"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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Professional and business cards, one inch space and under, per year,	$ 4
Two inches or 24 lines Nonpariel measure	7
Three inches do. per year	10
Quarter column, per year	15
Half column, "	28
One column, "	50
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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. III. No. 14. DURHAM, Co. Grey, MAY 20, 1880. Whole No. 117.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

E. D. MACMILLAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c.—OFFICE opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town, Durham.

Money to Loan. y10

C. B. JACKES, B. A.

ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Commissioner in B. R., Notary Public,

Lower Town, Durham. y 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-60 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, Agent, 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—Opposite Parker's Drug Store, Durham, where he may be found at all hours day or night. y21

DR. LIGHTBODY,

WILL be at his Office, Hanover, from 8 a.m. to Noon. At home, 3rd Con. N.D.R., Bentinck, after noon. Messages for the Dr. left at Roth's will receive attention. y50

GORDON.

DENTIST will visit British Hotel, Durham, on the 5th and 6th of every month. First class work only done. Head Offices at Elora & Fergus. y1

F. Z. NIXON,

GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto.

VETERINARY SURGEON,

DUNDALK, Ont.

Will be at Hunting's Hotel, Shelburne, every Monday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 5 p. m.

Dundalk, March 20th 1879. y57

MISCELLANEOUS.

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 undredth Regiment.

Fine Calf Boots, sewed, from $5.50 to $6.50.
" " pegged, from $4.75 to $5.50.
y-59.

VICK'S

Illustrated Floral Guide.

A beautiful work of 100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with price of seeds and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT STAMP. In English and German.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLORAL GUIDE, telling how to get them.

The Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, Six Colored Plates, and many hundred Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vicks Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents. 3 trial copies for 15 cents.

Addres, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

W. CHITTICK,

Merchant Tailor,

MAIN STREET, DUNDALK.

IN thanking his numerous customers for their past favors, and soliciting their future ones, begs to say that he is now fully prepared to execute any orders that may be entrusted to him with neatness and punctuality, and at prices the cheapest in the village.

Cutting Specially Attended to.

Dundalk, Nov. 19th 1879.

Dundalk Mills.

THE Undersigned having leased the above Mills and placed them in first class running order, begs to intimate to

Dundalk and Surrounding Country,

That he is prepared now to do all kinds of

Gristing, Chopping, &c., &c.

ALL KINDS OF

MILL Produce

—AND—

First Class Flour kept on Hand.

ALEX. HUNTER.

Dundalk, March 24th, 1880. d-110

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

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 P. O.

Priceville, Au. 16 1877. tf-27.

Money to Loan

ON Real Estates at 8, 8½, and 9 per cent, according to privileges 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

W. F. DOLL,

Flesherton and Dundalk,

For watches that are Time Pieces.

Clocks that give the best satisfaction

Wedding and Jem rings all sizes and prices. Repairing Watches & Clocks a Speciality.

Agent for the Heintzman Piano and Dominion Organ.

W. F. DOLL.

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

Leather, Leather.

THE subscriber has on hand and for Sale a stock of Leather of different brands in first-class order, and at prices as low as it can be purchased at any other place.

Boots and Shoes,

Either Sewed or Pegged,

On hand and made to measure. Good Workmen, Good Material and Low Prices.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

CASH FOR HIDES.

The Last Call.

The undersigned would intimate to those whose accounts are long past due that unless a settlement made within the next two months, the accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

J. C. JOPP

Rockville, Bentinck July 1st, 1879.

EDGE MILLS, DURHAM.

THE subscriber wishes to intimate to Farmers, and the Public Generally that having had the above Mills furnished with the best machinery for

Gristing & Merchant Work,

He is prepared to fill all orders entrusted to him on the shortest notice and in a first class manner

CHOPPING carefully attended to.

ZENUS CLARK.

Durham, Feb 12, 1880. tf-103

POETRY

No Friend Like Jesus.

No friend like Jesus—can it be,
No friend on earth like Christ to me?
Ah yes! 'tis true, I've found it so—
No friend like Jesus here below.

No friend like Jesus! blessed truth!
I've proved this in the days of youth,
In life's young morn so bright and fair,
I've cast on Him my every care.

No friend like Jesus! glorious thought!
I've by experience this been taught;
Through all this life I cannot find
On earth, a friend so true and kind.

