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ing, rise up to be the future liberal supporters of missions, and many will probably become missionaries themselves. In this Diocese we are endeavoring to re-introduce mission boxes into our Sunday Schools, and a supply will be ready for distribution before the beginning of the New Year. Perhaps some of your readers would suggest some regular plan or scheme of a "Children's Missionary Association" for laying hold of the immense juvenile influence that is associated with our Sunday School system. Truly yours,

W. F. CAMPBELL,
Missionary Agent Diocese of Huron.

A BROTHER IN NEED.

DEAR SIR,—Of all cases of distress, surely the most worthy of succour are those who quietly and without murmuring bear their sufferings, and who, with good honest hearts, are trying to improve their circumstances by their own hard work, instead of appealing to charity. Such I believe to be the case with our brethren in St. John, New Brunswick. They have not yet recovered from that terrible fiery trial which visited them two years ago. Depression of trade, which has affected more or less the whole of Canada, must in a tenfold measure have affected them. Through indirect sources we hear tales of suffering among the poor, and of equal though more hidden suffering among those who, before the fire, were well-to-do or wealthy. I was myself in the midst of that fire, and I know what it was. I preached the last morning sermon in old Trinity Church. I saw the three bells in the bell-tower fall one by one into the bed of glowing embers beneath them. I have myself also been burnt out and lost everything, so that I know what a fire is. But I think the most touching thing about the St. John people is, that notwithstanding their impoverished circumstances, they are still most zealous in good works. St. Paul's, Portland, Sunday School, with only, I believe, from 70 to 80 scholars, support an Indian boy in our home at \$75 a year; Trinity Sunday School does the same; St. John's and St. Mary's the same; while from Carleton and other neighboring churches comes support for our Girl's Home, and many packages of clothes and presents for our Christmas tree. Why should not Church people in these Western Dioceses unite in making up and sending a liberal present to the poor of St. John this winter? Or if it cannot be done collectively (and people cannot always agree with one another about these things) perhaps some individuals may be stirred in their hearts to give; and I feel sure that any contributions deposited in the hands of the St. John clergy for charitable purposes will be gratefully received and wisely distributed in the most needy quarters. E. T. WINSON.

A large quantity of correspondence has to be held over from want of space. Our batch of interesting Montreal correspondence came just as we were going to press.

Family Reading.

GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER XX.—BASIL COMES BACK.

Gwendoline knew that she could not receive any reply from Basil Crawford on the day following the night when she had written. But in cases of "hope" it is always possible that miracles may happen; accordingly she looked out for the postman's visit the next afternoon and evening, but he brought, as yet, no answer to her letter. She bade her mother good-night, got her candle, and ascended the stairs, and was just meditating her usual soft tap on the door of Claude's room, to inquire of the nurse or her father how he appeared to be, and whether she could be of any service, when a certain crashing of the gravel of the drive fell on her ear. She paused a moment on the stairs to listen. Probably it was someone sending the carriage to fetch the doctor in haste, a not very unfrequent occurrence; but a second thought, however, caused her to fly rapidly up the three remaining stairs, past Claude's room door, into another room which commanded a front view.

In that one throb of pleasure with which she had

recognized Basil Crawford all anger and bitterness had fled and disappeared. Her wishes and desires were evidently still all-powerful with him—he had come at the first sound of her call.

She had descended so rapidly that, by the time she had reached the hall-door, it was still closed, and the servants had not yet made their appearance, so she pulled back the handle, and opening the door wide, she cried, "Basil! Basil! I am so glad to see you!"

He stepped briskly into the warm well-lighted hall, feeling all the old hearty warmth of her tone, and all the genuine rejoicing of her greeting. The very sight of her gladdened him, and he scarce knew what he said as he came in from the cold.

Mrs. Majendie was very much surprised, not only to receive a visitor, but, to perceive who the visitor was, at that late hour. However, she was not sorry on the whole to find that some amusement was likely to be provided for her, for Basil had at all times been kind and polite to her.

Gwendoline was despatched to inform her father of the unexpected arrival of the guest.

The Doctor opened the door in answer to her tap. "Papa, papa, Basil has come! he is downstairs; mamma said I was to tell you; and he is going to stop!"

The Doctor observed the bright joyous expression of the girl's face, and he asked himself was it always as joyous as this, or did it especially strike him as much now, in contrast to the trouble and anxiety with which he was surrounded in that sick room.

"I will come and see him presently; do not make a noise"—and then the door was shut in her face. She had, however, given one glance round the room, and noted Cyril in an arm-chair, with his head thrown back, and fast asleep. His face, tanned by sun and air, was now of a paler hue than it usually wore; the expression, too, of his face had visibly changed; it was difficult to comprehend how a few weeks of anxiety could have made so much difference in his appearance.

The bed still kept its position near to the blazing fire, but a thick curtain kept the light from the face of the sick man. The nurse was sitting reading in a chair by the bed-side. With this picture of the sick-room in her mind, Gwendoline's steps were slower as she re-descended.

