ng. The summer sun was shining with unclouded brilliancy; the freshly-cut lawn sent in its delicious fragrance through the open window, where Effie, with bright eyes and blooming cheeks, stood, in all the fresh charms of her light muslin dress.

"What a hot day it is going to be!" she exclaimed, as she shook hands with her cousin. "What shall you do to-day, Godfrey? Would you like a ride this morning? Perhaps Mr. Leicester can find time to accompany us?" she added, slyly.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Leicester; "I have a good deal to do this morning and this afternoon. I am going to walk along the cliffs to Westmeath, to take Mr. Lawrence a ring to the jeweller; it wants cleaning, and the setting is slightly broken."

"You will wait for it and bring it home," said Mr. Lawrence, turning his sightless eyes towards the young man. "The ring is worth two hundred guineas, and I dare not trust it to a stranger."

"There's a chance for you," said Captain Lawrence, laughing. "Bolt with it by all means; you won't get such another!"

"Perhaps I may," returned Mr. Leicester, in the same strain; "a man never knows what he may do till he is tried. If I don't return to-night, you will know I have decamped with the ring."

Light words lightly spoken, but how painfully and vividly did they afterwards return to the memory of all present! Oh, did we but know the influence of careless unmeaning words, how far more guarded we should be in their use!

With those words ringing in her ears, but giving them no weight, Effie ran up stairs to dress for her ride. "If he should not come back!" she thought, "how should I live on here? I wonder if I should ever forget him, or marry any one else! I wish he would not talk of such things."

Once mounted on her favorite little thoroughbred, Effie soon forgot all such gloomy thoughts, and enjoyed the fresh air, the lovely country, and the amusing chatter of her cousin. It was late in the day when they returned, and Mrs. Ellis came to the door with a grave face.

"My dear children!" she exclaimed, "what has kept you? Your uncle and I became quite anxious about you. Effie, you must be quite faint with such a long ride in the heat. It is past two, and you started at ten."

"We could not help it, aunt," replied Effie, springing lightly to the ground; "we raced over the common, and then Godfrey wanted to go on to that old ruined castle; and it was only four miles further, so I said I would, and we got off there and rested. I'm not the least tired, only hungry and warm. I'll go and dress, and be down to luncheon in ten minutes. Godfrey, don't wait for me."

She gathered her habit round her, and went slowly up stairs; for, in spite of her assertion, she felt the effects of her long ride. Captain Lawrence waited some minutes for her; but she did not appear, and finishing his luncheon, he entered the drawing room.

"I think Effie is more tired than she will acknowledge," said Godfrey to his aunt.—"You had better send her up some wine and meat; I shall go for a little stroll when it get cooler; but it is too hot to do anything yet but smoke." He lighted a cigar as he spoke, and strolling down the lawn, disappeared among the trees.

The afternoon was far advanced when Effie made her appearance, and asked where everybody was.

"Your cousin is smoking in the garden, replied Mrs. Ellis; "Vivian is lying down, not feeling very well, and Mr Leicester is gone to Westmeath."

Effie made no reply; but with slow listless step wandered down the lawn in search of Godfrey. Though the winding paths and shady walks she strolled without success, till she stood at last before the ruined bed of mignonette. There was little beauty or fragrance in it now; but Effie remained long by it, her eyes fixed dreamily on the crushed flowers, and her thoughts far away on the road to Westmeath.

How long Effie would have stood there it is impossible to say, for young ladies' meditations take little note of time, especially where the heart is engaged; but Effie's were cut short by a large drop of rain which fell with warning weight on her uncovered head.—Looking up, she perceived to her surprise that the sky was completely overcast with black clouds, and hurrying in she was just in time to escape the heavy shower. Then she took her stand at the window, and while she watched the descending torrents her thoughts once more wandered away to that bare unsheltered cliff road to Westmeath, while imagination pictured that manly figure breasting wind and rain on his homeward way.

Meanwhile on that very road a strange scene was taking place, to explain which we must return to Godfrey whom we left smoking his cigar under the trees in the garden of Trelyss Court. For some minutes he paced up and down the shady walk in gloomy meditation, his eyes fixed on the gravel path which crunched underneath the tread of his quick, angry feet a few turns up and down, he paused and looked at his watch. It was past three A sudden thought seemed to strike him, and flinging his cigar into a bush of fragrant daphne, he walked quickly across the foot of the lawn and striking into a by path, emerged into the avenue, and thence, after a few minutes' walking, on to the cliffs. The sea lay glistening below him in all the brilliancy of the Summer sun; the white gulls hovered, screaming, over his head; a slight breeze fanned his brow, cooling his fevered face.

Far off, low on the distant horizon, a dark cloud was slowly rising, and Captain Lawrence, seeing the approach of a storm, quickened his steps over the solitary downs, keeping to the little path which ran along the edge of the cliffs, winding so near at places that the traveller could gaze straight down to the huge boulders and crags below. But Captain Lawrence looked neither to the right nor to the left; his eyes were fixed straight ahead, where, far away in the distance, a dark figure, a mere dot on the green expanse, was visible. Nearer and nearer it drew, till there could be no doubt as to what it was, and in a short time Harry Leicester and Godfrey Lawrence stood face to face on the lonely cliffs.

