

Society refuses to pay it, as they consider her married. Here is a conflict that presents many curious points. A Roman Catholic Society going directly in opposition to their Church's ruling. That Church sanctioning, indirectly of course, what is very much like a breach of the Seventh Commandment, and leaving a woman in a dilemma that will bring trouble and anxiety. The whole thing is a study.

HEMINGFORD.—This parish lost its parsonage by fire on the 17th. The Rev. Robert White is the incumbent. The building and out-buildings were uninsured. Happily for the incumbent himself, he has an insurance of \$3,000 on his personal property. It is a grave oversight on the part of any Church Wardens to allow the property under their care to remain uninsured. The Rev. R. White has not been long in residence.

ST. MARY'S, HOCHELAGA.—A "Band of Hope" has been organized in connection with this church. Increased work is falling to the clergyman, in that a number of English "hands" are employed in the cotton and other factories around. The hands from England are not found to take to church-going easily, though they come from the land of "Mother Church."

CLARENCEVILLE.—A summary of Church doings in Clarenceville may not be uninteresting to a number of readers of the CHURCH GUARDIAN, since the visit of its able and courteous agent, Mr. Wm. B. Shaw, has so largely extended its circulation in these parts. Sometime ago, this winter, although the roads and weather were unpropitious, a bazaar was held, under the auspices of the St. George's Ladies Aid Society, in the Academy Hall, when over eighty dollars were realized towards the church debt, and an enjoyable evening spent by the people. Mrs. Baldwin, of the Cathedral, and other Montreal friends contributed liberally. Later on, the Sociables were revived. The first very successful one of the season was held at the house of the venerable patriarch of this Parish, Mr. John Hunter. Then, week before last, another "Sociable" was held at the house of Mr. Fredk. Derick, Churchwarden. This sociable was given conditionally, Mrs. Derick stipulating that the proceeds be devoted to procure "fair linen cloths," &c., for the Lord's Table. (May her own table be blessed of her Lord!) Success attended this effort. Another sociable was given early last week by the organist of St. George's Church, Miss Cornelia Rowe, which was quite a success. Somewhere between these sociables came in a "donation party" to the Rectory, where one hundred and thirty persons, young and old, sat down to the tables, and it was reckoned that one hundred and fifty were present, chiefly of the Parish of St. George. All enjoyed themselves, seemingly, to their heart's content, and when the hour for departure came, empty bags and light baskets now testified as to what had been done for the family and company, while a purse of over fifty dollars was presented to the Rector's good little wife. Neat and pleasing mutual speeches were made by Mr. John Johnston, Warden of the County, who presented the money, and the recipient, the Rector also being called. This first "Donation Party" certainly must be looked upon as a red letter day by the happy inmates of the Rectory. Many of the people, for the first time, saw the improvements made in the house, chiefly with money from good people in Montreal, and were very much pleased,—while the Rector and household are indeed filled with grateful enjoyment for the ameliorations that make life pleasant in their new home. Educational matters are also looking up here. Miss Derick, daughter of the worthy Churchwarden of St. George's Church, a trained teacher, with an academical diploma from McGill Normal School, Montreal, is doing with the Clarenceville Academy what Captain Cook did when he sailed around the world—so good are her gifts naturally, and so well developed have they been by the excellent training of the above named superior Institution. At the written examination, recently held, Miss Alice Allen, the Rector's daughter, stood first in several branches, and in average marks, as also in their aggregate. Interesting readings and concerts combined also transpire to diversify the pleasure of the intelligent community here, under the direction and supervision, for the most part, of Mr. W. Mead Pattison, of Her Majesty's Customs, a gentleman who deserves every praise for his unceasing efforts to do the public good.

DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

(From our own Correspondents.)

