SUNSET WINGS.

To-night this sunset rose—its golden wings
Clasping the western sky;
Winged too with wind it 'n, and winnowings
of birds; as if the day's last hour or flags
Of sweet-voice flight must die.

But sat, cased in fire, the homeward pinions sway
Above the downcast hope,
And clouds of starings, ere they vest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill-wheels, as wild play,
By turns in every cope:

Each free heart-charge the wrangling rout receives—
Join for the white wrinkle,
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves!
Ah! so, from life's days and the swarm leaves
Amy with all its dit.

Even thus Hope's hours, in edying flight
To many a refuge send;
With the first light she laughed, and the last light
Glows round her still; she nestledee, in,the night
At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable
Together call and war,
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,
Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,
No more, farewell, no more!

Is Hope nobegjmed, as "were a fery dart?
And, oh, then dying day,
Even as thou goest must she too depart,
Sweet for fold such pinions on the heart
As will not fly away?

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

(Hunrgatured according to Copyright Act of 1868.)

A SIMPLETON:

A Story of the Day.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Falcon went, Jock seemed to desert their claim; day after day went by without a find; and the discoveries on every side made this the more mortifying.

By the time the diggers at Daltcel's pan were as miscellaneous as the audience at Drury Lane Theatre, only mitred more closely; the gallery folk and the stalls worked cheek by jowl.

Here was a gentleman with an affected lisp, and close by an honest fellow, who could not deliver a sentence without an oath, or some still more horrible substitute that meant nothing at all in reality, but served to make respectable flesh creep; Amergeneral with these, Hottentots, Kafirs, and wild blue blacks gaily clad in an ostrich feather, a scarlet ribbon, and a Tower musket, sold them by some good Christian for a modern rifle.

On one side of Staines were two swells, who lay on their backs and talked opera half the day but seldom condescended to work without finding a diamond of some sort.

After a week's deplorable luck, his Kafir boy struck work on account of a sore in his leg; the sore was due to a very common cause, the burning sand had got in, had to scratch, and festered. Staines, out of humanity, examined the sore, and proceeding to clean it, before bandaging, out popped a diamond worth forty pounds, even in the depreciated market. Staines quietly pocketed it, and bandaged the leg. This made him suspect his black had been cheating him on a large scale, and he borrowed Hans Brinker to watch them, giving him a third, with which Master Hans was mightily pleased. But they could only find small diamonds, and by his time prodigious slices of luck were reported on every side. Kafirs and Boers, that would not dig, but traversed large tracts of ground, when the sun was shining, stumbled over diamonds. One Boer pointed to a waggon and eight oxen and said that one lucky glance on the sand had given him that lot; but day after day Staines returned home, covered with dust, and almost blinded, yet with little or nothing to show for it.

One evening, complaining of his change of luck, Belteel quietly proposed to him mightiness, "I am going," said he, resignedly, "and you can come with me."

"Do leave your farm, a-a-a?" Why, they pay you ten shillings a claim, and that must make a large return; the pan is fifteen acres."

"Yes, mine vrieud," said the 'poor Holander, "they pay; but deir money is oors too soon." Vere is mine pease? Da farm is six tousand acres. If de cursed diamonds was farther off, den it was well. But dey are too near. Once I could smoke in peace, and sleep. Now diamonds is come, and sleep and peace is fled. Der is four tousand tents, and to each tent a dawg; dat dawg lock at four tousand oder dawgs all glassy, and dey bark at him and at each oder. Den de masters of de dawgs dey get angry, and fire four tousand pieces at de four tousand dawgs, and make my bed shake wid the trembling of mine vere My wife is wid diamonds infected. Dey vill not work. Dey takes long walks, and always looks on de ground. Mildrine shall be a hump-backed, round shouldered, looking down for diamonds. Dey shall forget God. He is on high; deir eyes are always on the earth. De diggers found a diamond in mine plaster of mine wall of mine house. Dat plaster was limestone; it come from dose kopjes de good Gold made in His anger against man for his wicked ness. I say so. Dey not believe me. Dey think dem schmucks stones grew in mine house and break out in mine plaster like de measle; dey want to dig in mine wall, in mine garden, in mine house. I say dey shall dig in mine body. I vill go. Better I love peace, dan money. Here is Boers, company make me offer for mine varm. Dey forgive de diamonds."

"You have not accepted it," cried Staines, in alarm.

"No, but I vill. I have said I shall think of it. Dat is my way. So I say yah."

