

of Auckland, we gather hopeful promise for the future.

The Bishop of Antigua, after a ministry of forty-five years in the West Indies, is returning to England. Arrangements for the administration of the diocese have been made with the Bishop of Barbadoes. Dr. Jackson was appointed to the bishopric in 1860.

Correspondence.

NOTICE.—We must remind our correspondents that all letters containing personal allusions, and especially those containing attacks on Diocesan Committees, must be accompanied with the names of the writers, expressly for the purpose of publication.
We are not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

A CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to correct an error, which is suggested rather than affirmed by your correspondent "Enquirer" in your last issue. He intimates that a part of the sum of over \$9,000, credited to Toronto in the Annual Missionary Report of the Methodist Church of Canada, goes to the support of the resident pastors in the city, who are, it is alleged, called "Missionaries." I am glad to say that this is wholly a mistake. They are not called "missionaries," and receive nothing from this fund towards stipends. The whole of this sum is paid into the Missionary Treasurers, and disbursed by the Missionary Board for mission purposes. Our Methodist Congregations also sustain a fund for the support of our aged ministers, an Educational Fund, and a Contingent (Home Mission) Fund, besides paying the "stipends" of their ministers, and all other local expenses. I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

E. HARTLEY DEWART,

Editor *Christian Guardian*.

Christian Guardian Office, Toronto, Feb. 8, 1879.

MISSION FUND.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive in the annual reports of the Mission Board, Diocese of Toronto, that the particulars of the grants to Missions are not given, but they are put in a lump sum thus: "Grants to Missions \$7416.55." It would be very desirable that the members of the Synod should be put in possession of a List of the Grants paid during the year, thus showing exactly where the money has gone; and it is to be hoped this will be done in the Annual Reports for the future.

Yours truly,

A MEMBER OF THE SYNOD.

MISSION OF STIRLING.

SIR.—In answer to all the charges of your correspondent in the *CHURCHMAN* of January 23rd, I again state that I did not trespass in anywise on Mr. Stephenson's charge. I did not forget that I continued to reside for "more than two months" in Stirling after Mr. Stephenson took charge of the parish; simply because I had not learned that I did so. I resigned the parish of Stirling and was appointed to Hillier on the 24th of June. I took immediate possession here, commencing my permanent duties on the 9th of July, just two weeks after my appointment. In the meantime, beyond taking leave of my former parishioners, I did not interfere in the slightest with the Mission of Stirling. I did not marry a Miss Kelly on what is "usually considered the mission of Stirling." I did not marry a couple in the July settlement, I did not officiate in Rawdon, or anywhere else on Mr. Stephenson's charge, I did not stay a week either in Marmora or elsewhere in that section. I did officiate at the funeral of the late Mr. H. Jones, in Marmora; and at the request of the churchwardens and friends I held one evening service at which I baptised several children. But that was not on Mr. Stephenson's charge, else how came it that for twelve months previous no service was held in Marmora, while the sick and dying were dependent on the kindness of a Methodist minister?

JOHN HALLIWELL.

[It is unnecessary to continue this controversy in the *DOMINION CHURCHMAN*: as this is a question of fact, it can only be settled on the spot by the Bishop of the Diocese or those whom he may appoint.—Ed.]

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mr. Derwent obeyed the summons which called him to the death-bed of Dr. Lingard, after morning service on that Christmas Day which Estelle was spending in a manner so little in accordance with the joyful associations of the season. As vicar of the parish, the clergyman had visited the patient at stated periods; but it had been a duty hopelessly unsatisfactory in its performance, for he had never been able to awaken so much as a gleam of intelligence in the dull eyes that took not the smallest notice of his presence; but now, as he stood looking down on the unconscious man, whose laboured breathing was slowly sighing away the earthly life, that for good or for ill, must merge into eternity, Mr. Derwent felt more than ever helpless in face of this dumb soul, whom his ministrations were impotent to touch. What could he do but offer up last prayers for him who could no longer pray for himself?—had he, indeed, ever done so? who could say? The record of his life, as a scroll written within and without, was rolled up now and sealed against the judgment of the last great day. Of the outward part of it no token was left but the unfinished work on which all his best years had been spent for nought but of the inner existence of the spirit not even a trace remained to give a hope that it had been sanctified by the love of God. Mr. Derwent questioned Estelle somewhat anxiously before they went into the sick room as to what she knew of her uncle's opinions, and she could only tell him that, while Dr. Lingard's life seemed outwardly harmless, he had never given the least indication of religious belief, or of interest in any studies but that of scientific research. The clergyman had his Bible in his hand as he followed Miss Lingard into the presence of the dying man, but of what avail to read the words of eternal life to the dull ears that were no longer avenues to the senses? Estelle knelt down silently at the foot of the bed, and Mr. Derwent, followed her example; his voice in earnest supplication for the departing soul, sounded for a time through the room, and when at last it ceased a strange oppressive silence seemed to fall upon the air, hardly broken by the monotonous rise and fall of the failing breath. Had any whisper from these holy supplications reached the lone mysterious spirit, imprisoned still in that unconscious clay, and awakened, perhaps, a response that might ask for pardon and pity even yet? It might be so, but there was no ground for the hope; they could but leave him to his God; vain indeed was the help of man! Estelle went to the outer door with Mr. Derwent as he was leaving the house, while he asked exactly what the doctor thought as to the duration of these last hours of life.

