

This argument, of course, is suicidal in the mouth of the sectarian, because it overthrows his usurpation, that of setting up at his will, a so-called Ministry, Church, and Faith. Rather than admit it, for I must suppose that ignorance on this point is inexcusable, Mr. Potter is apparently willing to violate the ninth commandment in his accusation against the Church. Not less willing is the Papist to assert that the Church of God in England dates only from "Henry the Eighth." Now, if the Episcopal Church of England be the identical Church that it was in the beginning, errors excepted, and this can be substantiated so as to fully satisfy the mind of every honest enquirer after truth, how under these circumstances that Church could take possession of the Cathedrals or other Church property surreptitiously, at the Reformation? The truth is the property formerly belonged to her, and therefore it remains her undisputed possession now. Mr. Potter surely does not infer, that because our Lord drove out the intruders from the temple, it henceforth ceased to be the property of the Jews. Is the Church, then, because it purges itself from the excrescences which have adhered to it, to hold no longer in possession its ancient ecclesiastical revenues, Cathedrals included? Men, now-a-days, should be well enough versed in Biblical literature to know, that Naaman the Syrian was still himself albeit he was cleansed from his leprosy, after his washing in the Jordan. So the Church in England was herself as much after the Reformation as she was before. She cannot lose her identity any more than the island in which she is planted and watered can become a portion of the planet Jupiter. Nay more, the things which are seen, the planetary orbs, may pass away, but no power shall destroy the Church.

There are probably many, within and without the Church, who imagine that it came into possession of its property, on account of its Establishment. Let us ask these persons, the simple question, if the Establishment should cease, to whom would the Cathedrals and revenues revert? Not surely to Romanists! Not surely to Nonconformists!

I am not afraid, come what will, that the old Church, like the old Bible, while retaining the primitive Faith, and the Doctrine, Discipline, and Ritual of the Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, with its Episcopal succession guarding, rather than constituting all, shall likewise guard, with equal earnestness and zeal, her monuments of sculptured statues, and storied column, arch and tower, the legacy bestowed upon her by her faithful and devout children, in all ages, transmitting it unimpaired to all those who shall come after.

CATHOLICUS.

#### THE ELECTION OF THE BISHOP.

Sir,—The late contest for the election of a Bishop has given occasion to some misunderstandings. Among other things there has been a class of Churchmen who have been much misunderstood. They are those who, with the highest esteem for the character and talents of Archdeacon Whitaker, yet thought it not for the interest of the Church that he should be elected Bishop. These persons have by some been spoken of as adherents of the Church Association, a body with which they have no sympathy. I, as one of the class to which I have referred, am anxious to set myself right, and not to be misunderstood upon this point.

It is quite as possible to have extremely low views in Church matters as extremely high views; and it is a fact that a very large number of the laity of this diocese entertain low views. This class entertain a very strong and unreasoning prejudice against the teaching of Trinity College and against the Provost of that institution. They receive with suspicion any young clergyman that has been educated there. This impairs his usefulness, until by his zeal and earnestness in his Master's cause, and by the absence of practices and doctrines of Romanizing tendency, he is able to overcome the prejudices against him.

If the Provost had been elected Bishop he would have found arrayed against him all these prejudices intensified to a degree. His every word and action would have been received with suspicion and canvassed in a spirit of hostile criticism. It would have been wrong in those who would have

so received and treated their Bishop; but those who know the class to which I refer, know well that such would have been the case.

The Archdeacon's supporters believed that he would have been able to overcome those prejudices. I think they were over-sanguine; and at the best it would have been a work of time; and in the meantime discord would have prevailed, and the church would have continued to be divided into hostile parties. Under these circumstances, I and those who took the same views of the situation, thought it not in the interest of the church that the Archdeacon should be Bishop.

We did not ourselves doubt the learning, the ability, the piety, or the sound churchmanship, of the Archdeacon. We thought him worthy of the highest office that the churchmen of the diocese had to bestow, but we know, that fully one half of the laity would regard his election as dangerous to Protestantism; and that the Church Association would be more rampant than ever.

The extinction of that body we thought essential to the peace and welfare of the Church; and that if we could procure a sound Churchman for our Bishop, whether of the so-called evangelical school or not, it would be above all things desirable.

I believe that in the Bishop elect we have such a man. I do not think that he is a weak man; I think he will not throw himself into the arms of any party in the Church, but that he will prove himself a firm and wise administrator. I for one do not repent the course that was taken by the class of Churchmen who, with the kindest esteem and respect for the Archdeacon, thought his election undesirable. That our taking that course should have led any one to identify us with the Church Association was neither wise nor just, and I for one, while admitting that there were in that body many good and well meaning men, entirely repudiate any sympathy with the Association.

Toronto, April 21, 1879. GUY ROSCOE.

