Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

OR,

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

N.B.—These Hymns are "fitted to the Tunes used in Churches," being of the same Metres with the received "Version of the Psalms of David."

LXIV.—THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. L. M.

The Collect.

Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants, and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

I.

O God, within "the House of Prayer," a
To all Thy Saints let grace be given,
Their humble part aright to bear,
And find Thine House "the gate of Heaven." b

II. c

When here we ask for help Divine,
We pray Thee, lend a gracious ear!
Conform our Will, O God, to Thine,
And then our Suit in mercy hear!

III. d

Thy Temple cleanse from all that's vain,
And make each heart a "house of prayer:"—
"Cast out," O Lord, each thought profane;
Allow no Mart of Mammon there.

IV.

The Spirit send from heav'n above!
O, send Him forth with Gifts of grace! e
Come, Holy Ghost! Celestial Dove,
And keep the heart a "holy place!" f

V.

'Tis Thine to bid the tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is God and Lord: g
'Tis Thine to teach the Saints to bless
His holy Name with sweet accord.

VI. h

O, blessed Lord! We here present
Time—Talents—Gifts—our all to Thee:
May ev'ry life to Thee be spent,
And ev'ry act an Off'ring be!

a *The Gospel*—(Luke xix. 46).
b Genesis xxviii. 16, 17.
c *The Collect.*
d *The Gospel*—(verses 45, 46).
e *The Epistle*—(1 Cor. xii. 1, 4).
f 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17, and vi. 19, also Matt. xv. 18, 19, 20, and Isaiah lvii. 15.
g Verse 3 of *The Epistle*.
h Rom. xii. 1.

OLD ROBERT GRAY.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Years had passed away. In a low, dark, dirty house, in a narrow lane of an old town, two youths were standing together inside the door, watching eagerly, as if for something they expected to come from the street without. The room was dirty and wretched; a little oil lamp shed a pale light round on the torn ragged walls, and heaps of things which lay over the room, with bits of carpet and drugget thrown over them. The first grey light just glimmered through the patched panes of the narrow window. It was like a house where things went on which ought not. The lamp light shone faintly in the faces of the boys: one was a tall youth of sixteen, his face was very thin and pale; his hair of the palest hue, almost white; his eye grey and restless, and a look of great anxiety on his brow: he leant with his ear against the keyhole, listening; the other stood by his side—a stouter youth, with merry face and laughing eyes, who seemed to be used to trouble himself about nothing.

Both were dressed in the most slovenly manner, with clothes which had been good, but were now old, ragged, and torn. The fair boy had on a coat which was once black, and a loose blue neckcloth, which was tied in a knot round his throat, leaving his thin neck bare; his shoes were slipshod, and his whole appearance wretched. The other was more tidy in his look, though it was more from being a tidier boy than from being better dressed. The door was barred and bolted inside; a heavy chain was hung across, swung upon hooks.

"They're late," said the tall pale boy.

"Hark ye," said the other, standing in a listening position: "didn't ye hear that?" He placed his finger to his lip.

A long, low, shrill whistle was heard outside, at the far end of the street.

"They're near, Charlie boy; they'll soon be up, and then for the sport."

The pale boy sighed, and looked vexed.

"Oh, you're always so odd, and don't half enjoy our life. None would think you had been bred to be a robber these ten years. You're not half a man. When they do come home with something good, you never look pleased. Any one would say you were a parson: for one would think you thought it wicked to steal!"

"Well, and is't not?" said the other quickly and sharply.

"Well, for that matter, I don't know much about the matter. It doesn't do for a bred thief to have a conscience."

"But if one has got one, what's he to do with it?" said the other sorrowfully. "I know I've been a bred thief these ten years, and a wretched, wretched life it's been; but, for all that, I knew once what was right, and I know it now, very often to my cost: I wish I didn't."

"Well, well, Charlie, we won't fall out; you were always odd: the difference 'twixt you and I is, that I'm a born thief, and you're a bred one; for I never had a turn, except for stealing, and no conscience neither; *no one ever taught* me right, I know that. Let them as know right do right."

Charlie shuddered, and looked hurriedly round the room.

The low whistle was heard again outside in the lane, close to the door; the bars and bolts were taken off silently and cautiously, and two men stepped quickly and softly in.

