

Poetry.

THE QUEEN.

Bright cluster of our island flowers! Sparkling with dew of life's fresh hours...

Not the rich blush of martial light That glides thine eye's historic might...

Deal gently with that mother, Time! Leave long undimmed her queenly prime...

THE ANGLICAN BRANCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Q. I would next inquire, if the Church of England can stand the test applied by the ancient Fathers to Christian communities...

Q. Of what test do you speak? A. That before mentioned (p. 7, 8, 64—7); viz. whether the Ministers derive their commission by succession from the Apostles.

Q. Did, then, the Romish Church give Apostolic commission to those teachers who preached against her?

Q. And this series was never interrupted? A. No; never.

Q. No. It is Christ, and Christ alone, who gives the commission to preach and to send preachers, and who prescribes what is to be preached, viz. His own Gospel.

were built for Christian preaching and worship, and not for the promotion of Popery, as such, much less of Popery such as it became in the sixth century at the Council of Trent...

Q. You have before spoken of the Church of England as Protestant (p. 171); is she not then liable to a charge of inconsistency and partiality in recognizing the Holy Orders of the Church of Rome...

A. No. The Church of England does in no respect prefer persons, as such, to any other persons. But as the baptism given by Judas was the baptism of Christ not less than that given by Peter or by John...

Q. But it is asked, since a Church cannot exist without a priesthood, nor a priesthood without a sacrifice, can it be said that there is any sacrifice in the Church of England...

A. The Church of England has all the sacrifice which the Catholic Church has, and she dares not have more. In her Office for the Holy Communion she has a sacrifice eucharistic...

BIGOTRY DEFINED.

A bigot is one who holds opinions for which he can assign no reason; or a bigot is one who violently and unjustly condemns all but his own party.

VALUE OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

The following tribute to the excellence of the Liturgy is valuable among other reasons, for the unbiased character of the testimony which it bears.

between the Liturgy and other written formularies.—“Sir,” said he to a gentleman sent by his friend Mr. Ferrar, to visit him during his last illness...

A still more touching illustration of their adaptation to the wants of another, and equally afflicted class of people, is from the pen of an eye-witness.

He was requested to visit an aged female on her death bed, and learned on his arrival at the house, that a minister of one of the dissenting denominations was in attendance...

An interesting incident which occurred to Bishop Henry, by a woman, that through the courtesy of a missionary district, is thus related by him.

“There was one faithful son of the Church, whose name, appearance, and zeal I can never forget. He heard after dinner, on a bitter cold day, that I was to officiate that evening.

Some years ago, a few clergymen met to preach the Gospel in the village of —, where at that time there resided only two or three Episcopalians.

Parents have a certain duty in this matter, which is easily stated in the form of a single rule. Inquire well into the character of those to whose care the instruction of your children is intrusted.

When the effects of bad education are before the eyes of parents, it is singular that so much thoughtlessness is evinced in the selection of schools.

College, Missouri. “Some eighteen months since, I presented a Prayer Book to a settler who had never before seen the Liturgy of the Church.

“About a fortnight ago,” writes an Irish clergyman, “I was summoned to attend a poor woman, in my parish, who, I was informed, was dying.

The attention which has of late years been paid to the subject of education, has drawn to it the efforts of best talent and highest character.

“The qualifications of teachers are two-fold, intellectual and religious; affecting the one the mind and the other the character.

“Knowledge is power,” has become the motto of schism and the world; and mighty efforts indeed are making to develop the power of knowledge.

“The mind is the seat of knowledge,” and the mind is the seat of knowledge, and the mind is the seat of knowledge.

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The influence of example is far more powerful than precept. Placed in the society of the cultivated, the pure, and the holy, the young heart imbibes unconsciously the excellence that its eyes behold.

The less ostentatious the example, the deeper, and the purer the influence. Precepts may be plenty as falling leaves, and the result may be only disgust and revolting.

The empire of example is the empire of laws. Itself has done or is doing what it requires of others.

It was an early practice of the Moravians to publish an annual collection of Scriptural Texts for each day in the year.

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THE YOUNG CHARTIST.

