

who was engaged in the preparation of the Canon, not to introduce into it anything which would mar the harmony of the Synod, or be the means of bringing in the smallest bone of contention, or cause of strife; but the sub-committee are only men, and, as men, are liable to err; and in their Canon they may have unintentionally made mistakes, which might be removed before the Synod meets, by giving its various clauses a thorough ventilation. I think the best way to make our Synods harmonious, and to prevent secular newspapers from gloating over the discord and confusion that have so much disgraced them in late years, (designating them bear-gardens, and saying of noisy political meetings that they are almost as bad as Church of England Synods), is to have the subjects to be brought before us freely discussed beforehand in a calm and Christian spirit, and not laid on the table in a crude and undigested manner. In the deanery of East York it is our intention to follow in this matter the course that I have now suggested, and I hope that it may be followed in all the deaneries, and that thus the Widows' and Orphans' Committee may be able, through the cordial co-operation of all the members of the Synod, (both individually, as already requested by the Committee, and by their Ruridecanal Chapters, as now suggested), to submit to the Synod such a well-considered and satisfactory Canon as may meet with its hearty and unanimous approval. I am, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,
Unionville, Dec., 11, 1878. JOHN FLETOHER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

DEAR SIR.—Through your paper I must thank some kind lady who has sent me three beautiful texts for my mission. These will help to make that holy season, Christmas, more like what it should be. Yours truly, R. S. RADCLIFFE,

Catechist in charge.
Waldemar P.O., Dec. 13, 1878.

MISSIONARIES AND THE MISSION FUND.

DEAR SIR.—The thanks of the missionaries are due to B. & S. for his suggestion that a meeting should at once be held to take into consideration the manner in which the missionaries of this diocese are treated, which, as B. & S. says, is "extraordinary." To notice one instance out of many: after waiting patiently for the payment of the arrears of their grants, the missionaries are told that a "scheme" is about to be devised for their relief. Surely, Mr. Editor, they are treated to schemes enough at each meeting of Synod; they would now like to see some result from those previous schemes. But the further comfort is held out to them that if their respective parishes pay their assessments for the Mission Fund (the amount, by the way, being in excess of other and more prosperous years) they will receive half of what is due them. This reminds me of a severe thrashing which I received during my school days, because of a trick played upon the master by another boy. Although proof was offered him that he was punishing the wrong boy, the only remark which this worthy man deigned to make was "that the crime deserved punishment, and he was resolved to chastise the first boy he could lay his hands upon." So in this case, since it is the easiest and safest course to punish the unfortunate missionaries, they must bear the penalty due to the faults of others. A.

CHURCH PROPERTY.

DEAR SIR.—Finding that at least one congregation in this Province has incurred debts under the supposition that they can mortgage their church property for the purpose of meeting their engagements, merely by obtaining the vote of their vestry to do so, I feel it my duty to state that such is not the case. Fortunately our Legislature was induced by the authorities of this diocese at its last session to enact that, before such can legally be done, it is necessary to obtain also the consent of the Bishop of the diocese in which the land is situated, and also the consent of the executive committee of the same. The Act which I allude to will be found on page 86 of the Statutes

of Ontario, chapter 25 Vic., 41 and assented to 7th March 1878.

I think it well to call the attention of churchmen in Ontario to this Act, so that they may be warned of the difficulties very wisely thrown in the way of such action on the part of any congregation.

T. B. NIAGARA.
Hamilton 14th Dec., 1878.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was a terrible pause. Hugh Carlton stood leaning against the window frame, holding by the ledge for support, while with ghastly face and eyes that seemed to devour Estelle in the intense eagerness of their gaze, he waited trembling for her answer: and she, with bent head and heaving breast, was torn with silent sobs, that appeared to convulse her in their strength. At length, when the torture of suspense became unendurable, his lips parted in a cry of wailing entreaty.

"Estelle! my star! star of my life! speak to me—answer me; I can bear no more!"

Then she let her hands fall from her white scared face, and stretched them out to him, while she said in accents that wrung his soul in their plainness, "Oh Hugh, I wish that I had died before I ever heard the word that you have this day spoken."

"Why—why?" exclaimed he, as he caught her hands with the despairing grasp, and looked into her eyes imploringly.

"Because to give such pain to a fellow-creature is worse than death."

"But why give pain? Give joy, Estelle—give life, for you are very life to me: you must know it—you must have known it all along; you cannot have been blind to such love as mine has been!"

"No, Hugh! I did not know it indeed. I never dreamt of it; never suspected it for a single moment."

"How is it possible?" he said, vehemently, striving to fasten on her the charge of having encouraged him, that he might enforce it as a claim, "though I did not speak openly till I had given you time to know me, and to learn by contrast with others that none could ever love you in this world half so well, yet I never concealed from you my ceaseless longing for your presence; you could not doubt that it sprung from an intense affection, you must have seen that what I felt for you was little short of worship."