No friend like Jesus, whilst I stray,
Far from my home, o'er life's rough way;
While sailing o'er life's stormy sea,
I find no friend like Christ to me.

No friend like Jesus! Oh how grand
To have dear Jesus for my friend;
Where e'er I go, what e'er betide,
I still have Jesus for my guide,

No friend like Jesus, this shall be
My song, where e'er he leadeth me;
His saving power I will make known,
And glory in His Cross alone.

No friend like Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To humbly sit at Jesus' feet—
To hear Him say, "I am thy friend"
"I'm with you always to the end."

No friend like Jesus! hear him say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,
Fear not but put your trust in me,
A crown of life I'll give to thee!"

No friend like Jesus! all through life,
Midst conflicts wanderings, toil and strife,
Through all life's journey, he will lend
His cheering presence to the end.

No friend like Jesus! none so kind!
He fills with peace the troubled mind,
And though I oft his spirit grieve,
He's always willing to forgive.

No friend like Jesus, when the night
Of death begins to dim my sight;
When death's dark waves shall round me roll,
And dash their spray upon my soul.

No friend like Jesus, in that day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
When burning worlds beneath our feet,
Shall truly melt with fervent heat.

No friend like Jesus, when we stand
Around His throne, a blood-washed band,
Dear Saviour, thou shalt ever be
My friend through all eternity

ALEX. BEST.

A Brave Revenge.

'John Thomas,' said a beautiful young lady, as she threw up the sash of the window at which she was standing, 'tell that dirty boy to get off the stoop at once.'

John Thomas, the liveried footman, who was arranging the mats in an elegant coop before the door, at once walked towards the boy in obedience to his lovely mistress' command.

But the boy, evidently a bootblack, spared him the trouble by rising at once and walking slowly away.

He was a poor, emaciated, forlorn-looking fellow, with his clothes hanging about him in tatters, and his bare toes peeping through the wide cracks in his ill-mated shoes, but he had as much pride in his humble, easy way, as the fair lady at the plate glass window had in hers, and there was an unmistakeable look of wounded dignity on his begrimed race as he turned it for an instant in the direction of the speaker.

'I'll not soil their stoop with my rags again,' he thought, as the clear, cutting tones ceased, and the window slid slowly down to the sill.

But having reached the next pavement beyond, he paused and again turned his eyes toward the lady's face.

She was extremely beautiful, reminding him of one of the bright prints he had been wont to admire at a down-town bookseller's, and for some moments he feasted his eyes on the charming picture before him.

'A cat may look at a king,' was his inward comment, and leaning against a neighboring lamp-post, he watched until the descended the broad stoop, entered the carriage and was driven away. Then with a sigh and shiver, for it was a cold wintry morning, he slowly shuffled away.

It was some years ago, before boy's lodging houses or other hospitable retreats were thought of, and like many another bootblack and newsboy of the period, when without means, he was compelled to find food and shelter as best he could.

On this morning he had arisen with aching bones from the interior of an empty hogshead, where he had managed to pass the night, and after taking a long look at the rolls and coffee he could not buy, had wandered' he scarcely knew how or why, into the present aristocratic locality.

Hungry, tired and cold, he scarcely had the spirit to look about for another job; but midway down the block he espied two gentlemen engaged in conversation, and with an effort he quickened his steps toward them.

"Have a shine, sir?" he asked, glancing up at the elder of the two, a stout old gentleman, faultlessly dressed and carrying a gold-headed cane.

But a cool 'clear out' accompanied with a wave of the gold crested stick was the only reply.

'Those young rascals ought to be suppressed by the police as a nuisance,' he heard him remark to his companion as he turned away.

At another time he would have returned the old gentleman's opinion with a sarcasm as cutting as his own, but now he was quite too discouraged and miserable to reply, and sitting down on the curbstone, gave himself up to his own dismal thoughts.

'Might have know'd better'n ter come over here among the swells, anyway,' was his inward comment, but it went no further, for he was now accosted by a big countryman, who, in his homespun rig, looked fully as much out of place on the avenue as the young bootblack himself.

'That a boot-blackin' arrangement, ain't it?" said the man, nodding at the boy and brush.

The boy nodded in return.

'Well, then, bub, you up and gloss my shoes, will you?"

This bub was only too glad to do, a faint smile flitting over his face the while.