(From "Luke Sharp, or Knowledge without Religion," by the Rev. F. E. Paget, M. A.)

Luke Sharp was put on trial for his life. And when the jury had heard the evidence against him, without the slightest hesitation they pronounced him guilty. And their decision involved a sentence of death.

And now how shall I describe Luke's condition, when, after hearing the fatal verdict, he was led back to his cell, until the fate of some of his other companions in wickedness was decided? In a moment his whole life seemed to pass in review before him; with inconceivable rapidity and clearness the follies and sins of a life-time seemed each with a separate voice to speak and invoke the vengeance of that God whom he had insulted and defied.

How hateful then were all those things which he had prized! How contemptible his vanity! How useless and worse than useless, his knowledge and his power! The scales had fallen from his eyes. He saw at length his condition in all its frightful reality and truth. He no longer dared to trifle with his conscience. He felt as "sure that God's word was true as of his own existence. No doubts, no scuffing, no cavils now! But dark despair and woe unutterable. His days numbered, a shameful death; and beyond the grave, what he dared not think. Only dim forebodings of the unending worm, and fires that never can be quenched, or a lake of fire and brimstone, and the smoke and torment rising up eternally, joined with the remembrance of the long-neglected denunciation of Scripture, that the servant "which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

"Many stripes! many stripes! many stripes!"—These were the only words that the wretched young man uttered. And as he paced up and down his narrow cell, hundreds of times did he gasp them forth: "Many stripes! many stripes!"

Then he sat exhausted with agony of mind on his pallet, and once more the scenes of childhood, youth, and manhood, passed before him; eye, and his thoughts wandered back to the wide meadows, and winding river, and venerable tower of Yatehall church. And the companions of his boyhood, and the old familiar faces of the villagers; nay, the very games and sports in which he had joined, and the sound of the church bell, and plaintive voices of the chorists, with whose solemn chants in days of yore his own voice had mingled,—all came back.

And then revived the shuddering thought, that hopes, and friends, and opportunities, he had cast them all away; that he had never tried in earnest to be religious; that even his best emotions had passed away, and produced no results. "Mere natural virtues," that is, the virtue of the feelings, "wears away when men neglect to deepen it into religious principle."

"This had been Luke's case. He saw it all clearly enough now; now, when it was too late. He had known his Lord's will, but had not prepared himself. "Many stripes! many stripes!" sobbed forth the conscience-stricken man. "Many stripes! many stripes!"

Suddenly he hears footsteps. The bolts are withdrawn. The officers of the prison lead him back into the court, and they whisper to him to be a man, for he is not to die.

At last he had known what was in store for him, would his heart have bounded with joy at the intelligence, and smote against his ribs, as if struggling to burst his narrow wall? Life! Life! If he were but permitted to live, he felt as if he cared not what befel him; he could endure it all.

"But there is a life which is worse than death." "Young man," said the venerable judge, when in due course he proceeded to pass sentence on Luke, "you have already heard, in my previous remarks to your fellow-culprits, that your life is to be spared.—But you must not think that, because you escape a shameful and ignominious execution on the gallows, that, therefore, the offences laws of your country have no further claim for satisfaction. No, you have been an enormous offender, and it is but fit that for the sake of others you should suffer enormously. I can assure you that it is only after the greatest doubt, hesitation, and grieving, that we have finally determined to recommend you to the mercy of the crown. For had it not been for you and some others, hundreds of your misguided countrymen would not have been guilty of breaking the law. Sedition and disobedience would never have entered their minds but for you."

"I am told that you have been well educated for your rank; and that you had, at least in early life, what many of those who stand at this bar have not received,—a Christian education. So much the worse for you, since you subsequently failed to profit by it. "Your conduct on your trial, and the charges brought home to you, show that you have a considerable share of natural cleverness. So much the worse for you, since you have turned your talents to such bad account."

"You are very young, and may have many years of life before you. But how many sower those years may be, I now announce to you, as the punishment of your heinous offence, and as a warning to others, they must all be passed in a condition of the most hopeless and depressing misery. You must be held forth as an example of the fate of those who lead on their ignorant fellow-subjects to crime, and who abuse their own talents, by making them minister to their bad passions. In your history must read an admonition to those who think that, provided they have knowledge, they can do without religion. May that God whom you have forgotten bring you to repentance and amendment!"

