

giving. They must save out of their own money. To give anything, it must be their own. He would urge them to give a small amount weekly. The results of efforts in his own Bible Class in Montreal, were related with much power, leading to a very interesting account of the Mission work at Tinnivelly, in Madras, commencing with the famine in 1877. The wealthy Madras people not taking any interest in the poor, the fund raised in England alleviated their sufferings, and many were converted to Christianity. The great test of our religion "to feed the hungry, clothe the naked," etc., had worked its effect. Most interesting extracts were read from a letter received from a native clergyman. In concluding, he urged upon the audience the necessity of giving more than they had ever done before. This speech was a fine effort, and was listened to with rapt attention from first to last. The collection was \$17.75. The Chairman, Rev. A. J. Balfour, Rector, thanking the Revd. gentlemen for their addresses, expressed the feeling of all present, and with devotional exercises, a most successful meeting came to a close.—*The Times, Richmond, Q.*

DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

(From our own Correspondents.)

FRELIGHTSBURG.—Last Sunday (January 29th) services of a most interesting character were held. It was the anniversary of the opening of the old church 73 years ago by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Stewart, afterward Bishop Stewart. It is said that on that occasion there were about 1,000 persons congregated to witness the event, for it was a great event in that border land and at that time. On this present occasion, notwithstanding the very stormy weather, the congregations were large. The morning service was a memorial one, with special hymns, psalms and lessons, and devotional acknowledgment. The lessons were read by the brother of the rector, Prof. L. H. Davidson, M.A., L.L.B., and the rest of the service by the Rector and Archdeacon Lindsay, who preached one of his happiest sermons. In the evening a Missionary Service was held on the site of the first missionary conquest of the venerable Jounder. Beside the clergy present, the following distinguished laymen and Churchmen addressed the meeting: Col. Westover, L. H. Davidson, and Deputy Sheriff Sanborn.

In many parishes we observe that recreation, literary and musical, is being provided for the people under the patronage of the clergy. This is as it should be.

MONTREAL.—The able address and statement made by Mr. Brydges, Treasurer of the Synod, to the meeting held as a joint Missionary meeting of the Cathedral, St. George's and St. James the Apostle, on the 11th January last, has been printed and circulated among the clergy. Having a circulation in that form, some of its statements demand a further circulation in your columns. Its circulation among the clergy is doubtless for the purpose of their using the facts so lucidly and impressively put before them, in stimulating their charges to further endeavours. We note first Mr. Brydges' allusion to the small number, comparatively, before him, considering it was supposed to represent the three largest and wealthiest congregations in the city, he must say, it was an inadequate representation. This remark may be made of most of our meetings in town and country. Very seldom do the people turn out as they come out to a Service even. Perhaps we can console ourselves with the thought that it is not because we lack anything, for in the country the meetings of the Methodists in behalf of their funds, show the same lack of interest and want of attendance on the part of their people. It is in the city chiefly where the great contrast in the attendance given to Church Missionary Meetings of other bodies is seen. The town meetings of the non-episcopal bodies are generally attended by the greater number of the congregation, and they are not to our knowledge "whipped in," so to speak, for the occasion by any special pulpit or individual effort. Mr. Bridges says in the retrospect which he has made of past 8 years, there are a great many points on which we may partly congratulate ourselves; but there are some points that are not subjects of congratulation at all. In 1873, the collections for Missionary purposes in the city and from the country amounted to \$7,278. Collections for same purpose for year ending May, 1881, \$7,943. This shows in 8 years an increase of only \$715 from the whole diocese! Upon a closer inspection and analysis that increase comes practically from the city. The increase in the country parts being exactly the noble sum of \$1. In 1873, we had exactly the same number of Missionaries aided by the funds of the Diocese as are supported in the same way at present time, 37. The amount paid in 1873 to the 37 men was \$10,500, in 1881 it was \$10,900. So that in eight years we have been enabled to increase the amounts payable to Missionaries throughout the Diocese by the magnificent sum of \$400!! I am very glad, says Mr. B., that we have got beyond the point of having to report yearly a deficit. We are now able to state to the Synod year after year that we have been able to meet all our obligations, and have a balance to our credit. This, indeed has been reached by our doing the last thing which ought to be done, and that is the reduction of the stipends we have paid to many missionaries and clergy throughout the Diocese. The S. P. G. that at first sup-