In a few moments the "cowhides" were, as the owner declared, 'all right,' and surveying them complacently, he fumbled into the depths of his great pockets for the change.

'You're what they cell a perfesshunal bootblack, haint you?"

'Zactly'

'Then, by Jimmy! Yer a poor specimen uy the craft; look as though you hadn't tasted cow flesh in a month.'

'Yer right there, boss; no more I have.'

'Thought so,' was the rejoinder, 'and here's fifteen cents for tu buy yer breakfast.'

'You are a bully cove,' was the boy's reply, as he pocketed the money; 'when you come this way again I'll shine you up for nothin'.'

Fifteen cents at such a time was as good as a fortune, and away sped the boy to purchase a breakfast.

There is nothing that reflects so directly on the entire system as a good breakfast, particularly when there is a strong north-eastern blowing its icy breath to the marrow of one's bones.

So the knight of the blacking brush found it on that chill November morning, all his former spirits returned as the last morsel went ravenously down his throat.

With a bound he was off down the street, and soon, as luck would have it, turning the pennies as fast as he could reasonably desire.

* * * * * * * * *

It was near 8 o'clock that same evening, and our young friend, standing beneath the light of a street lamp, was turning in his mind whether he had best spend a portion of his earnings in a theatre ticket, or save it for the morrow, when some one slightly touched his shoulder.

Turning suddenly, he beheld the ebony visage of a young colored waiter with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

'How are ye, Sambo?' he asked, patronizingly.

'Oh, bery well, tank'e, but I'ze in a powerful hurry, and I come over dis way to hunt some pusson to do me a favor.'

All right, shady. Then I'm the one yer arter. How much yer goin' to guv?'

Just one shilling, and its only to tote a note to a young colored lady dat libs wis some white folks a piece up town. She' actin' in the 'pacity ob chumbermaid, and her name am Sophronia Johnson.'

'Well, give us the change an' the letter, an' I'm off.'

'Whew!' exclaimed the boy, as he started off with the letter in his pocket, and the directions in his head. 'The very house druv me from this mornin'. Wonder if the nigger'll order me off the stoop.'

As the young "colored gemman" had said, it was 'only a piece up town,' the house being on Fifth avenue, just above Sixteenth street.

But as the boy neared the corner of the street, a piercing cry of "Fire!" "Fire!" reached the ear; hurrying on to see whence it came, to his amazement, it proved to be the very house to which he was bent on his errand as letter-carrier.

The fire alarm had been sounded, and a crowd was rapidly gathering before the door, and among them the bootblack was soon standing.

In some way the fire had gained a headway before its existence had been discovered, and the flames were darting upward through the wide halls and into the second story. The staircase was wrapped in a wreathing cloud of smoke, and little flames of crimson light appeared in its midst, and on the pavement just beyond a gray-haired man with clasped hands and a face stricken with terror.

Our young friend recognized him at once. It was the same old gentleman that had told him so gruffly to 'be off' that morning, and in an instant he took it all in, that he was the father of the beautiful young lady he had seen at the window, and that someone was perishing in the flames.

'My child, my pet!' he was saying to himself; then turning excitedly to the gathering crowd, he said in tones that sounded above the din of the approaching engines, and the hum of the murmuring throng about him:

'A hundred dollars to the one who will save my grandchild. Who will save my grandchild?'

'I will,' responded a shrill voice at his side, no other than that of the poor bootblack of the morning.

'You are only a child,' he began—

But the boy, pointing to the twirling flames above him, interrupted hastily.

'Tell me where the child is, and for God's sake be quick!'

'In the second story, back in a little crib.'

'Some of you fellers boost me onter that ledge above the parlor winder?' said the boy to the gaping bystanders, 'an' I'll have it down in a twinkling.'

Quickly they did his bidding, and in less time than it takes to relate it, he had clambered to the front chamber window, and, effecting an entrance, disappeared amid the choking smoke that was fast filling the room.

He soon found the crib, and taking the little sleeper in his arms, wrapped it from head to foot in a blanket which he tore from the rosewood bedstead at his side.

Then pulling of one of the sheets he endeavored to tear it into shreds, but in vain; it was made of the strongest and finest of linen. His knife, however, was in his pocket, and hastily whipping it out he cut it into a number of strips.