"Your sentence is, that you be transported for the term of your natural life, to such place beyond the seas as Her Majesty shall appoint; and I forewarn you, that in just judgment on your crime, that place will be the most penal settlement of the penal colonies."

Misfortune is almost sure to destroy more worldly friendships; but Luke had still a friend, no long time since, he had turned away from, and perhaps disliked for his truthfulness, but whose worth he now fully appreciated. It has been already mentioned that Edward Smith was living at Stafford, and, therefore, he had many opportunities of visiting Luke in his affliction. He came to him in person continually, and did all that he could before the trial to prepare Luke for the fate which seemed inevitable.

He was present at the trial, and when the sentence was passed, and Luke removed to the goal, the young architect revisited his unhappy school-fellow once more. It was a fearful meeting; but when the first excitement was over, and Luke's spirits were somewhat revived at the reflection that his life would be spared, he almost reproached Edward for not sharing his joy.

"I do share it," said the latter. "I do share it, for you may have full time to perfect your repentance, and almost anything is tolerable in comparison with the thought of a death of public shame."

"Why, Ned, you speak as if transportation were almost as bad as death. There are people in this prison who have told me of convicts dying with fifty thousand pounds, and who say that if a man is steady and well-behaved, he may soon be happier and more comfortable than ever he was at home."

"Luke!" replied his friend in a solemn tone, "you must not deceive yourself. Did those persons ever speak to you of Port Arthur, or Norfolk Island?"

"Nay, but do tell me. It is better to know the worst." "No, Luke," said Edward Smith sadly and earnestly, "I cannot. I have read that on the frowning rocks of those distant lands, there ought to be written the dismal words, 'leave Alone behind, all ye who enter here.' But oh, Luke, dear Luke, no place can be hopeless wherein God's mercy may yet be sought.—And bad as things may be, He will be with you to support and comfort you if you do but seek Him; and when trouble is heaviest, help will be nearest. Do but turn to him with your whole heart, and guilty as you have been, and are,—deeply, deeply as you have insulted and offended Him,—He will not cast you off for ever: nay, if He sees you a true penitent, He will never leave you nor forsake you. Though you pass through the waters, He shall be with you; and through the fire, it shall not burn you!"

Three years passed away. And Edward Smith was still advancing in worldly prosperity, and in the regard and good opinion of his employers. And he had a happy home of his own, and a gentle, affectionate wife, and a little merry-hearted innocent child.—And better than all, he was serving God faithfully in his generation, and walking steadily in His faith and fear. Need I say that he was happy?

Yet at times a shade would pass over his face when he thought of poor Luke. Often and often would he rise in the night to pray for him. Often would he beseech God to bring him to repentance, and then (if it seemed good to Him) to shorten his trial.

And when the following letter, penned in a trembling hand and blotted with tears, reached him, he felt that his prayer was about to be accomplished.—They were the last tidings that he ever received of Luke Sharp,—who was probably soon afterwards laid in that saddest of all cemeteries, the thickly populated burial ground of Norfolk Island, which (meet accompaniment of a graveyard where rows of murderers lay side by side)—is embowered among thick, melancholy groves of the tea-dropping manchineel, and whose sole outlet is toward the dark, moaning, agitated sea!

"Convicts' Hospital, Norfolk Island." "My dear and constant friend,—I almost hesitate to write to you, for why should your kind heart be pained by recollections of such a wretched, guilty being as I am? Yet you bade me write to you, and you are too true to say what you did not mean. And I have another reason for writing, for I am anxious, before my miserable career is ended, to thank you once more for all your goodness to me, and to assure you that, by God's goodness, I have been brought to feel how deeply I have offended Him, and that the desire of making my peace with Him is now the one thought that fills my mind.

