THE
York Commonwealth
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earlies mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK COMMONWEALTH will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, IN ADVANCE; and if not paid within Three Months two dollars will be charged.

ALEX. SCOTT & CO.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Six lines and under, first insertion	£0 2s. 6d
Each subsequent insertion....	0 7d
Ten lines and under, first insertion	3s. 4d
Each subsequent insertion.....	0 1d
Above ten lines, first in., per line	0 4d
Each subsequent insertion, per line	0 1d

☞ Advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

A liberal discount will be made to parties advertising by the year.

All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be postpaid.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid: and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

YORK COMMONWEALTH
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:—

BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND PAMPHLETS.

And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING!
done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

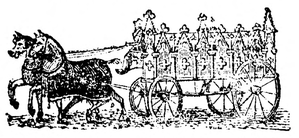
DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF,
Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

JOHN GRIEVE,
CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT. Office, Richmond Hill,
December, 1858. 1-tf

JOSEPH KELLER,
BAILIFF Second and Third DIVISION Court. Office, Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

J. B. DEEGIER,
APPOINTED CONSTABLE at the Assizes for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Residence—Corner of Wright and Yonge Streets, near A Wright, Esq's.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 65-1-tf

P. CROSBY,
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

THOMAS SEDMAN,

FUNERAL FURNISHER,
CARRIAGE,
Waggon & Sleigh Maker,
Opposite the White Swan Inn.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

JAMES McCLURE,
INNKEEPER. Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Corner of Yonge and Bradford streets, Holland Landing.
December, 1858. 25-1-tf

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR.,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c. ☞ Also, Licensed Auctioneer.
December, 1858. 1-tf

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
NEAR the Railroad Station, Aurora. Careful Hostlers always in attendance.
C. CASE,
Proprietor.
December 1858. 32-1-tf

MANSION HOUSE,
SHARON. Attentive Hostlers always in attendance.
J. KAVANAGH,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 32-1-tf

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD,
Barristers, &c.,
NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS,
KING ST., TORONTO,
December, 1858. 1-tf

CLYDE HOTEL,
KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers
JOHN MILLS,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 1-tf

W. H. MYERS,
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.
☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 55-1y

JOHN COULTER,
Tailor and Clothier!
Yonge St., Richmond Hill,
December, 1858. 1-tf

GEORGE DODD,
Veterinary Surgeon
Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.
"HORSE & FARRIER" INN.
g15-1-tf

J. VERNEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge street, Richmond Hill.
Ladies' and Gentlemens' Boots and Shoes, made after the latest styles.
December 1858. 1-8m

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
A Good supply of WINES and LIQUORS always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others Cigars of all brands.
D. MCLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, July 6, 1858. 57-6m

J. N. REID,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
Thornhill.
December 1858. 10-1-tf

ROACH'S HOTEL,
CORNER of Front and George streets, one block east of the Market, Toronto.
JOHN ROACH,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 39-1-tf

ROBERT SIVER,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
ADJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill. A choice selection of Gentlemens', Ladies' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes constantly on hand, and made to order on the Shortest Notice.
☞ All kinds Shoemakers Finding for sale.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

GLOUCESTER HOTEL,
THREE MILES NORTH OF TORONTO, ON YONGE-ST.
THE above Hotel is fitted up in neat and comfortable style. Transient visitors and others will find the accommodations to be that of the first class, while the charges will be extremely low.
☞ Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler.
THOMAS COATES, Proprietor.
Yonge Street, Dec, 1858. 62-1y

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH,
MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W.
Dec. 2, 1858. 52-1y

ESPLANADE HOTEL,
BY G. TURNER,
PALACE ST. (OPPOSITE THE OLD GAS WORKS) TORONTO.
Meals 20 cents each, and good accommodation for Farmers and others.
Toronto, Dec, 1858. 53-1y

JAMES HALL,
HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices to meet the times.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 54-1-1y

W. HODGE & Co.
WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers, Parties giving this house a call will find their orders punctually attended to, and the lowest prices charged.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 54-1-1y

EDMUND GRAINGER,
BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice.
Thornhill, Dec. 1858. 41-1tf

