

been the intended course at Holy Trinity, three congregations at least gave up evening service which they had intended to hold, in order to be present at the All Saints' service; and they did so under the distinct impression, and without any intimation to the contrary until after they had committed themselves, that the united offering would have been appropriated to the Mission Fund. On the whole therefore we cannot recede from our charge that the Mission Fund has suffered serious loss by the mistaken judgment of the All Saints' authorities. We have not the least doubt from what we saw and heard that that large and enthusiastic congregation would, after the touching appeal that was made have contributed four or five hundred dollars to the Mission Fund, had that been the object for which their contributions were asked. Ed.]

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

SIR,—As the office of Rural Dean is at present vacant in the Deaneries of West Simcoe and Peel, the Rev. Dr. Hodgkin has, in default of the sanction which he might otherwise have received from the proper sources, submitted his arrangements for Missionary Meetings within those Dioceses to me for my approval. These arrangements appear to me to have been carefully and judiciously made, and I feel assured that the clergy, in whose parishes or missions the meetings are to be held, will exert themselves to the utmost to secure a full attendance, and to awaken a general interest in the very important object which the meetings are designed to promote. I am, sir, your obed't servant,

GEORGE WHITAKER.

Trinity College, Dec. 28, 1878.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XXV.

Estelle tore open the note with trembling fingers, and saw at once that it was dated that same day.

Raymond was then actually in England, breathing the same air as herself; within a few hours' distance of her probably!

It was with eyes so dazzled by the sudden joy as to render the lines almost indistinct that she read what followed the startling date:—

"DEAREST ESTELLE,—When you receive this note I shall already, I hope, be with my darling Kathleen. I write it in the train on my way to Carlton Hall, having arrived in England last night. I have come by an earlier mail than I intended when I left you all last year, because I have been very much alarmed at the cessation of Kathleen's letters for some time past. You know the dread I felt lest any illness should undermine her health, or even perhaps destroy her precious life, during my absence; and I cannot repress a terrible misgiving that this may be the cause of her silence, as indeed I know nothing else could prevent her writing to me during this miserable separation, which she feels, I am sure, as acutely as I do. But there is also the chance of my not hearing from her may be due simply to the irregularity of the mails, and I am the more hopeful that this is the real solution of the problem, because I have no letter from you, or Mr. Carlton, any more than from Kathleen; so I trust that the whole budget may have been in some way delayed, though they assured me at the post-office in Jamaica that nothing of the kind had occurred. I did not, of course, expect to receive any letters when I was travelling in the interior of the island, but I did expect to find them awaiting me on my return to the town, and was so greatly disappointed at receiving none, that I determined to sail for England at once. A few hours more will, I hope, give me back my darling safe and well. And I have found this separation from her so unendurable, that I mean to insist upon our marriage taking place at once, however unfashionable Mrs. Carlton may think it to have it quietly hurried over without any preliminary festivities. I trust that you are well, dear Estelle, and have no special anxiety about your uncle. I shall hope to see you to-morrow; but you will

easily understand that for this evening I can think only of Kathleen. Ever your affectionate friend,
RAYMOND."

The letter dropped from Estelle's hands, and she felt almost suffocated by the sudden fiery indignation which took possession of her.

Raymond had, then, been doubly betrayed! Kathleen had broken her promise, and never written to tell him that she had given him up—that she was to be the wife of another man. Oh, it was too cruel!

Estelle discerned in an instant how it had all been. Kathleen's fatal weakness of character had led her into a refinement of treachery from which, surely, her better nature would have shrunk had she given herself time to reflect upon it.

The period when her correspondence with Raymond had of necessity ceased, in consequence of his uncertain address, had been taken advantage of by Tracy Harcourt to lure her into engagement with himself; and therefore there had been no means of preparing Raymond in any way for the full revelation of her inconstancy, which would have been conveyed in the letter she had promised Estelle to write.

No doubt she had given the promise in good faith; but when it came to the point she had failed in moral courage to carry it out. She had let the first mail pass, and then knowing that Raymond would probably have left Jamaica before he could receive a letter sent by any subsequent post, she had sheltered herself under the idea that it was impossible to communicate with him, and had been glad to know that her marriage would have actually taken place before he could so much as learn the fact of her irremediable faithlessness.

Estelle knew, from what Hugh had mentioned to her at the time, that Kathleen had told her parents that she would write to Raymond herself, though she had been ashamed to confess, even to them, that she had failed in so imperative a duty; and this accounted for their not having themselves communicated with him, as they had, doubtless, been very thankful to escape so painful a task.

Yes, it was quite easy to understand the weakness which, under such circumstances, might well be called wicked.

