

"Well, then, give me something—some hope. I've come three thousand miles to ask for it."

There was a pause. Then she laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Tom, when will you be back from this voyage?"

"In about three or four weeks, please God."

"Will you come and see me then? and we can talk matters over more calmly. I'll give you an address that will find me in Victoria. Let us say no more now."

"I'm more than content, my darling." Then he stooped and kissed the fingers that rested on his arm.

There can be no more beautifully situated town than Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The harbour is completely land-locked; so that while wide watery vistas spread out in every direction, the open sea horizon is nowhere visible. The coast is indented with innumerable bays and creeks, and the foliage on all sides is of a soft and varied green, that recalls the aspect of the "old country" six thousand miles away. The English traveller will not have seen grass so green since he left Moville or Queens-town. Far away in the south the lovely snow-capped Olympic Mountains looked across the calm waters of Puget Sound.

"I never saw a lovelier spot!" exclaimed Tom Playfair enthusiastically,

as the landing-place suddenly opened out in front of the steamer.

"Yes, it is very beautiful, and the climate is pleasant too. It rains a good deal, but that makes it all the more like England," replied Sybil.

That was a memorable evening, and one they were never likely to forget.

The pair had tea together, and then they explored the town and suburbs, including the Beacon Hill Park and the Chinese quarter. For a full quarter of an hour they stood side by side on the rocky eminence on which the cathedral stands, admiring the unique view. Pity that a site so splendid should not be occupied by a temple worthy of its beauty and worthy of the wide-extended Mother Church which has here established her metropolitan see on the verge of the vast Pacific.

As night closed in Sybil Jessop slipped away to the lodging where she dwelt; and Tom, after being compelled to say good-bye at a street corner, was fain to pursue his rambles in solitude. Finding this but dull work, he went aboard the steamer, turned into his comfortable berth, and was sleeping the sleep of the just when the boat got under way at 2 A.M.

Twelve hours later the young engineer passed over the same waters again, and gazed with all a lover's fondness on beautiful, peaceful-looking Victoria, as the *Empress* steamer, moving all too rapidly, sped on her course to Yokohama.

(To be continued.)

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

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I WISH in the following paper to say a word, my friend, as to the relation of the State to property.

Now it is a fact that every kind of property in the kingdom, of whatever nature it may be, has at one time or another in the history of England been dealt with by parliamentary legislation.

To this rule there has not been a single exception. All property, more or less, comes under the control of Parliament, and is subject to changing regulations, modifications in its tenure, its charges, and outgoings,

and consequently in its money value, as may from time to time be determined by Parliament.

Parliament, it is admitted, is supreme over the property of the Church; but understand that it is no more supreme over it than it is supreme over all other kinds of property in the land.

I see by your manner that you question the accuracy of my statement, and that you imagine that I am making allegations without proof to support them.

Well, my friend, you know as to private