"An Kr-glish company? They will cheat you without mercy. No, they will not, though, for I will have a hand in the bargain."

He set to work directly, added up the value of the claims, at ten shillings per month, and amazed the poor Hollander by his statement of the value of those fifteen acres, capitalized.

And, to close this part of the subject, the obnoxious diamonds obtained him three times as much money as his father had paid, for the whole six thousand acres.

The company got a great bargain, but Belteel received what for him was a large capital, and setting far to the south, "the final descendant of a philosopher was as savoir," carried his gollodness, his cleanliness, and his love of peace, out of the turmoil, and was happier than ever, since now he could compare his placid existence with one year of noise and strife.

But long before this, events more pertinent to my story had occurred.

One day, a Hottentot came into Belteel's farm, and went about among the diggers, till he found Staines. The Hottentot was employed at Dalle's Kloof, and knew him. He brought Staines a letter.

Staines opened the letter, and another letter fell out; it was directed to "Reginald Falcon, Esq."

"Why," thought Staines, "what a time this letter must have been on the road. So much for private messengers."

The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,

"This leaves us all well at Dale's Kloof, as I hope it shall find you and my dear husband at the diggings. I am so happy to say I have good news for you. When you get well by God's mercy, I am to the doctor at the hospital, and told him so. I wrote unbeknown to you, because I had promised him. Well, sir, he has undertken back to say you have two hundred pounds in money, and a great many valuable things, such as gold and jewels. They are all at the old bank in Cape Town, and the cashier has seen you, and will deal by them on demand. So that is the first of my good news. Reginald, it is good news for us. But, dear sir, I think you will be pleased to hear that Dick and I are thriving wonderful, by thanks to your good advice. The wooden house is in both, and a great oven. But, sir, the traffic came down upon us like a bustle, and the miners that call here, coming and going, every day, yes would not be satisfied, but must have a bottle of wine, or a bottle of brandy, and dear Reginald, will never be dull here now. I know you will be sadder at first, but I do hope, for Dick to see you both home again.

"Sir, we are doing well, and our fortune. The grain we could not sell at a fair price, we sell at bread, and higher than in England ever so much. I'm not content to make money the poor things praise us, too, for being so upright. Sir, I think Dick and me owe you your to you, and if so be you are minded to share, why nothing would please us better. Reginald is always short of money in these parts; and if it hurts your pride to be our partner without money, why you can throw in what you have at the Cape, though we don't ask that. And, besides, my cousin Christopher Christopher, a great every day, but as steady as one, for want of experience; but if you see him, it will let you most know them well by this time, and we might turn many a good penny that way. Dear sir, I hope you will not be offended, but I think this is the only way we have, Dick and I, to show our respect and good-will.

"Dear sir, digging is hard work, and not fit for you and Reginald, that are gentlemen, amongst a lot of rough fellows, that their talk makes my hair stand on end, though I daresay they mean no harm.

"Your bedroom is always ready, sir, never will let it to any of them, hoping now to see you every day. You that know everything, can guess how I long to see you both home. My very good fortune seems not to taste like good fortune, without those I love and esteem to share it. I shall count how many days this letter will take to reach you, and then I shall pray for your safety harder than ever, till the blessed hour comes when I see my husband, and my good friend, never to part again, I hope, in this world.

"Your, Sir,

"Your dutiful servant and friend,

"PRUDE DALLE.

"P.S.—There is regular travelling to and from Cape Town, and a Post now to Pniel, but I thought it surest to send by one that known you."

Staines read this letter with great satisfaction. He remembered his two hundred pounds, but his gold and jewels puzzled him. Still it was good news, and it made him not a little. Phoebe's good fortune greatly fled him too, and her offer of a partnership, especially in the purchase of diamonds on returning diggers. He saw a large fortune to be made, and wanted and deserved it with recent illtuck, blast-eyed and almost blinded with sorting in the glaring sun, he resolved to go at once to Dalle Kloof. Should Mr. Falcon be gone to England with the diamonds, he would stay there, and Rose should come out to him, or he would go and fetch her.

He went home, and washed himself, and told Belteel he had had good news, and should leave the diggings at once. He gave him up the claim, and told him to sell it by auction. It was worth two hundred pounds clear of all expenses. Belteel was with him, and he started within an hour. He left his gun and his tent, and took only his double rifle, an admirable one, some ammunition, including conical bullets made on the spot, a flask given him by Pikoen, a bag full of carbonates and garnets he had collected for Gardiella, a few small diamonds, and one hundred pounds—all that remained to him, since he had been paying wages and other things for months, and had given Falcon twenty for his journey.