"He may linger two or three days," said Estelle; "not more."

"And you, Miss Lingard," said the clergyman; "it seems sad, indeed, for you to be quite alone at such a time; are our friends at Carlton Hall aware of the serious change which has taken place in Dr. Lingard's state?"

"No, I believe not; I have purposely avoided telling them of it; they can do nothing for him; indeed, they can scarcely be said to be acquainted with him at all, as his mind has been so sadly cloudy ever since he has lived here. So far as I am concerned, I should be very sorry to cast any gloom over their Christmas festivities."

"You show great consideration," said Mr. Derwent, "and no doubt, you are right; but still I feel for you very much, and my duties at this season are so heavy, that I cannot easily come to you again."

"Indeed I would not wish you to take any trouble about me," replied Estelle; you have done what you could for my poor uncle, and I thought only of him when I asked you to come; I should not have disturbed you, even for his sake, on such a day, had there been any sure hope that he would live to see another." As she spoke they perceived a messenger coming along the gravel-walk to the door with a telegram in his hand; he gave it to Estelle, and when she had opened and read it, Mr. Derwent saw her pale face brighten as if it

had been illuminated by the sunshine of a summer noon upon that sunless winter day. She turned with a radiant smile to the clergyman, and gave him the message to read, saying, "You see your kind wish for me is fulfilled, and I shall not be alone." The telegram was from Raymond, saying that he should be with her by the first train that evening.

"I am heartily glad Mr. Raymond is coming," said Mr. Derwent, "I know how true a friend he is to you," and, little as the good unworldly man was in the habit of match-making, he found himself settling in his own mind as he left High-rock House and walked towards his church, that a marriage between Raymond and Estelle would be the best remedy for their various troubles that could possibly be found; it would save Miss Lingard from a lonely unprotected life, and it would efface for Raymond the memory of his cruel disappointment. Well content at having arrived at so happy a conclusion the clergyman went to preach his simple sermon on the wondrous tidings of the holy birthday, while Estelle hurried back to Dr. Lingard's room with her heart throbbing wildly at the prospect of so soon seeing Raymond again. They had not met since the day when she had gone to him in London, but she felt sure that her guarded sober letters had removed any suspicions as to her real feelings which he might have entertained at that time, and so she looked forward to his visit in the evening without embarrassment, and only with an overwhelming sense of consolation and peace in the prospect of hearing that dear voice again.

The shadows of the early twilight had darkened the death chamber when she entered it again, but Moss had lighted the shaded lamp that, in former times, had always been used by Dr. Lingard in the long night hours when he toiled so assiduously at the work which lay on his table a useless and unfinished fragment; while the same soft rays that guided then his active hand illumined now the rigid death-like face, where no gleam of mind or intelligence remained.

Presently the doctor came in, having promised Miss Lingard to pay another visit that night, though he well knew that his services could avail nothing for him on whom the seal of death was set. He told Estelle, however, after an examination of the patient, that the pulse had scarcely diminished at all since the morning, and therefore he was the more convinced that Dr. Lingard, strong man that he had been, would linger on for some days, perhaps for a week, although it was impossible to give him any nourishment. He advised Estelle, for the sake of her own health, not to remain too constantly in the sick room, which Moss was determined not to quit for a moment, and so took his leave for the night, promising to come back at an early hour next day.

He had not been gone many minutes, and Estelle still sat silent where he left her, absorbed in thought as to the destinies of the soul that was hovering on the confines of the unseen world, when she felt a gentle touch on her shoulder, and, looking up, saw Raymond by her side, and met the compassionate gaze of the soft hazel eyes she loved so well, bent tenderly upon her face. Ah! what a deep thrill of rapture passed through her heart as she rose and gave him her hand in silence; blaming herself the next moment for having allowed such a feeling to take possession of her in the very presence of the dying man. Gently she drew Raymond to the bed-side, and he stood, as they all had done, and looking helplessly on the pale vacant face that masked so absolutely all that might be taking place in the deathless spirit hid beneath it. He saw, however, that there was no immediate prospect of dissolution, and whispered a request to Estelle that she would come with him into the next room. They went into the drawing-room, where a bright fire was burning, and where, through the windows, over which the curtains had not yet been drawn, they could see the far-away lights of Carlton Hall gleaming brightly on their sight, unintercepted by the leafless branches of the trees. Raymond cast a glance that way, then turned swiftly to Estelle, who looked up impulsively into his face, exclaiming, "How good you were to come to me!"

"Dear Estelle," he answered, smiling, "I should not deserve to be called your friend if I