ported us in part by a grant something like \$30,000 per annum, has now reduced its grant to \$8,696. With the exception of \$1,000, all this went to paying missionaries still in the field sent by that society. Next year, we will not have that \$1,000. In 1872 the Sustentation Fund was originated under the auspices of Bishop Oxenden. In 1873, we have an amount under this fund invested of \$42,300. By subscriptions and other means, we have now a total amount of \$78,000, yielding interest. Of this sum, \$29,000 is on behalf of local endowments in various parts of the country. We receive in the shape of interest from that sum \$3,535. The sum total as it now is is not what the wealthy Diocese of Montreal ought to raise. It will not be very long before we find that sum utterly inadequate to the wants of the Diocese, or carry on its missionary work. After speaking on the Superannuation Fund and Widows' and Orphans' Fund, Mr. Bridges said a few words on the stipends paid to the clergy in country districts, and which are here reproduced as deserving attention from your lay subscribers in this Diocese. "There is one subject I should like to advert to, and it is this—The Church of England will not be able to do its duty in this Diocese, (and I suppose it is the same in others), to its people unless they pay their clergy in the country parishes more adequate stipends than at present. To say to a man of refinement, who has been accustomed in his early life to the comforts of a happy home, that he must go into the country districts and live on a salary of \$600 a year, that he must be prepared to support himself and his family, as gentleman and gentleman, and that he must have a horse to enable him to get over the many miles of his parish, and be always ready to open his very lean purse, is a disgrace to us as members of the Church who profess to love and revere. We pay our clergy in these districts miserable salaries, and expect them to occupy positions to reflect credit upon themselves and the Church. It cannot be expected that a clergyman of the Church of England, who is supposed to tower intellectually above his fellows, and to teach them what they cannot know themselves, can occupy that position with a salary which no dry goods merchant in this city would offer to an ordinary clerk in his establishment. This is a condition of things which ought not to exist in this Diocese."

L. H. DAVIDSON, M. A., B. C. L., brother of the Rector of St. Armand's East, and well known in the Diocesan and Provincial Synods as a capital lawyer in ecclesiastical matters, a clear, eloquent and logical speaker, and a thorough Churchman, has been made a Professor in the Law Faculty of his Alma Mater, McGill College. Every Churchman who has the pleasure of his acquaintance is rejoiced to see him thus honoured.

DIOCESE OF NIAGARA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HAMILTON.—*Christ Church Cathedral.*—It being known that Dr. Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, was to preach in this church Sunday, 5th inst., large congregations were present. In the morning the prayers were read by Rev. C. H. Mockridge, Rev. Canon Innes and Rev. A. E. Miller reading the lessons. The Right Rev. Bishop Fuller read the ante-Communion service, assisted by Bishop Coxe, who read the Epistle. The Holy Communion was administered to a large number of communicants. Bishop Coxe preached from the words "I know these sorrows," and throwing into his remarks that intense feeling which is so evident in his manner of delivery, he preached lovingly and forcibly on the goodness of God and His great care for the human race. Every one of the large congregation listened to the good Bishop with rapt attention as he showed the manner in which the goodness of God is connected, and has ever been connected, with the sorrows of the human race. To lighten man's burdens has ever been the work of the Deity, and the plan for doing so took definite shape in the eternal Son of God when He permitted Himself to be called the Son of Man. In the evening the church was crowded, the aisles being filled so that no room was left. The service was choral, the first part being taken by Rev. Mr. Mockridge and the second by Canon Carmichael. Canon Innes read the lessons. Bishop Coxe preached a grand sermon from the words "The everlasting Gospel."

A MEETING of the city clergy, called by the Bishop, was held at Bishophurst to consider the project of systematic clerical visitation of the City Hospital. A monthly arrangement was adopted by which each clergyman is responsible for visiting the Anglican patients as frequently as possible during the month assigned him.

Church of the Ascension.—The Rev. Canon Carmichael holds a Men's Bible Class on Sunday mornings at 9.45, the principal idea of the instruction being to point out the harmonious relations between revelation and science. By taking up such a subject, and handling it in such a clear, masterly way, the Rev. Canon is supplying one of the greatest needs of our age, and his efforts cannot but be productive of much good. The interest elicited by these lectures may be inferred from the fact that at that early hour on the day of rest they are attended by more than eighty men, both old and young.

DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

PROMOTIONS IN THE DIOCESE.—By Press telegrams, dated from Winnipeg Feb. 6th, we learn that the Bishop of Rupert's Land has made the following appointments, to take effect at Easter:—Rev. Canon Grisdale, Dean of Rupert's Land; Rev. W. C. Pinkham, B.D., Archdeacon of Manitoba and Canon of St. John's Cathedral, in place of the Right Rev. Bishop of Saskatchewan, resigned; Rev. Canon O'Meara, M. A., professor of systematic Theology in St. John's College and Canon of St. John's Cathedral, in place of Rev. Canon Grisdale, resigned. We congratulate these gentlemen on their promotion. The new Dean of Rupert's Land is the head of St. John's Ladies' College, Winnipeg, and Professor of Systematic Theology in St. John's College; Canon O'Meara (now Professor of Exegetical Theology) takes Canon Grisdale's place. The new Archdeacon, Rev. W. C. Pinkham, B.D., devotes his whole time to his responsible work as Superintendent of Protestant Schools in Manitoba.

Family Department.

AT EVENING TIME.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

'Tis evening time: the wearied child
Turns gladly to its welcome rest;
The tired head and busy hands
Lay calmly on the mother's breast.
Sleep sweetly, babe, and fear no ill—
Sleep on throughout the silent night;
Safe in the care of Him Who said
"At evening time let there be light."

'Tis evening time: the tired man
Who toils all day 'mid ceaseless din,
Turns to his home with welcome steps
And finds a quiet rest within.
An earthly rest—how sweet it is!
It makes the long hours calm and bright;
But there will be no need for rest
At evening time—when there is light.

'Tis evening time: the old one
Who finds the hours so long and drear—
Who has passed the three score years and ten,
Knows that the promised rest is near.
Wait, wearied one, the day is past
And darkening shadows come in sight;
Thy Saviour's voice has sweetly said,
"At evening time let there be light."

'Tis evening time: to all alike
One tired day will surely come,
When we must lay our burdens down
And greet the welcome summons home.
All will be well if through our life
One has been with us in the fight;
Well if our Father's voice shall say,
"Tis evening time, and there is light."

Halifax.

M. T. C.

MADemoISELLE ANGELE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"But now the neighbours look up to you as much as they do to Monsieur le Maire?" said Angele.
"Yes, mademoiselle; so they do. They are always in and out of my house. When I have finished a picture, it is quite an event in the village; if you heard the good people, it is Pere Coic, Pere Coic, on every tongue."
"You ought to be in Paris, my friend. You ought not to be buried here. It is the portrait of the president you should be doing," said Monsieur de Chevres.
"Monsieur, you are very good," answered the painter. "It has long been my wish to be in Paris. As you say, only a few good peasants know me here; but now, perhaps, that I have done mademoiselle's portrait, it has been a good chance for me, for you know hanging up in mademoiselle's salon, her friends seeing it, may wish to have theirs done by the same person. That might well be. Then, monsieur, I would come."
"You would make your fortune, with a *furor*," said Monsieur de Beaumont, sending his voice above the subdued hilarity of the company.
"I am timid. I am not accustomed to high society," answered Pere Coic, with a feeble wriggle of his wasted frame.
"Ah! an artist like you can hold up his head with any one," said Angele.
"Thank you, mademoiselle," answered the poor painter, his worn hands trembling with emotion, and his eyes filling. "I said that yesterday to myself, coming up here, for you see *je n'ai pas peur*, I have a cold, and that helped to take the courage out of me. Then, I had never been inside a chateau. Monsieur le Maire had only a butcher's shop, so my heart was beating. But all the time I walked up I repeated to myself, 'Jean, you are an artist. Artists have been at the court of kings,' and the thought gave me courage as though I had drunk a glass of wine."
"Pere Coic, you are, without exception, the most extraordinary man I ever met. You ought to have a statue erected to you on the Place," exclaimed Monsieur de Chevres.
"And who knows? There may be one yet,"

