

believe that the reading of a book which indicates such precepts as these, and which claims to be divine and is revered as divine would naturally tend to foster that which it so plainly and frequently condemns. Divisions are the natural result of strife and dissensions. Surely Bible-reading has no tendency to foment strife. Schisms are probably often caused by the unjust and harsh treatment of individuals or parties by church rulers—by the tyrannical exercise of power met by proud self-will and obstinacy on the part of those whose duty it is to obey. But if men would read and obey the precepts of Holy Scripture power would always be exercised with gentleness and mercy; and pride and self-will would give place to humility and self-denial.

I shall not trouble your correspondent at present with anything further concerning his other reason for not sympathizing with the work of the Bible Society. With regard to his questions in your last issue I will only say that the first and fourth have no necessary connection with the question under discussion; in the second he imputes to me what I did not say; and that it will be time for me to answer the third when he shall have attempted to meet the objection contained in the latter part of my former letter.

E. ARCHIBALD.

ALGOMA.

Sir,—Would it be too much to ask for room, once more to plead earnestly on behalf of my two stations on Nippissing Road called "Seguin Falls" and "Dufferin"? The people in the neighborhood of these stations have been entirely without the ministrations of our church (except an occasional annual visit from the Bishop or Mr. Moseley of Parry Sound, who lives some forty miles away.) The whole time that they have been located there, some five, some eight and some a longer period of years, they have retained all their love, warm and strong for their mother, altho' they have had many temptations and inducements held out to them to forsake their old land marks. I am told by many of them, that my promise of regular services, were they only monthly, has been the salvation of not a few and they have one and all "willingly offered themselves" to meet me and join in the services of our sanctuary to the extent of their power. I do not plead so much on behalf of the adults, as I do for the "Lambs of Christ's flock." I want to secure these, so that they may be "taught all that a Christian ought to know" according to the church's teaching. So long as our children are allowed or induced to attend, what are wrongly called "Union" schools, it is hopeless ever to attempt to train them in what we believe to be the good and the right way. But the term "Union" is a misnomer altogether, for, altho' professedly allowing all denominations fair play, the Church catechism is carefully excluded even from a class formed of the children of Church parents only. Nominally non-sectarian, they out-herod Herod by making sectarianism more sectarian than it is by nature. I plead earnestly for the lambs of Christ's flock, that we may have the power put into our hands for collecting them together, if only to teach them "the creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and be further instructed in Church Catechism set forth for that purpose." Of course "nothing but money—money—money." Oh pray do not answer me so, my brethren, for I ask but a trifle from each individual, that trifle may be the saving of a soul alive.

But I can also honestly plead on behalf of the adults, they are doing what they can. If our friends will only consider, they can decide for themselves that it takes time to form a home in the bush; and I can assure all that, during that time the struggle for a livelihood is a hard struggle. Even if the head of a family has been in the bush, say eight years, it does not follow that he is safe—that his home is a sustaining one. He may have, and the majority have, "to go out to work," and then his location can be worked only by piece-meal, and the struggle is much prolonged. The bread-winner, to live whilst making his home, frequently exhausts and always taxes heavily the energies of the most determined settler; and it is utterly beyond the power of the vast majority to do more than they do gladly—give of

their time, which to them and their families is a giving by great self-denial.

I know they would joyfully build places of worship for themselves if they could, but they could not do it. I do not ask that luxuries shall be provided for them, no, *not even seats*—just merely the shell of the building, safe from weather, and a stove with its fittings. These call for "cash," and nothing but cash will get them. I will not ask for, nor be the means of getting anything which I know the settlers can and ought to find for themselves. When the first log church which I was the means of raising in Brunel was opened, the Bishop and I both sat on "rough balsam blocks" fresh cut out of the bush. Now, by the energy of their pastor and the self-denying labors of his little flock, the place is neatly seated and plastered. At Seguin Falls and Dufferin good Sunday schools could be formed if we had our own building. Who will help in the good work of thus housing and training the "lambs" and enabling our brethren to worship God according to the Book of Common Prayer?

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM CROMPTON

Travelling clergyman, Diocese of Algoma.
Aspdin P. O., Nov. 14th, 1879.

Family Reading.

GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER XIX.—SUSPICIONS.

Naomi Vernon had scarcely seen or spoken to Gwendoline Majendie since Christmas Eve, when one afternoon she determined to go alone and see her, to have a talk about many things.

That morning Cyril Egerton had passed her hastily in the High street, with scarce a salutation, and an unaccountable expression on his face. This, and more besides, was destined for Gwendoline's ears.

Gwendoline was at home, and evidently glad to see her visitor, although there was a certain anxious abstracted air about her manner.

