

of Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of Toronto, and Rev. Maurice Baldwin, of Montreal, were mentioned to the Bishop, either of whom, or both, would be acceptable to the congregation. They were placed before the Bishop in two forms: either Rev. W. S. Rainsford, or Rev. Maurice Baldwin, Rector, and Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Rector-Assistant. The gentlemen representing the congregation urged upon the Bishop an early decision (if possible before the Easter meeting). The Bishop promised to give the matter his earnest consideration, and appointed Thursday next, the 6th of April, at 3 o'clock, when he would again meet the Churchwardens and Lay Representatives on the subject.—Toronto Paper.

(From our own correspondent.)

TORONTO.—St. James' Cathedral For some years the health of the Very Rev., the Dean, has been so precarious that his death on Monday, 20th inst., took no one by surprise. The deceased gentleman was in his seventy-fourth year, having been born in 1808, at Gibraltar, where his father, who was Inspector of the Military Hospital, was then stationed. In '34 he graduated in Arts at St. John's College, Cambridge, England; proceeding in due course to M.A., and taking B.D. some years afterwards. In '35 he (having been made deacon in England, and come to Canada in '34) was priested by Bishop Stewart, of Quebec, and was appointed Curate to St. James's, Toronto. He afterwards became its Rector, and was appointed Dean in '67, which position he held up to the time of his decease. The patronage is in the hands of the Bishop, and doubtless a competent man will soon be appointed as his successor. It is to be hoped that under his auspices the services of the Cathedral Church will in every way be a model to the Diocese. Financially the Dean's death is a matter of some importance. When he came to St. James's the endowment of the church, in what is now the city of Toronto, was not very great; but its value has since been marvellously increased. In the opinion of many this endowment was never meant for St. James's alone; but that each new parish, within the city limits, should, as soon as formed, be a sharer in the revenue. However this may be, the whole has hitherto been retained by the Pro Cathedral. Some years ago this was the subject of much discussion; and an understanding was arrived at, that upon the death of Dean Grassett the then incumbent, five thousand annually should be retained as the stipend of the future rector, and the remainder (no one knows how much) divided amongst the other city parishes. When this is done several of the Toronto clergy will no longer be, as they are now, beneficiaries of the Clergy Commutation Trust Fund; and this will admit of many others receiving aid from this Fund; and, as most of these expectants are Missionaries, their being placed upon the Clergy Trust Fund will enable the Mission Board to grant assistance towards opening up new missions in the Diocese, and (who knows?) perhaps giving more help than ever to the Diocese of Algoma.

Grace Church.—On the 21st inst. (Passion Sunday) the Bishop held an ordination in this church, when Dr. McCarroll, for several years a Methodist minister, and who sought admission to the Church last summer, was admitted to the diaconate. He is believed to be a real convert, to have come to us because he believes the Church of England to be the Church of God in this Dominion. It is a somewhat singular circumstance that the clergyman who preached the ordination sermon, and who is Rector of Grace Church, is also a convert from Methodism.

VESPERA.—The Rev. W. Farncomb, B.A., whose resignation of this Mission was lately noticed in the CHURCH GUARDIAN, has been appointed, it is rumoured, curate to the rector of Holy Trinity, Toronto.

DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

WINNIPEG.—Holy Trinity.—It is stated that the organ to be placed in the church of the Holy Trinity about to be built will be one of the largest and grandest in the Dominion. A peal of bells, it is said, will be connected with the organ by electricity. Weekly meetings are held of the Holy Trinity Church Temperance Association. Quite a number have signed the pledge at these meetings.

Christ Church.—This Church, of which Rev. Mr. Pentreath is to be the incumbent, is to have a large pipe organ placed in it shortly. There is an active guild in operation, holding fortnightly meetings. There are fortnightly celebrations of the Holy Communion, one Sunday at 8 and the other at 11 a. m.

ROUNTHWAITE.—Tenders are out for the erection of a church at this place.

BRANDON.—A church will be built at Brandon this spring.