QUEBEC—Lenten Services.—During the season of Lent there will be Divine Service in the Cathedral, and in St. Paul's and Trinity Churches every Wednesday evening; St. Peter's Church Thursday evening; St. Matthew's Church Friday evening. In St. Mathew's there will also be Matins at 7.30 and Evensong at 5 daily. The following Address has been issued to the members of the Cathedral congregation:

"BRETHREN IN CHRIST.—Lent has ever been regarded as a solemn time for self-examination and prayer. That the present season may prove beneficial to you, by arousing you to more serious repentance, and an increased desire for advance in the spiritual life—subjects so impressively set be-

fore you during the "Mission" of last year—we would earnestly invite you to avail yourselves, as far as possible, of the opportunities offered you of attending the services of the church. To accomplish this we would ask you to make a special effort, even though it may involve some self-denial. Our blessed Lord once asked St. Peter in the Garden of Gethsemane, "What I could ye not watch with me one hour?" And we would, in His name, repeat the question and say to you, "Can you not spare one hour each day, from business or home cares, to give to Him, the history of whose self-sacrifice will close this Lenten Season? Could we all do this, then Lent will prove a real blessing to us, and while we shall, at its close, enter with greater solemnity into the touching and ever-memorable scenes of Good Friday, we shall also on Easter day be better prepared to commemorate in the Holy Communion the exceeding love of Our Saviour Jesus Christ thus dying for us, and to look for those many and inestimable blessings which He purchased for us on the Cross. We are, your servants in Christ, GEORGE V. HOUSMAN, C. W. RAWSON."

On every Wednesday in Lent, there will be evening service in the Cathedral at 8 p. m., when a course of sermons will be delivered on the Lord's Prayer—March 1, First Petition, the Rector; March 8, Second Petition, Rev. E. A. King; March 15, Third Petition, Rev. C. C. Hamilton; March 22, Fourth Petition, Rev. Charles Hamilton; March 29th, Fifth Petition, Rev. C. W. Rawson; April 5, Sixth Petition, Rev. M. M. Fothergill. There will be Evening Prayer daily in All Saints' Chapel (until Passion week) at 5 p. m., except on Wednesdays, when the Bible Class for women will be held at 4 p. m. A course of sermons on the words "I Have Sinned," will be delivered in the Cathedral, on Sunday evenings, commencing February 26th, by the Rev. C. W. Rawson. February 26th, Pharaoh; March 5th, Balaam; March 12th, Saul and Judas; 19th, Achan; March 26th, Job; April 2nd, David.

St. Matthew's.—The celebration of Holy Communion will be at 7.30 a. m., instead of 8 a. m., on Sundays and Festivals now and until the first Sunday in October.

St. Paul's Church.—During the season of Lent, there will be Service every Wednesday and Friday morning, at 10.30, and every Wednesday evening at 7.30, when a course of sermons will be delivered on the subject of the "Prodigal Son." There will also be a celebration of the Holy Communion every Sunday morning at the 10.30 Service.

PORTNEUF.—On Thursday, Feb. 9th, the Rev. J. M. Thompson closed a very successful mission in this place. He commenced on Sunday, Jan'y 29th, a ten days' mission in Christ's Church, Halesboro', the parish church of the mission of Portneuf. During these days the Missioner poured out his whole soul to earnest listeners. All felt that God was in mercy "visiting" His people. The writer will never forget the solemnity of the first after-meeting, when, in answer to the loving, sympathetic appeals of the Missioner, two-thirds of the congregation rose to their feet in token, before God and man, of their determination to lead new lives. There was not the least excitement—the dropping of a pin might have been heard from one end of the little church to the other. Some idea of our Missioner's power and earnestness may be gathered from the fact that the number of communicants at the closing celebration on Monday evening, Feb. 6, was thirteen times the number that communicated at the opening of the mission. Many of these approached then for the first time the Lord's Table, and in one case, that of an old woman, that evening was the first time for twenty-nine years that she had been inside of the doors of a church. So whole souled is Mr. Thompson in his work that he gave up three days of his well-earned period of rest that he might give those in the village of Portneuf who were unable to get to Christ Church an opportunity of hearing the Gospel of salvation preached to them in an especial manner. I need hardly add that the results were quite as satisfactory. In many a home in Portneuf, rendered happy by the preaching of our Missioner, prayers daily ascend to the Throne of Grace for blessings on the work which Mr. Thompson is engaged in in this Diocese.

ST. ROCH'S.—On Wednesday, 15th, the National School Hall was filled with a very large and select audience on the occasion of the St. Peter's Church Concert, and its great success must be a source of the greatest satisfaction to the Rector, the Rev. M. M. Fothergill, as well as to Miss Stratton, and to all who so kindly and efficiently assisted her. The choruses were beautifully sung by a large number of children, shewing the careful training they had received.

