

streets Sunday evening; and the next morning's police return showed a decrease in the number of arrests for drunkenness. No breach of the peace is reported as having taken place anywhere, though there was considerable grumbling in many quarters.

We have had, says *Church Bells*, some attractive missionary meetings lately in Dublin. The Bishop of the Falkland Islands gave an interesting account of his work in South America and the adjoining islands, and on Monday afternoon another missionary bishop, Dr. Webb, of Bloemfontein, addressed a large audience on behalf of his Central African work. The Bishop of Niagara is working on behalf of the S. P. G. in the north of Ireland.

We understand that about £60,000 has been promised towards the endowment of the new see of Liverpool, but several of the larger donations are to be spread over a period of five years. The above mentioned sum includes £10,000 from the Society for the Increase of the Home Episcopate. The Bishop of Chester contributes £1,000.

In addition to the Diocesan Conferences at Winchester, Oxford, Carlisle, and Lincoln, conferences have also been held in the dioceses of Bath and Wells and Ripon. This is the first year in which a Diocesan Conference has been held at Ripon.

UNITED STATES.

The late Church Congress held at Cincinnati may be taken to have been a grand success both as regards its effect on the Church itself and on the outside world. In his address at the opening the Bishop of Ohio said of the Congress: It represents no party in the Church, but invites men of all habits of mind, and shades of opinion, and schools of thought to meet upon a common platform and discuss their differences. It rallies the best thought of the Church to speak out its convictions upon living, practical issues. We are glad to have the world know that the Protestant Episcopal Church is not afraid to let men think. Built upon the essential faith of the creeds, the house is as broad as its foundations. Liberty of thought within these limits is the atmosphere in which truth thrives. The *Cincinnati Gazette* writes: "It may safely be said that no conference or gathering of any one denomination in this city was ever attended by so many prominent people of other Christian bodies as the present Church Congress." And another paper says: "The good spirit and the liberal disposition shown in the discussion will be a strong commendation of this Church in its catholicity and sincerity. The local difficulties in other denominations are turning the thoughts of many towards this venerable Church, and this Congress has shown her in a favorable light."

Most of the United States bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference have returned to their Sees, where they have been warmly welcomed. They have all taken the earliest occasions of expressing the great gratification derived from their visit to England, and their high opinion of the advantages that will result to the Church from the late meeting.

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.

CHURCH MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—I see that, strangely enough, I did not read the first paragraph of Eralc's letter of the 10th instant, in which, I now see, he does speak of an anthem, although he appears to speak solely of "hymns and psalms" in his second, to be joined in by "the whole congregation."

As regards the tunes set to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," it seems to me that a very great error prevails as to their difficulty. I have never found any great difficulty in teaching them to country choirs, and I know that while the tunes of which I spoke last week soon wear out, both the choirs' and congregations' appreciation of the good, sound, churchly tunes of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is enduring, and I think it is each clergyman's duty to raise, as far as he can, the taste of his people in Church music, and not to pander to the popular taste. Certainly music written expressly for the Church, by thorough musicians, one would naturally expect to be better adapted for expressing the adoration, praise and prayer of worshippers, and raising their hearts heavenwards, than secular pieces set to the hymns, or than the attempts of untrained musicians. And

there are other tunes, also, which although they are good music, evidently written by men versed in the theory and composition of music, are not, to my mind, at all churchly. For instance, there are two tunes, each written for, and often sung to the Hymn "Pilgrims of the Night,"—and both, no doubt, well known to most readers of the "Churchman"—instead of the very excellent tunes set to it in the hymn book, and composed by Monk and Dyke. I have thought, I hope not too uncharitably, that the singers and hearers of these tunes must think rather of their prettiness than of the beautiful words. But Dyke's beautiful tune—does it not almost irresistibly lift the hearts of singers and hearers into the very choirs of angels and archangels, and we hear, as in one passage the treble C is sustained while the other parts move in oblique progression, the "angels of Jesus, angels of light, singing," and then in the music of the last line, "soft and low," the truth is forced home to our hearts that we are still "pilgrims of the night," looking for the better country, journeying to the home of Light and Life? I feel sure that if our clergy would only, one and all, teach their choirs the sound Church tunes of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," they would be adopting one very effective plan of raising men's souls to high and holy things, and of deepening and strengthening their religious character.

Faithfully yours,

The Parsonage, WILLIAM ROBERTS.
Amherst Island.

PRIMITIVE ELECTION.

DEAR SIR,—I would like to ask this question for information: I take your paper but am not a Churchman. Does George Stanley Faber, B.D., in *Primitive Election* give the true exposition of that point in doctrine as received by the English Church?
W.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XVII.

