

to be gone through, the lonely, long evenings, when the wash of the sea in the distance and the flood of pale evening sunshine on the fields made one long so hopelessly for dear human companionship. Sheila had said truly that she should not expect him to return; by some subtle feminine intuition she had recognized that his wooing was due to a momentary impulse; sometimes she said to herself, with burning cheeks, that it was only because he had discovered her love. At such times she would turn suddenly angry against him, a woman's mood towards a man she loves well, a strange resentment against him who takes so much from her; but this would pass and be succeeded by a hopeless longing for him, and an aching doubt of the wisdom of what she had done. She felt sometimes that she could complete his life as no other woman could; she knew that God had given her good gifts, and that in everything except this poor accident of birth she was his equal. Yet she had sent him away. Such thoughts tortured her to exhaustion, till she was content to sit in the twilight, in that sad summer time when the birds have ceased to sing and the world is parched, and let her sad thoughts go flying away, her sad eyes following them, to the city where he was. Then the nights were so hot and breathless, when one lay awake looking through the thick dark, and thinking, thinking, and the scent of the woodbine seemed too heavy and sweet. After such a night Sheila would rise unrefreshed, so it was no wonder that presently her roses began to fade.

Tom was not too busy with his harvest to notice this, and how her step was not so light, and she had left off singing. He spoke to the mother about it, but the good woman was not alarmed; girls were full of whims and fancies, she said, and it was better not to mind. But she took some of the daughter's duties upon her own shoulders, and began to make up little dainty things to tempt her failing appetite, all of which Sheila noticed with a dumb, passionate gratitude. Then Tom came to her one evening as she stood listlessly in the garden, which was beginning to be strewn with golden leaves. He looked at her wistfully as she stood plucking a leaf to pieces; he did not know how to approach his subject. He had a proposal to make, and at last he came out with it. The mother and he had been thinking that she might like a change; the country was but dreary at this time of the year, and they had a little money to spare, and wouldn't she like to have a few weeks with her Aunt Maria in Dublin, and have some gayeties before the winter closed in on them? All this with much beating about the bush, for Tom wanted to be very delicate with his little girl. He was not prepared, however, for the effect of his proposal. Sheila suddenly burst out crying and flung her arms about his neck.

"You darling," she said, "you darling! No, I won't go to Aunt Maria's; I am never so well off anywhere as with you and the darling mother. I have been wicked and selfish, but that is all done with." And a great many other sweet, articulate things she said, with her wet face against his white hair.

She did pluck up after that, and the old couple were comforted. And one day there came to the farm a pretty walnut-wood piano which Tom had expended some of his savings on for his pet. He did not tell her who had executed his commission, and indeed it was a beautiful piano and wonderfully cheap, and it made Sheila quite happy for the time. As she sat at it, rattling out "Planxty Kelly," or "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," or "Miss McLeod's Reel," for her father's delight, the old man congratulated himself upon the happy thought of writing to Mr. Lance to ask him to select a piano, and enjoyed the rollicking music to his heart's content.

(To be continued.)

We learn from the *Baltimore Mirror* that the Rev. M. F. Foley, well known to the readers of the *Catholic Review* through his earnest contributions to these columns on temperance questions, will shortly resume his residence in that city. Father Foley, who was formerly secretary to Cardinal Gibbons, and assistant at St. John's Church, on account of ill health was forced to seek a more genial clime, and he went to Florida, where for several years he had charge of a parish at De Land. Having sufficiently recovered, he has determined to return to Baltimore. It is likely he will be assigned to duty as an assistant to Very Rev. Mgr. McColgan at St. Peter's Church.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD IN MONTREAL.

The Synod of the Church of England in Canada opened with great parade of pomp and circumstance. Like David's Queen she came out into view "surrounded with variety." Prelates, some robed in magnificent scarlet others in vulgar black with style of cut as varied, clergymen, some contenting themselves with the old-fashioned scarf, while others wore white stoles embroidered with all kinds of needle-work in divers colours, chaplains, choristers, vergers in surplices and laymen in civilian attire, formed the grand procession that entered the great west door of Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday last. The divergency exhibited in color and cut was no doubt emblematic of the varieties of dogma and the shades of belief held by the wearers. For instance, the scarlet rochet would have fitly represented the belief of a Ritualist in the real eucharistic sacrifice of the body and blood of the Lord while the black rochet of the Evangelical professed it to be but a "blasphemous fable." The ceremony was opened by a very appropriate hymn, "The Churches' One Foundation," though His Lordship, the orator of the day, admitted afterwards that "the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets" widened out in the course of time to receive laymen; likewise the doctrinal foundation which "no man can lay but that which is laid," broadened "into such an aspect of truth as should be recognized by the entire Christian world." The Bishop of Nova Scotia, the spokesman of the conference, very appropriately took for his subject the similarities and differences between the Montreal Synod and the first ecclesiastical synod of Jerusalem. Of course he did not propose to bring out all the points of resemblance and divergence, else speaking of the composition he might have stated that whereas only those went up to Jerusalem whom Christ had called and had left boats and fishes, wives and families to follow Him, Anglican bishops came to Montreal bringing along with them all the impediments. One of the similarities he dwelt on was the fewness of members represented by the Synod, as the Anglican communion finds itself in Canada squeezed in between Romanism on the one side and organized dissent on the other. Fewness of members is a rather negative note of the true church. The Rt. Rev. speaker seems to have lost sight of the fact that though the church of Jerusalem was comparatively small yet it bore in its bosom the active principle of a world-wide expansion, so that within twenty years St. Paul was able to tell the Romans that their faith was spoken of in the whole world. The Anglican Church, on the other hand, after three hundred years, though backed by establishment, the crown, the army and navy, railroads and commerce, the wealth, influence and rank of England was still in the first of England's colonies conspicuous for the fewness of her members.

But the most important point of the Bishop's discourse was the similarity of aim of the two synods, namely, to bring about the union of Christendom, threatened with disruption in the apostolic age by the vexatious questions concerning bigot observance, and, in our days, broken into a multitude of clashing sects. But the great contrast the opposition between the two Synods, the Rt. Rev. orator failed to notice, namely, the apostles and ancients met in Jerusalem with a purpose and a determination to use the means to carry it out. Peter rising up told the contending parties the truth, defined it for them and enjoined its acceptance. And all the assembly held its peace. There was peace through the truth. You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. But our Montreal Synod came together without any framed purpose. It declared at the very opening that it was going to leave the truth undefined, to commit itself to no line of action, that though "they believed in the presence of the Holy Spirit they might expect that their deliberations would not result in a final solution," but — what is most startling of all — "in such an aspect of truth as should be recognized by the entire Christian world." The union of Christendom is to be effected not by the declaration of truth, but by withholding it. The Church to be fed not with the solid substantial word of Christ, but by a shadowy aspect of it, such an aspect as may fit the most contradictory tenets — as might prove acceptable to the high churchman holding a true priesthood, a Real Presence and sacrifice, and to the low churchman rejecting them as superstitious relics of bar-