

Baldwin, Ellegood, Anderson, Evans, Revs. Dr. Sullivan, T. W. Mussen, G. C. Robinson, J. P. DuMoulin, J. Fulton, R. Lindsay, F. Robinson, W. L. Mills, Messrs. C. J. Brydges, Treasurer; S. Bethune, Q.C., Chancellor; F. Wolferstan Thomas, L. H. Davidson, Charles Gibb, James Hutton, Charles Garth, W. B. Simpson, Dr. Alex. Johnson. The meeting having been opened with prayer by Rev. F. Robinson, the minutes of the last meeting were read, approved and signed by the Chairman. A question arose whether the annuities should be paid to the widows of clergymen at the increased rate resolved upon at the last meeting of this committee, without further reference to the Synod. There was a lengthy discussion, some of the members being of opinion that the increase might be made at once, while others maintained that the present rate fixed by canon may not be changed without a resolution of the Synod and confirmation of the same at a subsequent session. It was finally decided:—"That the question of the increase in the annuities to the widows of the clergy to \$300 per annum be referred to the Synod at its next session, praying them if possible to take such action as shall lead to the immediate increase to \$300."

The Treasurer read a statement of the several funds in his charge, made up the 23rd instant, the same being certified by the auditor appointed by Synod.—The Widows' and Orphans' Fund showed a balance in hand of \$1,980.40. The Clergy Trust Fund, capital all invested. The Sustentation Fund, \$1,164.86 of capital in hand. The Superannuation Fund, \$1,807.54 of capital in hand. The Episcopal Endowment Fund, \$2,525.23 in hand awaiting investment. The Diocesan Mission Fund shows a deficit of \$4,210.86. The Rev. Joseph Merrick's application, deferred at last meeting was taken up, and a special grant of \$100 was made to him. An application from Rev. F. R. Smith was referred to the committee on the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The Secretary was instructed to reply to the Rev. J. B. Davidson and Rev. J. Ker in accordance with the terms of the resolution adopted by the last Synod (p. 293, 22nd journal), in regard to the investment by the Synod of parts of their Parochial Endowment Funds. It was thought desirable to ask the Synod at its next session to authorize this committee to apply for an Act empowering them to dispose of the Church property at St. Therese. It was decided that the meeting appointed to be held on 14th February shall be a formal one, and that no business shall be transacted at the meeting. The Bishop then pronounced the benediction, and the meeting adjourned.

THE "HERVEY INSTITUTE," a home for half orphan children, has come before the public in a light that will tend to injure it in the estimation of some. The Matron, it seems, used mustard plaster applications to the bowels or backs of some refractory and troublesome children. This came to light, and has caused a scandal. Probably what causes more thought against those concerned is that the ladies on the Managing Committee condoned the offence and dismissed those who reported the matter, and Dr. Edwards, the attending physician, does not stand free from blame just now, as he seems desirous of making out that it is nothing at all—a better punishment than the rod; yet he would not use it on his own. Again, he seems desirous to make out a Mrs. Logan, who was to have given evidence on the case, a lunatic, and has had her sent down to the Lunatic Asylum. Now, the question appears to your correspondent to be this: Is this woman spirited away just now because her testimony might be damaging? There has been much of the like done under the plea of "insanity." A committee of investigation has been sitting, but their report has not, as we write, been made known. A remarkable thing in the matter is that Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Doumoulin and Renaud retired from the Committee-room upon finding they would only be allowed to ask questions, but not to vote. It is to be hoped, however, that the matter will so end as not to materially damage the institution, which has been one of our best and most needed charities.

NORTH SHEFFORD.—The learned and worthy Incumbent of this parish has been able to enter into possession of a new parsonage, and not before it was much required.

FARNHAM.—This old mission, which is now merging into a self-supporting parish and of rectorial grace, is about to build a new parsonage, since the erection of the Beet Sugar Company's factory and the advent of a largely increased English-speaking population the financial prospects of the parish have been of a very bright character. We would not be at all surprised if a new church is required, or the present one, which is in good condition and elaborately "got up" in colours in the interior, enlarged. The Incumbent is the worthy Rural Dean of the district of Bedford.

WATERLOO.—The annual Missionary Meeting of this parish is to be held on the 22nd February.

