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instead of \$10. And I call upon the clergy who have rectories and settled parishes throughout the diocese, to take the lead in lifting up the scale of liberality amongst us. It is not fair that the poor fellows in the missions should be left to struggle on on three, four or five hundred dollars a year, and that half of the grant from the Mission Board which goes to make up this pittance should be withheld for months and perhaps altogether. It is not fair that we should lay this burden upon them without their consent. Let us, if we have any of the spirit of the cross, any brotherly-love about us, at least help to bear this burden.

The deficiency of the Methodist Mission Fund is stated to be over sixty thousand dollars: they ask for one fourth (not the whole of it as we are doing) for the present year. Why cannot we adopt a similar principle? I am, sir,

A CITY PARSON.

WANT OF FUNDS.

SIR,—Is it not lamentable that all kinds of Church work are suffering so for want of funds—our own missionaries' stipends reduced one half, and that half apparently very tardily forthcoming, our engagements to the Diocese of Algoma unfulfilled; our Widows' and Orphans' Fund constantly requiring new "schemes" to relieve it? &c., &c., &c. Had the deficiency been only in our own Mission fund we might have thought that the Mission Board had been contracting engagements which, however much needed, it could have no reasonable expectation of being able to meet, or else that our revenue for that purpose had wretchedly fallen off in consequence of the course of action which parties, in opposition to authority, have thought *proper* to take. Now, though one or both of these causes may have partly occasioned the deficiency in our own mission fund, we can hardly impute to them all our defalcations, and therefore, as there is evidently a deep-rooted disease, I would venture to suggest a remedy, which I feel satisfied would effect a perfect cure if our people were only educated sufficiently in the right method, and that method is systematic giving, or rather setting aside for God's service. As long as we depend on the purely voluntary way, so long we shall never have a steady, permanent income; or if we do, it will be a totally insufficient one, but if our members, one and all, adopt the Scriptural method of setting apart a certain portion of their income for Church and charitable purposes, be that portion a tenth or even less in some cases (though, of course, it should be much more in others), we should not only have abundance for our own missions and to meet all our engagements, but also should be in a position to send the "glad tidings" to the ends of the earth.

Then, to commence this education, let those who can write about it, and those who practice it tell how God has blessed them in the practice. Let our ministers speak frequently from the pulpit about it, and let our Sunday School teachers impress it continually on the rising generation; and once adopted, God's blessing will certainly and visibly follow it. R.

SERVICES AT CHRIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

SIR,—Referring to services, which have undergone some changes, in Christ Church Cathedral during the last few weeks, and also in answer to "Scotch Episcopalian's" letter, which appeared in your issue of the 23rd inst., I would ask leave to trespass on your valuable space.

I beg to state, most emphatically, that "Scotch Episcopalian" errs most grossly when he says "that the Rector's step is sanctioned by all who have the welfare and progress of the Church at heart." On the contrary, those who most strenuously opposed any changes were among the wisest and most influential members of the congregation, and "Scotch Episcopalian" shows how little he knows about the matter when he refers to them as "Godless ones, who have been in the habit of keeping their mouths shut and looking about them."

In reference to the Psalms, I am sure David never composed them with the intention of their being mumbled, as mumbled they are, when read by a large congregation. The very word Psalm

proves to us that they should be sung. The grandeur of Mr. Barnes' accompaniment to such passages as "The voice of the Lord is a glorious voice;" "One deep calleth another;" "When the Lord heard this he was wroth, he cast upon them the furiousness of His wrath," and many more, compels the attention to be fixed, and only too surely proves what we miss when the organ is silent.

If Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists wish to have a service to their own liking, why do they not keep to their own places of worship? No; they must have something new; and I am much inclined to believe that it is this outside portion who compose the "Godless ones," and who come in to gape and stare about. I need only add that the afternoon service, which is fully choral, with anthem, is attended by a large number of the regular cathedral congregation, who used to go to the evening service. This fact will speak volumes to "Scotch Episcopalian," and I hope that for the future he will endeavor to be a trifle more charitable to the musical portion of Christ Church Cathedral congregation. I am, yours truly,

CHURCHMAN.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

SIR.—I wish, with your permission, to call the attention of the readers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, and all others whom it may concern, to a most excellent little book, entitled "Thrift," by the well known writer of "Character," "Self Help," and many other useful publications,—Samuel Smiles. It was published about two years ago, by Belford Brothers, of Toronto. Their books may be purchased for \$1.00; and ought to be carefully read and studied by every young man, and by every head of a family in the country. If this were done, and its lessons of "thrift" and economy practically acted upon and carried out in every household, we should not have to lament the reckless extravagance, nor the sad depression which now exists in every branch of business in the community. And I will venture to add, that if the golden lessons contained in this admirable book, were fully carried into practice, our *Mission Fund* would soon be replenished, and you would have many more subscribers to the DOMINION CHURCHMAN. Yours, &c.,

Jan. 20th, 1879.

