

Correspondence.

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

FROM THE WILDS OF ONTARIO.

SIR.—A voice from the wilds of Ontario instead of waxing weaker and weaker, seems to me to be waxing stronger and stronger. Perhaps it may be on account of the case. Anyhow instead of finding only a few steadfast members of the Church I have found very many from Rockingham to La Mab—which full extent of Country I have travelled over, a number of times during the last four years and have baptized children at every place on the way. Twice I have driven with my wife and child. I believe I am the first clergyman who ever passed through Doyle's corners from the front to the front. I was pleased to see the Rev. Mr. Harding's letter in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN Dec. 18th., and think with him that if the Diocese of Ontario could afford two missionaries for these parts, one ought to be stationed at York Branch, but do not think with him in regard to Doyle's corners, for with the exception of two or three families they are all Roman Catholics in this place; but this might be made an outstation and served from York Branch. Cumbermere should have a clergyman stationed there who could easily look after Rockingham and Palmer's Rapids. It is an enterprising little village, this Cumbermere—situated upon the Madawaska river and is growing very quickly. There is a Doctor here, an energetic Churchman and son of a Clergyman. In conclusion I would say as a little bread is better than none, if the Diocese does not feel itself able to help to support two clergymen for these "Ontario wilds," one travelling faithful missionary might do an incalculable amount of good from La Mab to Rockingham and a voice from the wilds of Ontario in a measure would be heard.

Faithfully yours,
MONTAGUE G. POOLE.

A COMPLAINT.

DEAR SIR,—Would you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper in behalf of a little congregation only a short distance from Toronto; still I question if our case is known to more than one or two churchmen of your fair city of churches. Our congregation forms part of the parish known as the Aurora mission, comprising three congregations, viz., Aurora, Oak-ridges and King. When this parish was first formed, a plot of land was taken up by the congregation on which to erect a parsonage, a mortgage of six hundred dollars stood against this land (correct me if I am wrong ye knowing ones of Aurora). On soliciting a contribution from the mortgagee, he, very liberally, contributed the amount of the mortgage, by having the papers made over to the church authorities, with the distinct understanding that the donation was made to the then existing parish comprised of the aforementioned churches. A subscription list was opened whereby a suitable house could be erected on this plot of land, when each of these three congregations contributed equally (or thereabouts, I think King giving the lion's share) and a very decent parsonage was erected. Now sir, about a year and a half since, just subsequent to the acceptance of the incumbency by the Rev. C. W. Patterson, (and by the by he has King to thank for the appointment; as the other two had selected another), Aurora discovered that they must have two services each Sunday, the Aurora folks put their wise heads together, prepare a list, canvass Oak-ridges with themselves, and find they can pay, although not quite so much as the three churches were expected to pay, still if King could be set aside Mr. Patterson was willing to accept it, so the Ven. Archdeacon (who was at that time commissary to the late Bishop) was consulted, who called a meeting to be held at the late Dr. Langstaff's, King; the meeting was held in June 1877 when the following Rev. and lay-gentlemen were present viz. Ven. Archdeacon of York, the Rural Dean of West York, the Rev. C. W. Patterson and C. B. Dundas, Messrs. Fry, Aurora; Douglas, Oakridges; and Armstrong and Smith, King; it was resolved (after strong protestation from the King representatives, that the King congregation should be temporarily attached to Lloydtown, as the Rev. Mr. Dundas, the Incumbent of that place had applied for more work, with the distinct understanding of this meeting and promise from Mr. Patterson, that should this temporary arrangement not prove satisfactory, he Mr. P. would re-

assume the work at King; we were also promised at this meeting, that if we would only give way and make this trial to be attached to Lloydtown, care would be taken that we should not be neglected, that Mr. Patterson would be at our command at any time. Well sir, you will see whether we have been neglected or not; the Rev. Mr. Dundas commenced his duties with us about eighteen months ago, and continued his services till the end of last May as often as he could reach us; for the distance between us and Lloydtown is so great, fourteen miles over a very rough hilly country, and at certain seasons of the year the roads are altogether impassable, making it impossible for a minister living at Lloydtown to properly attend to the duties of a congregation at King, so we frequently found ourselves assembled in our little edifice patiently awaiting the minister who never arrived, and our only resource on these occasions was lay service. It is now seven months since Mr. Dundas resigned his charge at Lloydtown, and since that time we have been left entirely at the mercy of those ravenous wolves who are ever ready to snap any stray sheep that may be found wandering. It will be naturally asked, did not Mr. Patterson, or your Aurora friends, who are using the parsonage of which you are part owner, and of which parish you still form a part, come to your assistance or offer to assist you in any way? No sir, neither one nor the other, notwithstanding Mr. Patterson's promises to the Rev. Mr. Fidler, when he, Mr. P., was about to accept Aurora, and to us when we permitted ourselves to be temporarily attached to Lloydtown. He has never been amongst us, not even to administer the Holy Sacrament, save once, and then we supplied and paid a substitute to take the service at Aurora. Some one else asks, has your nice little church been closed ever since last May? And again we answer, no, our little congregation has stuck together right loyally, having never missed a Sunday without assembling ourselves together to offer up our prayer and praise to Almighty God our Heavenly Father (thanks to the sound teaching of our dear old friend the Rev. A. J. Fidler). When it has been possible we have procured the service of such ministers and students as could make it convenient to come to our assistance (and we are really very thankful to all those who have so kindly helped us, especially to those who put themselves about not a little, in order that we should not lose the benefits of that holy food, which is so requisite a rite to be kept up for the sustenance of our much beloved church on earth) and at other times we have had lay-service. Now sir, are there any of your readers who could kindly assist us with advice? Are we not really entitled to a share of the services of the Incumbent of the parish to which we belong. We are willing to pay our stipend. If the Aurora people and Mr. Patterson will not have anything more to do with us, are we not justly entitled to our share (one third) of the parsonage. This is a case where religion has its price. Aurora and Oakridges say they can buy the whole loaf, so they intend to eat it while King starves. Is this as it ought to be? I am yours truly, J. SMITH, Churchwarden. King, December, 1879.