Captain Lawrence glanced round him—not a soul was in sight. The dark cloud had risen, and spread slowly over the whole heavens, while the summer breeze wailed mournfully over those bare bleak downs. Mr. Leicester looked surprised, and gazed at the flushed face of the young officer, as if to read there the reason of the meeting.

"You are back early from Westmeath, Mr. Leicester," said the Captain, a slight trembling perceptible in his voice, of all his efforts to control it. "Is the ring finished already?"

"No," replied Leicester, lifting his hand, on which the diamond still sparkled. "The jeweller said it would take some hours to mend it; and as I did not choose to leave it with him, I must ride over early another day, and wait while he does it. Mr. Lawrence shows his confidence by trusting me with so valuable a gem."

"My uncle has shown his confidence in other way than that, and been betrayed," said Captain Lawrence in a hoarse tone. "What would he say, think you, if he knew how you, his secretary, had betrayed his confidence, and trifled with the affections of his niece?"

Mr Leicester coloured crimson, and an angry light shone in his dark-blue eye.

"Beware what you say, Godfrey Lawrence," he replied, in low, hurried tones. "You will be called to heavy account for all you say on that subject. How have I trifled with Miss Wilman's affections?"

"Do you mean to say, rogue that you are, that you do not know she loves you?" shouted Captain Lawrence, his face blazing with passion. "And do you suppose that my uncle would give her to a penniless fortune-hunter like yourself? Answer!"

In his vehemence he laid his hand on Mr. Leicester's arm, but it was thrown aside, as though its touch were contamination; and Harry Leicester, pale and breathless with suppressed rage, drew back to within a few feet of cliff's edge.

"Be careful what you say, Godfrey," said he, in a slow, distant tone, "for I have it in my power to deprive you of fortune, cousin, and all! Look at me," he continued, lifting his hat from his head, and tossing the dark curls from his white brow; "have eleven years altered me so much that it is impossible for you to recognise in me your long-lost cousin, Harry Lawrence? Do you remember the day I run my arm through the conservatory to take the grapes my father had forbidden? Look there!" said he, baring his arm, he disclosed a deep white scar. "Do you remember this locket, with my father's likeness?" he continued, as he drew from his breast a gold locket, with the initials H. L. engraved on it.

Godfrey Lawrence gazed at him in speechless astonishment, as though he saw one risen from the grave. There was no doubting the proofs before his eyes. The incident of the stolen grapes had been known to none but those two, and wild bitter thoughts of all he lost by the return of his cousin ran through his heated brain.

For an instant they stood gazing in silence at each other, regardless of the rain which was beginning to fall in torrents. Then Harry stepped forward—a crash—and in an instant the cliff had broken from under his feet, and he was over the edge, clinging to a branch of gorse with the tenacity of a dying man.

"Godfrey," he cried, hoarsely, while the drops of agony stood out on his brow, "for Heaven's sake, help me, quick! Will you see me die before your eyes?"

But Godfrey stood still! Wild fiendish thoughts were passing through his brain,—visions of what would be his if his cousin fell; so he remained immoveable.

Once more Harry cried in piteous tones, "Godfrey my cousin, my old playmate, help me, and I will leave all to you—but Effie. Oh, help me! I am falling. I love her—you do not——"

With one wild cry of agony he disappeared! His last despairing cry was echoed by one of horror from Godfrey Lawrence; then, with the speed of a panting, breathless, and exhausted, he found himself on the road along which he had ridden with Effie a few hours before. Those few hours, how much they had brought fourth! Then he had only been thinking of how he should rid himself of a low-born secretary, as he imagined, who had the presumption to gain his cousin's love, and now he had met his long lost cousin, and, if not murdered him, at least allowed him to perish like a dog before his eyes, without attempting to save him!

Had any one told Godfrey that morning that he would refuse to save any man living from a fearful death, he would have scouted the idea; but events had hurried on, one after another, with a rapidity that had left him no time for thought, and he felt himself as in will and in deed the murderer of his cousin! He had gone out with no fixed idea but that of meeting his rival and trying to induce him to leave Effie to him,—how and for what, he knew not; but that he must leave the place, and at once, he felt was peremptory.

Full of these fearful thought, Captain Lawrence strode rapidly along the road, in spite of the violence of the thunder-shower which beat in his face, till he heard the sound of wheels behind, and, turning with all the nervous haste of a guilty man, beheld the head groom of Trelyss Court, who drew up with a respectful bow at his signal.

"Here, James," said he, hurriedly, "let me get in. I'm soaked through, and the quicker I get home the better I shall be pleased."