J. P.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In another moment Raymond was in the room. He did not in the least suspect whom he was to see there, for Freddy had delivered his message with scrupulous accuracy, and simply said that "Mother wanted Mr. Raymond."

Mrs. Willis quietly slipped out at the door as her lodger opened it to come in, for she understood the matter so far as it regarded Estelle, a good deal better than Raymond did, and she felt it was best they should meet without witnesses.

He advanced a few steps before he saw the graceful drooping figure of Estelle, who was now so painfully ashamed of her bold exploit that she had not the courage to look up.

"Estelle! is it possible!" he exclaimed, turning rapidly towards her; "what a charming surprise! I can hardly believe my eyes! How in the world have you come here?" Then, his tone changing, he said, anxiously, "I do trust nothing is wrong—is Dr. Lingard worse?—do you need my help?"

"Oh no, no, said Estelle her cheeks scarlet, and her words coming in broken sentences as she struggled with her embarrassment; "It is only that I have been frightened. I was very stupid to come here, but I thought—the newspapers said—you were terribly hurt. I felt I must know; but I am going home now," she added, starting to her feet. "I must not wait, or I shall lose the last train that will take me back to night."

She seemed preparing to run out of the room without any more words, but Raymond caught hold of her hands.

"You dear Estelle, can it really be possible that you took that long journey only to see if I was really hurt? You are a friend indeed, and one it

were worth living for. I would gladly have sustained some serious damage to have had such a proof of your affection." Every word he said only increased her perturbation.

"I asked Mrs. Willis not to disturb you; it was enough to know you were well; but I must really go, dear Raymond, at once; please do not keep me!"

"Go! what, all that long way home with only half an hour's rest? Impossible! the fatigue would half kill you."

No, no! you must stay here to-night, and I will go back with you myself to-morrow." As he spoke, he saw, to his dismay, that tears started to her eyes, while she struggled with all her strength to free her hands from his grasp.

"Raymond, I must go!" she said; "if you have the smallest regard for me don't keep me here an instant longer. I tell you I cannot stay—I will not!"

He had never seen her so agitated or vehement before; but he could not hold her against her will and reluctantly loosened his grasp on her hands. In an instant she had darted away from him, and was running down-stairs. He followed, however, quite as quickly, saying, "At least I shall go to the station with you; you cannot deny me that." She did not answer, but just at that moment Mrs. Willis, hearing the movement on the stair, came out of a lower room. Estelle ran to her, and flung her arms round her neck. "Thank you so much for all your kindness," she whispered; "do not ask me to stay now, it would be cruel; but do me one more favour—come with me to the station, Mr. Raymond is coming too."

"Very well," said Mrs. Willis, with a smile, "since you must go, I will do as you wish; but I shall send one of the men to call a cab, you are not fit to walk there."

The cab was very speedily brought, and Raymond followed Estelle and Mrs. Willis into it, feeling somewhat aggrieved at the addition of the unwelcome third person, whose presence prevented him from pouring out all his gratitude to Estelle for her solicitude on his behalf. He watched her as she sat, very silent, and changing colour, and eyes that could not meet his own, while a dim perception began to make itself felt in his mind that he did not in the very least know her as yet, when for the last year he had imagined that he understood her so perfectly. As he could not tell her before Mrs. Willis all he felt at her care for him, he said very little at all; and they soon reached the station, to find the train almost ready to start. Estelle took her place in a carriage immediately, and Raymond stood looking perplexed and annoyed, at the open door.

"It is too bad that you should have to start off again on a second long fatiguing journey without my having even had time to speak to you. Think better of it, Estelle. Come back; or let me at least go with you."

"No, no, impossible!" she said, vehemently; having already refused this last request several times as they drove to the station.

"What can I do for you then?" he said, desperately; is there no way in which I can serve you?"

"I will tell you what to do," said the practical Mrs. Willis. "Go to the refreshment-room, and get some food for Miss Lingard to take with her. I do not suppose she has had anything since the morning, and I was preparing tea for her when she started off so quickly."

Raymond was gone to act on her suggestion before she finished her sentence, and he came back very speedily, laden with such a variety of comestibles that Estelle certainly could not have consumed them in a week. The sight of this liberal supply made her laugh outright, which did her a great deal of good, and Raymond was delighted to see her look more like herself.

"Perhaps you will be a little less savage with me now," he said, smiling; "I am half inclined to jump into the train and go on with you, in spite of your prohibition. I have a right to travel by the public railway, you know, without leave from any one."

"But I have a favor to ask you," she answered, quickly; "I should be so much obliged to you if you would telegraph to Moss when the train is gone, and tell him to send the pony-carriage to meet me at ten o'clock at our own station."