The two girls drew up chairs before the fire in the doctor's snug consulting-room, and with their feet on the fender and their elbows on their knees, they prepared for one of their old confidential chats.

"First of all, how is Claude?"

"As ill as he can be to be alive," was the answer.

Naomi started.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! We hoped that he had taken a turn for the better at one time."

"So did we, but this last relapse seems to have been a terrible one, and he more than lost the ground he at first gained. Papa called in Dr. Summers and Dr. Taunton, but both think there is no hope; and this morning we telegraphed for one of the first physicians in London to come at once."

"I have so much to say, I scarcely know how to begin. I met Cyril this morning on High street and he not only would not stop, but he scarcely acknowledged that he knew me."

The smile faded from Gwendoline's face as she said, "Poor Cyril! no wonder he is shy of every one. You know of the terrible reports which are circulated about him."

"I know! I know! and I wanted to talk to you about it. You mean the reports that he is accountable for his brother's state."

"Yes. Was ever anything so dreadful suggested? My one hope has been that the report might not reach his ears, but he knows it now. And oh, Naomi, you cannot imagine what a time papa and I have had with him. It was this morning, just after we had telegraphed for the London doctor, so that altogether I felt that things could not be worse. They say there is a silver lining to every cloud, and gold always somewhere in the sky, but the gold is far away just now—it seems vanished altogether."

"How did he find it out?" inquired Naomi, eagerly.

"Well, it seems that this most monstrous wicked suggestion has gained ground in an inconceivable manner, and many people from whom one might have expected better things believe it

entirely. Some began to show it in the manner of their greetings with Cyril, when chance took him across their paths, until even Cyril, who would be the last to imagine he was coolly treated, began to perceive it, and one day he told me he had more than once experienced an unaccountable greeting from friends, and that there was no mistake about it, and he would find out the meaning of it, as he would not be treated in that way without knowing the cause. Even then I hoped it might never go so far as to be told to him, and I waited and trusted for better things; but papa, when I told him of this, said it would be certain to reach Cyril's ears at any rate, and that on the whole it would be kindest to prepare him in some way for it but I would not hear or this, and begged him not to do it. In the meantime Cyril has got at the whole matter from old Benson, who certainly is the most weak, stupid old man that ever lived."

"Of course, neither of you think there can be the slightest foundation for the report?"

"We think so! How can you ask such a thing, Naomi?"

"I felt sure that there must be some mistake," was the answer. "I heard something about Mrs. Majendie holding some definite tangible clue to the mystery."

"Mamma?"

"Well, that is what I was told."

"But, my dear Naomi, how should mamma hear or know more than we do? And surely you know her well enough to understand that she would not have been able to keep such a thing secret."

"Well it is said she holds some strong evidence in her hands, and that she has spoken of it in strict confidence to some one, but it has been whispered about, as these confidences often are."

"Nonsense!" laughed Gwendoline.

"I am so glad to hear it is a mistake! I could not bear to think that any of you held the report true."

"Rest assured on that head," said Gwendoline, "whatever else you may doubt. The question now is what is best to be done? This continual annoyance to poor Cyril must be put an end to somehow—it is intolerable."

"There is the reward; with such a sum as that offered, be sure it will eventually be cleared up."

"But they say if Claude dies, there is sufficient evidence to make any one believe it was Cyril's work."

"Wrong cannot succeed in such a monstrous degree; in the end it must be cleared up. No, no, Gwendoline; there is gold somewhere in the sky, though we do not see it."

"But I cannot wait!" cried Gwendoline, impatiently. "I cannot endure the thought of Cyril continuing, for a day even, under such a cloud as this."

There was a pause of a few minutes, during which Gwendoline pushed several little pieces of coal singly and angrily into the reddest part of the fire with the poker; then, without looking up, Naomi said, "Do you ever hear from Basil Crawford now?"

"No!" And both girls looked straight into the fire, and watched with interest the performances of one of the small pieces of coal which Gwendoline had pushed in.

"How is that?"

"I do not know."

"You might be a little more explicit. You must know something about it. I am quite sure Basil Crawford would never have kept away from here all this while if you and he had not had some quarrel."

"I assure you, Naomi, I have had no quarrel with him, and I know no more than you do why he stays away."

"Then, Gwendoline, there can be no reason for not writing to him. At such a time as this you should set aside all small tiffs and quarrels, and only think of the best thing to be done."

"And what may that be?" said a voice behind them. Dr. Majendie had gently and hastily entered the room, and had heard Naomi's last words.

As she rose to greet him, he added, "What are you two young ladies doing here? Perhaps you forgot that the skeleton in the cupboard was listening to all your secrets," he said, addressing himself to Naomi.