

revealed truth of God. Therefore, instead of saying that I am satisfied, or that I think the Church of England should be satisfied by seeing the Privy Council Committee at this moment able to define for us what is the Church's truth, I maintain that we are, so long as we submit to it, in the greatest danger; and I for one am living under a process of perpetual appeal. Not, then, because I undervalue law, or because I undervalue the blessing of the connection between Church and State, do I desire to see this state of things altered. But there is a scheme in the Church of Christ whereby units of doctrine and faith can be maintained in our great expanding body, and I do not doubt myself that if there were this due subordination of synods, one below the other, as this resolution points out, there would be, practically speaking, found to be a body to which the whole Anglican branch of the Church would in spiritual matters refer unhesitatingly its spiritual difficulties. We should submit as good subjects to what the law of the land requires; but we should not be liable to these wrong decisions if the Church could speak for herself what was her own doctrine. I want no new Articles. I have a fear of them; but if we are not to have new Articles, there must be some safeguard against Judge-made law eating up the existing record. What we want is, I believe, to be found in such a scheme as that before us, and I think the effect of such a body as this declaring in favour of it—pointing out that it was ready to wait God's time before it received it, but still saying to souls in distress and difficulty, "there is this remedy, we must strive and pray, and use all lawful means to obtain it,"—would be to give a peace and quietness amidst our difficulties, and a power of maintaining the truth of Christ unshaken, which no other means I can think of would equal. I do earnestly ask of this conference that with the same loving spirit in which even in the midst of difficulties we have been able to speak, they will deal with this subject bravely, and refuse to give advice at all, or give advice which is worthy of the emergency.

The Bishop of New Zealand—I have had some communications with my brethren, to see how far we can adapt the resolution to the wishes that have been expressed, and at the same time to preserve its pith and substance. This expresses my own mind in the matter, and I hope it will also express that of the meeting:—

"That in the opinion of this conference unity of faith and discipline will be best maintained among the several branches of the Anglican communion by due and canonical subordination of the synods of the several branches to the higher authority of a synod or synods above them."

This is simply an abstract resolution, and it does away with the difficulty of seeming to wish that our brethren in America and Scotland should come under its operation. It is in fact limited entirely to the United Church of England and Ireland.

The Bishop of Ely—I would rather vote for the original proposal.

The Bishop of Capetown—I would infinitely prefer it.

The Bishop of Oxford—I cannot agree to its being substituted for the section (a) of the resolution. It appears to me that it only gets us out of the difficulty by introducing an ambiguity. *Dolus latet in generalibus.*

After a brief conversation, however, the motion as amended by the Bishop of New Zealand was accepted. It was put to the vote, and there appeared 47 hands for it—none against it. His Grace, therefore, declared it carried *nem. con.* The second section of the resolution, viz., to appoint a committee to consider the whole subject, was then put and carried unanimously.

## Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER VI.

And so for Raymond and Estelle Lingard there commenced a time which seemed to them ever after like a midsummer dream of brightness and peace. The weather was lovely and very warm, as it sometimes is for two or three weeks after a rather late spring; and they had the full advantage

of its genial influence on the flowers and trees and singing birds, and in the charming green solitude where they found themselves quite isolated from all the rest of the world. Raymond found he had been much mistaken in supposing it would be a dull residence, at least during these summer weeks. The fishing was better there than it had been nearer the city, and the beautiful river scenery gave him many opportunities of exercising his talent for sketching from nature. Moreover Estelle had sent for some of her books from home, to the study of which he turned with no small ardour when they all proved to be of a nature to afford him much intellectual enjoyment. Raymond was a man considerably above the average in mental power; he had gone through the usual education of a gentleman's son where there is no lack of means, and had distinguished himself both at Eton and Sandhurst. Then he began the wandering life of a soldier, during which he could only read in a very desultory manner. He had, however, devoted himself a good deal to the study of natural science, and had likewise taken no small trouble to arrive at historical truth in the records of his own and other countries; but in his pursuit of knowledge he had never attempted to pass the limits of that which being visible and tangible, admitted of actual demonstration; while Estelle, judging from the books with which she had surrounded herself, took very little interest in anything which did not link both the past and the future of this material creation with the mysteries of the unseen universe.

Both had, however, attained an amount of mental cultivation which rendered the free and unreserved intercourse they were now able to hold together a source of intense pleasure to them. Their occupations during the day often separated them for hours together, when Raymond went out on sketching expeditions too distant for Estelle to accompany him, or when she succeeded, with difficulty, in persuading Moss to let her watch for a time by the bed-side of her mute helpless uncle; but their evenings were almost invariably spent on the balcony overhanging the river, which Estelle had admired on their first arrival at the wayside inn that had so singularly become their temporary home.