"Be quick, my lads, fasten up; quick, for they've got scent!" So saying, one of the men threw a large bundle on the ground. "Fasten the door, Charlie; down with the bolts: we can't wait for Bill; he must fight his own battles."

Down went the bolts and locks, and all was quiet: the little lamp was put out; the room was in darkness—they listened in silence—sounds were heard at a distance up the street—footsteps hurried past the house—a pistol was fired, and all was still.

"They've settled one of them," cried one of the men.

The tall boy turned pale, and shook all over.

"What's the matter, Charlie? No one would think you were used to this work so long."

"I wish I never had been," said he.

"Be still, can't you!" growled one of the men, throwing a bill he caught up from the table at the boy: it struck the wall opposite, and Charlie was still.

Footsteps again approached the door. "Let the luggage down," said the men; and the other boy quickly opened a trap-door down which he thrust the bundle they had brought in, and it was as quickly closed again. The bars were carefully undone from the door: men entered, who asked, "If a man named Fielding lived there?"

Charlie stood nearest the door, and the question came to him: he coloured up; he had often lied, he had been taught from a child by the robbers; but he could not tell why, he could not tell one now. He began to stammer, and grew confused; the robbers behind him struck out the light, and a blow on the head dashed Charlie to the ground. "Take that, whispered the robber; and, stepping forward, said to the men, "No such man lived there."

But their suspicion was raised, and they would search the room: they could find nothing, and left the house.

The blow on the boy's head was a bad one: he lay bleeding on the ground; it was some hours before he came to himself; and when he did, he was alone.—The men were gone. The light of morning broke in on the dirty wretched floor: the remains of the bundle they had divided lay scattered on the ground; a few embers were burning on the hearth. The boy got up, weak with loss of blood—faint and confused by his blow. It was Sunday morning; the bells were ringing outside for church, so loud and gladly through the air; they came pealing over the roofs, and down the lane, and into the room where Charlie was. He was leaning with his face against the ledge of the window, his straight fair hair standing round his forehead, his grey eyes looking so hollow and sunk—he looked the very picture of misery.

"Those church-bells," said he to himself, "how pretty they sound! I wonder what church is like? How quiet all the people look who go by; they are all happier than me!" He thought a few moments. "They're all out, and they've left me; they dont care whether I am dead or alive. I'll just go and follow some of them church-folk. May be, I may bring something back which will put Fielding in a good humour; and if not, it 'll be something to do:" so saying, the ragged boy undid the bolts and strolled out.

His dirty strange dress, his worn thin face, and ragged uncombed hair, his wild unsettled eye, made many persons look at him as he passed, and they drew off from the young robber. He was so weak he found it hard to walk; and more than once he leant against the wall. The boy looked suspicious; and so he was, for Charlie was but a robber-boy, though he had good feelings left. He always had had feelings that he was wrong—feelings which made him unhappy and uneasy, and which led him to hold back from many little things the others did. Still, he did not know what the feeling was: it seemed if he had done right once, and that that made him feel he ought to do so again.

He strolled into the church, and sat down in the aisle. Good people stared at him. "They're all afraid of me," thought the boy; "other people look happy—other people have friends to love them, and why shouldn't I?" The service began, and Charlie stood up: when the Confession came, he knelt down and tried to say the words, as if he knew them, one sentence after another.

"It's very odd," thought he; "I was never in church that I remember, yet I know what to do."—The Psalms were read—he listened; he was sure he knew some of the verses, he was able to finish them; it was very strange. When the Psalms were over, he sat down; and when people stood up, he stood up.—He wondered at himself. He said the Lord's Prayer quite right all through; but he did not wonder, for he said that every night and morning in bed; he had always done that; he would not leave it off for the world. He had remembered some of the words in the daytime, and it made him think he should not do a wrong thing; and yet while he used the prayer, if you had asked him who God was, he couldn't have told you. That saying of the Lord's Prayer! It was his idea of the oldest thing in his life.

Strange scenes came back to his mind: he didn't know what they were—about people and places, ways of doing things—like things we dream of—so strange and yet so pleasant. All through the prayers he seemed half to know what to do, and then again forgot himself, and stared about him, and yawned, and looked so wild and strange, that the people looked at the young robber, as if they thought he had no business there.