He jumped up into the light tax-cart, and a few minutes' rapid driving brought him to the door of his uncle's house. He was doubly glad to have met the man, for the idea occurred to him, with a shudder that should the body be found, no suspicion could rest on him now that he had been seen so far from the spot. Already the spring of a light heart had left him, and he ascended the steps with a slow tread, and opened the door with a careful hand. Effie was crossing the hall, ready dressed for dinner, and started at the sight of him.

"Why, Godfrey!" she exclaimed, "where have you been? I have been looking for you everywhere. How pale you are? Is anything the matter?" she added, gazing anxiously up into his face.

Poor little Effie! did a foreboding of the fearful truth cross that loving little heart? Her anxiety stung her cousin.

"Matter!" he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture; "what nonsense you talk! What should be the matter? I'm soaked to the skin, and that's enough to make most fellows look pale."

"But why did you go out again?" asked Effie, "Where have you been? Aunt Ellis said you were in the garden."

"I walked a little way along the road we went this morning to look for a letter I dropped," he replied.

Anxious to avoid further questioning, Godfrey pushed past his cousin, and ran up stairs. Effie went to the hall window, and stood gazing out into the gathering darkness and fast falling rain, listening for that firm, manly step she knew so well. But in vain she watched, in vain she listened, and hearing her aunt descending the stairs, she turned, with a sigh of disappointment, and entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Ellis soon joined her, with a face of annoyance.

"How very provoking!" she exclaimed; "Mr. Leicester has not come in yet, and it is past seven. Vivian hates the dinner to be kept waiting, but I do not like to sit down. My dear Vivian," she added, as her brother entered the room, groping his way from chair to chair, "I do not know whether you mean to wait for this young man, but it is past seven, and the venison is spoiling."

"We will give him a few minutes more," said Mr. Lawrence; "he is never late for meals; I daresay the rain has detained him, or he has waited for my ring. I expect him back every minute, for he went early."

He started as Captain Lawrence came in, for the slow, measured step was more like that of the secretary than his light-hearted nephew, and Effie looked up in surprise.

"Are you tired, Godfrey?" she asked, fixing her dark eyes on his pale, grave face.

"Not very—at least, yes, I am," stammered the young officer, "and hungry, too. What is the good of waiting? Let's go to dinner, uncle."

"Well, perhaps we had better do so," returned Mr. Lawrence, rising, and offering his arm to his sister. "I think Leicester has taken your advice, Godfrey, and decamped with my ring."

"It seems like it, returned his nephew, drily; "but at present I prefer dinner to all the rings or secretaries in Christendom."

Giving his arm to Effie, Godfrey hastily followed his aunt and uncle. He seemed determined that the dinner should not be as silent as that of the preceding evening, though Effie, with that vacant place before her, was absent and thoughtful, glancing up quickly every time the door opened. But the dinner passed on, and in spite of the constant exclamations and surmises, Mr. Leicester did not make his appearance. The ladies retired to the drawing-room, and Effie sat playing listlessly with the leaves of the book, her ear strained to catch the sound of the footstep that never came! The gentlemen lingered long over their wine, and, when they joined the ladies, Godfrey's flushed cheek and flashing eye showed that he had indulged more freely than was wise. He seated himself by Effie and strove to draw her into conversation, but she could not overcome her anxiety and alarm as the hours rolled on and Mr. Leicester did not appear, and her answers were vague and abrupt. Mr. Lawrence caught the infection, and rang again and again to know if the absent one had returned, but always with the same result, and his face grew more and more grave and perplexed,

"I hope the poor fellow has come to no harm," he said, anxiously. "He has gone along the cliff path, and this rain would make it very slippery and unsafe, especially after dark, and the evening closed in early to day."

Effie felt sick and faint; but what were her feelings when compared to those of her cousin! Again and again he repeated to himself that he did not throw him over, that it was possible he could not have saved him, but conscience still answered, "Had it been any other man on earth you would have tried," and imagination painted that pale, handsome face in its upturned agony, and the wild, beseeching glance of those deep blue eyes, till every pulse stood still with horror, while the perspiration beaded his brow.

So the evening wore on, with still no tidings of the absent one, and the party sought their beds to pass, two of them at least, a wakeful, watchful night, starting from dreams of terror to lie counting the hours, and listening to the tick of the old clock in the passage as it marked the progress of time's never-slackening step. Morning dawned, bright and sunny as the preceding one, and Effie, with all the elasticity of a sanguine mind, rose but little refreshed with her sleepless night, but full of the joyous conviction that the loved one would be home before luncheon, possibly before breakfast. "He knows I shall feel anxious to see him, so he will come as early as he can," she murmured, smiling. "He saw the storm coming up, and stayed at Westmeath all night. How foolishly frightened I was last night!"

How foolish do the night's fears ever appear in the re-assuring light of day! How potent is darkness in augmenting the terrors of the human mind.

Poor little Effie! how many times that day she crossed the hall, lingering at the window to cast an anxious glance down the avenue! But he never came!