Nothing, certainly, could well be more charming than the hours which they spent there under the calm pure evening sky, with the silvery moonbeams sleeping in tremulous light on the waters at their feet, and the soft whispers of the night breeze sighing through the rustling leaves around them, and stirring the dark masses of Estelle's long hair, while they, in low and quiet tones, spoke out their thoughts on many subjects on which they probably felt it impossible to touch in the glaring sunshine of the day! It was on one of these evenings, very soon after the accident, that Raymond obtained his first real insight into Estelle's mind, and began to understand to some extent the rare beauty of her character. She was seated in a low chair, her hands folded quietly on her lap, and her large dark eyes fixed with an intent gaze on the sky, where only a few faint stars could be seen gleaming softly through the stronger moonlight. Raymond stood by her side, leaning with folded arms on the wooden railing of the balcony, now looking up to the far mysterious worlds that seemed only like sparkling dewdrops in the shining field of measureless expanse, now gazing down into her bright expressive face, which appeared to him more than usually spiritual and pure, thus lit up by the white moonbeams.

"Do you remember," he said to her, after he had been silent, apparently in deep thought for a few minutes, "what were the last words you spoke to me just before your uncle's accident?"

"Not very distinctly," she answered; but I do remember quite well the look of repugnance with which you turned away from the burial-mound and its ghastly contents, and I suppose I may have made some allusion to it."

"Yes; when I spoke of the horror with which I was always filled when I encountered anything which reminded me of death, you answered, that in your opinion, death was the grandest and most desirable of all the conditions of humanity; the words impressed me as the strangest I had ever heard, and I remember the very accents of your voice, joyful and almost triumphant, as you spoke them."

"But why did they appear to you so strange?" she said with evident surprise.

"Because you seem to me too young and untried to have experienced the satiety or disappointment which alone, I think, might make the thought of the oblivion of the grave endurable."

"Do you, then, look upon death as a mere negation, like the Nirvana of the Buddhists?"

"No," he answered, with some embarrassment; "I am bound, of course, as one who has no desire to deny the truths of the Christian revelation, to ascribe to death all the meaning with which it is endowed by religion; but I will tell you the truth, Miss Lingard, I have never realised, in any way, my personal connection with the unseen future of the grave, nor have I ever wished to do so; I have always desired, theoretically, to hold to the faith as I was taught it at my mother's knee, but I have an actual dread of plunging into all the mysteries I should have to probe if I were really to assimilate it into my being with the genuine consent of all my reason and intelligence; and then, I must tell you yet further, that this present life has perfectly sufficed to me hitherto, I have never had a wish to go beyond it; it gives me now especially, all the happiness I ask, it amply fills all the capabilities of my nature; and I have never thought of death but as its mysterious and most unwelcome termination."

"I cannot believe this life will always suffice even to your personal desires," said Estelle; "but supposing it did, is that all you require? Are you then alone in the world?" Her eyes glowed with sudden fire, as she turned them full upon him, but he met them with a quiet frankness.

"I do not understand you," he said.

She withdrew her ardent gaze, and looked out thoughtfully over the fair moonlit landscape, remaining silent; while Raymond watched her eloquent face with interest.

"We have looked at this world with very different eyes," she said at last. "I have never been unhappy; I have had no real sorrow except the loss of my father, and I know that I should have been selfish then had I indulged in my natural regret, as it was better for him that he should go. I have had a thousand sources of enjoyment, and I have them still each day increasingly; but Mr. Raymond," she continued, turning to him, with intense feeling in her word and tone, "I form part of the human race, for whom life in the abstract could be nothing but an utter agony if there were no hope of that death which alone can give a solution to its maddening problems and lighten the intolerable load of a conscious existence in the midst of them, and what can any personal considerations avail against that fact?" You say you are happy, and, as I tell you, I can say the same for myself, but we are only units in the great mass of the whole living humanity which has power to suffer pain, and to which we are linked in oneness of nature, by a sympathy so strong that happiness itself would surely be hateful to us as individuals if there were no prospect of a remedy for all the tortures mental and physical, that are seething round us. Oh to think of it!" she went on, letting her head fall upon her hands, as if weighed down by the very idea—"to think of all that men and women and children are suffering upon this earth in every conceivable way, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment; not human beings only, but all the countless myriads also of poor helpless animals that meet so patiently the fiery vengeance that ever pursues their meekness! I felt as if I could not bear it, and live, when I first woke out of the dream of childhood—in which we are blind to all but the sunshine and the flowers—and looked round on this earth as it really is, with its terrible cruelties as much in the kingdom of nature as in that of man—its tyranny and oppression, its pitiless misery and pain, its perpetual martyrdom of the innocent and unoffending, and the one condition of life for all—hopeless incompleteness, and utter incapacity to fill the yearnings inherent in our being; oh, when I first saw and understood all this, it seemed to steep my whole existence in gloom that nowhere admitted even a ray of brightness!"

"You might well say we looked on this world with different eyes," said Raymond, rather sadly. "I must have been strangely self-centred and egotistical, never moving out of the narrow circle of