"I am very ill with a cough and spitting of blood, and pain in my side, and the wardens tell me the surgeon says there are no hopes. Hope, I am sure there is none for me here; but I trust there may be hope for me beyond the grave: for God is more merciful to us than we are to one another, and I know that His Blood is efficacious enough to wash away the guilt of sin even as great as mine, and I know that you have prayed for me, and will pray for me, which is an unspeakable comfort,—for there are times when I feel almost afraid to pray for myself.

"I could not write to you on the voyage, nor yet when I got here. I had no opportunity of doing so till I was sent to the hospital. Else I should have told you something I heard at Sydney,—(that is the chief town of New South Wales, and the place to which convicts are often brought before they are transferred here; for, as I dare say you know, this is a small island in the midst of the sea,—a thousand miles from Sidney, and eighteen thousand miles from England, being the place to which the worst offenders such as I have been, are transported). Well, I saw a man at Sydney who had lately come from Port Arthur, which is another of the penal settlements, and in some respects even worse than this. Now in case you should not know it, I must tell you that this Port Arthur is situated in a place called Tasmania's Peninsula. It is almost, but not quite, an island, being connected with the main land by a narrow neck not more than three or four hundred yards across. And in order to prevent the convicts from escaping, there is a deep trench cut across this strip of land, in front of which there are a row of lamps, and not far from the lamps, a row of dogs, so placed as not to be able to destroy each other, but near enough to prevent any person passing between them. Now these dogs are immensely powerful, and being always kept chained and fed upon raw meat, they are so ferocious that even the persons who have charge of them dare not come within the length of their chain, but are compelled to throw their food to them from a distance. This settlement is a most dreary, desolate spot, and the convicts are, I am told, chiefly employed in digging coal. To this place it was that Barney Ford and Levi Abrahams were transported four years ago, when, as you remember, they were found guilty of plundering my poor uncle. I often used to think on the voyage out whether I should see them again, and I always prayed that I might not. I loved nothing but evil to them, but I never wished them such a fate as befel them. After being at Port Arthur for some time they made an attempt to escape, by crossing the neck of land which I have told you of. But no sooner had they come within reach of the dogs, than they were knocked down, and before the soldiers could come to their assistance, they were torn asunder, limb from limb, by the infuriated animals.

"And now I must speak to you of myself. When first my eyes rested on this place, I thought it must be the most beautiful spot in the universe, and I think so still; but oh, Edward, think what a place to live in that must be, where all the greatest criminals were crowded together, and where, till very lately, no minister of religion ever set foot! It was as if those who punished our bodies would not be satisfied until they had ruined our souls eternally likewise. You may judge what the consequences were. The wickedness was so great, the depravity so horrible, that I think they must have shocked the very devils in hell; yet, such monstrous forms of crime developed themselves as were never heard of in Europe, and are too bad to be alluded to in the Scriptures. Let a man be what he may when he comes here, it is next to impossible but that he should become worse. As one poor fellow said to the judge who condemned him, 'When a man comes here, a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given him the heart of a beast.' And how can it be otherwise! The most depraved, and the least depraved, are herded together night and day; and the same dress of degradation, labour at the same hopeless toil, with the loud shouting of their ears continually. So they labour on till the very hair on their head is scorched to the same yellow hue as their sun-burnt bodies, and till their limbs stiffen with the weight of their chains, or of the burdens they are compelled to carry. And they grow more and more wicked, till they change the very meaning of language, and call evil good, and good evil; and if a man is seen to pray, he is stung down, and abused, and insulted, and trampled on. Hell itself cannot be more than this place. And so the convicts think it. It is not long since thirty-one were condemned to death for a conspiracy, but some were reprieved. And when the names of those who were to die were read out, they one after another dropped upon their knees, and thanked God that they were to be delivered from this horrible place, while those who were to be spared stood mute and weeping.

"Oh, may God bless you, Edward, for having warned me not to give up hope, even here. These words of yours have come into my mind when I have been all but yielding to despair, had my trial gone on much longer, had I been compelled for long to hear and see things which are breaking strong men's hearts daily. But I was not tempted beyond what I was able to bear. God, in His mercy, sent me my present

illness, and bow I am sick, and, I suppose, dying. I find kindness even here. At least, I am not molested as I used to be."

