

was held on Monday, Feb. 27th, to consider matters relative to building a new one. A committee to solicit subscriptions for the rebuilding of the parsonage was appointed. It was agreed to lease a building for the use of the minister, till a parsonage can be rebuilt. The clergyman of this Parish would appreciate and know how to use a room such as is described above, and we commend it to his consideration and to those who will assist him in the erection of the new building.

Most of our churches are open for an additional week night service. The Litany with the latter portion of the Communion Service makes quite an appropriate and special service, the sermon, meditation or reading coming after the Litany.

ST. JOHN'S.—On the 27th Feb., Canon Baldwin and Evans, of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, delivered most earnest and splendid addresses on the subject of the missionary work of the Church of England, and they succeeded in making a very effective appeal to the hearts and pockets of their auditors. The Rev. Mr. Mills presided with his customary tact and ability. Canon Ellegood's lecture on Palestine the next night was equally appreciated and elicited the hearty applause of a most appreciative audience. This lecture was for the benefit of Trinity Church, Iberville, and the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the zealous Rector of that Parish, presided.—*News.*

LACADIE AND ST. LUKE.—The Rev. B. P. Lewis, Rector of Christville, has, at the request of the Bishop, consented to hold services on Sunday afternoons, alternately at Lacadie and St. Luke.

KNOWLTON.—In the Parish of Knowlton a meeting of the vestry was lately convened to consider the matter of filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. C. Bancroft, but nothing definite was determined.

ST. ALEXANDER.—On 27th ult., the residence of Thos Morris, Esq., was the scene of a happy social gathering, consisting of the two Protestant families of this place and a large number of their friends from Sabrevois, The Rev. Mr. Lewis, who holds a monthly service was invited with Mrs. Lewis to be present, without receiving the remotest hint as to the object of the meeting. Imagine therefore his happy surprise at being presented with a sum of money collected among these friends and his former parishioners at Sabrevois. Thanks were expressed by the rev. gentleman in a short address. After doing ample justice to the excellent repast, a most enjoyable evening was spent in listening to a variety of songs, readings and recitation. The Rev. Edward Roy, Principal of the new boarding school at Sabrevois, presided.

DIocese OF TORONTO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CALEDON EAST.—Last week a series of missionary meetings was held in this large mission. The deputation consisted of the Rev. H. D. Cooper, B. A., the Rev. W. W. Bates, B. A., and the Rev. C. C. Johnston, R. D. The weather was very unfavorable and the roads all but impassable, but the meetings were remarkably well attended and the collections larger than ever before. At St. James' Church the addresses were preceded by a short choral service, with special Psalms and Lessons. The members of the deputation were surprised and delighted, having had no idea that a rural congregation could be trained to sing and chant with such spirit and accuracy; but then the Rev. W. F. Swallow is very musical, and has taken great pains with his people. At Palgrave, another station, tho' the rain was pouring down in torrents, the hall was crowded, and the meeting was really a great success. A new church was consecrated here last year, and it will (D.V.) be opened for Divine Service next summer. It is of white brick, and quite ecclesiastical in appearance. When finished, a fuller account of it will be sent to the CHURCH GUARDIAN. It was very satisfactory to the deputation to be able to state that the Diocesan Mission Fund was in a more satisfactory state than it had been for several years, and the claims of the Great North-West were not forgotten.

BRADFORD.—The Rev. A. W. Spragge, Incumbent, has sent in his resignation, to take effect at Easter. He is to succeed the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Newmarket. Mr. Spragge during his residence in the Rural Deanery of West Simcoe has been very highly esteemed by every member of the Clerical Chapter, and they are very sorry that he is about to be removed. It is rumoured that the Bishop placed three names before the Church people of Bradford, and that they have selected the Rev. J. Farncomb, M. A., to be their Incumbent. Lieut-Col. Tyrwhitt, lately returned by a majority of nearly nine hundred as Conservative M. P. for South Simcoe, has for some years been an active and zealous Churchwarden in this Mission.

