

PERVERTS.

DEAR SIR,—Amongst your interesting list of perverts published lately, I can vouch for one, the Rev. Mr. Richards. This gentleman I knew intimately. He was raised, as they say, in Ohio, a Congregationalist, subsequently took orders under the late Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and for some two years was known as an ardent Low Churchman.

His perversion was on this wise as he once told me. "I was standing opposite my own Church one day, when a poor man came along and asked me 'which was the Catholic Church?' I 'at once pointed it out to him, lower down the street.'"

This it appears set him thinking, and resulted in this perversion. He was a married man, and known as "Pervert No. 13."

The above is a fair sample of three-fourths of these perversions, originating as they appear to do, either in Dissent, or Evangelicalism, or both.

Yours truly,

E. LUSHER.

Montreal, Feb. 12th, 1880.

THE WILDS OF ONTARIO.

DEAR SIR,—I hoped that the correspondence concerning "The wilds of Ontario" had terminated; but Mr. Muckleston's letter in your issue of the 12th inst., requires a little notice. I am sorry we are so ready to jump to conclusions. It surely is not necessary to be continually saying, "of course there are exceptions;" but as a rule the course I indicate "in a letter in your issue of Jan. 29th," is strictly in conformity with the rubrics both of the administration of public and of private Baptism of infants, and the reason assigned should be all sufficient; "when the most number of people come together, as well for that the congregation there present may testify the receiving of them that be newly baptized into the number of Xts. Church; as also because in the baptism of infants every man present is put in remembrance of his own profession." Further, if my memory does not fail me, it is an injunction of the House of Bishops that Baptism shall always be administered if possible before a congregation assembled for public worship, and I do not know of better rules whereby a clergyman may regulate his conduct than these. I need not say that it would be easy to write largely on this, but the above is, I think sufficient.

Yours faithfully,

P. HARDING.

A CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to accounts in the public press of the recent annual Missionary meeting at St. Paul's Church, Kingston, wherein it is stated that the Diocese of Huron gave last year only \$3,000 to the Mission Fund, and contributed less than the Diocese of Ontario did for a similar purpose. I feel quite sure that the statement was inadvertently made, and evidently come from the speaker misunderstanding the disposition of the Funds of this Diocese.

In Ontario I see that their Mission Fund last year received \$6683.67 from Missionary meetings, Advent, Parochial, Whitsunday and Algoma collections. In the Diocese of Huron the Parochial collections are credited to our General Purpose Fund, the objects of which however, are really one and the same as those of the Mission Fund, although for purposes determined on by the Synod the two funds are apparently kept distinct.

To obtain then a fair comparison with the Ontario Diocese, it is necessary to take into account not only the Mission Fund, but also our Parochial collections (Gen. Pur. Fund) and that of the day of Thanksgiving, the last corresponding

with the Ontario Algoma collection, it being for the same object. Our Home Missionary receipts for last year were then as follows:—General Purposes, \$5146.81; Mission Fund, \$3021.98; Thanksgiving, \$775.92; making a total of \$8944.71, instead of \$3000 as erroneously stated at Kingston. In addition to the above we received \$1855.43 for the Widows and Orphans Fund; \$821.32 for Foreign Missions; and \$688 for Synod assessments, making our annual voluntary income \$11,809.46 from collections only. Any one can readily verify this by looking at page 59 of our Synod journal for 1879.

While I am quite aware that our Diocese is perfectly able to do a vast deal more for the promotion of our Church work, it is yet gratifying to be able to report, that under the vigorous administration of the Bishop and the Standing Committee the Diocese has prospered most marvellously. A comparison of the last eight years during which Canada has undergone the most stringent financial crisis she has ever experienced, with the previous eight years will show a Total Increase of over \$30,000 from our Diocesan voluntary offertories, collections, and payments, with a large increase of clergymen, Churches, parsonages and stations, and necessarily a corresponding large increase of annual contributions paid directly by our Church people towards their maintenance and support. Trusting that in justice to the Diocese of Huron you will allow me to make this correction.

