

in the offering; and that, in the wide extent of our Catholicity circling the Globe, there will be no moment of that day but somewhere men will be "lifting up holy hands, without doubting," to Him who heareth prayer. Gather your people together as you can, in the morning for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, and in the evening for the service and the teaching you can add to it, and see if He will not "pour out a blessing." I authorize in the Communion Office, in addition to the collect for the day, the third collect for Good Friday; and to be used before the General Thanksgiving at Morning and Evening Prayer, the collects for the Third Sunday in Advent and for St. Peter's day, and the two prayers following for missions and for unity, and the prayer for the material harvest, which belongs to the rogation days. Faithfully, your brother,
WM. CROSWELL DOANE.
Albany, St. Mark's Day, A.D. 1879.

MISSION WORK.

Umkwe Cantaba is the sonorous name of a Zulu prince, a cousin of King Cetywayo. By the labors of a missionary he has been led to embrace Christianity, and recently visited Sweden with this missionary. On his arrival at Helsingborg, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, one of his first remarks was: "I never knew before that there were so many white men in the world. From their war with my cousin, I thought that they were rather a small tribe."

PARIS.—The meetings of M. Loyson's chapel have lost the character which was at first so objectionable, and have now assumed the aspect of decent religious assemblies. They seem to be less crowded, but much more edifying; and wear now the appearance of what, in point of fact, they may be said to be, a mission amongst the least religiously disposed masses of Paris. The congregation appears to be very largely composed of what the French call by a generalisation of the term *les épisciers*, small tradesmen or others just above the *ouvrier*, a peculiarity hard and obdurate class, whose chief religious faith is to "hate priests," but who may very likely listen to M. Loyson the more readily for the very reason that they think he is himself hated by priests. If they be such, however, they must have been a good deal surprised by his sermon a few Sundays ago. The subject was that of the Gospel for the day; and the gist of the discourse was to impress upon the congregation a sense of the divine origin and foundation of the Church as distinguished from all merely human institutions; and, as consequent upon this, the dignity and authority of the one priesthood, established by the same Divine Author. Both these vital points were developed and insisted upon by M. Loyson with a force and disdain of all compromise, which did as much credit to his courage as to his eloquence, before such an audience, who could hardly, I think, be prepared to hear him. His exposition, indeed, of the priestly office, as defined by the words of the Gospel, fell little, if anything, short of what any Roman Catholic might accept.

Correspondence.

NOTICE.—We must remind our correspondents that all letters containing personal allusions, and especially those containing attacks on Diocesan Committees, must be accompanied with the names of the writers, expressly for the purpose of publication.
We are not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

"IT IS BEST TO SPEAK THE TRUTH."

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to an article in the *Guardian* of April the 22nd, and also to some remarks anent the same subject in the *DOMINION CHURCHMAN* of May the 8th, I think it nothing but right that the facts of the case, so far as they concern myself, should be made public. I did act as a lay reader under the Rev. Septimus Jones for some weeks. I did attend, with some six other young men, twice a week, for several weeks, the preliminary classes conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sheraton during the summer of '77, previous to the final organization of the school in the autumn of the same year. At that time, being in very awkward pecuniary circumstances, I consented, at the Rev. Septimus Jones' suggestion, that he should make application to the Church Association for me for an annual grant of \$200, which Mr. Jones said was available for the assistance of needy students. Mr. Jones told me that I could take his word for it that it would be granted, and I made my arrangements accordingly. Some three months afterwards, when the first quarter's instalment was due, I found to my serious inconvenience that Mr. Jones had promised more than he should have done, and I had to accept the sum of \$30 instead of \$50, as promised. Mr. Jones—I suppose by way of making up the

balance—adding cruel insult to the already trying injury. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN W. TREEN,
Pastor of Emmanuel R. E. Church, Toronto, 17 Sultan Street, Toronto, May 10, 1879.

[This letter fully confirms our statements. In reference to the Oshawa case, we learn that the person who has been doing so much good there has read to his congregation Spurgeon's sermon's, Moody and Sankey's, with some others of a similar kind!—Ed.]

INFORMATION SOLICITED.

SIR,—In studying Dr. Pusey's lectures on Daniel, I have observed a method of noting chronology which I cannot understand with perfect certainty. Thus, page 196, Antiochus Epiph. is said to have died B.C. 164. May I trouble one of your more learned readers to kindly furnish me with the explanation. Yours, &c., INQUIRER.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XLIII.

No, I cannot doubt that Hugh Carlton has wilfully deceived Miss Lingard," continued Mr. Derwent, after having pondered over her letter for a few minutes more in silence. "He has so perverted the substance of the conversation he held with you that he has persuaded her you propose to marry her for her sake only—not for your own. A sensitive, high-minded girl like herself could not fail to seek at once for some means of escape from a position against which her delicacy revolted. She must necessarily have imagined that the generous desire for her happiness, with which feeling alone she accredited you, would lead you still to seek a marriage with her, even if she refused you from motives which you knew were not the absence of affection; and there remained naturally no remedy for her but to put herself out of your reach as speedily and as effectually as possible."

