

M.A.

(CORRESPONDENT.)

fete of the Sunday with St. Mary's Church Tuesday August 12th. far above the average, a class which has been carrying instruction of a table as to quantity and taught.

Gravenhurst came to follow-laborer Rev. W. asing, instructive and children. Prizes were over \$9 the chief of ladies of C. W. A. S.

gregation provided an to which they one and

r appreciation of the ement of their children although only 5 cents and all the young people sum of \$3.10 was h will be set apart for etc. The number of in the neighborhood ore, and the increasing is perceptible, bear on and Mrs. Bromley tion and we wish them n work and labor of

Foreign.

TAIN.

us left for Niagara.

onsecrating, on the 29th ul in his cathedral city, st of £3,680, and which d worshippers, preached 1. They were, he said, cted by three Roman ir minds might travel , south-west towards Humber. They were , ancient Roman camp, wport was the northern excavations the columns a on the west of the ght to light near that i milestone had lately bout 266. Contrasting th that of the Roman ipation of Britain, his stianity had done even m in Lincoln. It had a new dispensary. To year 1643 a civil war churches of that city: rs, made in the Epis- -1716) and of Bishop ing was the record of ncoln at that time: St. month. St. Botolph; t. Margaret; no service. three greater festivals. e times a year. St. e on a Sunday in the d; service twice on a t. Michael; church in s; church in ruins, no service once on Sun- . Peter-at-Arches; ser- k, prayers on Sunday on Sunday afternoons, because there was no there was a sermon- public catechising in other churches in the ce once a month. St. ins, no service. St. vice." But now, no rvices of the several ial schools, but only a twelve years: "St. has been built, and a St. Peter-in-Eastgate; i built. St. Peter-at-me new church, St. parish. St. Peter-at-in-the-Bail; the new they then were. St. improved and beauti- and beautified. St.

Mary-le-Wigford; much enlarged and greatly beautified. St. Martin; a handsome, spacious, new church. St. Mark; a fair new church. St. Botolph; restored and much enlarged. To which might be added the chapel at the Training College."

On the 1st inst., Luxulyan Church, Cornwall, the square tower of which was once the repository of the Stannary charter and of the records of the Tinnars' Parliament, was reopened after restoration. In his sermon, the Bishop of Truro, who took for his text Amos ix. 11, said there was no more beautiful story than that of the two saints from whom their church was called—St. Cyric and St. Julitta. In the year 305 there lived at Iconium, Julitta, a lady of high rank. There came a time of persecution, and this Christian lady, who had lost her husband, with two servants fled to Tarsus, but almost the very day she arrived there an order of the magistrates directed that all persons should prove they were of the religion of the empire by sacrificing to the gods of the heathen. She was taken before the magistrates, and with her child in her arms ordered to do sacrifice. She replied that she would never sacrifice to demons. And while they were on that word it was scarcely desirable to pass it over without observing that these ideas of witchcraft and the like, which lingered, one was sorry to say, even here, had come down side by side with Christianity from the old beliefs about demons. So people who chose to make payments to witches, or people who chose to keep alive what St. Julitta believe in them, were keeping alive what St. Julitta said she would rather die than do. The magistrate, seeing how resolute Julitta was, ordered her to be put to the torture. He took her child, and talked pleasantly to it to comfort it; but when the child heard its mother beginning to be tortured it struggled and screamed, and hearing her exclaim, "I am a Christian," the little thing cried out, "I am a Christian." It struggled so violently that he pushed it from him, and falling it struck its head on the marble step of his throne, and was instantly dead. The mother lifted up her heart to God and gave thanks, saying, "I bless Thee, O God, that hast taken my child before me to give unto him a crown that shall never fade away." When the very officers who stood by were touched by her sufferings, and besought her to have pity on herself, she stood up in the midst of her torturers and said, "I worship Christ, through whom the Father made all things, and now I am hastening unto my son, that with him I may enjoy the everlasting kingdom." Then the magistrate, seeing nothing was to be done, ordered her to be beheaded. Begging for a moment's respite, she made her third thanksgiving, saying, "I thank Thee, O my God, that Thou hast taken my little son, and joined him to the company of Thy saints for Thy holy and reverend Name's sake; and now, O Lord, grant me this grace, that I may be added to the number of those wise virgins who keep their lamps burning until their Lord return. My soul bless the Lord, the Preserver of all, the Maker of all." And so she died.