He felt odd, and yet he liked it: it seemed to bring pleasant thoughts and feelings to his mind. He felt as if it was all right; but yet it seemed to him as if there ought to be somebody there besides himself. Somebody, or something—he didn't know what—he felt as if it was some one he had to take care of.—Such a strange thought for the young robber to have! but so it was. He went out of the church with all the people. He strolled home to the dark house in the alley. He had many thoughts as he walked along. He felt unhappy; he had often been so before, and yet he scarcely knew why. He had felt so when he used to say his prayers: but he did not understand his feelings. He felt as if there was some reason for altering his way of living; but he did not know what gave it him. He never saw any one who spoke a kind word to him, or a good word either. He had been to church; and the quiet holy place had a great effect upon him. All the trouble he had had about leading a bad life came back to him; but he didn't know what to do, or how to mend; he had no one to go to to teach him. Still he *had been taught once*; and, though he could not recollect who it was by, some *one had taught him*, and the work was not quite gone away.

When he knocked at the door of the robbers' cabin, it was opened by Fielding, who met him with an oath and a blow in the face, for having so nearly betrayed them. Charles was used to this; but, somehow, he felt it more than ever to-day. He slunk away into the corner. The rest of the day passed away as usual. The men were busy dividing stolen goods, and putting the rest in parcels to take to exchange-shops to sell. Night came on again: and faint from the loss of blood, Charlie drew away to lie down. He knelt down to say his prayers before he went to sleep, and he always would do that; no one could laugh him out of it: he had *been taught to do so once*, and he dared not leave it off.

He prayed longer to-night than usual; he thought more of what he said; and though he was so ignorant and had lived in such bad habits that he did not know how to get better, yet he felt a kind of relief in being able to say his prayers; and he was long upon his knees, saying the words over and over again, trying to feel them and think of them; and then he found his eyes staring round the room, and his attention all gone again. It was strange to see the young robber kneeling, with his lank face and ragged hair, saying his prayers, *because he had been taught to do so years ago*; while in the next room, over the little smouldering fire, sat the rough men of the gang, who were plotting what they should do next to make their wicked gain. They began with talking in a low tone, and gradually it became louder, so that Charlie heard them as he knelt down on his wretched bed.

"We must take the long narrow lane," said one; "its dark and still, so as we go late enough at night."

"True, true," said the elder man, whom we call Fielding. "The old man, they say, always goes to bed early, and sleeps alone. There 'll be no chance of his disturbing us."

"But," said the other, "they say he keeps his money up in the room where he sleeps, all hoarded up in a bag, and other valuables, which, they say, he keeps belonging to some child of his he lost years ago. We must clear the lower part of the house out first; and we mustn't wake him, or we shall lose the things up-stairs."

Fielding thought a moment.

"I've hit on a plan," said he, and he spoke lower. Charles strained his ear to hear. He looked through the crevice of the creaky door; the rough heads of the robbers were all put together over the fire, and the men who were speaking looked so grim and cruel. The young robber shuddered; he heard them say his name, "Charlie, the boy Charlie, the sooner we get rid of him the better," fell on his ear. The boy turned deadly pale, and trembled; yet still stood listening, till his eyes were nearly starting out of his head, so eager he was.

The dark man looked suddenly round, and his eye fell on the lad. Charles started away; but not quick enough, or before Fielding had rushed at him with a knife in his hand, and seizing him by the hair, dragged him to the ground. "You will listen, will you, young gipsey? and will spy on us, and then peach against us, will you? But you shan't no longer, young fellow; I'll stop your tongue. Dead men don't tell tales."

"Oh, save me, save me!" cried Charlie. "I'll do all, all you tell me; don't kill me!"

The boy screamed so loud, that the men who stood by the fire were afraid lest he should be heard, even in that dark, dismal lane; and, besides, the other boy had pity for his young companion, and running forward, laid hold of the robber's hand. The eyes of the robber were fixed furiously on Charlie, as if he could destroy him. He had hated him long. Charlie never was hard-hearted enough for a robber; he always shewed pity for those who were harshly treated; besides which his conscience still sometimes spoke to him and held him back. Fielding hated him. Bad men are always jealous of those who have got any better feelings than themselves—and he was always afraid of "Charlie's peaching," as he said. But he flung the knife away and let go of his hair, saying with a threatening look, "You'd better do the work I have for you to-morrow night, with no flinching, or woe betide you! That's what I say; and if I dont keep my word, I'm not Joe Fielding." And the fierce robber ended with an oath.