COOKSTOWN.—Rev J. Fletcher, Incumbent, was pleasantly surprised lately by a number of his parishioners, who called at the parsonage and presented him and Mrs. Fletcher with a purse, which, with other gifts, amounted to over one hundred dollars. The old church-bell having been broken, a new one (to cost about one hundred and twenty

dollars) has been ordered, and is to be placed in the tower by Easter.

MIDNIGHT.—A soiree in aid of Christ's Church was held in the town hall recently. Very elaborate preparations were made; and, had it not been for the inclement weather, there would have been a large attendance. Even as it was, more than a hundred were present, and the financial result was about thirty dollars. Mr. Farncomb, the incumbent, is working energetically, and is encouraged by increasing signs of life in his extensive mission.

DIocese OF RUPERT'S LAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The list of promotions in the Diocese of Rupert's Land to take effect at Easter, includes the Rev. S. P. Matheson, B. D., deputy Head Master of St. John's College school, who has been appointed Professor of Exegetical Theology, and a Canon in St. John's Cathedral. The Rev. W. C. Pinkham, the new Archdeacon, although Provincial Superintendent of Education, is Secretary of the Diocesan Synod and of the Mission Board. He is always on duty on Sundays, and will take his share of Parochial work in the Cathedral Parish.

Family Department.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN."

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

If we only would remember  
That our ways are not the Lord's;  
If we only had more faith to lean  
Upon His blessed word;  
We would not then be desponding,  
Recalling o'er our past,  
But "gather up the fragments"  
For the Master's hand at last.

There's many a broken "fragment"  
Of many a saddened life,  
Which might be gathered up for God,  
And made with blessings rife;  
But we lose the opportunities  
Of shewing Him our love,  
By cold and wilful negligence  
Of mercies from above.

We let the time for sowing  
Pass by us without thought;  
We leave the "fragments" lying  
Unheeded and unsought,  
When if we tried to use them,  
With faith and meekness shewn,  
They would help to bring us nearer  
Our Lord's eternal throne.

Oh! foolish, careless-hearted!  
With mind and feelings light,  
Who reck not of the future,  
The present is so bright;  
Bethink ye in your gladness,  
"The hour may be at hand,  
The night, when no man worketh,"  
And there's silence in the land.

Oh! sorrowful and sad ones!  
Who deem life's joys are o'er,  
Why not "gather up the fragments"  
For God's wise hand to store?  
To keep them in His garner  
And counted not the least—  
Perhaps they'll help to furnish  
The Saviour's marriage feast.

Let us gather up these fragments  
E'er the day of grace be o'er,  
Whilst the Master's voice is calling  
And He still knocks at our door,  
And He who knows our weakness,  
Will help us by His power,  
And our work shall be accepted  
E'en at the eleventh hour.

Windsor, March 10th.

MADemoiselle ANGELE.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I have seen them, often!" said Dufresny, "and you have made those poor country people happy—you have comforted them—for you have sometimes preserved for them the faces of their dead."  
"Ah! those were the good times—those were the good times," replied Coic, as if talking to himself. "They used to say it, 'Thank you, Pere Coic, the children will think of the old mother, when she is dead, for you have put her face there up in a frame for them,' and I—I was proud—I did not envy Pere Boit, his barrels of cider, or his fields—I used to say to myself, 'You are not rich, but you are the only one in the village who can paint—who can make folk happy like that.'"  
"You have every right to feel so, my friend! the village is proud of you," said Dufresny.  
Pere Coic did not answer. There was a silence; then he muttered feebly, as if wandering, "Those rich people may be right; I do not judge them; but it is over; they have spoiled my life."

"Why, friend," said Dufresny cheerily, taking a chair near the bedside, and looking down on the worn frame, "there are years of pluck and work in you yet!"

"I know better," said the sick man, with feeble querulousness, "and if it were not for the old mother downstairs, I would not care; but I take it Pere Coic has turned his pictures with their faces to the wall, never to turn them back again."

"You are wrong, my friend," said Dufresny, laying his hand upon the fevered one that lay outside the coverlets, and holding it in his kindly grasp. "The body with you is affecting the mind; you will see life very differently when you get well again."