Hour after hour rolled on, the morning passed, luncheon was eaten or played with, the afternoon wore away, and still no sign of Mr. Leicester. Captain Lawrence, fearful of betraying himself, unable to keep up the appearance of the expectation he did not feel, rode over to see a friend some miles distant, and did not return till dinner time; and Effie was left to wander about the house, in her anxiety longing, but not daring to walk along the cliffs to try and discover some trace of the lost one. Trace did we say? had it come to that? Alas! poor little Effie, she did not dare to own, even to herself, how painfully confirmed her fears were growing. And still they listened and watched, still turned with a start of expectation every time the door opened, but still in vain. Mr. Lawrence's feelings now took a different turn, and those joking words haunted his brain.

"It may be true," he murmured, thoughtfully; "he may have been led away by the temptation, and have gone off with my ring. It was a great temptation for a poor young man, and I was wrong to put it in his way. James will be back from Westmeath soon, and we shall hear if he went there."

Poor Effie! that was the worst of all. That he should be suspected of going off with the valuable gem intrusted to him, would have been absurd under any other circumstances; but now it was dreadful, and the indignant blood dyed her cheek and brow at the bare supposition.

James returned, only to say that Mr. Leicester had been there, and left before four o'clock, saying he would bring the ring another day, and no further trace of him could be discover. And that was all; and day after day passed on, bringing no tidings of the missing one, till the tale was generally believed that Mr. Leicester had gone off with Mr. Lawrence's ring. Effie, pale, silent and subdued, hiding her agony in solitude or darkness, said nothing, believed nothing. She could not credit so infamous a story; and yet—oh! what a hard struggle it is to bring ourselves to look with a doubt or contempt on one we have cherished and looked up to! The memory of past days when it was all too great happiness to be loved by him, would rise in spite of the heavy cloud that now hung over him. Never had he told her he loved her in so many words; but there was no doubting the expression of those earnest eyes, the momentary agitation when they met, and the meaning of that excited question on the last evening she had seen him. And yet he had gone and left her! Her heart was tossed and torn by conflicting emotions, and her soft dark eyes wore a sad, weary look, that wrung the heart of Captain Lawrence.

Weeks passed on, and Mr. Leicester ceased to be talked of, and Captain Lawrence began to speak of rejoining his regiment. Then Mr Lawrence first signified to her his wish that she should look on her cousin as her future husband.

"I do not wish to be abrupt, my dear," said he, gently, "but Godfrey has asked that it may be soon, and I do not see any reason for deferring matters. I should like to have you provided with a protector before I die; and Godfrey is a good fellow, and very fond of you; and you know it has been the wish of my life to see you two married since——"

He paused, turned away; and Effie, shrieking and thunder struck, made no reply.—Hurrying to her room, she flung herself on her bed in an agony of tears, moaning again and again, "Harry, Harry, lost for ever! gone for ever! Oh, Harry!"

Long, long she struggled with her grief telling her aching heart he was faithless and unworthy, till pride came to the rescue; and, pale, calm, and collected, she met her cousin, and listened to his urgent entreaties for a speedy union.

"Very well, Godfrey," she replied. "I know my uncle's heart is set upon it, so I suppose it must be. I will try and be a good wife to you, and I dare say you will be kind to me. You may fix the time, or ask Aunt Ellis."

It was a strange consent, but Godfrey understood it, and the reason of that apathy of manner, and asked for no more.

"She will be loving enough to please me," he muttered. "I cannot let her go off with any body else; and when once she is mine, she will warm again to her old self."

He then went to urge Mrs. Ellis to fix an early day. That worthy woman was certainly surprised at Effie's cold and indifferent manner; but not choosing to believe she was averse to the match, she comforted herself by saying, "Effie was a strange child—there was no understanding her," and busied herself with choosing all the paraphernalia for her niece's trousseau.

So the time passed on, and the wedding day drew near. Effie's heart shrunk as it approached, but she would not listen to its complaint.

"It does not matter," she murmured; "he is gone, faithless or dead, so it's all the same to me what becomes of me. I love Uncle and I like Godfrey, and I may as well please them if I can."

But the rounded cheek had lost its rose, the bright eyes were dull and heavy, and Effie bore with life instead of enjoying it as in days past. And as she stood one evening, pale, listless, and weary, watching the shadows gradually steal across the lawn, too utterly wretched to employ herself in any other way. She did not hear the door behind her open gently; she did not hear that slow feeble footstep on the thick carpet; but she did hear that low murmer "Effie!" and turned with a start to meet the gaze of those earnest blue eyes, and to find herself in the arms of him she imagined lost for ever!

