

on his own things, but frequently on the things of others. And this is one of the great benefits which *may*, and I trust which *do* result from meetings of the clergy, such as that in connection with which this service is held. The mere social reunion and familiar intercourse of those who (engaged in the same great work), still on account of the constant demands of that work, are greatly isolated, afford much pleasure and profit. But the hours spent in serious conference, either in endeavoring to elucidate some of the more difficult passages in Holy Scripture, or seeking to find out the best solution of some hard problem in parochial administration, may be—must be full of blessing and usefulness. A most valuable opportunity is thus afforded of surmounting difficulties which we have met with in our several spheres of duty, by taking counsel with our brethren. In perplexing or doubtful cases a uniformity of action may be adopted, which is sure materially to strengthen our hands, and so besides cultivating a feeling of mutual respect and confidence, we have the benefit of advice and experience, where such assistance is wanted most—and all this by each one “looking not merely on his own things but also on the things of others.”

There is another larger and more important gathering of which I would speak. On this day three weeks the Synod of this Diocese will (D.V.) assemble in the city of Hamilton. That too will be an occasion on which it will be most important for us to act upon the injunction of the Apostle in the text. Then we shall have assembled, to consult for the interests of our beloved church in our Diocese, not to further our own selfish aims and interests, but the good of the church at large, to take a comprehensive and accurate survey of the wants of the Diocese, and to do everything within our power to meet these wants. It is encouraging to think that this is a work in which we can all join together heart and soul: that it is our great happiness in this Diocese, to be free from—indeed I might say, to know nothing of party strife and bitterness. Long may this continue to be the case, and we shall do most to keep out strife and party feeling, by following the advice of the apostle in the text. If we refer to the immediate context we shall see that this very thought was in the Apostle's mind. On one side of the text we have the admonition “let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself.” On the other side the command, “Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God * * * made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant.” Avoiding strife and vain glory on the one side, and imitating the unselfishness and humility of our Lord Jesus Christ on the other, we are everyone to look on the things of others, not exclusively on our own. To look on the things of others, not for the sake of finding points on which we may divide and differ, but points on which we may combine and agree, and of this we may be very sure, that even in the case of those who are most divided, if there were the earnest resolve on both sides to look on things of each other in this spirit, there would be a precious return of “peaceable fruit,” and each party would be amazed at the number of points of agreement that had existed between them all along, and this without the sacrifice of a single principle, but because brethren had learned to recognize each other as members of the same church. Whereas previously it may be they had looked on each other, merely as members of different antagonistic parties.

But there is to be an unusual opportunity of general consultation for the good of the church in the Pan Anglican Synod to be held this summer. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as patriarch of the Anglican Communion, has invited all the Bishops of that Communion to assemble in the month of July, to confer together as to the wants and duties of the church over which God has placed them as overseers, and it is gratifying to learn that there is the prospect of a very general attendance. This, indeed, will be a time for looking not on our own things but on the things of others, and may the Holy Spirit who presided in the counsels of the blessed Apostles, be present with their successors assembled at this later day, to guide

them into all truth and teach them how best to feed the Church of Christ which He has purchased with his precious blood.

In passing to a conclusion, let me make a more personal application of the words of the text. Let us bear in mind that this duty of sympathy and interest in the concerns of others is one of universal obligation. Observe the twice-repeated “*every man*.” It is an injunction to be observed not by the clergy only, but by the laity also. Let each one strive to acquire, and to keep up a lively interest in the affairs of others, especially in the work of that Church of which we are members. But how can we acquire this interest unless we manage to keep ourselves informed as to the work that is being done in that Church? The surest way, for example, to keep up an interest in the missionary cause, is to see that all members of our church are made acquainted with the extent of that work—its encouragements and difficulties, and the means which are being adopted for carrying on the work, but which are alas! lamentably inadequate. And here, permit me to make a very simple but practical suggestion. I cannot but think that if the news paper the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, which has become the official organ of this as well as of other Dioceses of this ecclesiastical province, and which has the sanction of the Bishops, were more generally taken by the members of our congregations the result would be most beneficial, in securing a better acquaintance, and and as a consequence an increased interest in the general work of the church. If, in looking at the things of others we cast our glance beyond our own communion, I think we shall find that at least in one of the religious bodies around us and that one of the most active, perhaps I might say the most successful, it is a rule of their conference that the organ of that conference, should be generally taken by its members. Perhaps in this fact we have a part at any rate of the secret of their success. There are I know circumstances which would render it impracticable for us to adopt any such rule as part of our Synodical Legislation; but still, the diffusion of information with regard to the work of our Church, is of such importance, (and I know of no better way of effecting it than I have indicated); surely it would be well worth our while to exert ourselves in securing the extension of the circulation of a paper in which the work of the Church at home and abroad is faithfully recorded, so that our people generally might acquire a better knowledge of that work, and learn to take a deeper interest in it.