Then tying them together to form a rope, he fastened it about the middle of the child.

'Here it is,' he shouted, and at once lowered the child into its grandfathers' outstretched arms.

A great cheer resounded from the multitude below, and the firemen, seeing the precarious position, ran for a ladder. But every instant the danger increased, and he could feel the seething fire almost catching him in its merciless embrace.

'I must jump,' he shouted, and a hundred hands reached out to catch him as he gave the leap.

But with all the eagerness of those beneath him, they missed their reckoning and he fell to the ground.

Tender hands raised him, but there was no recognition in the still white face. A deep gash across the forehead pointed to the most serious wound he had received, and without once opening his eyes or give the least sign of consciousness, he was borne to a neighboring hospital.

It was days before he recovered his senses—weeks before he could walk. But he was the recipient of good tidings. The hundred dollars, which seemed like a fortune in his inexperienced eyes, was certainly his, but better still the news that the parents of the child he had saved intended to take his future in their charge.

Since, he has become a man of high position and unquestioned ability, and whenever he is asked how he came by the scar on his forehead his answer is: 'I received it when I was a bootblack, and I call it 'my revenge.''

Three Men Drowned in Manitoba.

The Winnipeg *Free Press* of the 6th says:—News was received to day of a terrible accident which occurred at the mouth of the Souris River on the 28th of April, by which three persons were plunged into eternity. It appears that a large party had been exploring the land in the vicinity with a view of locating. On arriving at the mouth of the Souris, only one skiff was available, and this was utilized to transport the party across. The river was booming but a portion of the party had been safely got over, when five persons entered the boat. Their names were Frank McPhee, of Shediac, N. B.; George Elliott and John Whitelaw, Coburg; Ed, Donnelly, Palmerston, Ont., and a man of whose name our informant was not quite certain. This was too much of a load for the frail bark, but they pushed boldly out. This was about 9 o'clock in the evening, and quite dark. The boat dipped several times on the way across, and finally, as they approached the other shore, she went over, precipitating the occupants into the rushing flood. At this juncture Donnelly shouted out, 'Every man for himself,' and made a plunge in the direction of a fallen tree which he had observed extended out from the shore quite a distance into the stream. Being a little above the tree, he struggled manfully, and was swept into its branches, but his strength was spent, and he was numbed by the icy current, so that all he could do was to clutch the twigs with a dying grasp and wait for assistance. In the meantime McPhee had struck out for the shore they had just left, and his cries for assistance could be heard by those on the bank who could not see him on account of the darkness. His strength however failed him, and it is conjectured that he was swept down into the Assiniboine, as his body was never found. The third man who met his fate struggled desperately, but was dragged down into the depths, from which he never emerged. Elliott and Whitelaw succeeded in reaching the shore in an exhausted condition, and the former, knowing that Donnelly had made an attempt to reach the fallen tree, informed his friends of the fact. A search was at once made, but poor Donnelly was discovered clinging to the branches with a death grip. He had been forty-five minutes in the water and chilled and nerveless by reason of his long submersion, he was more dead than alive. He was at once carried to the shore, but the strain had been too great for his power of endurance, and he died in a few minutes after his rescue without speaking a word, although he was conscious and made several attempts to do so. His arms were found to be frozen by the exposure he had undergone, that it was with the greatest difficulty his clutch on the branches could be unloosed. He was buried next day on the banks of the river near the place of his death.

Both McPhee and Donnelly were well known here, having arrived in this city some time ago, from whence they proceeded west for the purpose of securing land for the establishment of a colony. Donnelly leaves a wife in Palmerston, Ont., to whom his untimely death will be a terrible blow.

Davis the bigamist, who has been convicted in Chicago of marrying three women, and is believed to have married thirteen, one of whom was a Canadian, has been sentenced to prison for a term of five years.

Christianity and its New Assailants.