MONTREAL.—St. Luke's.—The Incumbent of this church, it is said, is about to accept the parish of Havelock, in the Deanery of Iberville. St. Luke's, though a city church, like all the churches at the east end, does not furnish its Incumbent with remuneration adequate for a city living—at least that is the popular impression.

DIocese OF TORONTO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ALLISTON.—Very successful Missionary Meetings were held at St. Andrew's Church and at St. Peter's, in this parish, on 23rd and 24th ult. Messrs. Swallow and Sibbald were the deputation.

COOKSTOWN.—At St. John's Church, in this parish, an excellent meeting was held on the 25th ult. The Missionary Service was said by the Rev. Messrs. Bates and Fletcher, and (what one seldom hears) really good, practical, eloquent addresses were given by the deputation, Messrs. Swallow, Sibbald and Patterson.

NORTH ESSA.—The Incumbent of this parish—Rev. W. W. Bates—some months ago bought a cow from one of his parishioners—John Goodivier, Esq.—but when he went to pay for her the former owner refused the money, declaring she was a present to Mrs. Bates.

MULMUR.—On Xmas Day, the offerings in this Parish, amounting to Sixty-Three Dollars, were presented the Incumbent, Rev. W. Sibbald. So well liked is this gentleman that, though in Deacon's Orders, he receives Nine Hundred Dollars a year, one half more than the minimum canonical stipend.

NORTH ESSA.—St. George's Church has been set off from this Mission, and, with two new stations, is formed into a Mission to which a clergyman is expected to be appointed by next Xmas. At present Services are conducted by Divinity Students from Toronto.

DIocese OF RUPERT'S LAND.

We copy the following from the first number of the Brandon Sun. Brandon, eight months ago, had no existence; it now boasts a weekly paper, hotels, mills, three religious organizations, and a population of 1100.—"Anglican services have been held regularly in Brandon since the first Sunday in August last. They were kept up by a Lay-Reader, with occasional visits from clergymen of Winnipeg, until the arrival a few weeks ago of the Rev. N. C. Martin, who has been temporarily appointed to minister to the spiritual needs of the Churchmen of Brandon, Milford and Roundthwaite. It is expected that Mr. Martin will be succeeded next week by the Rev. J. Boydell, late of the Diocese of Quebec, who has been permanently appointed to this charge. The congregation here is very earnest and active, and it is intended at an early date to erect a suitable church building. The services for the present are held in the Public School house on Sundays at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m., with Sunday School at 3 p. m. The Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land and Rev. Canon Grisdale, chaplain, will be present at the services next Sunday. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion in the morning.

The Rev. Mr. Boydell was chaplain to the Bishop of Quebec at the consecration of Dr. Kingdon. His late charge was Kingsey, Quebec.—Eds. C. G.

THE SEE OF ALGOMA—LETTER FROM THE METROPOLITAN.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 4th, 1882.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

MY DEAR SIRS,—Many of your readers will be pleased to know that the subject of the election of a successor to the late excellent Bishop of Algoma has not been lost sight of, but that it has been laid before the Bishops of our Church in Canada for their consideration. I intend shortly to issue the notice of a meeting of the Provincial Synod, required by Section 5 of Canon XI; and in that notice I propose to insert that the meeting will be held for the election of a Bishop, for the consideration of the condition of the Diocese of Algoma, and of the provisions for the maintenance of its Bishop and clergy, and of the Domestic Missions, to which Algoma forms a part. All this was planned out before your late article on the subject appeared. The day of meeting will probably be the 27th of April, so as to avoid any interference with Lent and Easter, with the meetings of Diocesan Synods, and with Spring Confirmations. I do not, of course, pretend to say what may or may not be done. That rests entirely with the Synod itself.

Before I conclude, I take this opportunity of reminding such of the clergy of my Diocese as have neglected to have an annual collection in their churches for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, whilst receiving aid from the Society, that such neglect not only exposes them to unfavourable comment, but, if persisted in, may end in the withdrawal of the Society's aid to their Missions, which would be much to be deplored.

I remain, dear sirs,

Yours very truly,

JOHN FREDERICTON,

Metropolitan.

Family Department.