He rode away, and soon put twenty miles between him and the diggings.

He came to a little store that bought diamonds and sold groceries and tobacco. He haltered his horse to a hook, and went in. He offered a small diamond for sale. The master was out, and the assistant said there was a glut of three small stones, he did not care to give money for it.

"Well, give me three dozen cigars."

While they were chaffering, in walked a Hottentot, and said, "Will you buy this?" and laid a clear, glittering stone on the counter, as large as a walnut.

"Yes," said the young man. "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds!" Let us look at it:" he examined it, and said he thought it was a diamond, but these large stones were so doubtful, he dared not give two hundred pounds. "Come again in an hour," said he; "then the master will be in."

"No," said the Hottentot, quietly, and walked out.

Staines, who had been literally perspiring at the sight of this stone, mounted his horse and followed the man. When he came up to him, he asked him where he was going. The Hottentoon quietly assented.

Staines looked at it all over. It had a rough side and a polished side, and the latter was of amazing softness and lustre. It made him tremble. He said, "Look here, I have only one hundred pounds in my pocket."

The Hottentot shook his head.

"But if you will go back with me to Balfeel's farm, I'll borrow the other hundred."

The Hottentot declined, and told him he could get four hundred pounds for it by going back to Paiel. "Dick," said he, "my face is tarned so; and when Squat turn his face so, he going home. Not can bear go the other way then;" and he held out his hand for the diamond.

Staines gave it him, and was in despair at seeing such a prize so near, yet leaving him.

He made another effort. "Well, but," said he, "how far are you going this way?"

"Ten days."

"Why, so am I. Come with me to Dalle's Kloof, and I will give the other hundred. See, I am in earnest, for here is one hundred, at all events."

Staines made this proposal, trembling with excitement. To his surprise and joy, the Hottentot assented though with an air of indifference; and, on these terms, they became fellow travellers, and Staines gave him a saddle, and they went on side by side, and halted for the night forty miles from Balfeel's farm.

They came to a Boer's outhouse, and the crow was civil, and lent Staines a jackal's skin. In the morning Staines gave the diamond, a carbuncle, and a score of garnets; for a horrible thought had occurred to him, if they stopped at a place where miners were, somebody might buy the great diamond over his head, and he, and the others grew on him, and, with all his philosophy, he went on thorns, and was the slave of the diamond.

He resolved to keep his Hottentot all to himself if possible. This man was getting that crossed the road, and they roasted a portion of the animal, and the Hottentot carved some for his friend.

Seeing that he admired the rifle, Staines offered it him for the other hundred pounds; but, though Squat's eye glittered a moment, he declined.

Finding that they met too many diggers and carts, Staines asked his Hottentot was there no some other road? The man, after pointing to one he knew was just over Dale's Kloof.

"Oh yes, he knew nearer way, where there were trees, and shade, and grass, and no many beasts to stop."

"Let us take that way," said Staines.

The Hottentot, docile as wax, except about his prize, led the way, chatting and calmly; and next day they passed through a kind of country, and their eyes were soothed with green glades here and there, wherever the clumps of trees sheltered the grass from the sun. Antelopes abound, and were tame; Staines, an excellent marksman, shot the Hottentot his supper without trouble.

Sleeping in the wood, with not a creature near but the antelopes, was thought more Staines. Suppose this Hottentot should assassinate him for his money, who would ever know? The thought was horrible, and he awoke with a start ten times that night. The Hottentot slept like a log, and never thought for his own life and precious booty; Staines was compelled to own to himself he had less faith in mankind than this savage had. He said to himself, "He is my superior. He is the master of this dreadful diamond, and I am its slave."

Next day they went on till noon, and then they halted at a wooded delightful spot; a silver kloof ran along a bottom, and there was a little cascade, and the trees were thickly covered their long tresses, pining for the stream, and sometimes getting a cool grateful kiss from its spray in a breeze of wind.

They hattered the horse, bathed in the stream, and then the Hottentot made a fire, and All sort of delicious langour and enjoyment of life.

The Hottentot made a fire, and burnt the remains of a little sort of kangaroo Staines had shot him, the evening before; but it did not suffice his maw, and, looking about him, he saw three elands leisurely feeding about three hundred yards off, and he, instead of piping the rich herbage close to the shelter of a wood.