"I do not want to see it differently; I want to see it as it is," replied the sick man, with a sudden burst of temper. Well then, last night I saw things as they are. I remained here, monsieur, with my eyes wide open—here in the dark—and it was always passing before me; on the wall opposite. That beautiful room; I did not know a room could be like that one—with its heavy curtains and its soft carpets, and the pictures in it. Ah! those were pictures! I could well see the difference between them and mine. All night I heard those ladies in their silk dresses and those fine gentlemen mocking me—"

"You should not care that for the thought of it," said Dufresny snapping his fingers.

Coic did not heed. There was a pause; then he went on, lowering his voice: "When they mocked me, it enraged me, but it was when the *demoiselle*—"  
He broke off, turned his face to the wall, and continued: "Ah, monsieur! She seemed to me so beautiful. I did not dare, sometimes to look at her; sitting there in her blue draperies, with the smile in her gentle eyes. I used to think in my heart the Virgin must look like that in Paradise. When I saw her laughing at me, like the others—that is what was too much—I felt like a poor creature thrown down in the mud. Fury gained me—"

His voice fell away. He put his face down on the pillow. There came another silence, Dufresny walked to the window. As Pere Coic sang his little requiem of failure and disappointment, with the hollow cough coming between the sentences, the young man's heart was touched with sorrowful indignation. A greater fall would have been less pitiful to behold. The career of humble triumphs could not, at best, have been a long one. It was scarce worth a rainy day's amusement to have spoiled the cheer of it.

"That is how I felt in the night," Coic went on, in his husky voice, "but in the morning I said to myself, 'They were right. They know what painting is. It is I who am the fool. I ought to have remained the carpenter my father was before me.'"  
"Those rich people know nothing about art," said Dufresny, leaving the window and speaking with resolute accent, as he seated himself at the foot of the bed. "Now the way they treated you, is just the way they treat me. If they see an unfinished picture they make fun of it. They turn it into ridicule. Mademoiselle Angele would laugh at one of mine unmercifully, but I would not mind that any more than I would the twittering of a little bird on the roof."

As Coic did not answer, Dufresny went on: "And as for that beautiful room, with its curtains and carpets, it is not there you will find inspirations for art. Art is on the roadside—on the hills. It is where you look for it; where the apple-trees blossom, and Jean runs about bare-legged. Then, as for those *toilettes* of blue and pink, they are hideous in painting. Now, your mother would make a fine picture in her frilled cap and kerchief. I was looking at your likeness of her downstairs. That was a picture worth painting."

"The neighbours thought a deal of it," said Coic feebly.

"I heard that Monsieur le Maire came to see it," said Dufresny.

"So he did, monsieur, and the *prefet* came too."  
"Bravo!" exclaimed Dufresny, with enthusiasm, drawing his chair nearer the bed. He watchfully led the sick man's thoughts away from sad retrospects and anticipations; asking him questions concerning the portrait of this village worthy and of that one. Pere Coic's interests lagged at first, but when fairly moved, he began to chatter with animation of former times. Dufresny was glad to let him talk on. He evinced vast interest in every detail of that brilliant time; he laughed aloud at the jokes, and cried "Bravo!" heartily when Coic modestly repeated the praise he had received.

The poor painter's eyes kindled, his husky voice had something of a ring of the old contentment, when Dufresny clasped his shaky hand in farewell he sat up in bed. "Who knows, monsieur—who knows—Pere Coic may yet do a bit of brush-work again," he said.

Down-stairs the mother and her daughters were waiting at the door to let their guest out.

"May the good God bless you, monsieur," said the old woman, lifting her hand. "It was indeed he who led you here to-day. And when I think of it—that—I was going to turn you off!"

CHAPTER V.

Mademoiselle Angele had forgotten all about Pere Coic. A month had elapsed, during which she had been to the *bains de mer*; she had only just returned to Jouy, and if movement and hubbub be terms synonymous with pleasure, there was plenty of it in the chateau just now.