Mr. Leicester's strange tale was soon told. How he had fallen over the cliff, but had been saved from a fearful death by falling on a ledge of rock half-way down. There he had lain, stunned and bruised, in the pitiless blinding rain, till he was found next day by an old half-crazy man, who wandered about the cliffs in search of birds' eggs, who procured assistance, and took the helpless, delirious man to his own humble cottage, nursing him with great care through the severe illness that followed that night of exposure. Then followed more explanations, and Effie wondered whether she were awake or asleep as she sat and listened to the strange revelations, with her head resting on the shoulder of her recovered Harry. And so they were found by Mrs. Ellis when she entered the room some time afterwards to ask Effie's opinion as to blue or mauve trimmings on a grey dress.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the good old lady at the sight that met her eyes; but when her neice with smiles and blushes, told how the young secretary was no other than "poor cousin Harry," she welcomed him almost as gladly as Effie, and ran with trembling steps to break the news to the blind father. And then what a scene followed! It was long before the stricken man could believe his ears; but as his son recalled to his memory scene after scene of his childhood, he knew that God had been very merciful, and restored his child to him in his old age; more dear for having been so long and bitterly mourned.

As they all sat round that open window where Effie had stood shortly before in such deep misery, Harry told his strange adventures; how when the vessel had gone down he had clasped his life-belt round him, and floated till he was picked up by a steamer going to India; how in that sultry country he had worked as a clerk in an office, till he had saved enough money to return to England; and, on reaching London, had fallen in with Mr. Paterson, recognised him, and told him all; how that gentleman had told him that in spite of his belief in his son's death, Mr. Lawrence had never been heard to express any word of love or forgiveness, and how he had determined to return home under a feigned name, and gain, if possible, his father's and Effie's love before he told them who he really was. That he succeeded in this Quixotic undertaking, has been well shown.

Effie, seeing a cloud on her uncle's brow, and guessing its cause, whispered to him with a crimsoned cheek—"Uncle, will you tell Godfrey that I cannot be his wife, because I have always loved Harry; and when I thought I had lost him, I promised to marry God rey, not caring what became of me."

Poor Godfrey! How shall we describe his feelings when he returned home and found all that had been going on in his absence? None but Harry knew the meaning of the blank look of horror that overspread his face at the sight of his cousin; and never did either of them reveal to any living creature the fearful scene on the cliffs. Perhaps it was owing to this that Godfrey took the loss of the bride and fortune so quietly; but certain it is, that his aunt, enchanted with his noble behaviour, left all her snug savings, amounting to thirty thousand pounds, to him at her death, which happened soon after Effie took the name of Lawrence. Had that good lady been asked any questions in her last illness, she would probably have said that her days had been shortened by the anxiety she felt at seeing her niece losing her heart, day by day and hour by hour, to her uncle's secretary!

M. B.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, AUGUST 9, 1866.

THE SCHOOL BILL.

It has been well-known for years that the school system of Lower Canada was in the hands of the Catholic element entirely, little or nothing having been done at any time to give the Protestant minority privileges approaching in liberality those enjoyed by the Catholic minority of Upper Canada. As a matter of common justice, a measure has been introduced during the present session of Parliament with a view to giving the Protestants of Lower Canada a degree of "fair play," in the matter. This has been the pretext for the introduction of a Bill by Mr. Bell for modifications in the school law of Upper Canada which will outrage the feelings of a vast majority of our people, and which is being sternly opposed by the Press, irrespective of party politics. We have always advocated the most liberal dealing towards our catholic fellow-subjects, but this last demand is too much for the patience of the best-natured, and, if our rulers wish to secure the permanent welfare of the people they will certainly discard the ill-judged Bill, which is admirably calculated to create religious animosities of a most unpleasant character. Of Mr. Bell's bill, the *Globe* of Saturday says:—

"Besides asking new concessions as regards the collection of their taxes—besides claiming that the municipal officers of Upper Canada shall be made the servants of Roman Catholic School Boards—besides demanding that the Separate Schools shall have a share of the taxes paid by incorporated companies, no matter what the wishes of the stockholders—the new Bill provides that the hierarchy shall have absolute control of the Separate Schools of Upper Canada. They demand at once a Roman Catholic Deputy-Superintendent of Education and three members of the Board of Public Instruction. The Deputy-Superintendent is to be paid out of the public funds, and to have supervision of the Separate Schools. In order to make sure that the three Roman Catholics on the Board of Public Instruction shall be good servants of the hierarchy, the Governor-in-Council is to be compelled to choose either Roman Catholic bishops or professors in the Roman Catholic colleges. If the appointments of Roman Catholic laymen were permitted, the crafty hierarchy fears that independent men might be chosen. In case this arrangement does not work to the satisfaction of the Bishops, they are to be permitted whenever they please to secede from the Education Office and set up an independent establishment. The three Roman Catholic members of the Council of Public Instruction have only to give orders to the Government, and the Government must obey within three months, and set apart the Roman Catholic schools under the Deputy Superintendent aforesaid. To provide against the contingency of the Deputy proving an independent man, as he might, were the choice of the Government not limited, it is provided that the office must be given to one of three men named by the Roman Catholic members of the Council of Public Instruction. The Deputy thus appointed is to have the powers now vested in the Chief Superintendent. It is secured, therefore, that throughout the whole management shall be under the control of the hierarchy. The laymen of the Romish Church are completely shut out, and left to pay the Separate School taxes and obey the edicts of the Roman Catholic education office. The Deputy Superintendent is, so far as Roman Catholic schools go, vested with the powers of the Chief Superintendent; and the Roman Catholic Council of Public instruction is placed upon the same footing as the present Council of Public Instruction. The hierarchy is to have the power to organize an education office at the public expense, and to put it in charge of all the Roman Catholic schools. The Government is to be bound hand and foot, to prevent it ever giving the Roman Catholic laity a voice in the matter, and this is irresponsible Romanist authority is to spend the public money and the taxes of Roman Catholics who support Separate Schools. The large and varied powers wielded by a Chief Superintendent and Board of Public Instruction, responsible to Parliament, and under control of the Government, are to be conferred, as regards a section of the people, upon the Romish Bishops of Upper Canada.