EMIGRANTS FROM ENGLAND.—A cablegram to the Globe says that great interest was excited to-day by the departure from Liverpool of this year's first special party of emigrant farmers, whose destination is the Great North West. They numbered upwards of 300, and are all men of substance and

capital. They embarked on board the Allan steamer "Circassian," under the superintendence of Mr. Dyke, Canadian Government Agent at Liverpool. Their families will follow in the autumn and take up their abode in the new homes built for them by their fathers and brothers. The party bring with them to Canada upwards of \$500,000 to be invested in land, farm implements and cattle. On their arrival, they will leave Halifax for Winnipeg by special train. On board the steamer also there was Rev. R. Brydger, emigrants' chaplain at Liverpool, who is to be the pioneer of the movement, lately inaugurated by the Archbishop of Canterbury and seconded by the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, whose object is to establish Church of England colonies in the Dominion and especially in the North West, and to afford emigrants the same religious privileges abroad as they have at home. Mr. Brydger on this occasion brings out a large number of young women to supply the want of servant girls so much complained of. He estimates that the emigration from England for Manitoba alone will be at the rate of one thousand a week during April. All emigrant girls have been carefully selected, both as to their moral and their physical qualities; the farmers and their sons are pictures of health and jollity, and left their native land in the highest possible spirits, full of hope and confidence.

DIOCESE OF NIAGARA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HAMILTON.—All Saints.—The Bishop administered the Apostolic Rite of Laying on of hands to twenty-four catechumens, at the morning service in this Church, on Sunday, March 26th. The Bishop's address was full of valuable guidance to the newly confirmed, and was listened to with great attention by a very large congregation.

Family Department.

IN THE GARDEN.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

The weary day was over, the sun's beams fade away; In the sweet Gethsemane Garden there enters now to pray The Master, with His disciples, the faithful loving band, Who would rather follow the Saviour, than own the richest land.

He stands amidst His dear ones with weary, gentle grace, Worn out with teaching others, so sad the patient face, "Rest here, while I go yonder, and to My Father pray;" Then passing slowly from them, in the twilight cold and gray.

All things, oh! Abba Father, are possible with Thee, And if Thou be but willing, remove this cup from Me—" Great drops are on His forehead, His eyes with tears are dim, When straightway there came from Heaven an angel to strengthen Him.

Returning to His disciples, He findeth them asleep, Then sadly retraced His foot-steps alone,—to pray and weep—" If this cup will not pass from Me, prays Mary's gentle Son, My Father, except I drink it, "Thy will, not Mine, be done."

Not for Himself He pleadeth, He lays His will aside, And what His Father orders by that word will abide, Are we so meek and gentle with what God sends us now? Do we struggle when some tempted till anguish marks our brow?

Let us take a lesson from Him in this our Passion Week, In patient prayer and fasting, our Father's throne to seek, Till this Passion shall be ended, our course on earth be run, May our prayers be like our Saviour, Father, "Thy will be done."

Halifax. M. T. C.

THE CROSS OF JESUS.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world."

"Blessed is the word whereby righteousness cometh."—Wisdom xiv. 7.

Sacred symbol of the faith, Cross of Jesus! Holy Tree! Type of once of life and death, Of our joy and misery.

Oh, what thoughts on thee have dwelt, What dear hopes to thee have clung, Since thy bitter pains were felt, When on thee the Saviour hung.

Why should one so pure and holy Such a shameful death betide? One so kind, so meek and lowly,— For His peoples' sins He died.

Yes, for me that heart was given By the bitterest pangs of woe, For my sins the nails were driven, For my sins that blood did flow.

All the bitter scorn and railing That the tongue of men could give, All the mockery and reviling Meekly borne that I might live.

That my soul, defiled by sin, Stained with evil, void of good, Might be washed, made pure and clean, In that Fount of Holy Blood.

Sacred symbol of the faith, Cross of Jesus! Holy Tree! Well may I, redeemed from death, Raise the song of praise to thee.

Annapolis Royal, Holy Week, 1882.