Raymond came quickly up the steep ascent which led to Highrock House without the least suspecting the close vicinity of Hugh Carlton, who continued by the trees growing near the gate; he at once perceived Estelle still walking slowly to and fro in the moon-light, and hastened towards her, the unseen witness of their interview noted, with bitterness, how her slender frame was swayed like a reed in the wind, by the mere sound of his footfall on the path.

"Dear Estelle," exclaimed Raymond, with her hands in his, "I do not like to think that I am come to take leave of you for so long a time."

She could not answer for a few minutes, while she struggled with the tide of feeling which rushed over her at the thought of his distant journey, but he was to much occupied with his own sensation to observe her agitation. He turned, and walked by her side; while Hugh, who was watching her keenly, could see how tightly her hands were clasped together, and how her head drooped, as if weighed down by a load too heavy for her power of endurance. Estelle's natural pride and independence of character, however, soon came to her aid; she drove back the strong emotion that almost mastered her, lifted up her head, and said to Raymond in a tone which struck him as being cold and indifferent, "You go very early to-morrow morning do you not?"

"Yes; so early that I did not wish any one to be disturbed in order to see me before I went, as I could have said my last word to-night, but my Kathie will not think of losing a moment when we might still be together, and she is coming down to breakfast with me before daylight. Oh, Estelle, you cannot conceive how it wrings my heart to part with her! I thought I could have borne it better than I find I can; and it is only the imperative sense of duty that compels me to carry it out."

"It will be better for you perhaps, when the parting is over, and you fairly gone—these last moments cannot but be intensely trying." And Estelle's voice trembled as she spoke.

"No, I do not feel that; I dread the time when she will be completely out of my reach. I am haunted by terrors as to what may happen in my absence."

"I will do all I possibly can to keep her safe for you," said Estelle, believing that Raymond was alluding to Mr. Harcourt's probable attempts to rob him of the heiress, in which idea, however, she was quite mistaken.

"I know you will," said Raymond; "but although it is some comfort indeed to feel that you will be near her always, yet I cannot forget, Estelle, that neither you nor any one else, can save her from the worst peril which must ever hang, like a menacing cloud, over those who are parted on earth. Life is terrible in its awful uncertainty—death has been the enemy of human love ever since the days when the first mother wept over her slaughtered son, and so it will be till the end of time; who can say that I shall escape the inexorable foe, which may tear from me that one most precious life?"

"None can be exempted from the possibility, of course, though I see no reason to fear it in Kathleen's case young and strong as she is; but, Raymond"—and Estelle drew a long breath before she finished her sentence—"be sure of this—that human love has far worse enemies than death."

"Worse? how is it possible? What is there that can be worse?"

"Treachery and betrayal, oblivion and change!" she replied, in a low voice.

"Change! That can never affect Kathleen or me," he said hastily.

"Not you," said Estelle, "but—"

"Not Kathleen," he interrupted, almost fiercely, "Estelle, you cannot mean to hint that she could ever change?"

"Not willingly," she answered; "but, Raymond, I had better tell you exactly what I mean, for I have been anxious to do so for some time past, and I have not had the courage; I have felt so afraid that you might think I doubted dear Kathie's love for you—which I do not, indeed—I know that you have all her heart most fully and most sincerely; but she is young, and easily led, as you know, and I do dread the result of your absence extremely, because I believe that Mr. Harcourt has formed a deliberate purpose to win her away from you during that period, if he possibly can."

"Very likely he has," said Raymond, with a scornful toss of his head; few men have seen my beautiful Kathleen without wishing they might be fortunate enough to win her, and an unprincipled fellow like Harcourt may possibly even make the attempt; but what does it signify to me if he does, or if a thousand such as he is, do the same? Kathleen is mine—mine heart and soul—and I defy the whole world to move her from truth and faithfulness to me."

Estelle winced at the ring of anger in his tone; but the very infatuation on his behalf in Kathleen's power of constancy made her endeavour still to open his eyes to the dangers which she felt convinced were menacing his happiness, even at the risk of causing him to be offended with himself.

"When you asked me to come and live here," she said, "was it not because you wished Kathleen to have a friend, who might help to guard her, during your absence, from the influence which others might gain over her, in consequence of her guileless and impressible disposition?"

"Yes; but my fears never went beyond the risk that her innocence might entangle her in difficulties with unscrupulous men, whom she might look upon merely as pleasant acquaintances while they might accuse her of encouraging their pretensions. I never, for a single instant imagined that any power on earth could make her inconsistent to me; and I would hardly have borne a suspicion of her truth from any one else but yourself, Estelle."

"I have never suspected her," said Estelle, quietly, though his words had been like a stab to her sensitive heart; "but in spite of all you say, Raymond, I believe there is reason to distrust the designs of others. I chanced to hear a conversation between Mr. Carlton and Mr. Harcourt, which shows that Kathleen's own parents are anxious for the success of his plan."

"I can believe it," said Raymond, contemptuous—