WILLIAM HARRISON,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Next door to G. A. Barnard's,
Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

JAMES JENKINS',
Grocery & Provision tore
RICHMOND HILL
NO CREDIT GIVEN. Produce taken in exchange.
The above is the oldest established Grocery and Provision Store on the Hill.
Dec. 2, 1858. 55-1y

F. W. HOLLISS,
MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a very superior stock of CLOTHS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c. Garments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted.
Thornhill, Dec, 1858. 60-1-tf

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL.
A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from he Elgin Mills at 7, a.m. and returning at 7, p.m. Fare 2s. 6d. each way.
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.
RICHARD NICHOLLS,
Proprietor
Richmond Hill, Dec. 2, 1858. 55-1y

T. MACBETH, Jnr.,
CARRIAGE, SIGN,
—AND—
Ornamental Painter.
Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 37-1y

BLACK HORSE HOTEL
[FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. ROLPH,]
CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. Board $1 per day. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. An omnibus to and from the Railroad Station.
THOMAS PALMER,
Proprietor.
Toronto, Feb 26, 1858. 38-1y

J. HACKETT, M.D.
Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada
LATE RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER,
KINGSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL.
RESIDENCE, MAPLE VILLAGE.
Dec. 23, 1858. 59-1-6m

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE!
MARKHAM VILLAGE.
GOOD Accommodations. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands.
R. MARR, *Proprietor.*
Markham, Dec, 1858. 57-1y

NEW STORE,
Richmond Hill,
CORNER of Wright & Yonge streets. Cheap Groceries and Provisions. Crockery and Glassware cheap for Cash. No Credit. D. HOPKINS.
Dec. 3, 1858. 1-tf

THORNHILL HOTEL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises, and fitted them up in a neat and comfortable style.
Boarders and transient visitors will find the accomodations in every way agreeable.
The best of Liquors and Cigars carefully selected. Good stabling and attentive hostlers
HENRY LEMON,
Thornhill, Jan 20, 1858. } Proprietor. 38

THE PLOUGH INN.
H. W. PECK begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of RICHMOND HILL and surrounding country, that he has opened the Hotel formerly known as the WHITE SWAN. The Bar will be replete with all kinds of Liquors of the best quality. Good Stabling, Hay and Oats at all times. An attentive Hostler always on call,
November 5, 1858. 74 4m

EDWARD CROWN,
HAS always on hand a large and well assorted stock of DRAPERY, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES, &c. &c. which will be sold at prices that will defy competition.
Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 60-1y

HALF-WAY HOUSE, RICHMOND HILL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous Patrons and the public, that he has removed from the White Swan Hotel to the above Premises, where there will be found excellent accommodation for Travellers, and good Stabling.
☞ Horses and Buggies for Hire.
JOSEPH GABY,
Proprietor.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 22, 1858. 72 7m

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,
10 MILES NORTH OF TORONTO ON THE YONGE STREET ROAD.
THE Proprietor begs to inform the public that he has purchased the above Hotel, and has recently refitted and furnished it throughout in a comfortable style. The Bar will be continually supplied with good Liquors and Cigars. GOOD STABLES attached to the premises, with careful Hostlers to attend to travellers wants.
THOMAS STEELE, Proprietor.
(formerly of the Bond Lake Hotel.)
Sept. 29, 1858. 69-1y

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL
142 KING STREET, TORONTO.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has opened the above Hotel, opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto. His bar will always be found replete with all kinds of Liquors of first-rate quality. His Table will also be found *rechertte.*
Good Stables are attached to the premises.
W. M. SHORT, VETINARY SURGEON,
Toronto Sept. 17, 1858. 67-1y

York Commonwealth,
AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

Vol. I. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1858. No. 1.

Selections.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest
The stars shone gloriously, and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head;
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flow'r, yet must
Its bright leaves to the morning tempests bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn thy hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn,

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the deep wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there!
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh! come now, while I press
My brow upon thy grave; and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless your weeping child;
And o'er thine urn, religion's holiest shrine,
Oh! give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SKETCH OF THE REVIVAL.

BY JENNY A STONE.