"Nor is that all. The hierarchy demands further concessions. It asks for a Roman Catholic Normal School, with a grant of public money to support it, and a share in 'all Provincial grants for superior education, comprising universities, classical and industrial colleges, grammar schools and seminaries.'"

THE RAILWAY AMALGAMATION BILL.

The Bill amalgamating the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railway with the Grand Trunk, having passed through the House of Assembly, the Hon. D. McDonald was telegraphed to on Wednesday last, to stay proceedings in the Upper House, if possible, until a remonstrance could be sent down from Huron. Handbills calling a public meeting in Goderich, on Thursday evening, were issued, and, we understand, meetings condemnatory of Mr. Dickson's conduct and in opposition to the Bill, were to be held in Clinton and Seaforth, but a telegram from Mr. McDonald announcing that the matter had been hurried through the three readings in the Upper Chamber, settled the fact that the Bill was already a portion of the law of the land. Hence a meeting was not considered necessary here, nothing remaining to be done but to employ some competent person in Ottawa to watch our interests and secure a modification of the tariff to be charged by the railway, if possible.—We are now, in so far as our interests are concerned, unrepresented in Parliament to all intents and purposes. Mr. Dickson votes dead against us, in face of former protestations, and he has even the hardihood to state that the feeling of his constituents has entirely changed. From whom he could receive such information is a mystery we cannot attempt to fathom. Nearly every merchant and produce dealer with whom we have conversed, is loud in denunciation of his conduct, and a very short trip through the constituency would suffice to convince him of the fact.

THE TECUMSETH DIVISION.

It is highly improbable that there will be any election for the Upper House this fall. The general feeling amongst members whose elections would come on in September is in this direction. We find it stated in the *Leader* of Wednesday last, that "as the law stands at present, twelve Legislative Councillors fall to be elected next Autumn. But if, as is now morally certain, Confederation should go into effect, these members would never be called upon to act in the Legislature of Canada. Their election would therefore be purposeless. Under these circumstances, the Ministry, through Sir N. F. Belleau, have introduced into the Legislative Council a bill to prevent the election of any more Legislative Councillors.

The Legislative Councillors for the Confederation are to be selected from among those of the various Provinces.—The number to be appointed is limited; and not one half of those of Canada can by possibility become members of the Confederate Legislative Council. To elect twelve more to stand the chance of some of them being selected for appointment by the Crown, under the new order of things, would be a profitless piece of folly. Sir N. F. Belleau's bill will prevent this needless procedure."

Hotel Accommodation.

In a recent issue we stated that there was a great want of hotel accommodation in Goderich for American visitors. Our assertion was literally true. For ordinary travel, we think no town in Canada can boast of finer or better hotels, and there are plenty of them. Those kept by Dark, Wright, John Donogh and others, in the business part of the town, are first-class houses, but when it comes to the accommodation of families who come hither solely for health's sake, the case is very different. Delicate American ladies with their children want to be where they can see the broad, blue expanse of Lake Huron, and catch the health-giving breezes direct from its bosom. In proof of this we have simply to state that our visitors on arriving in town immediately proceed to the Maitland Hotel, and their disappointment when informed by the proprietor that he cannot possibly find room for one more, is very great indeed. At present Mr. Hosker, by great effort, finds accommodation for some *fifty-five* guests—the majority of them ladies from Saginaw, Cincinnati, &c. He has fitted up Mrs. Hand's house opposite with bedrooms, and a lady from New Orleans is installed in the little log house in his grounds which was fitted up for her use. And still there is urgent demand for more room, numbers of families wish to come, and although they declare that money is no object, they cannot obtain the accommodation they wish. Under these circumstances, and in view of the great importance of making Goderich a watering place to the greatest possible extent, some of our most interprising citizens have conceived the idea of forming some kind of a joint stock Company for the purpose of erecting a mammoth hotel somewhere on the bank of the lake. The capital required for purchase of grounds and erection and furnishing of the hotel would be, about $100,000, and as it would be impossible to raise such a sum in town, they believe that a large amount of the stock could be raised in Canadian and American cities. The plan is a feasible one, and if it could be carried out, the large hotel, together with those now in existance would give ample accommodation for four or five hundred people every summer.—The advantage to the town from such a periodical influx of visitors would be very great indeed, and we trust the matter will not be lost sight of.