MADEMOISELLE ANGELE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Angele sat down—the demoiselles Coic hung about the room—and Mere Coic continued in a mechanical voice, "Mademoiselle must forgive me what I said just now; when some one we love goes, the head gets muddled; it is like as if only our senseless body was walking about; one should say the Lord's will be done, but the thoughts go away from the words. You see, mademoiselle, stretching out her hand and pointing, "it is always beholding him, there so quiet and lonesome, that is the worst, he who was always so sociable before. Why, miss, he was as light-hearted—like a child, when his brushes were in his hand, never minding the troubles. At first, before the neighbors saw how great a painter he was, I would trudge off miles to sell his pictures. I was proud of my burden. Those were the good times. But these last weeks, when," she continued, with a dramatic gesture, "he was so changed, I could not say the Lord's will be done. It is often his will the old should bury the young, but this was not like his will."

"How long is it since he grew so downhearted?" asked Angele breathlessly.

"Ever since the day, mademoiselle, the rich people at the chateau laughed at his painting. Do not move, mademoiselle, but would you like this side of the fire?"

As Angele quickly shook her head, she resumed, "He was never the same man after. That was the reason I was so unwell like, at first, to mademoiselle. Though, when she said she was Monsieur Dufresny's fiancee I knew she was never one who had hurt the lad."

There came a short pause; then the old woman went on in a lower voice, "And sometimes, I think, there was something he did not tell me; something on his mind, for now and then he would go wandering like to himself; he'd mutter, I heard the words, 'If she had not mocked me, I would not have minded the others.' I think somebody, he trusted like, turned against him; and that broke his confidence."

Angele drew a long breath, and rose quickly from her chair.

"Perhaps I tire you, mademoiselle," said Mere Coic, "with my talk; but it is a kind of comfort. It does me good to speak to you. You look as if you understood how the lad had suffered. You have a heart. You are worthy to be that good gentleman's wife. When he entered," Mere Coic went on, paying no heed to Angele, who had approached her, and on whose lips words seemed to be trembling "his coming would change the day to my son. It was like the alms of the good God to him, and that gentleman knew how beautiful his pictures were. He would say, 'That is good—that is fine.' He would cheer him, so that the lad would take up his palette and try to do a bit of work, with his poor hands that trembled."

Here, the demoiselles Coic departed from the room with a plunge; and for a moment or two there was no other sound but the ticking of the clock in the corner.

"To say he was not a real artist!" resumed Mere Coic, in a voice gruff with the first trembling of tears in it. "Those rich people d d not see him die. God forgive the lad! It was not with a prayer he passed away. Do you see, miss, our garden there, the sun was shining on it, and there were the sunflowers. He had not spoken for a long time, and his eyes were shut. Suddenly he opens them—looks about—sits up—with the old smile he had when painting. 'The beautiful sunflowers everywhere,' he says. 'They are all round me—in the boxes—I should like to paint them,' and he stretches out his hand like for his brushes—then he drops back and dies."

"We did not understand him," said Angele, moving about with a restless step; then, kneeling, she took the old woman's hand in hers. "Forgive us—if you knew—if you knew how thoughtlessly—" Her voice failed; her bosom heaved.

Mere Coic's withered hand trembled under the pressure of that gentle touch. "Yes, mademoiselle, he had the soul of an artist!"—then meeting Angele's eyes full of tears, a dry sob rent her throat; the austerity of her grief melted, and laying her head down on the girl's shoulder, she burst into tears.

Dufresny was coming up the garden-plot. He looked in at the window, before lifting the latch of the door, to let himself in. He saw Angele, with a look on her face, as he had sometimes seen upon it in his dreams of her; kneeling by Mere Coic's side, clasping her bowed head.

He surveyed the scene a minute or two, and then he turned away without entering.

CHAPTER VIII.

September had passed into October, but Angele did not press her father to return to town. The general did not ask better than to stay where he was. He liked the quiet and comfort of the old chateau. He would have contentedly remained all the year through in it, looking after his horses and his dogs, leading the life of busy idleness that suited him, if his daughter had allowed him. Every year, until this one, when the days began to shorten and her friends to leave, she agitated to get back to Paris, or she carried him off to Nice. This autumn, however, she wished to remain at Jouy. It was her last "young girl's caprice," she said. In December, she was to be married.

Dufresny was away on a sketching-tour, Mademoiselle de Lustre was in Paris, inspecting some of the necessary arrangements.

