

of nations, is eagerly pressing forward to take rank among the first, and is gradually reducing the distance which the old world's educational advantages still interposes; and if, as is obvious from what has been said, the Church in Canada is not to suffer a serious injury and perhaps a sore humiliation, then let the clergy and lay delegates of the diocese of Montreal, in electing a bishop whom they believe to be a "good man," be careful not to neglect the other requirements demanded by the Church.

I have above barely outlined two of the many reasons for electing a presbyter from the mother Church, and fearing to trespass too much upon your space, I have been obliged to refrain from answering in anticipation any possible objections which might be made to the view taken. I feel sure, however, that your readers will agree with me in the main, and if the mere opening of the subject will only lead them to give this important matter the consideration it deserves, some good will certainly be done.

PRESBYTER, DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XII.

Estelle Lingard was still too young-not to feel, in spite of her burdened heart, the springing up of energy and pleasant excitement, when she woke next morning, and remembered that she was in her new home, of which as yet, she had seen nothing. She had been aware, the night before, that the carriage had been drawn up a very steep ascent before it could bring its occupants to the door of the house; but she had been quite unable to discern anything of the surrounding scene. She found that her bed-room window, as well as those of the drawing-room, which was on the ground-floor, looked out to the back of the house so that her first view gave her no indication that she was even near the sea at all; her eyes wandered over a lovely expanse of richly wooded lands, closed in by a distant line of faint blue hills, while at a little distance, from amongst luxuriant groups of noble trees, she saw the gleaming white towers of a splendid building, which she knew could be none other than Carlton Hall.

It could best be seen from the windows of the sitting room, and Estelle stood long with her eyes fixed upon it, thinking how, even now, those walls contained not only Raymond—so near to her, yet so far apart—but also Kathleen Carlton.

She continued gazing at the house, absorbed in thought, till she found that she was seeing it only through a mist of unshed tears; and dashing them from her eyes, with a feeling of impatience at her own weakness, she turned, and went out through the hall into the open air, beyond the front door. There she stood transfixed with admiration of the scene before her; for there, separated from her only by a little green lawn, which swept down by a rapid descent to the shore, was the glorious unbounded ocean stretching away far as her eyes could see, all glittering in the morning sunshine, till it melted into the deeper blue of the cloudless sky.

The fresh breeze blew up from its sparkling surface full in her face, giving her an indescribable sense of freedom; but she found that the whole extent of the foam-tipped waves was in part hidden from her gaze by a rocky height, which rose abruptly into the air on her left hand. High-rock House had in fact been built, on the lower portion of the huge mass from which it took its name, but the upper part of the gigantic rock towered far above it, and the barren summit, where there was not a trace of vegetation, completely overhung the sea. The side which faced the sea shelved inward, so as to form a tremendous precipice, where even a goat could have found no footing, and the base of which went deep into the waters that forever leaped and roared around it. Estelle looked up to the highest point of this mighty crag with longing eyes; and felt certain it must command a magnificent view, and she resolved that as soon as she had taken her breakfast, and seen her uncle comfortably established for the day, she would make her way up this grand

rock, and look out unimpeded over the whole wide ocean.

Meanwhile she took a hasty survey of the house and the grounds. The shrubberies were skilfully arranged to hide the jutting-out masses of rock on the left side, while to the right they sloped down to the road, shaded by tall trees, that relieved the eye from the glare of the sunlit waters in front. At the back was a large garden and orchard. Within, the accommodation was ample. A pretty bow-windowed drawing-room, looking out to the hills, on the other, a large pleasant dining-room. To the front were two good rooms, one of which had been arranged as a retreat for Dr. Lingard with the books he was never more to touch ranged round the walls; the other Estelle meant to keep as a studio for herself, where she might paint undisturbed by visitors. The bed-rooms, large-sized and airy, were above, and the servant's offices formed an addition to the building at the back.

Estelle felt, when she had completed her survey that they had been specially fortunate in procuring such a pleasant residence, in a situation at once so healthy and so picturesque; and she soon had the comfort of ascertaining that it was likely to suit her uncle particularly well. There was a wide verandah running along the part of the house which faced the sea, and here after he had taken his breakfast, she placed the old man in his easy chair; and, although he simply let himself be moved about, as usual without the least sign of intelligence, she was delighted to see a faint smile of unconscious pleasure pass over his face as he felt the first breath of the fresh sea breeze. Even Moss, who was generally surly enough with Estelle, because she was the only person of whom he could be jealous in his absorbing affection for his master, condescended to express his satisfaction with their new home, as he took his place by Dr. Lingard's side, and nodded complacently when she told him she would leave them for a little time, whilst she went to take a walk.

Then, as soon as she was free, she sped away with eager feet, to accomplish the object of her present ambition, by scaling the high rock, and reaching its summit.