UNITED STATES.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.—The Right Rev. Wm. Henry Odenheimer, D.D., died on Thursday, August 14th, after a prolonged and painful illness, at the residence of his son-in-law, Riverside, Burlington. He was born in Philadelphia, August 11th, 1817, and was, therefore, sixty-two years old at the time of his death. He received his early education at St. Paul's college, Flushing, N. Y., under the late Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, and afterwards entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated with honors on July 30th, 1835. He was admitted as a candidate for orders on the 21st of September of the same year, by Bishop White, and entered the General Theological Seminary, New York, from which he graduated on June 29th, 1838. He was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, on September 2nd, 1838, in St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, being presented by the rector, the Rev. Dr. William Heathcote De Lancey. He became at once the assistant minister of St. Peter's, and continued such until the autumn of 1841, when, having arrived at the canonical age (twenty-four), he was advanced to the priesthood, and succeeded to the rectorship of the parish, Dr. DeLancey having been elected to the Episcopate of Western New York. Under the ministrations of Dr. Odenheimer, St. Peter's became one of the most flourishing churches in Philadelphia. In 1856 the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and on two occasions he was honored with the office of Assistant Secretary of the House of Bishops. It was during his rectorship in Philadelphia that he made two journeys to Europe, one of which was extended to Asia, and included a visit to the Holy Land. On his return, he delivered a course of lectures in St. Peter's giving an account of his travels. These lectures were subsequently published.

On the 27th of May, 1859, Dr. Odenheimer was elected to the bishopric of the Diocese of New Jersey, made vacant by the death of Bishop Doane, which occurred on the 27th of the preceding month. He was consecrated during the session of the general convention in Richmond in the following October.

Soon after this he moved to Riverside, Burlington, where he continued to reside until the division of the diocese, which took place in October, 1874, when he removed to Newark.

Dr. Odenheimer found time amid his parochial and episcopal labors to write a number of small works, mainly of an elementary and didactic nature. Among the most useful and valuable of these publications the following may be mentioned: "The Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book," and "The True Catholic No Romanist." He wrote also an "Essay on Canon Law." His observations in the Holy Land were embraced in a work entitled "Jerusalem and its vicinity: a series of Familiar Lectures on the Sacred Localities connected with the week before the Resurrection," which was published in 1855.

Correspondence.

All letters will appear with the names of the writers in full.

DEAR SIR.—Allow me space to acknowledge the receipt of \$5 from Mrs. and \$5 from Miss Girdlestone of Galt, which I have gratefully devoted towards the purchase of a stove for our little place of worship at Sequin Falls.

I am sorry to tell you that, in reply to my appeal to the *Orangemen* of Canada for help to the above and its neighboring church of Dufferin, I have received only one reply, and that was an offer of \$25 from a brother Orangeman on condition that I would turn out as picture-peddler and get him 250 subscribers to an illuminated Lord's Prayer, in which the Heavenly Father is represented as an old grey-haired man seated on a globe with cherubim around him. I need not say, that I declined being the vehicle for disseminating idolatry. Yours etc., WILLIAM CROMPTON, Traveling Clergyman, Diocese of Algoma.

Family Reading.

GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER VI.—"WHERE IS SHE?"

Even before gloomy November was fairly ushered in, its approach was heralded to London by three dense yellow fogs; and Basil Crawford lighted the gas in his dingy law-chambers with some satisfaction, for the atmosphere accorded with the state of his mind. Any extra brilliancy and buoyant sunshine he would have resented almost as a personal injury.

He was thoroughly dejected and cheerless. In spite of his devotion to it, business had not lately used him well; he had had nothing to do, and prospects generally looked blank and black. At times he almost wished his business were one of active bodily labour—something in which he could work at all times, and which would be more satisfactory than having to wait till it came to him.

About a week before this time he had received an invitation from a friend in South Wales, to go and stay with him for the pleasures of shooting and fishing there; and although his first impulse was to write and refuse it, he had until now delayed answering it, whilst he turned the invitation and its inducements over in his mind. When he had lighted the gas for the third morning's fog, his spirits felt somewhat brighter, and he had no sooner sat down before his leather covered table than an impulse roused him. The result of this was he sent out for a "Bradshaw."