The poor boy, pale terrified, and trembling, crept away to his wretched bed, shuddering all over. He lay down, and many sad thoughts came pressing into his brain. He tried to sleep, but he could not; so he began to pray, to say his old prayers which he could do, for he *had been taught once*, and told God, in his way that he wanted to be better, and mend his ways, and leave off his bad life; and he meant it too, and the young robber felt calmer in his mind.

The wind howled loud outside; the other men had stretched themselves on the floor by the dying fire, and were fast asleep; and when Charlie looked at the dark, wicked faces of the two men he shuddered again, and began thinking how he could get away from them. He tried to sleep; he did not know whether he went to sleep or not, but very pleasant thoughts came into his mind. He was looking at the things in the room; and by degrees it had become a garden—such a sweet garden to his eye, and the two sleeping robbers turned into an old man; such an old man, with long grey hair, and a high stick, and such a blue eye, which looked so kind on Charlie. He never saw any one look so kind on him before, so that the young robber smiled in his sleep. And then there was a garden, and such red apples in the garden, through a little wicket-gate, which turned out of a path, and it was called "Charlie's path;" and in his dream this Charlie was himself. And then he saw the same lad in the churchyard, leading the same old man to church; and he saw the little lad go among the graves, and he spoke to him, and asked why he went among the graves; and, in his dream, the little lad turned into himself. So odd dreams are! And then the bells rang round so loud and merrily, and there was the old church-tower under the hot sun; and the young robber woke up with a start.

The room was still dark, and the men were fast asleep; Charlie had such sweet thoughts come across him; and he felt "so happy like," he determined he would leave the robbers. "So he didn't care what happened to him; he would go; he would now be happy."

But where should he go to? Who would care for a robber-boy? These were questions he did not ask himself. Poor lad! he had no friends in the wide world. But never mind, he was so happy to-night, thinking of going away; it didn't matter where: he would try and serve the great God he once was taught to please—and this made him happy. So he fell asleep again, and had another dream about the old man with the long grey hair, and the little lad who turned out to be himself, and the wicket-gate, and the bed in which the old man slept, and a little crib by its side where the little lad slept, which little lad was himself—that was always Charlie's dream, when he had happy dreams. He didn't know why; it was his only idea of a happy dream; he never had had any other which he could remember. So he slept all night quiet and peaceful, because he had determined to serve God better and mind his conscience.

Morning came at last and broke in upon poor Charlie's happy dream about the old man, and the long green lanes, and the old farm-house, and ended his happy night.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Advertisements.

RATES.

Six lines and under, 2s. 6d. first insertion, and 7½d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines and under, 3s. 9d. first insertion, and 1s. each subsequent insertion. Above ten lines, 4d. per line first insertion, and 1d. per line each subsequent insertion. The usual discount is made where parties advertise by the year, or for a considerable time.

☞ Advertisements, without written directions to the contrary (*post-paid*) inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

From the extensive circulation of *The Church*, in the Province of Canada, (from Sandwich to Gaspe) in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in the Hudson's Bay Territories, and in Great Britain & Ireland, as well as in various parts of the United States, it will be found a profitable medium for all advertisements which are desired to be widely and generally diffused.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOB WORK.
DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER
At the Office of "The Church."
No. 5, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.
ALSO,
BLANK DEEDS, MORTGAGES, & MEMORIALS,
WITH AND WITHOUT BAR OF DOWER,
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
Handsomely printed on superior Paper and on Parchment.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS!

THOMAS BILTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 2, Wellington Buildings,
(SUCCESSOR TO T. J. PRESTON,)

GRATEFUL to the Gentry of Canada West, for the distinguished patronage which he continues to receive, begs respectfully to intimate, that he has received, per *Great Britain* and other vessels, a very superior assortment of the best West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best possible styles and qualities; and would particularly ask the attention of Gentlemen to his very complete assortment of Patent Cachmeres, French Elastic Cloths, &c., for Summer Clothing, in qualities which cannot be surpassed.