Those who boast or think that the intellectual battle against Christianity has been fought and won are reckoning without their host. Christianity, even in its sadly imperfect developement, is, as a matter of fact, at the head of the world. I am tempted, gentlemen, further to offer you, with a daring which I hope may be thought excusable, a general observation on the frame of mind in which we all—and most of all those specially engaged—should meet that conflict or contact with opposing forces, which, in this day no thoughtfully educated man can hope wholly to escape. No defence is to be found in timidity, but much defence is to be found in circumspection. What we have most to complain of is a perceptible rapidity of the question trial, and summary condemnation, which is perhaps as far removed from reason as is the grossest of the superstition it condemns. There is a kind of steeplechase philosophy in vogue; sometimes it is specialism that assumes the honors of universal knowledge, and makes short cuts to its conclusion. Sometimes it is that knowledge of external nature is, by one of the strangest of solecisms, thought to convey a supreme capacity for judging questions which belong entirely to the sphere of moral action and of moral needs. All this suggests that abnormal causes are in some degree at work; that besides research and the great modern art of literary criticism, and a useful reaction against usurping traditions, there is, so to speak, something of an epidemic in the air. We have no need to examine whether there does not creep about among us a predisposition to disturb, a preference for negation, and something of a mental levity, which are more or less included in the term scepticism—a temper to be discouraged, a frame of mind broadly distinguished from what Dante has sanctioned and Tennyson has called "honest doubt," as well as from a hearty allegiance to truth, and a determination so to speak, even to hate father and mother for its sake. If this be so, what I suggest is, in a manner, to meet scepticism with scepticism, a wanton scepticism with a scepticism more legitimate. Put it on its trial; allow none of its assumptions; compel it to explain its formulæ; do not let it move a step except with proof in its hand; bring it front to front with history; even demand that it shall show the positive elements with which it proposes to replace the mainstays it seems bent on withdrawing from the fabric of modern society. When it alleges that our modern morality—such as it is—is really the work, not of Christianity, but of civilization, require it to show cause why this advanced morality has never grown up except under the ægis of the Gospel; why the old civilizations were one and all smitten with decay, and degenerated in moral tissue even before they lost their intellectual vigor.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Oshawa *Reformer* says:—About half past nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, Mr. Henry Sawford, a resident of Brock street, on opening the door of his house and stepping outside, observed a column or what he at first thought was fire rising from the roof of the house of Mr. W. H. Luke, his nearest neighbor. As he was about to give the alarm, the flame or light, which at first appeared to come from the roof, suddenly rose perpendicularly into the air to the height of fifty or sixty feet, leaving a space of a number of feet between the roof and the base of the column in which there was no appearance of light. Being convinced that his neighbor's house was not on fire Mr. Sawford watched the illumination for several minutes: the column was apparently about two feet in diameter and twenty-five in height, giving a mellow white light and from every side there were thrown off jets of light having the appearance of spray. He approached within a few feet of the column in order to have a better view of it. In a short time its position was changed and it rose directly over Mr. Luke's greenhouse and moving in a westerly direction approached within a few feet of Mr Sawford's house, where it was seen by several members of his family. The evening was quite dark and occasional flashes of lightning were seen in the distance. Mr. Sawford was about to go and call Mr. Wm. Deans, who lives close at hand, to come and witness the strange spectacle, of a pyramid of light moving about over the tops of the houses and across the lots throwing off jets of illuminating spray, when there came a flash of lightning of more than usual brilliancy and in an instant the strange visitor vanished and was seen no more. It is quite certain that the phenomenon witnessed by Mr. Sawford and his family, and which is described by them as having been exceedingly beautiful, was due to an unusual development of electricity in the atmosphere, but why it should have been limited tf the small space over which it appeared to pass—about half an acre in extent—we leave for scientists to explain.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE EXTENSION.—The contract for the entire work for the erection of the south wing of the Agricultural College has been let to Mr Brown, of Hamilton, who will commence operations immediately. The cottages are not to be built this year, the contract for the completion of the main building having exceeded the estimates.—*Mercury.*

Curious Cases of Illiberality.