[Those who really know anything of Archdeacon Whitaker know perfectly well that there is no more thorough "Protestant" in the Diocese of Toronto than he is; and further, those who know all about the attempted election of Coadjutor Bishop in February, 1878, know, just as well, that the Archdeacon would have been elected, had he been a less thorough "Protestant" than he is.

Our correspondent "Guy Roscoe" is, we fear, as much "too sanguine" in one direction as those he refers to were in another.—ED.]

#### THE DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

Sir.—I am glad to see that greater interest is being taken in the Diocese of Algoma, through your efforts. There is I think an auxiliary society in existence, and if you were regularly to publish the address of some one connected with this society, who would receive donations and contributions, it would be of service. For my own part I cannot understand, with our own missionaries unpaid and our duty to this diocese completely neglected, how men and women can hope to pay more missionaries, especially at this time, and expend their money and divide their Church in collecting for another training college. R.

Toronto, 22nd April, 1879.

#### Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XL.

Hugh Carlton stood before Estelle, so breathless in his intense anxiety that he could not speak. She waited, scarcely less agitated by suspense than he was; at last she lifted her dark eyes questioningly to his face. "You have a message—a letter for me?" she said, almost timidly.

"Yes; but I know not how to give it to you, for unless you are prepared to listen to the explanation of its true meaning, which I alone have power to offer you, it will make you the most wretched of human beings."

She started and looked at him in surprise and alarm.

"Oh, Estelle!" he went on vehemently, "I am in a most terrible position; I alone know the cruel truth which underlies the words that Raymond has addressed to you, and unless you too

are awakened to the knowledge of it, it is but too certain that your whole happiness in life will be utterly destroyed; and yet if I were to tell you all, as I feel I am bound to do, it could not fail to offend you, deeply to wound your delicacy, to hurt your pride, to make you perhaps forbid me ever to enter your presence again. What am I to do?—decide it for your self. Am I to leave you in ignorance, and see you for ever wretched, or speak, and incur perhaps your worst displeasure?"

"Hugh," she said, her voice trembling with anxiety, "it must always be the part of a sincere friend to speak the whole truth. I ask you to tell me whatever you think I ought to know; but if you have words written by Raymond's hand for me I must have them; they are mine; give them to me."

"They are here," said Hugh, slowly taking the note from his pocket-book. "This was written in consequence of a long conversation Raymond held with me to-day, in which he opened his whole heart to me, I know what a cost of mental pain he wrote it; I left him almost fainting when it was done; but doubtless he so worded it as to prevent you from understanding all this." As he spoke he put the closed envelope into Estelle's hand. He saw that her fingers trembled as she opened it, but when she had read the brief sentence, written with such evident difficulty, yet clear enough in its few plain words, a soft light of joy and emotion illuminated all her sweet pale face, filling her large eyes with rapturous tears, and touching her cheeks with a vivid rose tint, while a tender smile stole to her lips.

For a few minutes she forgot Hugh's very existence, thinking only that her long faithful love was blest at last with a full return, till an impatient movement on his part recalled her attention to his presence; then she looked up, and said, while her colour deepened painfully, "Surely Raymond did not show you what he has written here?"

"No; but he told me the purport of it. He has asked you to be his wife; but oh! my poor deceived Estelle, do you know why?" exclaimed Hugh, speaking with thick, rapid utterance, as if unable to retain the impulse that drove him on to tell her all that burned within him. "Yes, do you know why? Not because he loves you—he has no power to do so—he never loved any one but Kathleen, and his heart is dead to all others since he lost her; not because he wishes to unite his life to yours, he dreads a tie which would be to him but a legal chain, without, on his side, the bond of affection, which alone makes marriage blest or happy—not even because he is willing to have a companion in his path on earth to whom at least he feels as a friend, for if he could choose his own career he would prefer to go out alone to some adventurous life, fit for men, unencumbered by weaker women, where, in deeds of daring and energy, he might drown his regrets for her who only has ever had his love; but, if he asks you to be his wife, Estelle, it is because he learned, as I did on the night of the fire, that you love him; because he has understood that you have not come to see him these last few days in consequence of your own knowledge that you have betrayed yourself to him; because he is conscious that not he and I only, but all who were present there, are aware that you have given him your affections unasked, and therefore he holds himself in honour bound to marry you, in order to save your name from invidious remark; but he does not do it with any love for you; he does not do it willingly. If I had not told you this truth you would have discovered it after it was too late, either for his happiness or yours, and you would both have been perfectly wretched."

"Hugh, stop!" exclaimed Estelle, almost throwing herself in front of him, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks, and hands outstretched as if to ward him off. "Stop—it is enough! I can bear no more. You must leave me now; you must go; I shall know how to answer Raymond; do not fear that I shall let myself fall into so humiliating a position. I can protect myself; only leave me!"

"Estelle, hear me," said Hugh, imploringly; "for your own sake I entreat of you to hear me. You cannot save yourself either from this humiliation or from misery by any ordinary means. Raymond would imagine that whatever you said