin, he raised the needful by turning the Crown manors and the fortresses of Roxburg and Berwick into hard cash, selling offices of trust to the best bidders, and did not hesitate to avow that he would dispose of London itself if a purchaser were forthcoming Strangely enough, Cœur de Lion never seems to have thought of doing the same by his crown jewels. Henry III. was the first English monarch who had recourse to that undignified expedient. The idea, indeed, did not originate with him, for it is recorded that when some person or persons unknown suggested the replenishing of the royal coffers by selling the crown plate and jewelry, the King hinted a doubt as to the likelihood of finding purchasers, and being assured that the citizens of London would gladly accommodate him, Henry exclaimed: "On my word, if the treasury of Augustus were brought to sale, the citizens are able to be the purchasers. These clowns, who assume the name of Barons, abound in everything, while we are reduced to necessities." Notwithstanding his indignation, Henry, like other men in his predicament, was willing enough to deal with the full-pursed ones he abused, and so in 1348 he sold the citizens of London all the plate and jewelry he had not already mortgaged to the merchants of France. The relief afforded was, however, only a temporary one, for 7 years later we find him demanding 8,000 marks of the Jews, and answering their remonstance against the exaction by pleading that he was a beggar, spoiled and stripped of all his revenues, without a farthing wherewith to keep himself, and therefore must have money by any hand and by any means.—*All The Year Round.*

The average salary of a certificated scholmaster in England is now about $583, that of a schoolmistress $355. About half the English teachers are provided with residences free of rent.

The Uses of Trial in the Divine Life.

No. 2.

2. The significancy of trials does not in general lie on the surface of things as they come to pass, not deep down into the interior providence pregnant with gracious purposes towards us. They form a part of those grand arrangements of an all-wise providence, which begin with our birth and end with our death. There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the lesson earth has to give.

They are, therefore, often mysterious in their mission with regard to us. Be silent under them, and learn the ends to be effected by them. "When I was some years ago at Shields," says Whitfield. "I went into a glass house, and there I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took one piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I asked him, 'Why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me 'Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent.' 'Oh,' thought I, 'does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be rendered perfect?' Oh my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as he is."

Again, after the same manner thus speaks Charlotte Bronte with much practical wisdom. "How very wise it is in people placed in an exceptional position to hold their tongues and not rashly declare how such position galls them! The world can understand well enough the process of perishing for want of food: perhaps few persons can enter into or follow out that of going mad from solitary confinement. They see the long buried prisoner disinterred, a maniac or an idiot!—how his senses left him—how his nerves, first inflamed, underwent nameless agony, and then sunk to palsy—is a subject too intricate for examination, too abstract for popular comprehension. Speak of it! you might almost as well stand up in an European market-place, and propound dark sayings in that language and mood wherein Nebuchadnezzar, the imperial hypochondriac, communed with his baffled Chaldeans. And long, long may the minds to whom such themes are no mystery—by whom their bearings are sympathetically seized—be few in number, and rare of recounter. Long may it be generally thought that physicial privations alone merit compassion, and that the rest is a figment. When the world was younger and haler than now, moral trials were a deeper mystery still: perhaps in all the land of Israel there was but one Saul—certainly but one David to soothe or comprehend him.

(*a*) Trials, as a corrective of, or as a counterpoise to, some evil in us. Trials were a corrective in the case of David. Of this, he gives us his experience in the language—"Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word." Again, to the same effect, he says:—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." Trials, were, in the case of Paul a counterpoise; hence, he says, lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelation, there were given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure." In like manner, our trials are gracious visitations, having for their object our growth in grace and advancement in the Divine life. This is a great truth and sweet consolation.

(*b*) Trials as a preparatory process to condition the mind, on the one hand, to resist temptation, that they may stand immoveable in the ways of God; and, on the other, to receive bestowals of grace, that they may abound in holiness, without which no man can see God. In the pride of his heart, Job rebelled against God; but he was by a series of trials, brought to see himself and to humble himself before God in deep contrition of heart, hence, with his soul uplifted to God in adoration, he says:—"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Purged of pride of heart, he approaches God as a poor, needy sinner, and receives out of his fullness grace upon grace. Are you brought low by the trials of life? Rest not in humiliations, but the deeper the humblings, the more entirely and unreservedly do you carry those humblings to Jesus. He will give unto you the unspeakable riches of his grace. Peter, too, was taught to lean not on himself in the hour of temptation but on God. He did so in his subsequent career, and he speaks his own experience, in common with the experience of others, when he says, "the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ, whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

(*c*) Trials as an amplificative process to impart new experiences and higher degrees of spiritual life. This was the case with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It is the case with the household of faith in all ages. As they pass through the various ordeals of trial they acquire new views of Divine things, new objects of the Divine life, new spiritual tastes, spiritual desires, new spiritual habits—their spiritual life is enlarged in new experiences; hence, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievious: nevertheless afterward it yielded eth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Again from the same cause we are made approach nearer to a realizing sense of the world, that is to come, and to be intensified into higher spiritual life by bright views of its glory; hence, our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

O. S.