Monsieur Dufresny had not accompanied his betrothed to the seaside; he had remained behind to work on his picture, hiring for himself a small pavilion a short distance away from the village. Since Angele's return he had kept himself out of the turmoil of her surroundings by day, but he joined the party in the evening. It might be the contrast which the natural gravity of his deportment presented to the gaiety around, that gave to his aspect when he was at the chateau a certain sadness and constraint. He and Angele held with each other but a superficial intercourse. Since the day that her lover had refused to join the excursion to the Tour de Losanges Angele had not sought him out, nor did he endeavour to draw her into any intimate conversation. She never seemed so full of frolicsome humor as when he was by, laughing aloud, talking brilliant nonsense, coquetting with others, taking with *coquette* the lead in all the social games and dances. The relationship between the affianced lovers had drifted into something singular and unusual. Mademoiselle de Lustré could not fathom it. She watched them with hurried glances. Smiling or grave, Dufresny seemed to her to be endowed with something of the impenetrability of the sphinx; and in her levity it was difficult to understand Angele.

It was the third evening after Angele's return from the seaside. A Parisian lady, Madame de Recy, had joined the party. She was a plump little woman, wearing a coronet of dark hair, never ruffled, over her forehead. She was always dressed in the last fashion. In the afternoon she went about short-skirted, and very contrived in her attire; in the evening she put on a jet laden skirt trailing a yard behind her, whose encumbrance she deftly managed with a kick of her high-heeled shoe.

The party was assembled in the courtyard of the chateau. In the vividly dismal picture of her country abode, which Mademoiselle Angele drew for her friends in Paris, she always excepted the courtyard. It was half garden, half yard; furnished with rows of orange trees in square green boxes, alternating with quaintly cut trees. Old-fashioned flowers grew in clumps; all about reigned a certain picturesque artificiality, carrying the mind back to by-gone ceremonious days. In the centre stretched a pond, on which sailed two swans, and a couple of peacocks strutted about on sunny days. These peacocks were Mademoiselle Angele's special pride; "they almost reconciled her to Chateau Jouy," she said.

Madame de Recy was enchanted with all she saw, uttering little screams of delight between her phrases, and pointing at all the various items with her fan and outstretched hands.

"But this is delicious—this is what I call the ideal country. Those orange-trees—those yews trimmed into all sorts of shapes—those swans! But it is a Watteau! Gentlemen, you ought to have guitars and silk stockings, and dear little powdered wigs. You are out of place, you are an anachronism, with your ugly swallow-tails and white neckties."

"It is true, we are an anachronism. We ought to have velvet breeches and pretty wigs," agreed Monsieur de Chevres, gravely sipping his coffee.

"Angele, my dear, it is delicious. I tell you it is delicious," continued Madame de Recy, walking about and waving her fan. "And I, who always tell my friends I am going to expiate my sins when I go into the country, I did not know what the country could be. It would make one turn sinner to come here to do penance. I always used to think of the country as a compound of dirty roads and daisies."

And this—this is the country *a la fleur d'orange*," remarked Dufresny.

"*A la fleur d'orange* exactly!" remarked Madame de Recy, sinking into a chair and sniffing up the perfume. "But it is a picture, this courtyard. You ought to paint us in it—Angele in pink, I in black—we should make a contrast. We should produce a sensation in the *Salon*."

"Monsieur Dufresny prefers mud and peasants," put in Angele, with a curt laugh.

"Peasants! Yes, peasants as he sees and paints them; to those I have no objection," said Madame de Recy, lifting her eyebrows; "only I should like to see them in the flesh."

"What are they, then, if they are not peasants?" asked Dufresny with amused curiosity, sitting astride on a chair opposite Madame de Recy, while Angele agitated herself like a star through the gloaming, flitting hither and thither, pausing sometimes near the group feeding the swans, but usually keeping in the neighbourhood of her betrothed.

"Come now, confess, some great lady of the Faubourg St. Germain stood for you, in short petticoats and a nightcap, for the '*Glanuse des Bois*,'" said Madame de Recy, with a glance of coquettish provocation.

"No, madame, she was a peasant woman, peasant for generations; and by my faith, madame, I do not know one great lady of the Faubourg St. Germain who, in her petticoats and nightcap would have had the air this woman had, as I saw her, one evening in the twilight, trudging barefooted over the mud with her bundle of sticks on her back."

"But then she had expression, she had physiognomy," exclaimed Madame de Recy, in an accent of protest; "*crin*, she looked as if she had lived."  
(To be Continued.)