LUX CRUCIS.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

The grey mists of morn in the valley are lying,  
The hill tops are swathed in the sun's golden sheen,  
The leaves of the forest are drooping and dying,  
And Nature's bereft of her mantle of green.

The cross on yon church tower gild with a splendour,  
Reflecting the rays of a bright morning sun,  
Invites the poor weary one meekly to render  
The homage of man to the Crucified One.

The morning's bright promise may bring yet a sorrow,  
And eyes may be dimmed by the loss of the brave,  
And hearts that beat fondly, nor heeding to-morrow,  
May soon be at peace in the gloom of the grave.

What though in the valley the mist may be lying,  
And deep be the shadows, and heavy the loss,  
On the hill tops above is no sorrow nor sighing—  
The sun's golden light is revealed on the cross.

B. W. R. TAYLER.

King's College, Windsor.

MADemoiselle ANGELE.

CHAPTER II.

It was certainly not an imposing figure that stood upon the threshold of the door a few minutes after, bowing to the company. The poor artist carried a heavy paint-box in his right hand; a woollen comforter was twisted round his neck. He was a gaunt, spare, thin-haired man, of about forty-five years of age, with bright eyes, that had a certain keenness of glance. After he had made his bow, he remained still where he was, his figure slightly bent, waiting for an invitation to enter. But there was nothing servile in his attitude; there was a look of gentle, inoffensive conceit about the humble painter. A slight fit of coughing came upon him as he stood there; and as he lifted his left hand to screen his mouth, it was perceptible that it trembled.

There had been a movement of curiosity when the door had opened, and the gentlemen simultaneously stuck their glasses into their eye-sockets. Angele advanced a few paces, and said, with a graceful gesture, "*Entrez donc, monsieur, je vous en prie.*"

He advanced at once with another bow, half deprecatory, half self-reliant. It was apparent, as he came nearer, that he had a pinched and pallid look; that his clothes were threadbare, and were marked by that shininess of surface that betrays much brushing. It was evident also that his composure was either assumed or the result of subdued excitement; for in his gesture there was a restrained hurry; and a slight trembling was visible. In the glances that he cast about him, there was a mixture of confidence, elation, and appeal.

"It is I who am to be your sitter," said Angele, mounting upon the long deal box, covered with green baize, that had been placed there for Monsieur Dufresny's models.

The poor painter muttered some unintelligible syllables.

"We have seen your portrait of Monsieur le Maire, and we present you our compliments upon it—it is a famous likeness," said the accentuated tones of Monsieur de Chevres.

A ghastly smile of pride lit up Pere Coic's face. "I heard that the gentlemen and ladies had seen the portrait," he replied.

"It is Monsieur le Maire and his scarf, to the life—especially the scarf," said Monsieur de Chevres.

"It is what I heard of that portrait that made me wish to have my likeness from your brush," interposed Angele.

"You are very good, mademoiselle—I have downstairs a canvas—Antoine carried it for me—of the same size as that on which I painted Monsieur le Maire—I thought mademoiselle would like to have hers taken in the same style."

"It is just what I wish; to be as like Monsieur le Maire as possible," cried Angele, trying to steady her voice, as a stifled laugh went round the room.

"The friends of mademoiselle ask no more," said Monsieur de Chevres with emphasis.

"Nothing more," echoed the two other gentlemen.

"I feel confident I shall make the portrait like," said Pere Coic with a grave bow.

The kindest and evident appreciation of the company were beginning to tell upon him, the nervous trembling was wearing off: the self-assurance of his bearing was becoming less affected. When Antoine came up with the canvas, he was almost at his ease.

"Yes, mademoiselle, if you will let me, I shall pose you," he said in reply to Angele's request. "I have experience you see—twenty years, that counts," he went on with a little vain smile, looking about him; "half the success of a portrait is in the pose."

"That pose of the maire is magisterial," said Monsieur de Chevres.

"I made Monsieur le Maire sit well opposite to me, square on his haunches, the chest dilated, the eye fixed, it gave him the magisterial air monsieur notices."

"But poor little me, who am not a maire, how must I sit?" asked Angele.

"There is the front pose, that has a good effect," said the painter. "Mademoiselle, will you have the kindness to look at me full front, that I may see the two shoulders, and the whole face, and the two hands crossed in front."