"I thought you were kind to me as a brother might have been; but, Hugh, indeed it was not possible for me to have suspected you of any deeper feeling; another might have done so, but I could not; I was shut out from any such idea."

"You have some hidden meaning in those words. What is it you would have me understand?" he asked.

"That which may be my best answer to all you have said, dear Hugh, and therefore I feel bound to give you the explanation you require; though it is hard and bitter for me in every way to have to do it." She buried her face in her hands for a moment, and when she looked up again, her paleness had given place to a vivid crimson, which burned in her cheeks, while still her eyes glittered with tears, and her voice was very low though sweet.

"I did not imagine that you or any other could care for me, because I had missed the only love I could ever accept or return. I knew that I was set apart to lead a solitary life, without a human affection or a human tie, till death shall bring me to the true Love that cannot fail."

"Ah no, Estelle!" said Hugh, laying his hand on her dark head with a tender reverence which she could not resent, "if even it be so that you have wasted the precious treasure of your affection on one who cannot value it, why for that reason leave unblest the heart that craves for it with a longing which no other happiness on earth could satisfy?"

"Because once given," she answered. "It can never be recalled."

"But it can perish when it is flung back upon you by the careless hand that is unworthy of it," he said, almost fiercely. "It cannot be that such a one as you should continue to cherish an affection that has not been returned. Give it to the winds, my darling and let me teach you to forget the past in a new and better tenderness that surely must be called forth by the boundless devotion I will show you. Only come into my life, Estelle, to be its star and sun, and I will not ask you at first to give me back an answering love for all my fond affection, but only that you should give me the right to labour for your happiness with such unceasing care, that in the end you could not fail to find peace for your own heart by my side."

"It is impossible, dear Hugh," she answered, sadly. "I do not know how it may be for others, but I know that for me there can be but one love in all my life. It tortures me to speak of it, but I owe it to you, because I have had the misfortune to attract your fancy, and you ought to know that it is not because your generous attachment is undervalued, that it meets with no response, but only that my nature has not the capacity of change in this respect, and that I neither have nor ever can have power to tear my heart away from the one to whom it has first been given, and with whom it must remain while life endures, though I shall never look upon his face again. Let it suffice, Hugh," she continued, taking his hand gently. "I have bared my very soul before you at bitter cost to a woman's natural reticence, in order that there may at least be no sting of wounded pride in the pain it is my misery to give you; but you know now that never while I live can you or any other hear a different answer from that which I have given you this day, and that while I have no love to give, so also have I none to receive, nor any prospect on this earth, but that of the utter loneliness which I pray may never be your fate."

"Is that your final decision, Estelle Lingard?" he said, breathing hard, as he turned his haggard face towards her.

"You know that it is," she answered, gently.

"Then it decides the ruin of my life!" he exclaimed, flinging her hand away from him with a rude violence, "for I will never see you more, though I have to abandon country, home, and friends, in order to escape you." He rushed to the door, but as he turned the handle, he was unable to resist the impulse that prompted him to glance back for one farewell look on the pure sweet face whose memory would still be to him the only star in the darkness of his life. He saw her standing with all the brightness of her expression dimmed by sorrowful remorse, her dark eyes appealing to heaven with a look more eloquent than words, her hands clasped in dumb entreaty that the burden of his pain might not be laid thus heavily upon her soul—the sight of her sweet aspect melted his very heart, and with a great revulsion of feeling, he rushed back to her, and flung his arms round her, as he exclaimed, "Estelle, I cannot leave you thus—I cannot leave you at all. Let it be as you will, and since I may not have your love let me at least have your dear presence, as I had before. I will be to you what you choose—friend, brother, just as you please—only let me still see your face and hear your voice."

At these words a smile, radiant as sunshine, lit up her expressive face, and her eyes shone out through their tears with eager joy.

"Ah, now you give me comfort!" she exclaimed, "Thank you a thousand times, dear Hugh; it seemed too terrible to see you leave me in such anger; and there is so much I wished to say to you which might, I think, take all your passing pain away. Will you sit down beside me now a little while?" she continued, drawing herself gently out of his grasp, "and hear me calmly, while I tell you all I think and feel?"

"Yes, Estelle, I will do anything you like," he answered, taking the place to which she pointed, with the feeling that it was happiness enough to be with her for the moment, when they had so nearly been parted for ever. "Tell me what you wished to say to me; I will not interrupt you."

"The first," she answered, brightly, "that all is not lost for you or any one because a poor earthly love is denied them. Happiness and sorrow are but, you know, the accidents of life,