The Hottentot suggested that this was an excellent opportunity. He would borrow Staines's rifle, and, creep like the wind, crawl on his belly close up to them, and send a bullet through one.

Staines did not relish the proposal. He had seen the savage's eye repeatedly glint on his rifle, and he was afraid he might, if he might even yet relent, and give the great diamond for the double rifle and ten pounds of rifle; and he was so demoralized by the diamond, and filled with suspicious, that he feared the worst if he philosophy was to be his possession, might cut, and be soon no more, in which case, Staines, still the slave of the diamond, might hang himself on the nearest tree, and so secure his Rosa and his diamond, and all everything. In short, he had really diamond on the brain.

He hesitated a little at the end of his proposal and then got out of it by saying, "That is not necessary. I can shoot it from here."

"Is is too far," objected Blacky.

"To be sure it is. The Enfield rifle could kill the poor beast at three times that distance.

Blacky was amazed. "An Enfield rifle," said he, in the soft musical murmur of his tribe, which is the one charm of the poor Hottentot; "and one shot from afar."

"Yes," said Christoph. Then, seeing he compassion, he continued, "I can make a hope." If I kill that eland from here, will you give me the diamond, for my horse and the wonderful rifle—the Enfield? Is such a rifle?"

(To be Continued.)

Tragedy in Maine.

A despatch from Belfast, Maine, says:—

"At daybreak this morning, Almon Gordon, a lumber dealer, shot his wife, Sarah Jane, and his wife and youngest daughter, were found murdered in their bed. His little son, six years old, who slept in a crib in the same room, was severely wounded but may survive. The bloody deed was evidently committed with an axe which was found on the premises. The wounds of the three murdered persons were inflicted on the head and must have caused instant death. The brother, John T., was soon arrested. He is 28 years old, a farm laborer, and unmarried. He maintains a sullen indifference, refusing to answer any questions, but saying that at the proper time he will defend himself. The coroner held an inquest this afternoon, but had not rendered a verdict when the last train left Thorndike at 6.30 p.m. The prisoner will probably be arraigned before the Police Court of this city to-morrow.

SOLOMON AGAIN.—The wise King Solomon is supposed to have given a high order of intellect, and a fine display of judgment as history can show, but we do not think he is to be compared to a Kansas backwoods-man of whom we have lately read. It appears that two neighbors had a dispute about a fence, which might even get relent, and give the great diamond for the double rifle and ten pounds of rifle; and he was so demoralized by the diamond, and filled with suspicious, that he feared the worst if he philosophy was to be his possession, might cut, and be soon no more, in which case, Staines, still the slave of the diamond, might hang himself on the nearest tree, and so secure his Rosa and his diamond, and all everything. In short, he had really diamond on the brain.

He hesitated a little at the end of his proposal and then got out of it by saying, "That is not necessary. I can shoot it from here."

"Is is too far," objected Blacky.

"To be sure it is. The Enfield rifle could kill the poor beast at three times that distance.

Blacky was amazed. "An Enfield rifle," said he, in the soft musical murmur of his tribe, which is the one charm of the poor Hottentot; "and one shot from afar."

"Yes," said Christoph. Then, seeing he compassion, he continued, "I can make a hope." If I kill that eland from here, will you give me the diamond, for my horse and the wonderful rifle—the Enfield? Is such a rifle?"

(To be Continued.)

Tragedy in Maine.

A despatch from Belfast, Maine, says:—

"At daybreak this morning, Almon Gordon, a lumber dealer, shot his wife, Sarah Jane, and his wife and youngest daughter, were found murdered in their bed. His little son, six years old, who slept in a crib in the same room, was severely wounded but may survive. The bloody deed was evidently committed with an axe which was found on the premises. The wounds of the three murdered persons were inflicted on the head and must have caused instant death. The brother, John T., was soon arrested. He is 28 years old, a farm laborer, and unmarried. He maintains a sullen indifference, refusing to answer any questions, but saying that at the proper time he will defend himself. The coroner held an inquest this afternoon, but had not rendered a verdict when the last train left Thorndike at 6.30 p.m. The prisoner will probably be arraigned before the Police Court of this city to-morrow.