FLATTERING NOTICE.

A gentlman now sojourning in Goderich, writes to a Brantford paper, as follows:—

"Not being unwilling to forget the responsibilities of business for a short time during the dog days, I, on Monday last, quitted the busy streets of Brantford, and after a trip as far as Sarnia, took up my abode here—the Saratoga of Canada. A number of visitors are here enjoying themselves; and within the last few years Goderich has become quite noted as a summer retreat for those who like to indulge in a little recreation. It presents advantages which few places either in the United States or Canada enjoy, the most important of which are the charges for living do not come up to the exhorbitant figure demanded in other places, while the accommodation in the hotels is of the very best description; and as the fashions in this place does not exceed the bounds of discretion, the ladies are not compelled to travel with those appendages which are now denominated "Noah's Ark's" in the shape of trunks. The places of resort in the vicinity are easy of access; the roads are the best in the Province; horse hire is cheap, and there are numberless boats of all sizes for those who delight in aquatic sports. The air from Lake Huron is fresh and bracing, and no matter how fierce old Sol may be, the effects are counteracted by the refreshing breezes from the Lake. In fact, it is one of the most salubrious places in Canada in which to rusticate and recuperate, and from the increase this year in the number of pleasure seekers to that of former seasons, we will soon hear of a trip to Goderich during the summer months superseding Saratoga, Nahant, St. Catharines and Cacouna. The easy facilities for reaching Goderich, and the cheapness of the trip will commend itself to many, who like the writer, wish to enjoy themselves without paying too dearly for the amusement.

PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of the Press Association of Upper Canada will be held in the Mercantile Library Assiation Buildings, Montreal, on Wednesday, 22nd inst., at 10 o'clock a. m. All railways except the G. W. have agreed to convey members and ladies free—that line will pass the lords of creation but not the ladies. The steamboat lines agree to carry members and their ladies at half fare. The full fare from Kingston to Montreal is $3.75—from Montreal to Quebec $2.50, meals extra. The boat for the Saguenay leaves Quebec Tuesday and Friday mornings, full fare $6.00. Members wishing to run the rapids, must reach Kingston in time to take the boat at 5.30 on Tuesday morning. Western members wishing to go to Kingston per Grand Trunk will please send in their names at once, with the annual fee of $1.00, to W. T. Cox, Secretary, Goderich, or to M. Bowell, President, Belleville.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—In the House of Assembly on the 1st. the Attorney General stated that he was proud to say that a despatch dated to-day came over the wires from the Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon, to Lord Monck, on a most important subject, and that Lord Monck's answer had also been sent. The despatch was thus sent from England and the answer returned from Canada on the same day. (Loud cheers and clapping of hands.)

FENIANIA. — The latest from the Fenians is that, in almost profound secrecy, they are preparing for another and much more formidable raid upon Canada Taking a lesson, it is said, from the war in Europe, they are arming themselves with repeating rifles. If this is true, and that an attack may be expected in September or October, our Government should be up and doing. The muzzle-loading rifle is getting to be behind the age, and an immediate effort should be made, by purchase and manufacture, to arm our volunteers and militia with the improved guns.

EXCURSION FROM LONDON.—Yesterday, (Thursday) being the civic holiday in London, about 700 of the citizens came to Goderich by an excursion train. The morning was wet and cold, but the afternoon turned out fine, to the great satisfaction of those who had come up solely for pleasure. The Lake was too rough, however, for excursions.

Clinton also enjoyed a holiday on the same occasion, and a number of the inhabitants found their way to Goderich by train, private conveyance, &c.

GUNBOATS.—It is most gratifying to learn that a British gunboat intended for the protection of Lake Huron ports, will establish its headquarters at Goderich in a few days. The other Lakes are to be similarly supplied.

☞ Considerable alarm was felt in town yesterday, (Thursday) on account of the non-appearance of the two eldest sons of Capt Ord, who had gone off early on Wednesday to fish. Constables and private parties searched about the river and harbor, happily, without finding any trace of the missing lads. It suddenly flashed upon the distressed parents that the boys might have gone to Seaforth, and sure enough, on the telegraph being put in requisition, it was found that they were safe and sound in that village, having gone by rail. It was, to say the least of it, a very remarkable fishing excursion, but it is well it turned out no worse.

PEACE.—The news sent over the Atlantic cable as to peace having been declared in Europe was a little premature, but an armistice has been agreed upon and it is now considered certain that there will be no further appeal to arms. Prussia, it appears, is to carry every point insisted upon.