One forenoon in November Eugene returned. He had walked a long part of the way, and he arrived unexpectedly at the chateau.

He did not let the servant announce him but walked direct up to the salon. He pushed the door so gently, that Angele for a moment did not look up. He had a glimpse of her, sitting, her graceful head bent over a book, reading aloud to the general. Eugene fancied she looked graver than of yore; but the next minute she had caught sight of him, and all her face brightened with the childlike frank delight he knew. She rose, the general turned his head, and then there came the exchange of greetings.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD FRIDAY.

"Is it nothing to you all, ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."—Lamentations i. 12.

Nearly 1800 years ago, in a large and populous city in the East, on the eve of a great Feast which vast multitudes were assembled together to celebrate, a poor man who had spent his whole life in going about doing good, was publicly executed outside the city wall, executed to save that vast multitude, as well as others from the death which from their evil deeds they richly deserved; and many of this multitude, not knowing what they did in passing by wagged their heads at him and mocked him. The anniversary of that event has been kept from that time to this very year. Need I say that the day is known throughout the whole world as Good Friday, the most solemn and awful day in the whole Christian Year. The city was Jerusalem and the Man who was thus publicly suspended on a Cross for three long hours, was Jesus—the Word made flesh—the everlasting Son of God.

Dear reader, how do you mean to pass that day of remembrance this year? Do you feel tempted to turn a deaf ear to this old story? Then, is it nothing to you that our dear Lord came down from His Throne above to become man? Is it nothing to you that He gave up the glories of His Father's Kingdom to take upon Him our flesh? Is it nothing to you that He suffered, in His sacred person, all the trials and afflictions to which mankind is subject, and at last was ignominiously crucified between two thieves? Surely, if you believe in the truths narrated in the Gospels, you should prompt you to spend Good Friday in the service of Him, Who on that day did so much for love of you. Have you ever lost some dear relative, a brother, or a sister, or perhaps an only son or daughter, who was to you as the apple of an eye—a wife or child? Is not the anniversary of such a death as it comes round, year after year, to you a day of sadness? And is it wrong then to mourn for those who have gone before, to have them in continual remembrance? Oh no! It would be most unnatural not to do so, and ought you not much more to observe the anniversary of the Crucifixion of your Redeemer as one of sorrow and grief over the sins which caused Him those great and awful sufferings, which only ended in Death?

Just think of what He endured for you, think of His intense suffering during that last week of His mortal life. "His visage was marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of man: He was despised and rejected of man, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; He was despised and we esteemed Him not, but he was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, and with his stripes we are healed." These words were written of Him 700 years before by Isaiah the Prophet, and how literal was their fulfillment. See Him deserted by His friends, led before his enemies, spat upon, buffeted, struck in the face, then led before Pilate and scourged until His sacred back was one mass of lacerated and bleeding wounds; a crown of sharp thorns forced upon His head down upon His brow until the blood flowed forth from the wounds, and all without a word of reproach. And now see Him with the Cross upon His sacred shoulders, those shoulders torn and bleeding from the scourging He had received toiling along the weary way, surrounded by the shouting and mocking rabble until Calvary is reached, where the cross is laid upon it and the nails are driven by repeated blows through those tender hands and feet, and then the Cross is lifted up and fixed into the earth.

Stand in loving awe and lowly reverence and behold that fearful sight. See that dim Cross standing up against the darkened sky, face the suffering form that hangs upon it, mark the drops of blood falling fast from the piercing thorns upon His sacred head, and running down from the cruel wounds in His Holy hands and feet. "BEHOLD THE MAN!" and know that He you look upon is none other than your God, shedding His most precious blood to save you from the wrath to come. Oh! is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?"

For six long and weary hours He hung thus upon the Cross, until at last worn and weary with suffering, He cried with a loud voice "It is finished," and gave up the Ghost. "Jesus Christ our LORD WAS CRUCIFIED." Let us keep Good Friday solemnly, the day of our Redeemer's agony and death. "keep it holy unto the Lord." Let us spend it as a most solemn, awful day in reflecting on the death of Christ, and all our sins that caused and embittered it, and in seeking pardon for those sins through that death.