SOLOMON AGAIN.—The wise King Solomon is supposed to have given a high order of intellect, and a fine display of judgment as history can show, but we do not think he is to be compared to a Kansas backwoods-man of whom we have lately read. It appears that two neighbors had a dispute about a fence, which they submitted them begun to dispute as to who should pay. After much of what the local journal calls "Kansas language" and "chin music," they concluded not to pay at all, but to take the bone between them, and a pitcher and bottle, whereupon they left it to him to decide who should be molested for the damage done to the fence. The Judge, a decanter over the head of one of the disputants, and hitting the other in the face with an iron lemon-squeezer, after which he belabored both, as they laid on the ground, with an iron bar, broke the leg of one and the arm of the other. When he had dashed all the blackguards who had stopped the money they had in their pockets, not forgetting to take enough to pay him for the additional trouble he had had to go in.

(Continued from First Page.)

deemed inexpedient by his Lordship and the Council of the Synod, to present at any regular meeting of the Synod.

Mr. A. H. CAMPBELL moved that a committee be appointed to consider the report to the next session of the Synod on the question for the distribution of the surplus of the Commutation Trust Fund, said committee to be composed of the Archdeacon of Niagara, Rural Dean Lauder, Dean Jones, Worrell, Hon. V. C. Blake, and R. H. Campbell.

The resolution was carried.

Provost WHITTAKER moved that the Rev. J. D. Cayley be appointed Precentor of this Synod, in room of the Rev. Dr. Beaven resigned. Also that this Synod greatly regrets the absence from long continued indisposition of the Rev. James Beaven, D.D., and desires to express its lively sympathy with him under a disability which he must deeply feel, and its grateful recollections of valuable services he has so long rendered.

The motion was carried.

Rev. Dr. LETT brought forward a resolution to the effect that the Synod would gladly receive any well digested plan for the union of the Church with other distinct bodies only separated from each other in their modes of worship and organization, &c.

Rev. E. C. COOPER moved an amendment, seconded by Rev. Dr. O'MEARA, That this Synod will hail with thankfulness and joy any well digested plan for the union of the Church for restoring that unity of the Catholic Church of Christ, which is at present so much broken by sects and schisms that the Hottentoon quietly assented.

Staines looked at it all over. It had a rough side and a polished side, and the latter was of amazing softness and lustre. It made him tremble. He said, "Look here, I have only one hundred pounds in my pocket."

The Hottentot shook his head.

"But if you will go back with me to Balfeel's farm, I'll borrow the other hundred."

The Hottentot declined, and told him he could get four hundred pounds for it by going back to Paiel. "Dick," said he, "my face is tarned so; and when Squat turn his face so, he going home. Not can bear go the other way then;" and he held out his hand for the diamond.

Staines gave it him, and was in despair at seeing such a prize so near, yet leaving him.

He made another effort. "Well, but," said he, "how far are you going this way?"

"Ten days."

"Why, so am I. Come with me to Dalle's Kloof, and I will give the other hundred. See, I am in earnest, for here is one hundred, at all events."

Staines made this proposal, trembling with excitement. To his surprise and joy, the Hottentot assented though with an air of indifference; and, on these terms, they became fellow travellers, and Staines gave him a saddle, and they went on side by side, and halted for the night forty miles from Balfeel's farm.

They came to a Boer's outhouse, and the crow was civil, and lent Staines a jackal's skin. In the morning Staines gave the diamond, a carbuncle, and a score of garnets; for a horrible thought had occurred to him, if they stopped at a place where miners were, somebody might buy the great diamond over his head, and he, and the others grew on him, and, with all his philosophy, he went on thorns, and was the slave of the diamond.

He resolved to keep his Hottentot all to himself if possible. This man was getting that crossed the road, and they roasted a portion of the animal, and the Hottentot carved some for his friend.

Seeing that he admired the rifle, Staines offered it him for the other hundred pounds; but, though Squat's eye glittered a moment, he declined.

Finding that they met too many diggers and carts, Staines asked his Hottentot was there no some other road? The man, after pointing to one he knew was just over Dale's Kloof.

"Oh yes, he knew nearer way, where there were trees, and shade, and grass, and no many beasts to stop."

"Let us take that way," said Staines.

The Hottentot, docile as wax, except about his prize, led the way, chatting and calmly; and next day they passed through a kind of country, and their eyes were soothed with green glades here and there, wherever the clumps of trees sheltered the grass from the sun. Antelopes abound, and were tame; Staines, an excellent marksman, shot the Hottentot his supper without trouble.

Sleeping in the wood, with not a creature near but the antelopes, was thought more Staines. Suppose this Hottentot should assassinate him for his money, who would ever know? The thought was horrible, and he awoke with a start ten times that night. The Hottentot slept like a log, and never thought for his own life and precious booty; Staines was compelled to own to himself he had less faith in mankind than this savage had. He said to himself, "He is my superior. He is the master of this dreadful diamond, and I am its slave."