Family Reading.

GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER XXI.—DISCOVERY.

For the next three days Basil Crawford was out morning, noon, and night, at all times and seasons, nor would he, when he returned, tell any one where he had been, whom he had seen, or what he had done.

But his silence was respected, for all alike knew the cause of it, and of his absence from them.

The third day of his visit opened bright and brilliantly; the sun shone on the white snow, and in-doors and out all things looked brighter and more cheering. Gwendoline had risen this morning with a sense of new joy hovering about her, and its radiance illuminating her face even more than the bright sunshine did.

This morning, after Basil had gone, she went to her long-neglected little cabinet of curiosities, and took from it the antique ring which he had

sent her, and which, since his arrival, she had again placed there. Now, however, she replaced it on her finger with a peculiar smile. Now there was no reason why it should not remain there, no reason why she should not boldly wear it in the sight of every one.

Her daily employments and occupations dragged to-day, and were unfinished; and after luncheon, when she always felt free to do as she pleased she decided that it was imperatively necessary that she should go and see her friend Naomi Vernon. Her father and mother were each occupied with their own concerns, therefore she was free to follow her fancy. So immediately after luncheon she hurried away, for winter was still at its depth and days short and dark, and those who wished to take advantage of daylight had to be smart in their movements.

Her haste was fortunate, for she met Naomi just coming out of the gate at Heathcote.

"Oh, I am so glad I met you!" cried Gwendoline; "where are you going?"

"On a very prosaic errand," was the reply. "I am going to Shoreham, the draper's."

"I will go with you, if I may," said Gwendoline. And soon after she added, "It is no use trying to wait any longer. I was coming to see you on purpose to tell you my news. You do not know how happy I am; Basil has been telling me how much he cares for me—more than all his success, or anything else. And I—I did not refuse him exactly; so we are to be married—really married, Basil and I. Is it not extraordinary to think about? Indeed, I cannot yet feel that it is anything but a dream, and I have to keep on telling myself that it is real, real reality."

Naomi was some time struggling with herself; all events the fight seemed to be a silent one. By no outward sign or token should Gwendoline know that the torch which had lighted her bosom had extinguished that of her friend, leaving her alone in the grey light. Not only her pride urged this, but her old affection for Gwendoline demanded that no shadow cast by her hand should darken one ray of her happiness.

"Naomi, I came to you for sympathy and congratulation. Where is it?"

"I must first get over my astonishment; remember that it is no news to you, while to me it is more than news!"

"Gwendoline was silent after this. That she was evidently somewhat hurt at Naomi's silence was apparent; and seeing this, Naomi, with one final struggle answered, "You must not think me cold in this matter, above all others; you know your happiness is as dear to me as my own. If you are happy, that is enough. He I know is all that we can desire for you. I am sure that he will be the best of husbands, and one to be proud of. I congratulate you, dear, with all my heart!"

"I knew you would, I was quite sure you would be pleased," cried Gwendoline, with the glad light dancing on her fair face; and on they paced side-by-side, long-tried friends, with hitherto scarce a joy unshared, and no confidence withheld. A wide ravine had this afternoon opened up between them, never more to be filled up, never more to be spanned by full-hearted confidence.

"I must go now," said Gwendoline at length. "It will be quite late before I get home, and I shall be scolded." Instead of going into the main street of the town, they had been walking up and down a quiet country road, and discussing this last new event; at least Gwendoline had talked, and Naomi had listened.

Bessie's eyes opened wide when her sister told her the news in the evening, and an expression of the deepest interest came over her face, but she was silent after this, even as her sister had been silent when she had heard the news, but from a very different cause. Her needless jealousy of Gwendoline had lately prevented any friendship or affection between them; now she only felt that Cyril was free and unfettered.

And on this, and this alone, she dwelt; whilst Naomi proceeded with a further account of the affair; which they now learned was of no new growth, but of ancient standing.

In the meantime, when Gwendoline had bidden good-bye to Naomi, she turned her face homewards, and proceeded at a good brisk pace. It struck her, by-and-by that some one was following her steps, and looking round she was not relieved