"Out of my reach, while I long for her as I should for the light of day!" said Raymond in a choked voice, "Oh, what does Hugh Carlton not deserve!"

"I believe that a severe retribution has overtaken him already," said Mr. Derwent. "I saw the Doctor just now, who told me he is at the commencement of a most serious illness."

"If only I could go to him I would drag out of him the whole history of this wicked plot!" exclaimed Raymond. "Mr. Derwent, will you do this for me? Will you see him to-day—at once?"

"I mean to visit him, at any rate; but I fear, from what the doctor told me, that to see him will not avail much for your purpose. He is in such high fever that he is quite delirious already. However, you may rest assured that he is in a state to understand what I have to say, I shall speak to him very plainly on this subject. His illness brings him definitely under my care, and for his own sake I must try to make him estimate the extent of his wrong-doing. He has much to answer for."

"But Estelle," said Raymond in a despairing tone; "how am I to find her? Here I am, tied like a log to this bed, with no chance of moving for some weeks to come, and before then she may have gone yet further out of my reach, across the sea, perhaps to Australia."

"Poor child! I trust she will not take a step so fatal to her happiness as that would be!"

"It was her childhood's home, you know, and she had not any friends in England, excepting in this neighbourhood, from which she has been so cruelly driven."

"Do you know in which of the Australian provinces she lived?"

"I have not the least idea; I never thought of asking. She always spoke simply of a solitary life in the interior of the country."

Mr. Derwent began to think that the chances of ever finding Estelle were small indeed; but he did not say so.

"Well, Mr. Raymond," he said, assuming a cheerful tone, not much in accordance with his real feelings, "we must hope that matters will

turn out better than you expect, in any case, you may rely upon my doing all that you could do yourself, if you were well, in order to discover her destination. I shall make every enquiry, and I shall write to all the ports from whence the Australian vessels sail. I will go myself to the railway-station at once, it is possible some one may remember which train she took."

Raymond grasped the clergyman's hand in silence; he felt so crushed and hopeless that he could derive but little comfort from Mr. Derwent's promise, though he was truly grateful to him. His friend had risen, and stood for a moment looking down upon him with thoughtful eyes.

"Raymond," he said at last, "you tell me that by means of Estelle Lingard you have been brought to know the beauty and the sweetness of a Love which has no measure even in eternity. Do you not think that perhaps He who has so loved you beyond all human power of sympathy, has withdrawn her from you for a time, in order that you may learn to know that His unflinching tenderness is more than sufficient for your deepest happiness, even though all earthly joys should fail for ever?"

Raymond's eyes brightened. "That is a comforting thought at least," he said, "I thank you for it, and for all your kindness."

"You may depend on hearing from me, if I gain the slightest information at the station," added Mr. Derwent. But he obtained none.

There was always an unusual press of passengers at the Christmas season, when the country houses all round were full of guests; and so many gentlemen had their dogs with them, that even Bruin passed unobserved.

Then commenced a long series of fruitless enquiries, carried on by Mr. Derwent and by Raymond himself when he was so far recovered as to be able to write; but nowhere, far or near could the smallest intelligence be gained respecting Estelle Lingard. She seemed to have vanished as completely as if she had passed out of the world altogether; and sometimes, as the weeks rolled on, Raymond almost feared that this might be really the case.

Most often, however, his mind rested on the conviction that she must have gone to Australia. Very frequently he debated with Mr. Derwent whether it would be well for him to seek her there; but Australia with its five huge provinces, was a very wide world, and it was exceedingly unlikely that a vague search pointing to no particular spot, would be at all successful, while, in the uncertainty as to whether Estelle were not still in England or on the Continent he might possibly be only increasing the distance between them to a hopeless extent if he sailed for the Antipodes.

In the very commencement of the search Raymond, as well as his maimed hand would allow him, wrote to his hotel-keeper in the Cathedral town, where he had first met Estelle, begging him to ascertain whether the old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, were still living at the wayside inn, and whether they had a lady staying with them. It had occurred to him that his lost Estelle might have taken refuge with the good old people who had been so kind to her during the brief summer holiday of her lonely life. But the answer returned to him was to the effect that the Woods had sold the wayside inn, and left it finally a short time previously, and that no one knew where they had gone. In the Cathedral town itself there were also no tidings of Miss Lingard, who was only slightly known to a few persons there.

Raymond tried in vain to think of any other quarter where inquiries might be made, and as the time approached when his recovery was likely to be so far completed as to enable him to leave the Lodge, he was quite at a loss to know in what direction to prosecute the search he meant to make in person. He still retained a hope that Hugh, if he could be made to see the enormity of his past conduct, might be able to throw some light on Estelle's fate by a full avowal of what had passed between them, but the unhappy young man was in no state to be questioned. He was slowly passing through the successive stages of a most painful and dangerous illness. The Carltons were established in London till they could take some steps to repair the destruction of their country home and when they first heard