But it was almost more than Estelle could endure, to feel that if only Kathleen had owned to her at any time before her marriage that she had broken the solemn promise made to her at their last interview, she could herself have sent telegrams to meet Raymond at the ports where he would touch on his way home, so as to have, at least, prevented this last terrible catastrophe—for that it was nothing less than terrible she knew Raymond too well to doubt. He had come flying home to her whom he loved with passionate devotion, expecting to find her true and tender as in the day he left her, sharing his own ardent longings for the hour which should unite them to part no more; pining for his arrival as much as he did for the sight of her lovely face. Ah! doubtless he had pictured to himself how she would bound down the steps to meet him; how she would fling herself into his arms, and cling to him, as if she could never bear to be torn away from his side again; and what would he really find? He would reach the door of her father's house; in his anxiety for her health, no doubt he would ask the servant who opened it how she was; he would call her by the name she bore no longer; and then, instantly, from the mouth of an indifferent hireling, the tidings of his uttermost despair would be dealt out to him in the words which spoke of her as the wife of another man! Like the crash of a thunderbolt the blow would come down which showed her—his darling, his idol—not only lost to him for ever at the very moment when he thought she was about to become most surely his, but treacherous, false, with almost unparalleled faithlessness, since she had even been heartless enough, as if in mockery of his anguish, to give him no hint of her betrayal till the tidings of it met him in a fashion as insulting as if she had struck him in the face. How could he bear it? He, the proud, impassioned man—the man who had believed in her truth with absolute faith; who had bound her up with his very life; who, knowing nothing as yet of any higher love or more

enduring joy, had said, in accents of intense feeling which yet rung in Estelle's ears, that if Kathleen, the darling of his heart, were taken from him by death he would not live?

Death, the only foe he dreaded in his blind confidence, had spared her altogether; but a darker, crueller enemy had stolen her away, and destroyed her fair, sweet image for him with far more scathing destruction than ever it would have found in the corruption of the grave; for if she had died he could have thought of her as rapt away into the bright realms of the angels, as pure and as beautiful in holiness as those "must ever be who walk among the lilies in the Paradise of God; but the hand that had rent her from him had killed and defaced for ever the guileless, loving child he had idolized so fondly, and left in her place a living woman, false, and cold, and cruel, whose existence under a name that was not his, would be to him a perpetual sting, an abiding insult. Ah! well might Estelle ask herself how he would bear it! It was not with him as it had been with herself when she, too, learnt that the love she prized most in all the world was lost to her for ever. He knew nothing of the one antidote for every earthly pain which may be drawn by a single upward glance from the eternal tenderness of that Consoler who can turn the darkest trials to blessings veiled. There was no such healing in store as yet, at least, for his deadly wound, and how was he to meet, alone and unaided, all its fiery torture? Estelle shuddered as she seemed to hear him again and again saying that he could not live if Kathleen failed him. She looked once more at the letter; it had been written, as he said, in the railway train, but the hour at which the words had been traced was not marked on it. She rang for Moss, and asked him at what time it had been brought to the house? He answered that a boy had been sent with it from the nearest village through which Mr. Raymond's carriage had passed that afternoon on his way to Carlton Hall. Then she saw that some hours must have already elapsed since he had known his doom. What would be his first step? Was there a hope that he would come to her in his agony? No; her heart told her that he would grapple with it alone whatever might be its ultimate result. Would he, perhaps, that same night go to some seaport, and leave England for ever? Alas for her who would never so much as know his fate if he did so! In the restlessness of her cruel suspense she could not remain in the house, but having heard from Moss that her uncle was comfortably asleep, she turned once more, and went out upon the lawn before the door. There she walked for a time with aimless, impatient steps. The sun was just sinking into the sea, flooding the broad, expansive waters with its dying glory, and in the moment that it disappeared its last rays suddenly touched the summit of the high rock where first she had seen Kathleen Carlton, and illumined it with dazzling light. Involuntarily Estelle raised her eyes to it, and then a cry broke from her lips, for there, on the very point of the cliff, stood a tall, dark figure.

(To be continued.)

REVERENCE IN THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

[Copied from memory, by a lady who learnt it when a child, and who has been accustomed, almost ever since, to revolve it in her mind when on her way to the house of God.—Ed.]

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools."

What solemn awe should fill the soul,
When entering in the house of prayer;
How should this thought impress the mind
When we approach it—"God is here."

Then should each worldly, wandering thought,
Each wild tumultuous wish be still'd;
And every sense, and every act,
With solemn reverence be fill'd.

When to the throne of grace we come,
With lifted hands and tearful eyes,
If no devotion warm the breast,
The heartless prayer unheeded dies.

He who His gracious word has given,
To answer pure and ardent prayer