As I said, the appeal is to “every man.” The Apostle addresses each one of us; each separate soul has its own responsibility. “Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.”

Family Reading.

THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—RETRIBUTION.

While the boat was making for the ship, and its friends were watching and praying, the earl of Craigavon was in his tower, reviewing the events of the day. The last naturally was the most prominent, and he thought much of Daisy, chief actor in it. He reflected that she had discovered a secret which he had jealously guarded for years. If he had for ever extinguished her witch's fire, she had put out out his *cannoyll corff*. If he denounced her as a witch she might pronounce him a wizard. He supposed that the world would credit an earl before a wretched foundling; still he did not care to be represented as a possible wrecker. If brought to the point, he could of course say what he tried hard to believe, that he had used the lantern to light him across the cliffs—but who would believe him? He justified himself the deceit he had practised, and the evil results of it; by thinking that he had only sought to render the false lights of the wreckers abortive, and to secure his own dues, by using a light himself, a supposed *ignis fatuus*. But still, such conscience as remained to him, pricked him, and the echoes of certain piteous cries heard in the dead of night pierced him through and through. The thought of his son always consoled him, but with him was now associated Daisy, the recollection of

whom was worse than a nightmare. Even if he could credit her assurance that she would not marry Penruddock, he knew that his son loved her, and his happiness and advancement were deeper to him than all *but* life. He could not face death, even for him! Should he let him marry the girl, and so bind her over to secrecy? Hatred and pride forbade. He was to meet Penruddock shortly in town, and then he would find out whether he had forgotten her for some more suitable beauty. But the idea of town recalled the elopement of his daughter and the consequent death of his wife. Turn where he would he met disappointment and distress.

In spite of his morose unforgiving nature, he was rather sore than angered towards Lady Mona and still sorrowful for the countess. To see him, no one would have believed this, but he was himself conscious of it when he ruminated over the past. Still sorer and more sorrowful was he when he remembered Sir George Walpole, and that his money might have been added to the riches of the Craigavons. He was, however, comforted by the recollection that Sir George was even then in the Mediterranean yachting with Penruddock, and that it was not unlikely that the nabob might make him his heir, in default of nearer relatives, for they claimed cousinship in some remote degree.

The idea of gold, recalled the earl to the present time and place, and while listening to the winds that ran riot round about his tower, and the waves that they tossed up and down like so many toys, he remembered the gun that he heard when he had parted from Daisy. If other signals had succeeded them, the boisterous equinoctial had carried the sound away from him, for he had not heard them. He had extinguished the beacon on the Esgair, and hung out his own instead, so there was probably a wreck somewhere, and the waifs were his. He had left strict orders with that timorous fool Evan to look after them, and see that his other myrmidons did the same; but he would be up with the dawn himself to be sure that he was not cheated of his rights.

Having now his establishment at the castle he went down-stairs to his solitary supper—for in those days a nine o'clock meal was supper, not dinner, and he had dined early. Although the repast was singularly frugal, it was laid with all the pomp of plate and china. There was no superfluity of light, a candle at either elbow serving him to see what he ate, but he was waited on by a couple of powdered domestics, retained more on Lord Penruddock's account than his own; for he was about to get rid of such superfluous servants as had belonged particularly to the countess. When he had finished his meal he walked restlessly from room to room, giving orders, and prying into odd corners. His words were always so few and commanding, that, whether pleasant or unpleasant to his hearers, they never dared to contradict them. So when he complained of this unbarred door, or that needless waste, no one ventured to make excuses. He finally summoned Morris, and bade her accompany him to her lady's rooms. He, like the rest of us, was a strange anomaly. He could not summon courage to go there alone, yet had visited the countess's apartments the last thing at night ever since his return. Morris remained near the door while he walked through the familiar tapestried chamber, candle in hand, and paused before three exquisitely-painted miniatures that hung above the mantle-piece. They were likenesses of the countess and her children. He looked at his son's last, then passed Morris, and left the room quietly. When he finally retired to his tower for the night, his valet duly came to him, and was dismissed with an order to tell certain men to be astir early, as there would be probably wreckage and fallen timber to look after. Then he locked his door, and sat down to his accounts. It was late when he went to bed, and the winds had somewhat abated. He lay long awake, thinking of his son, and, in spite of himself, of Daisy and the lights. When he dozed off he dreamed that Lord Penruddock and Daisy were married, and that Lady Mona was bridesmaid. He did not usually dream such cheerful dreams, and when he awoke from it he almost wished it real—but a vision of Daisy on horseback, and her words, “They were drowned: I was perhaps saved to avenge them!” dispelled the brightness, and restored the gloom.