I remain your obedient servant,

E. BAYNES REED.

Sec. Treas. of Synod.

The Chapter House, London, Feb. 16th, 1880.

Family Reading.

THE CURATE OF ST. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER VI.

Seated in the drawing-room, in her own particular elbow-chair, in the twilight of the summer's evening, was Miss Deveen. Near to her, telling a history, his voice low, his conscious face slightly flushed, sat the rector of St. Matthew's. The scent of the garden flowers came pleasantly in at the open window; the moon, high in the heavens, was tinting the trees with her silvery light. One might have taken them for two lovers, sitting there to exchange vows, and going in for romance.

Miss Deveen was at home alone. I was escorting that other estimable lady to a "penny reading" in the adjoining district, St. Jude's, at which the clergy of the neighbourhood were expected to gather in full force, including the rector of St. Matthew's. It was a special reading, sixpence admission, got up for the benefit of St. Jude's vestry fire-stove, which wanted replacing with a new one. Our parish, including Cattle-don, took up the cause with zeal, and would not have missed the reading for the world. We flocked to it in numbers.

Disappointment was in store for some of us, however, for the rector of St. Matthew's did not appear. He called, instead, on Miss Deveen, confessing that he had hoped to find her alone, and to get half an hour's conversation with her; he had been wishing for it for some time as he had a tale to tell.

It was a tale of love. Miss Deveen, listening to it in the soft twilight, could but admire the man's constancy of heart and his marvellous patience.

In the west of England, where he had been curate before coming to London, he had been very intimate with the Gibson family—the medical people of the place. The two brothers were in partnership, James and Edward Gibson. Their father had retired upon a bare competence, for village doctors don't often make fortunes, leaving the practice to these two sons. The rest of his

sons and daughters were out in the world—Mrs. Topcroft was one of them. William Lake's father had been the incumbent of this parish, and the Lake's and the Gibson's were over close friends. The incumbent died; another parson was appointed to the living; and subsequently William Lake became the new parson's curate, upon the enjoyable stipend of fifty pounds a year. How ridiculously improvident it was of the curate and Emily Gibson to fall in love with one another, wisdom could testify. They did, and there was an end of it, and went in for all kinds of rose-coloured visions after the fashion of such-like poor mortals in this lower world. And when he was appointed to the curacy of St. Matthew's in London, upon a whole one hundred pounds a year, these two people thought Dame Fortune was opening her favours upon them. They plighted their troth solemnly, and exchanged broken sixpences.

Mr. Lake was thirty-one years of age then, and Emily was nineteen. He counted forty-five now, and she thirty-three. Thirty-three! Daisy Dutton would have tossed her little impertinent head, and classed Miss Gibson with the old ladies at the alms houses, who were verging on ninety.

Fourteen summers had drifted by since that troth-plighting; and the lovers had been living—well, not exactly upon hope, for hope seemed to have died out completely; and certainly not upon love, for they did not meet: better say, upon disappointment. Emily, the eldest daughter of the younger of the two brothers, was but one of several children, and her father had no fortune to give her. She kept the house, her mother being dead, and saw to the younger children, carefully training and teaching them. And any chance of brighter prospects appeared to be so very hopeless, that she had long ago ceased to look for it.

As to William Lake, coming up to London all cock-a-hoop with his rise in life, he soon found realization not answer to expectation. He found that a hundred a year in that expensive metropolis, did not go so very much further than his fifty pounds went in the cheap and remote village. Whether he and Emily had indulged a hope of setting up house-keeping on a hundred a year, they best knew; it might be good in theory, it was not to be accomplished in practice. It's true that money went further in those days than it does in these; still, without taking into calculation future incidental expenses that marriage might bring in its train, they were not silly enough to risk it. For contingencies arise in most new households, as the world knows; the kitchen chimney may fall down some windy morning, and it costs money to build it up again.