Next day they went on till noon, and then they halted at a wooded delightful spot; a silver kloof ran along a bottom, and there was a little cascade, and the trees were extinguished without much damage. The bodies of the father, mother, and infant, who occupied the same bed, were cut round, and glued and so scorched as to be hardly recognizable. The little boy, who slept in a crib in the same room, was severely wounded but may survive. The bloody deed was evidently committed with an axe which was found on the premises. The wounds of the three murdered persons were inflicted on the head and must have caused instant death. The brother, John T., was soon arrested. He is 28 years old, a farm laborer, and unmarried. He maintains a sullen indifference, refusing to answer any questions, but saying that at the proper time he will defend himself. The coroner held an inquest this afternoon, but had not rendered a verdict when the last train left Thorndike at 6.30 p.m. The prisoner will probably be arraigned before the Police Court of this city to-morrow.

SOLOMON AGAIN.—The wise King Solomon is supposed to have given a high order of intellect, and a fine display of judgment as history can show, but we do not think he is to be compared to a Kansas backwoods-man of whom we have lately read. It appears that two neighbors had a dispute about a fence, which they submitted them begun to dispute as to who should pay. After much of what the local journal calls "Kansas language" and "chin music," they concluded not to pay at all, but to take the bone between them, and a pitcher and bottle, whereupon they left it to him to decide who should be molested for the damage done to the fence. The Judge, a decanter over the head of one of the disputants, and hitting the other in the face with an iron lemon-squeezer, after which he belabored both, as they laid on the ground, with an iron bar, broke the leg of one and the arm of the other. When he had dashed all the blackguards who had stopped the money they had in their pockets, not forgetting to take enough to pay him for the additional trouble he had had to go in.

TICHBORNE.

THE TRIAL CONTINUED.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

On Tuesday, May 27, the Hon. Sir Alexander Stuart, principal clerk in the office of Registrar of Probates and Administrations, Doctors' Place, London-bridge, was called: He said they kept a register of all seamen of the United Kingdom, and had entered in it from the beginning of 1867 Mr. Holmes, the solicitor, made an enquiry relative to a vessel trading with Australia about the time the Bella was wrecked. Accordingly he (witness) traced out all the vessels, and with the view of seeing if any vessel had picked up a ship-wrecked crew. Mr. Holmes also brought a list from Lloyds' for him to look through. He traced every vessel which went to Australia about the time in question, but could not find that anything had been picked up. An appointment was made for Sir Roger to come to the office at a certain time, but Mr. Holmes afterwards said he could not keep it as he was unable to leave his mamma. Asked Holmes to give the names of any persons on board, and he said he could only give two—Owen Lewis, or Lewis Owen, and John Peadon, who were officers of some description. On that information he searched the books, and found that John Lewis was second officer on board the Mitcleton to Hobart Town, and that James Peadon was made on the same voyage. Turning to the list of the Midfleton, he highlied on the name of Arthur Orton. By means of the information which he had obtained he traced his connection with the mercantile marine. As stated, Orton had entered upon service had a mariner's register ticket except a master pursser and doctor. Orton had a second ticket, one of which is under cultivation, and many of the patients find useful employment therein.

The evening session commenced at 7:30 p.m.

After prayer by the Rev. T. S. Howard, and the reading and confirmation of the minutes of the afternoon session, the special feature of the General Union question viz: The Union of the Wesleyan Conference and the New Connexion Conference, was taken up.

The official notification bearing upon this subject was read by the President, Dr. Rice. It was intimated that a resolution, of which the following is the substance, was passed in the New Connexion Conference:—Moved by Mr. Wm. Cooper, Wm. Atkinson, seconded by the Rev. Mr. MERCHANT, That the matter of a union with the Wesleyan Conference, in favour of which the New Connexion Conference had voted affirmatively be referred to the next quarterly meeting, and that a deputation be sent to England in view of making the necessary arrangements with the parent New Connexion Conference of England.

The Rev. Dr. RYERSON proposed some amendments to the report of the Union Committee on this theme.

The Rev. Dr. FOWLER made an elaborate and eloquent speech reviewing the entire question. He considered that the Union once is too great haste in the consummation of the Union.

The Rev. Dr. Ryerson, in a speech in favor of the resolution, of which the following is the substance, was passed in the New Connexion Conference:—Moved by