Loud and clear rang the village bell. Up through the evening air floated peal after peal, and the snow-clad hills sent back a solemn echo to the vale beneath. The little church was filled to overflowing.—Faces were there on which all the heart's anxiety might easily be read, and others just as careless of the great Future before them. And many were the bright eyes dimmed with tears, and hands convulsively clasped together, as the eloquent lips of the speaker poured forth consolation for the bleeding heart, and woke the deep voice of repentance in the bosom of pride.

'*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.'

The words floated down the aisles and out upon the clear, frosty air, while many a proud young head bent lower and lower, and tears dropped fast from dim and aged eyes.

Then there was a long silence, followed by the sound of many passing forward to the little altar.—Side by side they knelt. Men and women with the snows of many winters on their heads, and knees that until now had never been bent in prayer. Fair maidens, manly youths, and tender children,—all seeking for the self-same blessings—all bowing before the one great Father.

Near the right of the pulpit two brothers were standing. The broad, intellectual brow of the one, and firm, expressive features of the other, gave ample evidence that should they choose to heed the call, they would make no common laborers in the vineyard. But the Spirit had spoken once, yea, twice, and still they resisted the pleading.—And now they were gazing curiously to mark what friends should be among the worshippers who passed them. Footsteps light with the tread of hope, and others heavy with the weight of despair, all sounded along the aisles.

A young girl rose from a seat near the brothers, and with an irresolute step came slowly forward. Half pausing as she reached them, they caught a glimpse of dark, earnest eyes, whose long lashes were beaded with tears, turned imploringly toward them, and then the maiden passed onward and knelt for the blessing.

'Annette Lacy!' whispered the younger brother, turning to the pale face beside them.

'I see,' was the only answer, as they threaded their way out into the open air, just as the man of God commenced his earnest appeal for the precious souls who had come to the foot of the cross.

Henry Elton, the elder, stepped quickly, lifting his hand now and then with a mysterious, impatient movement to his brow, as if to brush away some unpleasant conviction that had settled there. But it was every evident that he did not succeed—for, as his brother spoke his name for the third time, he turned towards him a face full of perplexed meaning, and answered, 'Well, what is it, Arthur?'

'I was going to say,' replied the other, 'that Annette would not be apt to go to the ball with you to-morrow?'

'Why not speak out your full thoughts,' questioned Henry, bitterly, 'and say that I had better spare myself the pain of a rejection, by absenting myself from Mr. Lacy's mansion altogether?'

Arthur made no reply to this, but a moment after said, 'You intend to see Annette soon, don't you, Henry?'

'Yes, to-morrow,' was the brief reply, and with a 'good-night,' the brothers separated.

* * * * * * * * * *

The morrow evening had come, with a bright, wintry moon that made the snow-crest sparkle with a million diamonds, and a pure, frosty air that gave a clear, musical tinkle to the sleigh-bells, as one by one the crowded vehicles passed the house of Annette Lacy on their way to the hall of mirth. Thrice had Mrs. Lacy tapped at her daughter's door, and now she entered.

'Annette,' said she, 'Henry is in the parlor, and wishes to see you. What shall I say to him?'

'One minute, mother. Tell him to wait one minute, and I will come.'

Mrs. Lacy turned away, and again the young girl knelt at the bedside.

'Give me strength,' she prayed, 'strength and wisdom, O, my God.'

The earthly love was wrestling strongly with the voice of duty within her heart. 'O, I cannot give him up,' was the thought that burst sobbingly from her lips.

A clear burst of song came floating up from a neighboring cottage, and its burden was the familiar hymn,

"JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to love, and follow Thee."

The tears sprang to Annette's eyes, and with them the struggle was past. With a sad, sweet smile hovering aronnd her lips, she descended to the little parlor, and advanced to meet her lover.

'Annette,' he said quickly, 'I do not come to claim your promise for to-night. I know that is impossible after what has passed, but I must also know whether this is to make any difference between us,—any difference in your love for me.'

The girl's voice was very low and tremulous as she replied, 'No, Henry, my love is not changed, it never can be, but oh! our relations to each other *must* be changed, unless,' she added, pleadingly, 'unless you will turn and go with me. O, Henry, I cannot serve two masters. Will you not try, first for my sake, if it must be, and then for the love of Jesus, to walk in this path?'