"But do not think I complain. All I have experienced of shame and pain I have deserved, and a hundred-fold more. But I write this in order that you may warn young men in England to take care lest they do anything which should cause them to be sent to this place of torment, and in order that you may let people know what transportation to Norfolk Island really is. Tell them my history, and what it was that ruined me. Tell them to seek knowledge if they will, but that knowledge without religion is poison and death."

"And now, once more, God bless you. Pray for me, pray for me that I may have grace to pray aright, and that He who had mercy for the penitent thief, may have mercy even upon me. To Him alone I look, to His merits, and His intercession."

"Farewell! God bless you and requite you for all your goodness to one who can never repay you,—Your most guilty, but most loving friend, "LUKE SHARP."

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ENGLAND. SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS. London, Dec. 1, 1846.

Extract from a letter from the Bishop of Toronto dated Toronto, Canada, Nov. 10, 1845:—"I beg leave to enclose two short tracts—the first giving the results of my Confirmation Journeys in the years 1843, and the second the results of my journeys through the diocese during the summers of 1845 and 1846 for no less than two seasons, at least, to pass through this province during the summer."

"I had only to visit twenty-four stations, or parishes scattered indeed over a great surface, and attended with much labour, but not equal to what I have gone through this summer. It is quite probable that I shall be compelled to divide the diocese into three annual portions, instead of two, in order to bring it within my practical power; because during the past summers I found, that from the intense heat, and travelling so long in a rough wagon, and over tedious roads, it was rather too much."

"From these tables it will be seen that the stations have increased by ninety-five in about three years; but I may remark, that some of them are rather stations of expectation, that I might make myself acquainted with the country and inhabitants, and show my energy that I called upon them to encounter no labours which I was not willing to share, others, as the country becomes better cleared and opened, may be joined for confirmation appointments, so as to economize labour. There will not be so great an increase, under this head, during the next three years, though it will still be considerable."

"The number of the confirmed may be deemed less than might have been anticipated, from the rapid increase of our population from immigration and natural causes; but it must be remembered, that the number of grown up and elderly persons that came forward during my two first tours of confirmation (not having opportunities before), have diminished, and our candidates now consist in a much greater degree of young people."

"In respect to recent emigrants, many of their youth have been confirmed before they left home; but were it otherwise, they do not always come within my range, as they generally go to the farthest back settlements, which for some years our clergy are unable to visit with advantage."

TABLE I. Showing the results of the Bishop of Toronto's Journeys for Confirmation through his Diocese in 1843.

Table with 4 columns: Districts, No. of Stations, No. of Candidates, No. of Confirmed.

TABLE II. Showing the results of the Bishop of Toronto's Confirmation Journeys through his Diocese in 1845 and 1846.

Table with 4 columns: Districts, No. of Stations, No. of Candidates, No. of Confirmed.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE. 67, Lincoln's Inn Fields, December, 1846.

The Lord Bishop of London in the chair. A letter was read from the Lord Bishop of Toronto, dated Toronto, 8th Oct., 1846. The following are extracts:—"Permit me to introduce to your kind notice the bearer, the Rev. Richard Flood, one of my most estimable missionaries, and whose great success among our Indians has obtained and deserved my warm approbation."

"Mr. Flood's chief reason for visiting England is, I am sorry to say, to seek the best medical advice for a complaint in his head, which has been for some time troubling him, and which is the result of his great exertions and presence of mind during an accident which happened to him on crossing the river Thames (in Canada), near his own residence, returning from church in a boat with a number of his congregation. By his skill, and courage, and trust in God, he was enabled to save himself and most of his companions from a watery grave, which for many hours appeared inevitable, and under the cold and storm of which some of them perished."

"He carries with him a manuscript of a portion of our Service in the Muncie language, which, I hope, he has favourably considered by the Society, and in the meantime of this poor tribe. Any kindness you may show to Mr. Flood in promoting his objects I shall deem a great favour, for I feel much interest in his welfare."

"The Rev. Mr. O'Meara's Chippewa translation of our part of the Liturgy has been in the press for some time, and will be ready for delivery in a few days."