There are some, who give, in support of religious ordinances, even beyond their means, and when they give anything in lieu of money, it is sure to be of superior quality; but there are not a few, who give little compared with their means, and when they give anything in lieu of money, it is sure to be of an inferior quality. Let us, in the sequel, set this forth before you, not in the unrealities of fancy, but in veritable facts, which are sometimes stranger than fiction. Among such facts, we would first draw your attention to a scene of comic interest, that took place in a church:—On Sunday, at morning service, the Rev. W. Valentine, M. A., incumbent of St. Thomas' Stepney, and, we believe, the oldest clergyman in the diocese of London, after giving out a text from Isaiah, said it was announced to the congregation twice on the previous Sunday that a collection would be made on the following Sunday to defray the church expenses. He was, therefore, not surprised at the scanty attendance of his parishioners. It had always been so, and was anything but creditable to his flock. If there had been no collection there would have been a larger attendance, and in spite of the bad weather. The treasurer, or rather the person who paid the bills, had advanced £30 more than he had received, and more bills were coming in. The collections were always insufficient, and he had never seen any gold in the plate except his own. The wealthy who had acquired riches and kept shops in the parish lived in the country, and contributed nothing to the church, to the schools, which educated 700 children, and would soon educate 1,400, or to the numerous charities in operation in the parish. They were principally supported by a people at a distance. He was sure that those who had prospered in the parish, and who had neglected their duty to their church and to their poorer neighbors, would not always prosper. Is this outburst, from the pulpit, of righteous indignation against the parsimony of the pew in the interests of religion and humanity well founded in fact, or is it not merely the figment of imagination? If well founded in fact, is it peculiar to this single congregation or to congregations in general? Does the pew plead guilty to the indictment in a manner indicative of its not being local, but of its being everywhere among men? Let us hear the confession in a dialogue between two on the subject:—Tibbie,—"Hiv ye heard that they're gaun tae hae the Indian Collection in the Corporation Galleries sune? It'll be weel worth gaun tae, nae!" Kirstie—"Weel, I'm shuir I'll no gang, for wrin they hae the Indian Collection in oor kirk I aye bide at hame. They're aye makin collections for India." There is here an obvious lack of the spirit and principle of Christian liberality in the interests of religion and humanity; but than this spiritual indifference there are worse forms, a few of which we subjoin, as samples of classes differing the one from the other in form and degree, but agreeing with each other in principle and spirit:—

1. FAMISHED CHICKENS IN LIEU OF MONEY.—In payment of the stipend, famished chickens were brought one night to the parsonage, but they were, by starvation, reduced to poverty and so exhausted by the jolting of the waggon over rough roads that they were all found dead the next morning. The pastor was thus paid, but he received nothing of value for his services.

2. TAINTED MEAT IN LIEU OF MONEY.—A heifer was killed for the use of the household, but it did not keep well. What, in the circumstances, was to be done in the disposal of it to advantage? A quantity was brought to the parsonage in payment of stipend. The parson was thus paid and his family necessitated to live on unsavoury meat.

3. BETRAYED TRUST.—A woman sent through a deacon a quantity of dried apples to her pastor. Not long after she took tea in the parsonage when there were on the table dried apples, nicely stewed, regarding them as the gift of his guest, the pastor thanked her for the gift; but with emphasis, she said, "They are not my dried apples." On subsequent enquiry, it was found that the deacon had kept for his own use the dried apples of the woman, which were of a superior quality and had sent for the family use of the parsonage his own dried apples, which were of an inferior quality. He was ever afterwards called "Dried-Apples."

What do you think of such transactions being done by members of the church to their pastor? Do you designate them unjust, mean, and cowardly, inasmuch as they are done to one, not in a position to defend himself as he ought or as others can? This is, perhaps, the right line of thought; but our present purpose is not so much to note the moral qualities of men in such transactions as to mark out the foibles of individuals or the ludicrous incidents of their life in matters of religion; and as this, our purpose has been sufficiently carried out by the unique character of the cases already adduced, cases all taken from actual life, and each opening up to the reflective mind an endless variety of similar cases, we conclude our little comedy with a farce of the same nature:—"There was a Kerry priest," began Ned Shea, "an' he had the fashion of hearin' confessions wid a slate and pencil; an' he'd write down every sin, an' the price of it opposite. Well, one day a big mountainy fellow come to his duty, an' says he, 'I bruk a man's head last Hallow Eve.' 'That's ninepence,' said the priest. 'I cut the tail ov Larry Kelly's cow.' 'Thats a shillin'—oh, a shillin' that is!' And down it went on the slate. 'I I nearly murdered me wife twice.' 'That's thruppence; go on.' 'I kilt an orangeman.' 'Whoo! says the priest, rubbin' out everything. That clanes out all the rest!'"

O. S.

The value of the fish product of Canada during 1879 amounted to $13,529,254, an increase of over $300,000 over the previous year.

Thirty buildings in the village of Stuyvesant, in New York State, were destroyed by fire on Thursday. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

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