"Like this?" said Angele sitting bolt upright, swinging herself round in an uncompromising, full-faced pose, grasping her two hands tight upon her knees.

A titter went round the company, the humble artist joined in. "Ah! no, that is not the thing—it does not suit mademoiselle—something more in character, more graceful, with sentiment. Try, mademoiselle, there is a pose, ah! a pose the ladies like, the tips of your two fingers against your cheek, the head bent, just so. Pardon me, allow me, the elbow just a little pushed away, and the face a bit turned; there, there, that is it."

"Oh! yes, it is perfect!"

"It is sentiment itself!"

"If you could only see yourself," cried a chorus of voices.

"Is it not graceful?" said Pere Coic with innocent satisfaction. "There is but one little thing wanting, a flower for mademoiselle to hold between the tips of her fingers."

"A gilly-flower, let me send for a gilly flower," cried Monsieur de Chevres.

"I must ask these ladies and gentlemen to have the goodness not to look now; when I am satisfied, when I feel the portrait is good, a likeness, I shall show it to them." An expression of disappointment showed itself on the various faces, and for a moment rebellion was threatened, but Angele insisted that her painter should be obeyed.

"We can talk," she said to Monsieur de Chevres. "We may question Monsieur Coic. He may perhaps tell us some of his experiences as a portrait-painter."

"Certainly—and I have experience," answered Pere Coic, with humble vanity. "Listening to talk gives animation to the face of the sitter. Monsieur le Maire talked all the time."

"And so for twenty years you have been taking portraits about here, my good man," began Monsieur de Chevres, in his quality of spokesman.

"Yes, monsieur, for twenty years, more or less. They have come for miles about Jouy to me. It is always, 'Take my portrait, Pere Coic—that's how they call me. Then the next question is, 'How shall I sit?' They always ask me that. For the men, the front pose—that is the one that suits them, for if they have a chain, or a pin, or shirt-stud, you can also show them off like that."

"Like Monsieur le Maire's chain," said Monsieur de Chevres, sweeping his hand across his chest. "That was a *chef-d'œuvre*, that chain—unmitigated chrome yellow, every link of it."

"You are very good, monsieur; but, if I may say it, everyone admired that chain—it was the marvel of the neighborhood. Then for the ladies. The pose they like; it is the attitude mademoiselle has chosen. It suits them."

"But the grocer's wife—she, for instance—her pose was well in front," put in Monsieur de Beaumont, when the stifled laughter behind allowed him to speak.

"Ah, yes, that one was. You see, monsieur, some like to have their whole face painted—their two eyes, and the two corners of their mouth; while in this pose you see only one eye and a bit of the other. That's the objection to it."

"They like to have the worth of their money," said Monsieur de Chevres.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed the artist, joining in the laugh that went round. Pere Coic had never felt more at his ease. His heart expanded towards these kind and pleasant folk. He painted rapidly, laying his color in even sweeps, as if he were tinting a door panel, with his head on one side to judge the effect of his work. When he left the chateau he was happy. He walked over the mud as if wings grew at his heels. A grotesque smile of happiness twisted his lips. As for Angele, she appeared so beautiful to him, that even in thought he felt afraid to raise his eyes to hers, and as he went he muttered to himself, "*Comme elle est belle! comme elle est belle!* and it is I who am chosen to present her on canvas to the world!"

The next day the rain was still falling, but the painter was punctual at his post. There were traces of special adornment in his apparel—an extra tinge of shininess discernible in his threadbare coat, and he wore a plaid necktie he had bought at the village fair; in his hand he carried a nosegay of homely flowers, wet with the rain, which, shuffling up with a bow of clumsy gallantry, he presented to Angele. There was a blundering shyness in his address. She seemed to him even more beautiful than she had done the day before, and he felt afraid to look at her. Again he petitioned that his picture should not be looked at that day, and Angele ordered that he should be obeyed. She took him under her protection, she was very kind to him, she flattered him—she managed him with such admirable tact that his heart uncoiled like a snail out of its shell after rain. After a while his tongue loosened. The poor artist chattered of himself—life had been hard at the first start—the neighbors had not appreciated him; and, with a contraction of his features that did duty for a smile, he rubbed his chest and said it had been *serrez* in those days."

(To be Continued.)