Presentation to Rev. A. Mackid

We were present at the Manse on Friday afternoon, August 3rd, when a number of the members of St. Andrew's Church waited on the Rev. A. Mackid, and presented him with a handsome purse containing $129, and a kind and feeling address, on his retiring from the active duties of the ministry as a token of their esteem and regard. Mr. Mackid must have felt deeply gratified to find so much warm feeling blended with regret at his loss. The address was read by J. B. Gordon, Esq., and was as follows:—

REV AND DEAR SIR,—On the occasion of your retiring from the position of our minister, we desire to express our feelings of sorrow that the failure of your health should have compelled you to resign—and of regret at the loss we sustain. Though you are not equal to the discharge of the arduous duties incumbent on the Pastor of a congregation, yet we trust that you will long enjoy a measure of strength, so that as occasion may offer, and so far as your health will permit you will continue to be useful. We have the consolation of knowing that the intercourse between us will not be interrupted,—and we look forward with satisfaction to a continuance of that intimacy which has hitherto been to us a source alike of profit and pleasure.—Permit us to offer you this purse as a token—an inadequate token—of our continued affection for yourself. We would tender to Mrs. Mackid and family our best regards and wishes. And that the Almighty may in his goodness long spare you and them in health and happiness, is the prayer of

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FLOCK.

REPLY.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS,—I receive this address from you as the expression of your feelings towards me at this time, when circumstances require that my labours among you as your Pastor should cease. For the period of 18 years I have exercised the duties of the ministry amongst you; preaching the Gospel of my dear Redeemer as faithfully and zealously as health and strength would permit me to do. I have been with you in seasons of distress and in seasons of gladness—in seasons of mourning and in seasons of rejoicing. I have administered the ordinances among you, and have had many pleasing tokens of the blessing from on High accompanying these. I have closed the eyes of the dying Saint—I have stood at the grave's mouth, and seen there, those of your friends and relatives whom the King of Terrors demanded from among you, in the full hope of a blessed immortality and a glorious resurrection morning. I willingly take you to witness with regard to these my labours among you—and if in any part there has been a failure, I now ask your sympathy. You well know that there have been seasons when difficulties arose—when troubles perplexed us, when breaches occurred, and when our good was evil spoken of—but by the good Providence of God we have been enabled to go through all these—and you have therein shown your steadiness and attachment to the Church of your fathers. Under the fatigue and anxiety consequent on the duties of my office, I felt my health giving way; and with the greatest reluctance I determined to take the step I have done. And I have the happiness of saying that the short cessation from duty, I have already got has had the most marked influence on my health. I cordially respond to your sentiment, that the intercourse between us will not be interrupted, and that it will not be my fault, if in this we may not still feel profit as well as pleasure. I accept this purse, not for the amount it contains, but as a token of your continued personal affection—and as long as God is pleased to spare us in the world, may we each be found adorning the doctrine of our Lord and Savour Jesus Christ, by lives well ordered and becoming the Gospel. On behalf of Mrs. Mackid and family, I beg to tender their grateful thanks for your expression of regard towards them—they join in the fervent hope that we may be spared to enjoy the fruits of that friendship begun here and perpetuated in the Kingdom above.

May God in His mercy bless and prosper each one of you in your persons, in your families and in every relation of life. And while we part here may it be with the blessed hope of meeting hereafter never to part again.

I am, dearly beloved friends,
Your attached Pastor.
ALEX. MACKID.

The Kippen Reaping Match.

Reported for the Huron Signal.

For the information of the public generally but more especially for the Agriculturists and Mechanics, I purpose prefacing my account of this years match with a brief history of its origin and progress, as many people are under the impression that it originated with and is conducted under the auspices of the County Agricultural Society, such however is not the case. It is an independent association originated and conducted by a few enterprising and praiseworthy gentlemen. It has not hitherto received any pecuniary aid, excepting the subscriptions of members, and any special outlay has already been provided for by voluntary contributions, but now that it is so permanently established I think that it is as justly entitled to Government aid as any other Agricultural Society.

In the year 1862 Messrs. James Anderson, Allan McDonald, James Cooper, Robert McMordie, Charles McLeod, William Blair, Skean Blair and Henry Hotlinghead conceived the idea of forming themselves into a Society for the purpose of having Annual Cradling and Binding Matches, and giving prizes to the successful competitors. James Anderson, Esq, was elected President of the Association, which honorable position he still holds, Wm. Blair, Vice President, Allan McDonald, Esq., Secretary, and Robt McMordie Esq., Treasurer. Thus the now far famed "Kippen Reaping and Binding Society" had its origin. The first year 1862 nothing but cradles competed, indeed nothing else at this time had been contemplated, but a keen and spirited contest took place, and much interest and enthusiasm was manifested by the spectators who came to witness it. The next year the Society increased its members and its funds, and as Reaping Machines were beginning to get interspersed through the County they determined to offer prizes for them also to come into the arena in competition with each other. Each succeeding year the Society increased its strength numerically and financially and it is still increasing. It is now so popular and well known that it has members and competitors from all parts of the Province. Last year twelve machines were entered and started in competition with each other witnessed by about 500 spectators. This year owing to the very unpropitious state of the weather the entries and spectators were not so numerous. Thursday the 2nd August was the day appointed but it turning out a wet day, the match was postponed till the next day to the great disappointment of many who had come from a distance. The next day was ush