IRELAND, MEGANTIC.—The "Church of England Temperance Association" is doing a good and successful work. Though started in the last Advent season, so that the Society is only two or three months old yet, there was an attendance of sixty at the meeting of Wednesday, the 17th inst., some coming a distance of eight miles. We trust the interest thus awakened will spread throughout the county.

LET us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.

Family Department.

IN THE MEMORY OF DR. C. W. H., WHO DIED AT CHESTER, JAN. 31ST, 1882.

Softly he sleeps!
Over his breast
Fold the stiff hands!
Leave him to rest—
Rest undisturbed,
Welcome and sweet
In the dark tomb's
Silent retreat.
All is now o'er!
Closed the dim eyes!
Over for ever
Death's agonies,—
Over for ever,—
Exquisite bliss!
Sorrow and grief
And earth's wretchedness.
Eloquent lips!
Calm, searching eyes,
Piercing th' hypocrite's
Veil of disguise!
Eloquent lips
That plead for the right,
Blue, earnest eyes
Shadow'd in night.
Strong, willing hands!
Now lifeless they lie.
Kind, loving deeds
That never can die
Rest in our memory,
Live on the earth,
Fresh from the heart
Whence they had birth.
Great is our loss!
Greater his gain,
Yet we shall miss him
Again and again!
Into Thy care
All watchful Eye
Leave we our brother
For ever and aye.

MADemoiselle ANGELE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

It was decided by the party assembled round the breakfast-table at Chateau Jouy that the day should be spent out of doors. Monsieur Dufresny was in the painting-room up-stairs, when the door opened brusquely and Angele walked in with her rapid step. She was in her riding-habit; a high hat on her head and silver spurs on her pretty heels. "Are you not ready?" she said. "You know we are going in a cavalcade, over the mud, to the Tour de losanges. It will be amusing. We shall swim our horses over submerged meadows and fields. One of us may get drowned on the high-road. From an artistic point of view, too, the excursion is worth making. You see we shall be able to judge the aspect the world presented after the deluge by the view we shall get from the top of the tower."

"I am afraid I cannot be of the party. I must content myself with imagining the appearance of the earth after the deluge, from that of Jouy," he said smiling.

"Oh! that painting, always!" Angele said, with a little frown.

"Not that, altogether! I have promised poor Coic to go and pay him a visit. I did not see his pictures yesterday."

Angele played a ta-ta-tum with her foot on the carpet.

"Coic! For whose sake we are all in disgrace! It seems to me, you devoted yourself to comforting him yesterday. Is there a necessity for more devotion to-day?"

"I must go," he answered gently. "He is ill, he is poor. He was hurt yesterday by what may have been a thoughtless joke on all your parts, but it wounded him. I cannot disappoint him to-day."

"We can all go," she exclaimed with a look of inspiration, and talking in her ardent tones. "After all it is right that we should. We ought to repent and make amends. We shall go in a cavalcade; we shall carry off by storm every picture in the house; we shall make the poor man rich for the winter. He shall forget yesterday's joke—it was a poor joke, I admit. But the weather, you see—it excuses everything."

"You do not understand," he said, taking her hand. "You do not know the poor. Their pride is stronger than that of the rich. It is not hard pride, but sensitive. When wounded they can forgive, but they cannot forget. Should those that threw ridicule on his pictures yesterday come to the humble artist to-day, offering to buy them from him, the recollection of this mocking still fresh in his heart, he would feel this amend but another insult."

"Why?" she asked. "Was it, then, so very unkind, what we did?"

"It was worse than unkind—it was cruel; and it was well planned to hurt."

"You take everything in grand serious," she answered, beating her skirt with her whip. "It is the artist nature, I suppose. Big lights and immense shadows everywhere. You would evolve a

five act tragedy out of elements that would scarce suffice to make a comedietta for a *levé de rideau*."

Monsieur Dufresny's brow clouded; he dropped her hand. "You do not understand," he repeated, and paused.

"A lecture! I see it coming," she said with a smile.