The Doctor found time, ere long, to leave his patient, and come and welcome his guest. His words were few, but he was genuinely pleased to see him, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he said, "Well, young man, who invited you to come?—what brings you?"

"He knows we are always pleased to see him," interrupted Mrs. Majendie, saying him the trouble of answering. "I have just been asking him why he never came at Christmas."

"Should have been only too delighted to come at Christmas," said Basil, "but—but I was busy."

"Indeed! That is a good hearing from 'Puss and Boots,'" laughed the Doctor. "Really busy—honest, unmistakable work?"

"Unmistakable," was the answer. "I have two first-rate cases coming on, and perhaps several more to come."

"Well done!" cried the doctor, cheerily, forgetting perhaps, for the first time, all the trouble which surrounded him. He remained down stairs, and supped with them, and all things went so pleasantly and brightly, that Gwendoline said to herself it was just what she had foretold, that the clouds seemed to lift from the first moment that Basil entered the house. It now remained to prove what more he could do.

The house was in a certain state of confusion, there were so many comers and goers in it. The London doctor had gone again, but Cyril Egerton was nearly always there, night and day, and now Basil Crawford had added to the inmates; and he felt that he ought to do something to show himself worthy, just then of a place in the crowded household.

The next morning he had a *late-a-tele* with Gwendoline over the breakfast table, when she was more fully enabled to enter into details than she could do by letter. He had already seen Cyril Egerton, having met him accidentally in one of the passages on his way down to breakfast. The change in his appearance had been noted by him, and his manner of greeting had made some impression on Basil.

but he readily understood that manner when Gwendoline told him that since he had found out what was being said of him, even by his friends, he had become morose and silent, avoiding every one, when possible, and difficult to deal with in every way.

"What is to be done, Basil? Can you suggest?" she ended by saying.

Basil could, for the present, suggest no remedy, but undertook to go out and about, and see, and hear, and learn all that he could, before he finally answered her question.

Basil Crawford got his hat and overcoat, after breakfast, and prepared to go out. Gwendoline, in full curiosity as to what would be his first move, questioned him as to where he was going, but he answered her, saying he really did not know himself—"probably everywhere—possibly nowhere."

This was unsatisfactory, and she watched him go, feeling that the house had lost interest without his presence, and, moreover, she had failed to ask him at what hour he would return, and to tell him to mind and be back by luncheon-time.

"First to the fountain-head," thought Basil Crawford; and with his hands in the pockets of his overcoat, he trudged steadily uphill in the direction of the Hall.

He saw both Mrs. Clark and old Benson, and had a long talk with them, and induced them to go over again the oft-repeated account of Christmas Eve. But this telling of it varied somewhat from previous recitations, inasmuch as Basil Crawford had so many questions to put—very unexpected ones—which followed one another very rapidly, and for which he expected a ready answer.

Both concurred in the opinion that Mr. Merton and Jem Sawyers had done more actual service than any one else had done, and had seen more of the terrible realities of that time than any one else. Accordingly he set off for the keeper's lodge. Before he had got half-way there he met Merton, with his gun swinging round his shoulder, and the certain easy uprightness of carriage he had, his leathern gaiters, his healthy-looking face, which so oftentimes had impressed Basil Crawford with a feeling that it must be a pleasant berth to be head gamekeeper to a country gentleman. To judge from all appearances, Merton looked upon the estate as tantamount to being his own property, and it was always said that when he met any one on foot on the premises, he looked at them with an air which questioned their right to be there or to exist at all.

Basil Crawford was aware of this, and although he was not too fond of Mr. Merton, he knew he must be propitiated, and of old he knew that a little flattery went a long way with this gentleman.

Mr. Merton condescended to be propitiated, and was easily led into a long discourse on the all-absorbing topic, but he only heard from him over again what he had heard from Benson and Mrs. Clarke. Mr. Merton, however, fully concurred in the praise rendered by them to Mr. Jem Sawyers, who in his opinion was a clever, deserving young man; the only pity was that his time was just up, and in a few days he would be leaving them, preparatory to his journey to Australia.

"He did more work than the whole lot of us," Mr. Merton wound up by saying; "and if ever a deserved a helping hand that young fellow does. My missus is at home mending up his bits of things, the best she can for his journey, but it's little enough he has to take with him. I intend to make bold and ask Mr. Cyril to assist him with a trifle, which will help him on his way a bit."

Basil Crawford expressed a desire to see this individual, to whose merits all alike seemed eager to testify.

"You shall see him, sir, you shall see him!" said Mr. Merton, gratified at the effect his words of praise had produced; "not that he is much to look at; no, I can't say that he's very much to look at, neither," he added, as if in an afterthought; "but he did work when there was work to be done."

Basil Crawford asserted, as was expected of him to do, that this was in every way most satisfactory and to the point; he agreed to accompany Mr. Merton to the lodge, where this desirable gentleman would probably be found.

(To be continued.)