Close under the gas he held it, and with a frown on his face, which was puckered up to enable him to understand its difficulties, he scanned page after page with some eagerness. He was right in his surmise. His idea had not been a bad one; he would, in consequence, write, and accept his Welsh friend's invitation, for "Bradshaw" revealed to him the possibility of reaching his place via Atherton.

He would not stay there, not even for one night; but he should like to pass an hour in the place, visit his godfather, and hear about mutual friends. It was rather too hard that they should continue to keep him in the dark for so long as to those things he most wanted to know. It had always been a settled conviction of his, that "if you want a thing done you must do it yourself," and, in this present case he felt very sure he should never be

satisfied about his friends unless he went to Atherton and had a personal interview.

Four days later he descended from the train at the familiar little station.

The familiar garden-gates were soon in sight—for the Majendie's house was scarcely a mile from the station—they swung open so easily to the touch, and the gravelled drive was, as usual, in trim and perfect order.

All was still and quiet. The doctor was out on his rounds; Mrs. Majendie was taking her usual after luncheon nap ere she went out for her daily drive, and there were no signs of Gwendoline visible, at any rate from the front of the house. When he had rung the bell, the above information was tendered him by the servant who appeared, and to whom he was well known. Miss Gwendoline was at home, and he then put the question, "Where is she?"

But this apparently was difficult to answer, and information was obtained from another domestic, to the effect that about ten minutes before she had been seen leaving the drawing room for the garden, where she would probably be found.

Basil Crawford wished for no further assistance; he announced his intention of finding her unaided, and passing rapidly through the drawing room without disturbing Mrs. Majendie as she lay asleep on the blue sofa, he went out into the garden, and crossed the lawn. The dead and fallen leaves were carefully swept up, and the oppression of damp autumn and coming winter was comparatively little felt in this little healthful sloping garden.

There she was! No second glance was needed to assure him of that fact, the only wonder was that, after his first sight of her, and involuntary movement in her direction, he did not follow it up, but remained where he had stopped as he came out of the dense shrubbery.

She was not alone, and the two figures he saw would, to any eyes gifted with sufficiently artistic perceptions and feelings, have composed a pretty picture. But to Basil Crawford it was as ugly a picture as he could have seen.

On the sunny side of the kitchen-garden, and bordering a narrow lane which led to a common, Dr. Majendie had built a good substantial wall, partly to train his fruit-trees on, and partly to protect his apples and gooseberries from agile boys with greedy fingers. Basil Crawford distinguished a man on horseback, and a horse's head above the garden wall; the figure was turned from him, but he recognized Claude Egerton at once—his make, and his fair hair, and his light tweeds, were unmistakable, as unmistakable to him as the profile of the other figure, which had advanced close under the wall, and as near as possible to the figure on horse back.

Claude Egerton rose in his stirrups, and, bending low over the wall, he handed down a fanciful little basket, which, as far as Basil Crawford could see, contained a blooming mass of rich and rare hot-house flowers in luscious confusion.

The autumn afternoon sun fell warmly on the group and the red wall, and Gwendoline's golden head was uncovered; her pale grey dress in its straight hanging lines, fell about her as she stood with arms stretched up to receive the blooming fragrant gift, the sunshine played merrily on the red wall, and on the golden head, and making shadows in the folds of the pale grey dress.

At length she held the basket lower, and he let go of it. He would probably be soon going now, and it occurred to Basil Crawford that his position was an unpleasant one. He would return by the shrubbery to the house, for he could stand there no longer, and it would be a pity to disturb that garden scene.

He turned once more to look at them ere he disappeared. Claude Edgerton was still bending over the wall, eagerly speaking to her, and her face, instead of being upturned, was bent over the flower basket, and the sun was shining as brightly as if it were a spring day.

So this was where she was. He retraced his steps very leisurely, saying to himself, with bitterness, "This is how the absent ones are always forgotten; when we return unawares, we learn how we are valued."

Once more in the drawing room, he found Mrs. Majendie still asleep. He would wait a short time for Gwendoline, stay half an hour or so, and hurry on his way.