The noise of horses careering, and of voices and laughter rose from the yard below.

"Come," she continued. "They are waiting for us. I do not mind how long or severe the lecture may be; if you will only deliver it to me on horseback, I shall listen very humbly to every syllable of it."

"No," he answered, "I cannot go."

"It seems to me," replied Angele, gathering up her skirts, "that you only think of the claims of the poor. Yet others, I consider, have claims too." She went to the door and paused a minute on the threshold, waiting; but he did not say a word to detain her. She passed out, shutting the door with a slam, after her.

Dufresny, soon after she left, made his way to the village. He went through the damp aisles of the wood that stretched between it and the chateau. There was in the air a jocund sense of blitheness; a feeling, as if earth and sky had made it up; the birds sang, the muddy roads stretched out azure-tinted, and every puddle had its rim of light. Dufresny walked on, lost in thought. The fold, the mark of which always contacted his brow, was deepened; the observant keenness of his glance, that gave an impression of energy and vivacity to a countenance that might otherwise have inclined to melancholy, was veiled. He was not aware when he passed the crucifix that *rosa* guardian-like at the entrance of Jouy, he did not know, when he went by the low, massive church, with its Norman towers and slate roofs, shining with an inestimable brightness over it.

The bent and energy of Eugene Dufresny's nature had long passed into the single channel of devotion to art. He had not sought fame, but fame had found him out. He had lived a simple, sincere, retired life, almost entirely spent in the country. The superficial whirl of existence in Paris dried up the sources of inspiration in him, and he seldom made any long stay there. He had no sympathy for the town aspects of life. It was the dignity, the pathos, and solitariness of laborious poverty that stirred in him the impulse to artistic expression. The life of rugged toil and sacrifice led by the peasantry appealed to him, as did certain aspects of nature and weather; wide, grave stretches of country, that seem monotonous at first sight, and yet possess infinite variety of line and tint, under the shifting influences of cloud and wind. His pictures were realistic, yet imbued with a poetry of their own. He was a man of thirty-five, of set habits, long addicted to a life of work, colored by constant and varied feeling under the dominion of calm thought. It was noticeable, notwithstanding Eugene Dufresny's cohesion and purpose in life, that not his closest friend could ever divine what step he would take at a moment of crisis. He was a man of strong will, yet with the weakness of the emotional temperament. Within the last two months he had engaged himself to be married to Angele de Say, a young lady who was the very outcome of Parisian influences. During a short stay in Paris he had painted her portrait, and his artistic sense had found delight in her beauty. She was merry, thoughtless, charming, and he had felt the sway of her grace and vivacity. She had puzzled and interested him. There was the child's hardness of undeveloped sympathies in her. She was fantastic, frolicsome, and frivolous, yet he felt sure at times that he saw traces of an underlying generous and tender nature. During that time, when he was constantly thrown into her society, he had, in dreamy moments, half caressed the idea of falling in love with her, but his thoughts had never very seriously gathered about the idea, when, on coming to bid her farewell, the regret in her blue eyes settled everything. That day he asked her hand in marriage, and was accepted.

Dufresny now only became aware of his surroundings when he found himself standing before Pere Coic's cottage. The day before he had seen the two demoiselles Coics. This time the door was opened by an old woman, square built and weather-beaten. The vivacity of her grey eyes, under the short, thick eyebrows, contrasted with her wrinkled skin. She was dressed in her peasant's costume. A few grey locks escaped from under her wide cap, the flaps of which were lifted and pinned above. The skirt was spare; the kerchief, inserted inside the square-cut bodice, was white, as if fresh from the wash. She opened the door cautiously, keeping hold of the handle, and eyeing with suspicion her visitor. "Can I see Monsieur Coic?" asked Dufresny.

"No, monsieur, impossible; he can see no one," she answered decisively.

"I hope he is not ill."

"He is very ill," she replied curtly.

"I am sorry. Tell him I walked over from the chateau to see him."

"From the chateau! Something told me so," answered Mere Coic, with subdued trembling in her tone. "No, monsieur, *jamaïs de la vie*, shall I let you up to see him."

The door was closing. "At any rate, give him my name. Tell him that Monsieur Dufresny, who walked home with him, called."

(To be continued.)