The want of an Establishment where Gentlemen can at all times depend upon being supplied with a first-rate article, in Scarfs, Stocks, Gloves, Suspenders, Collars, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c. &c., has induced the Subscriber to be particular in his selection of Goods for that branch of his business.

The Tailoring Department will continue to be conducted on those principles which are calculated to give satisfaction to a discerning public.

N.B.—Clergymen and Barrister's Gowns, &c. &c., made in the most correct manner.

Toronto, May 18, 1846. 462-tf

NEW SUMMER GOODS.

J. HOLMAN,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,

HAS just received a large and choice assortment of SUMMER GOODS, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public generally. They consist of the best

WEST OF ENGLAND BROAD CLOTHS,
Plain and Figured Cassimeres,
Doeskins, Drills, Mixed Silk-Warp Tweed, Olive and Gold do., Black Cassmerett, &c.
ALSO, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Washing Satin and Figured Vestings,
Caps, Gloves, Cravats, Stocks, Ties, Linen Collars, Suspenders Drawers, Lambswool Vests, &c.

All of which he is prepared to dispose of on unusually favourable terms.

Cobourg, June 10, 1846. 465-tf

RICHARD SCORE,
NO. 1, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

KEEPS constantly on hand a supply of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, and Rich Vestings, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage and support.

N.B.—University work done in all its different orders; also, *Judges, Queen's Counsel,* and *Barristers' Robes*, in the most approved style, and on moderate terms.

Toronto, July 1st, 1845. 416-tf

JOHN C. BETTRIDGE,
YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

HAS just received from the English, French, and American Markets, an extensive Stock of
GENUINE, PATENT AND OTHER MEDICINES;
Drugs, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Colours, Varnishes;
GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS;
AND EVERY OTHER ARTICLE USUALLY KEPT BY
CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, AND GROCERS.
All of which he is prepared to sell,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
On as Liberal Terms as can be obtained in Canada West.

☞ An able Assistant has been engaged to superintend the Drug Department.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PREPARED

Toronto, July, 1845. 416-tf

Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, the South-East quarter of Lot No. 17, in the 4th Concession of the Township of Hamilton; 40 Acres of which are cleared. The Land is well watered, and in a high state of cultivation.

For terms of payment, &c. enquire of the Subscriber on the premises.

THOMAS CROSSAN.

Hamilton, 12th June, 1845. 414-tf

TO LET,

THOSE eligibly situated Premises in King Street, three doors west of the Montreal Bank, consisting of a commodious and very convenient Dwelling House, with Store underneath, fitted up in a superior style with Show Windows, Glass Cases, &c. &c., and well adapted for general business, with a Counting House off the Store, and a large Warehouse in rear. Early possession can be had; the House and Store let separately or together.

For particulars apply to the Proprietor, D. E. Boulton, Esq., or to the Subscriber.

PETER MORGAN.

Cobourg, January, 1846. 446-tf

Lands for Sale, in Upper Canada.

THE FOLLOWING LANDS are offered for sale by the Executors of the late John S. C[illegible], Esq., viz.:

District.	Township.	Lot.	Con.	Acres.
Wellington	Amaranth	15	6	200
Johnstown	Bastard	8	5	200
Western	Brooke	Broken lot 27, and E. part of broken lot 26	6	200
Do.	do.	E. half 11	10	100
Do.	do.	19	11	200
Do.	do.	W. ½ 17, W. ½ 27	12	200
Do.	do.	19	13	200
Midland	Camden East	Broken lots 39 & 40	6	200
Niagara	Cayuga	5 and 6, North side Talbot Road, South	..	400
Simcoe	Collingwood	25	5	200
Do.	do.	8	10	200
Eastern	Cornwall	34	9	183
Newcastle	Cramahe	7	6	200
Western	Dawn	E. half 14	7	100
Simcoe	Essa	28	2	200
Midland	Fredericksburgh	Part N. half 20	6	50
Home	Georgina	13	3	200
Gore	Hamilton, (Town of)	5, 6, 7 & 12, Block No. 2		
Do.	do.	14 & 15, "	" 16	
Do.	do.	11, "	" 17	
Do.	do.	3 & 4, "	" 35	
Newcastle	Haldimand	19	7	200
Victoria	Hungerford	18, 22, 24 & 34	1	800
Do.	do.	23 28 front ½ 33	2	500
Do.	do.	12, 17, 18 & 34	3	800
Do.	do.	W. ½ 19	4	100
Do.	do.	15, & E. ½ 25	5	100
Do.	do.	N. half 30	7	100
Do.	do.	S. half 28	8	100
Do.	do.	27	9	200
Do.	Huntingdon	W. half 19	4	100
Do.	do.	10	5	200
Do.	do.	8	6	200
Do.	do.	9	8	200
Do.	do.	13, W. half 14	9	300
Do.	do.	7	10	200
Do.	do.	12	13	200
Midland	Kingston	Part 24, (in lots)	1	16
Do.	do.	Part 15	3	16
Do.	do.	1	6	200
Do.	do.	11	7, W.A.	119
Johnstown	Leeds	E. half 9	5	100
Midland	Loughborough	13	3	200
Western	Moore	E. half 17	12	100
Newcastle	Murray	W. half 12, 16	3	300
Do.	do.	2	4	200
Johnstown	North Crosby	13	6	200
Gore	Nassagaweya	E. half 8	3	100
Simcoe	Notawassaga	8	7	200
Do.	Orillia South	N. half 7	2	100
Prince Edward	Picton [Town]	6, on Portland St.		
Midland	Pittsburgh	23	10	200
Do.	Portland	South half 14	3	100
Western	Plympton	22	3	200
Do.	do.	13	4	200
Do.	do.	23	8	200
Do.	do.	23	13	200
Victoria	Rawdon	W. half 14	5	100
Do.	do.	6 & 20	11	400
Do.	do.	9, 11, 12, 13 & 14	12	1000
Do.	do.	19	13	200
Do.	do.	11, 18 & 19	14	600
Midland	Richmond	Part 4	10	48
Do.	do.	" 1	11	152
Victoria	Sidney	½ 10, 12	8	300
Prince Edward	Sophiasburgh	Part 62	1	141
Western	Sombra	21	7	200
Niagara	Stamford, City of the Falls	5 on Clifton Street; 2 & 5, N. E. side St. Mary Street	..	4½; 1¼
Do.	do.	Lot bounded by Division & St. Mary Streets,	..	7¼
Simcoe	Tay	7	7	200
Victoria	Thurlow	N. half 19	5	100
Simcoe	Tiny	17	11	200
Do.	do.	S. half 13	16	100
Do.	do.	11, S. ½ 13, S. ½ 17	18	400
Home	Uxbridge	17	6	200
Western	Warwick	4	5	200
Johnstown	Wolford	6	6	200

For Terms of sale and other particulars, apply,—*if by letter, free of postage*, to

FRANCIS M. HILL.

Kingston, 1st December, 1845. 439-tf

LANDS FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentlemen in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersigned.

District.	Township.	Lot.	Con.	Acres.
Bathurst	Bathurst	7	11 & 12	365
Home	Brock	21	6	200
Western	Brooke	16	1	200
Do.	Chatham	10	14	200
Do.	Collingwood	22	5	200
Brock	Dereham	22, 24, 25, 26, 28	4	1000
Do.	do.	20, 21, 22	5	600
Home	East Gwillimbury	Part 25	8	88
Western	Enniskillen	29	4	200
Colborne	Fenelon	9	1	200
Do.	do.	14, 17, 22	6	600
Do.	do.	14, 16	7	400
Do.	do.	22	8	197
Do.	do.	18, 20	9	400
Do.	do.	15	10	193
Newcastle	Manvers	7	8	200
Western	Moore	11	3	200
Do.	do.	7, 11	5	400
Do.	do.	W. half 11	7	100
Do.	do.	9	8	200
Do.	do.	11	9	200
Do.	do.	W. half 9	11	100
Gore	Nassagaweya	26	6	200
Simcoe	Oro	19	7	200
Newcastle	Percy	W. half 23	12	100
Western	Plympton	23	1	200
Midland	Portland	18	11	150
Home	Scott	27	3	200
Colborne	Smith	11, W. side of Com'r. Road.	—	200
Western	Sombra	N. half 10	6	100
Do.	do.	N. half 7	13	100
Bathurst	South Sherbrooke	Part 21	2	76
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