When William Lake had been five years at St. Matthew's, and found that he remained just as he was, making both ends meet upon the pay, and saw no vista of being anywhere else to the end, or of gaining more, he wrote to release Emily from her engagement. The heartache at this was great on both sides, not to be got over lightly. Emily did not rebel; did not remonstrate. A sensible, good, self-enduring girl, she would not for the world have crossed him, or added to his care; if he thought it right they should no longer be bound to one another, it was not for her to think differently. So the plighted troth was recalled, and the broken sixpences were despatched back again. Speaking in theory, that is, you understand: practically, I don't know whether the sixpences were returned or kept. It must have been a farce altogether, take it at the best: for they had just gone on silently caring for each other; patiently bearing—perhaps in a corner of their hearts even slightly hoping—all through these later years.

Miss Deveen drew a deep breath as the rector's voice died away in the stillness of the room. What a number of these long-enduring, silently-borne chases the world could tell of, and how deeply

she pitied them, was very present to her then.

"You are not affronted at my disclosing all this so fully, Miss Deveen?" he asked, misled by her silence. "I wished to —"

"Affronted!" she interposed. "Nay, how could I be? I am lost in the deep sympathy I feel—with you and with Emily Gibson. What a trial it has been!—how hopeless it must have appeared! You will marry now."

"Yes. I could not bring myself to disclose this abroad prematurely," he added; "though perhaps I ought to have done it before beginning to furnish the house. I find that some of my friends suspecting something from that fact, have been wondering whether I was thinking of Emma Topcroft. Though indeed I feel quite ashamed to repeat to you any idea that is so obviously absurd, poor little girl!"

Miss Deveen burst out laughing. "How did you hear that?" she asked.

"From Emma herself. She heard of it from—from Mrs. Jonas, I think it was—and repeated it to me, and to her mother, in the highest state of glee. To Emma it seemed only fun: she is young and thoughtless."

"I concluded Emma has known of your engagement?"

"Only lately. Mrs. Topcroft knew of it from the beginning: Emily is her niece. She knew also that I released Emily from the engagement years ago and she thought I did rightly, my future being so hopeless. But how very silly people must be to suppose I could think of that child Emma! I must set them right."

"Never you mind the people," cried Miss Deveen. "Don't set them right until you feel quite inclined to do it. As to that, I believe Emma has done it already. How long is it that you and Emily have waited for one another?"

"Fourteen years." "Fourteen years! It seems like a lifetime. Do not let another day go on, Mr. Lake; marry at once."

"That was one of the points on which I wished to ask your opinion," he rejoined, his tone taking a hesitating turn, his face shrinking from the moonlight. "Do you think it would be wrong of me to marry—almost directly? Would it be at all unseemly?"

"Wrong? Unseemly?" cried Miss Deveen. "In what way?"

"I hardly know. It may appear to the parish so very hurried. And it is but a short time since my kind rector died."

"Never you mind the parish," reiterated Miss Deveen. "The parish would fight at your marriage, though it were put off for a twelvemonth; be sure of that. As to Mr. Selwyn, he was no relative of yours. Surely you have waited long enough! Were I your promised wife, sir, I'd not have you at all unless you married me to-morrow morning."

They both laughed a little. "Why should the parish fight at my marriage, Miss Deveen?" he suddenly asked.

"Why?" she repeated; thinking how entirely void of conceit he was, how unconscious he had been all along in his deprecating modesty. "Oh, people always grumble at everything you know. If you were to remain single, they would say you ought to marry; and if you marry, they'll think you might as well have remained single. Don't trouble your head about the parish, and don't tell anybody a syllable beforehand if you'd rather not. I shouldn't."

"You have been so very kind to me always, Miss Deveen, and I have felt more grateful than I can say. I hope—I hope you will like my wife. I hope you will allow me to bring her here, and introduce her to you."

"I like her already," said Miss Deveen. "As to your bringing her here, if she lived near enough you should both come here to your wedding breakfast. What a probation it has been!"

The tears stood in his gray eyes. "Yes, it has been that; a trial hardly