'I cannot feign an interest in religion that I do not feel,' Henry Elton answered moodily. 'Is this all I am to hope, Annette, for all the love I have wasted? Think of it, don't answer me now, I will come again.'

The door closed and he was gone, walking with quick, nervous steps out into the open country,—Away from the lighted church, away from the streets and cottages, away from the haunts of men, out into the clear, frosty night he had gone to find the solution of a great mystery; for Henry Elton *had* an interest in religion that he was unwilling to own. Deep in his soul he felt that Annette had chosen the true path.

But little did the young girl dream, as she turned her footsteps towards the church door that evening, as the bell rang out its accustomed call, that her proud lover was kneeling in the forest on the crusted snow, praying for pardon and peace. Her face was sad, very sad; for the earthly hope she strove to crush had been her first dream of happiness, and the path she was treading was yet new to her feet—the consolation not yet full. But so many sweet promises and blessed hopes were given her that night, that she trod the aisles with a heart full of rest and peace, and whispered, 'all for Jesus,' as she knelt again at the altar.

And although her eyes were turned away, yet others saw that just as he knelt, the heavy door swung open, letting in a flood of moonlight from without, and with a firm, light tread, Henry Elton advanced and knelt beside the maiden. The prayers were offered, the blessing pronounced, and the lovers rose face to face, while close beside them Arthur Elton still knelt, his lips moving in voiceless supplication.

* * * * * * * * * *

O, how I pity Annette, said a gay girl, as the revelers passed the cotta e late that night. 'She was such a happy creature, but of course, young Elton will never marry her now.'

And Annette Lacy started from her pillow, as the chiming bells broke in upon her peaceful dreams.

'Thank God I am not there,' she whispered, with a sigh of relief, as her head sank back again.—'And thank God that Henry and Arthur are going to seek Christ, too. Dear Father, do not give me all my blessings in this world.'

GOOD ADVICE, AND HOW IT WAS TAKEN.

At the meeting of the 'National Association of Social Science,' at Liverpool, to which the working classes had been specially invited, five noble lords took the opportunity of addressing to them sundry weighty and all-important advices. We can only make room for the speech of the Earl of Carlisle, and the reply by a working man, to both of which we call the special attention of our readers:—

The Earl of Carlisle (who wore the Star and Riband of the Garter) was next called upon by the chairman, and, the applause with which he was greeted having subsided, he said—We have all been made so much of working men this week, that I am inclined to think that it is time for a little rest ('hear,' and a laugh); and as I am sure that my noble friend (the Earl of Shaftsbury) who has just addressed you with such true and earnest feeling, thinks it one of the chief glories of his useful and honoured life to have passed the Ten Hours' Bill, I call to mind that it is more than ten hours ago since I took my seat to hear papers about schools and prisons, and I therefore feel inclined to come before you like an insolvent, and claim 'the benefit of the Act.' (A laugh.) My reason for not declining to come as I might have wished, and (to adopt an expression natural to the place where I stand) to have made my exit rather than my entrance, was my desire to show the real respect I feel for the body of the working classes of the land. [Cheers.] I think that it would be great flattery to any class or any set of men, to assign to them an exclusive share of those acts and qualities which together make up the staple of our English greatness. [Hear.] We have a generous and manly gentry [hear]; we have liberal and princely merchants [hear]; we have a distinguished literature, deep thinkers, sparkling writers, graceful poets; we have eminent men in the learned professions; and we have the bravest of soldiers and sailors [hear, hear]; but I still feel that it is the large, deep foundation of the working classes which is ever supplying the raw material of this costly fabric of our wealth, our enterprise, and our fame—which is all the time feeding all the other classes, and sending out its shoots and suckers among them. [Cheers.] And so, whatever may be the lustre of our arms, whatever may be the brillancy of our genius, whatever may be the wealth of our nobles, whatever may be the reverence that surrounds all our institutions, and guards our throne, yet I should not feel easy as to their safety and their permanence if I did not think that there was at the same time beneath them and around them a sound, well-disposed, order-loving population. But, gentlemen, if it be true that the working classes hold so important a place, let them bear in mind that their duties are on a corresponding scale. [Hear, hear.] I have told you how sincere my wish is to honour those who uphold our frame of society, and secure to me, among others, the many advantages which it gives me. But while I honour them, let them prove themselves worthy of that honour. [Hear, hear.] The poet says:—

'Honour and shame from no condition rise;'
and he adds as truly:—
'Act well your part, 'tis there true honour lies.'