answered Angele, letting fall a smile on the poor artist that made him feel as if he were already mounted on the pedestal of the proposed memorial. He painted on in silence.
"I am dying with impatience to see the portrait," said Madame de Beaumont.
"To-morrow, I think I can show it," answered Pere Coic. "It must be smothered. My pictures when they are finished are always so smooth."
"And shining!" put in Monsieur de Chevres.
"Oh, yes, they shine well!" said Pere Coic, with a complacent smile.
"Like a well-varnished pair of boots," suggested Monsieur de Beaumont, making a motion with his hands as if he were using the blacking-brush.
Something in the accent caught Pere Coic's ear; he quickly glanced with a slight flurry about him. "It is not the varnish, but the soul that makes them shine," said Angele.
Pere Coic laughed with the rest at the young lady's joke, but tears rose in his eyes. She believed in him. When he reached home he sat in his shabby room, with her portrait before him, doing nothing. The hours passed, and still he did nothing. He threw back his head, with his eyes closed, his poor pinched nose up in the air, he let the afternoon slip, smiling and muttering to himself. Always Angele was there before him, throning aloft in her blue draperies, and always appearing to him so lovely that even in thought he dared not lift his eyes upon her.

CHAPTER III.

"Now these ladies and gentlemen may look at the portrait," said Pere Coic, after having worked a while on the third day. "If mademoiselle will remain where she is, they may compare the copy with the original."
It was a hideous, flat, brick-colored thing, the company were invited to inspect. There was a pause. The ladies suffered agonies in their efforts to look grave. Some remained still gazing at it; others put their handkerchiefs to their mouths. The gentlemen surveyed it through their eye-glasses.
"Bravo! bravissimo! it surpasses my expectation," said Monsieur de Chevres, breaking the silence.
"I am relieved!" said the poor artist, with a radiant countenance. "It is always an anxious moment when I show my pictures for the first time. But mademoiselle inspired me."
"That is evident at a glance. Those eyes. That hair! They are those of Venus herself; of the Queen of Love," asserted Monsieur de Beaumont, laying his hand on Pere Coic's shoulder.
"I think it is beginning to come," replied Pere Coic, with humble vanity, turning round with a smile.
"Beginning! my friend. It has come. I vow it is a portrait once seen never to be forgotten."
"It smiles well, does it not?" said Pere Coic, complacently gazing at his work.
"It smiles divinely," cried Monsieur de Chevres, gathering his fingers into a bunch and blowing them open with a kiss.
"What I admire most are the eyes, they are so blue," put in Madame de Beaumont, in a thin voice of frightened laughter.
"Mademoiselle's eyes are the true ultramarine tint. I used it almost without white," answered Pere Coic.
"But the eyelashes—were there ever such eyelashes!" said Madame de Beaumont.
"They are heavier than mademoiselle's—but long lashes, on the lower lid especially, do well in painting," said the artist.
"It is the privilege of art to add beauties to nature," said Monsieur de Chevres.
"Not in this case," said the poor artist, shaking his head and making a deprecatory bow.
"I hope monsieur is giving me the beautiful rosy tint of Monsieur le Maire—plenty of crimson lake in it," said Angele.
"Exactly, you would not know one from the other. A vermilion complexion!" answered Monsieur de Beaumont.
"Strawberries and cream. The strawberries predominating well," said Monsieur de Chevres.
Pere Coic cast an uneasy glance over his shoulder at the speaker.
"It is a little too red for mademoiselle, I shall soon work the pearl tint in."
"I beg you will not—that would spoil all. I wish it to be the same as Monsieur le Maire's—a pendant to his," said Angele.
"It is a pendant—it is the counterpart!" cried several voices.
"Not the counterpart; Monsieur le Maire was Justice, mademoiselle is Grace," said Pere Coic, with a bow to Angele.
"You have said it; in the catalogue of your works, there the two pictures will be labelled, Justice and Grace," said Monsieur de Chevres.
The company tittered, and Pere Coic gave a wintry smile.
"The portrait is developing the mien of a Roman emperor; your delicate, aristocratic nose, mademoiselle, has the impressive hook of the eagle," remarked Monsieur de Beaumont, still examining the picture with his eye-glass, and drawing in the air an exaggerated curve with his finger.
"You find the nose too long?" said Pere Coic, passing his brush over the painted feature; then with a feeble effort at self-assertion, he drew up his eyes and ducked his head on one side. "I do not think so. I find it is quite mademoiselle's nose!"
(To be Continued.)