The following memorandum, from Earl Cairn, dated Civil Secretary's Office, Indian Department, Montreal, 15th Oct., 1846, was also read:—"The Rev. Mr. Flood, Missionary to the Indians, residing at Muncie Town and Delaware, being about to proceed to England to endeavour to raise by private subscription a sum of money for the purpose of erecting a church at Muncie Town, in the district of London, county of Middlesex, (Canada West), for which desirable object there are no hands at the disposal of the Government, the Governor-General avails himself of the opportunity to express his approbation of Mr. Flood's exertions, and he trusts that the result will be satisfactory to Mr. Flood, and beneficial to the Indians under his charge.—CATARAUGUS."

The Rev. R. Flood, in a letter dated London, Nov. 13th, 1846, writes as follows:—"I beg to acquaint you that the objects of my present mission to England are simply these: first, the printing of our Liturgy in the Muncie language; and, secondly, the soliciting from the members of our Church assistance towards building a church for the use of the Indians under my charge; as the temporary place of worship at a school-house, has ceased for years to accommodate the native congregations consisting of three nations, the Munceys, Chippewas, and Ojibwas; an interesting people, who, perhaps, among all the aborigines of British North America, stand pre-eminent for sterling piety, and love, and attachment to our beloved Church."

The Board agreed to grant £30 towards the erection of a church for the Indians at Muncie Town, Delaware; the sum of which is hereby acknowledged, and the work shall have advanced towards its completion. The Secretaries reported that the Muncie version of the Liturgy had been recommended by the Standing Committee to the consideration of the Foreign Translation Committee.

Advertisements. Mr. Robert Cooper, Solicitor and Attorney, Wellington Buildings, King Street, Toronto, Nov. 1846.

Advertisements.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOB WORK. DON'T FORGET THE HANDED OFFICE OF "THE CHURCH," No. 5, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

BLANK DEEDS, MORTGAGES, & MEMORIALS. WITH AND WITHOUT RAK OF DOWER, KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Handsomely printed on superior Paper, and on Parchment.

BOOKBINDING, Bookelling and Stationary Establishment. No. 4, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, King Street, Toronto.

THOMAS BROWN respectfully announces that he has commenced a Printing and Stationery Office, in the patronage of the Gentry, Law Professors, and Public generally of Toronto and the vicinity.

T. B. carried on the Bookbinding Business in the North of England for 30 years, and had the support of many of the Nobility, Law Gentlemen, and respectable inhabitants of that country; and being a British and extensive manufacturer of Ornamental Tools, by the first artists in England, can pledge himself to the excellence and variety of his work.

JOHN G. 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;

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 6, Waterloo Buildings, NEXT DOOR TO MACDONALD'S HOTEL.

ROBERT HAWKE, Tailor, is to say to his friends and the Public generally, his sincere thanks for the kind notice he has received of his well-selected stock of West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doxieskins, Beaver and Pilot Cloths, &c. &c.

RICHARD SCORE, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 1, Chevalier's Buildings, Toronto.

BEGS respectfully to acquaint the Gentry of Canada West, and Public generally, that he has now received his Stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

BARNARD CURTISS & CO., 110, Front Street, New York.

MR. P. MARCH RESPECTFULLY announces that he has entered into arrangements for publishing immediately

REV. DR. M'CAUL, Vice President of King's College, Toronto.

Engraved District Maps. TO be published, a complete ATLAS OF CANADA WEST, in Districts, showing every Loc., Farm, River, Creek, Post, Town, Village, Post Office, Church, &c. in each Township; exhibiting a Bird's-eye view of all Traveled Roads, distinguishing the Concession, and homestead, Blank, Rail, and Mail Routes; beautifully Engraved upon Copper Plates (about 2 1/2 by 3 feet), forming a Register of all Improvements in the County, upon a scale of 2 1/2 miles to one inch—considerably larger than Bouche's, and embracing more information than contained in any other Map—and drawn by eminent Surveyors.

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Victoria District. E. half 7, 7th Con. N. of Egmont Road, Warrick, 100 = 25, 5th Con. " " " " " " " " " " 200 = W. parts 18 and 19, 11th Con. " " " " " " " " " " 200 =

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