[Cheers.] Now, every class and every man in this country has his part, which he may act well and gain honour by so doing. You have already heard many to-night, and there are others around me, both among your visitors and among your townsmen, qualified to give you good advice, from platforms, from pulpits, from lecture rooms, from daily converse and intercourse, by their wise precepts, by their bright example, still, feel more than anything that the chief part to be played in building up your own character, and making out your own destinies, rests with yourselves. I agree with my noble friend, that what I should be inclined to say was our besetting fault or crime as a nation, is drunkenness; and what I feel to be the main source of discomfort and unhappiness to us all as men, is the want of contentment with what we have and what we are. [Hear.] Therefore, if I were addressing any large body of my countrymen, I should be tempted to say—'As you value your body's health, and your mind's peace, and your soul's good, be sober.' [Cheers.] But if I were speaking to any one of you as man to man, I should be tempted to say—'I do not suspect you, my honest friend, of any such degrading and besotting taste as the love of drink; but while you do your best to earn your bread, and to improve your mind, and to raise yourself in the scale of life—for these, as my noble friend has told you, are proper and legitimate aims for every one—cast out at once and for ever from your breast, the gnawings of envy and the restlessness of discontent.' Few of us, I believe, have any notion how much happier we might all be if we would only let ourselves be so. The mind, the imperial mind of man, makes its own atmosphere; and life, that great responsible gift of our Creator, decides its own history [cheers] and as I have referred you to the many living oracles of advice open for your benefit, I will only, in conclusion, cite one dead oracle, our great moralist, Dr. Johnson, who has said in noble lines, which have always seemed to me to comprise all philosophy, all morality, and all religion:

'Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind—
Obedient passions, and a will resigned—
For love, that scarce collective man can fill—
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill—
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's signal for retreat.
These goods He grants, who nothing grants in vain—
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.'

The Chairman then announced that a working man had requested permission to propose a vote of thanks to the noblemen and gentlemen who had addressed them that evening. It was not intended to have passed any resolutions, but as this was quite a spontaneous act on the part of the working man in question, and as it evinced so much good feeling, he thought they must depart from their original design, and allow the motion to be proposed. [Loud cheers.]

Daniel Guy then came forward, and was received with immense cheering by his fellow-workmen. His hard hands and somewhat swarthy appearance clearly indicated that he was what he professed to be—one of the sons of daily toil. He spoke with considerable fluency and animation, and in a rather broad Lancashire dialect. We give his speech nearly *verbatim*:—Brother workmen,—I am not one of these Parliament gentlemen, you know, but just out of the foundry; so you must excuse if I am a little rough. [Cheers.] I thank God for this night. I feel that we, as working-men, have a great right—a duty incumbent on us—to give our most hearty and grateful thanks to the five illustrous noblemen who have given to us so much of their services to-night. (Cheers.) There's an old song among us men, something after the following:—'There's a good time coming.' I believe that the day has done more than dawn, that it's broad past twilight, and already the sun begins to light on us in full blaze. [Cheers.] When the nobles of the land begin to stoop from their high position to give us of the working classes the hand to elevate and lift us up, I say that the day has more than dawned, and we have a good full view of the sun rising in his mighty power. Throughout the whole course of my life, never have I sat and felt such emotions arising within my inner man as I have to-night. When I hear such men as the noble Lord Shaftesbury telling us—the toiling millions—where our great evils lie, and advising us to the steps to be taken to remove those evils, I feel grateful and thankful, and highly delighted. [Cheers.] But, my working friends, with all the advice given, with all the counsel offered, unless we ourselves put our hands to the plough we shall never be any whit better. The reformation needed to raise and elevate the working man, is the reformation of the homestead. [Cheers.] Let it begin there; let every father begin, and let him determine henceforth that