The ascent was extremely steep, but not by any means very difficult, and Estelle was light and active, so that it was not very long before she found herself on a flat piece of rock which crowned the towering crag, at a great altitude above the sea. It was a position which in a strong wind would not have been without danger, as a line dropped from the outermost edge of the cliff would have reached the water many feet beyond its base; but the breeze was not at all powerful, and Estelle stationed herself securely where she could lean against part of the rock that rose a little higher than the rest on one side. There was nothing, therefore, to interrupt her entire enjoyment of the splendid view that was spread out before her, where far and wide on every side, without break or limit, her eyes were roving over the mighty sea—shining like molten silver on and on, till it seemed as if the little white-winged ships that dimly could be seen on the horizon line were sailing away into some unseen world beyond the confines of this lower earth altogether. It was a scene which might well have absorbed Estelle's whole mind for the moment, and even, at the time it seemed to her very strange, that a thought although foreign to the beauty around her should have passed like a dark shadow through her soul; but there came a day when she understood why it was that, on the occasion of her first visit to this dangerous spot, it occurred to her that any one who might be weak or wicked enough to perpetrate self-destruction could find no place from whence it would be easier to fling his life away than that on which she stood. The weird thought made her shudder, and, driving it impatiently away, she had turned her eyes from the precipice to watch the flight of one of the far-away ships, when suddenly, she was startled by feeling two soft arms flung round her, so as to hold her captive in a close embrace, while a musical voice, clearly heard through the roar of the billows, rang out with the words—"Raymond's friend! I know it is Raymond's friend! Found at last!"

With an exclamation of surprise, Estelle turned her head, and her gaze fell upon the loveliest, sweetest face she had even so much as imagined in the fairest of her artist dreams—a childlike

face, brightened by the most charming expression of guilelessness and purity, with great blue eyes limpid and clear, whose hue was like nothing but that of the morning sky, and a complexion of dazzling fairness, just tinged on the pretty round cheeks with a wild-rose tint. This beautiful apparition had rich brown hair, from which the hat had been blown away, so that it seemed like an aureole round her head, as the sunlight glittered through its waving masses; her fairy figure, though slight, was exquisitely proportioned, and clad in a dainty summer dress, with fluttering ribbons and flowers at her belt; and as she unclasped her delicate little hands from Estelle's neck, and stood looking at her with the sunniest of smiles on her rosebud lips, she really looked like a being from some other sphere, who had floated down through the air to alight on this spot. But Estelle Lingard knew well who she was; as she looked on that lovely face, and read in it unmistakably how sweet and pure was the young soul that gazed at her out of those shining eyes, and felt that Raymond was amply justified in his absorbing love and devotion to Kathleen Carlton, and her generous nature rejoiced to know how worthily occupied was that place in his heart from which she herself was shut out. She met the bright winning look cast at her with an answering smile, and as Kathleen, half shyly, repeated the first words, she clasped her hands, warmly exclaiming, "Yes, indeed! his friend, and, therefore, yours. Is it not so?"

"Oh, you dear good Estelle!" exclaimed Kathleen, kissing her impulsively. "I am glad you called me friend in your very first words, for Raymond has spoken of you so much, I seem to know you quite well, and to love you already, and he wants you to like me, oh so much!"

"Then he shall have his wish, I can assure you," said Estelle smiling; "but I am still half bewildered at seeing you here. I had not heard a sound or a step when, all in a moment, I saw something like a fairy beside me. Did you drop from the clouds?"

"Sure, I am an Irish fairy, you know," said Kathleen, wilfully assuming a brogue, which sounded charming from her lips, "so I must have come over the sea! but Raymond will be here in a moment—the darlint. I must tell you how it really happened. He meant to come to you in a proper and orderly manner later in the day, but I would give him no peace till he started, and brought me with him, I wanted to see you so much and when we came up to the front of your house there was your uncle, poor dear, sitting half asleep and such a cross ugly old servant, beside him, who stood up, as surly as ever he could be, and said he did not know where Miss Lingard was, she never told him where she went; and Raymond was going to have walked away home again, but some instinct drew my eyes to the top of this rock, and there I saw a tall slender figure, and I knew it was you. So I never said a word, but away I went, and ran and flew up the high rock, and never looked back till I held you safe in my arms. My hat blew off, but I would not stop to catch it; I expect Raymond found it; he will bring it when he comes."

"Is he coming then?" said Estelle, her heart standing still at the thought of seeing him again.

"Oh yes, he is sure to follow me!"

Sure to follow Kathleen—yes, that would be true of him now and forever. And at the same moment there was the sound of a step on the rock.

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE CONVERSATIONS ON THE LITURGY.

(Continued from page 480.)

THE ABSOLUTION.

Thomas.—Now let us read the direction, which you say is called the Rubric.—*The Absolution or Remission of Sins, to be pronounced by the Priest alone, standing, the people still kneeling.* Now what is meant by the words *Absolution* and *Remission*?

W. Why, these words mean the same as *Pardon* and *Forgiveness*.

T. Very well. And the Minister is to say this