

DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

(From our own Correspondents.)

QUEBEC.—Mr. J. D. Martin, of Edinburgh, Scotland, has arrived at Quebec to take charge of St. Matthew's Church organ and choir.

THE Church authorities are applying to Parliament to have the various endowments of the diocese, of which there are 32, consolidated, so as to distribute any loss that may occur through failure in investments proportionately over the whole.

COOKSHIRE.—Rev. E. C. Parkin, after 18 years service at Cookshiré, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. He is about removing to Three Rivers. The mission is now without an incumbent, but Sunday services will be performed by the Rev. Dr. Roe, of Lennoxville, until a permanent appointment shall be made.

GASPE, MALBAIE.—On the 31st of January the members of St. Peter's Church held their annual tea party. As the evening bore on the moon came up in full splendour, casting a bright ray over the dark prophecies of those who had predicted failure, because of sundogs, moondogs and returning storm. At six o'clock the door was opened, and so great was the rush that in 40 minutes nearly \$50 were taken as entrance fees. At a quarter to seven the Rev. G. Radley Walters, the incumbent, said grace, after which plate after plate of cake seemed to vanish with lightning rapidity, and huge kettles of tea called for refilling. The 160 persons who had taken tea were now eagerly awaiting the programme of comic songs, readings and farces, which judging from the rounds of "encores" told of being appreciated by the audience. The Rev. Mr. Walters announced that he had received from a lady in England the sum of \$100 for the work of the mission. Thanks were tendered to the merchants of Point St. Peter and the clerks in their employ; also to Messrs. J. & E. Collas, Mr. W. Bower, Mrs. Fauvel, Mrs. LeMarquand, and Mrs. and Miss Packwood, and to all others who had helped to make the festival a success.

CHURCH SOCIETY OF THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.—The anniversary meeting of the Church Society was held Wednesday 8th inst., in the Music Hall, the Lord Bishop of Quebec in the chair. The attendance was fair. After prayer and the singing of the opening hymn, the Secretary read an interesting extract from the Society's report, concerning finances, etc. The Lord Bishop of Quebec then delivered his introductory address. He said that the considerable time which had elapsed since the last anniversary meeting of the Society gave the present gathering somewhat the appearance of a revival. The interest of the meeting was heightened by the presence of his Right Rev. Brother, the Bishop of Maine. This was not the first time he had come to their assistance, and many present knew of the largeness of his heart and the value of his efforts in directing the work of his great diocese through all its many arteries. Then they were to have the pleasure of listening to a distinguished member of the Montreal Bar, who would give an exposition of Church work in the Far West of this Dominion. It was right that we should all know something of the work of our Church Society. The Secretary had read some extracts from the Society's report, but a thorough knowledge of its work is not to be obtained by listening to a short extract. The report merited a thorough study throughout. He referred to the importance of the Society's operations in this diocese, and to the many departments of Church work which it covered, as claims upon the support of Church members. It had its General Fund, its Mission Fund, its Pension Fund, its Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and so forth. He would sum up in three words what else he desired to say, namely that the Church Society had done much, was doing much and had much yet to do. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Leo Davidson, Q. C., said his face was not perhaps familiar with the audience, nor like the Bishop of Maine had his reputation spread to Quebec. Yet when a boy he had played in the streets of the Ancient Capital, and therefore he was not exactly a stranger, but on other grounds than that, he was confident of securing what all public speakers were so anxious to enjoy, namely, the sympathy of his audience. In addressing this large meeting on church work in the North West, he felt that he must also have sympathy from many who had relatives gone out from them to that great Western country. Montreal was apt to be regarded as a great city, the most important in Eastern Canada, but he had heard with pleasure the extract read from the Society's report respecting the finances and how they were managed, and he wanted to learn more of this management and to see, if possible, the "Quebec System" adopted in his own diocese of Montreal. He would proceed to the task imposed upon him, say something of the Great North-West. He did not intend to speak of the physical aspects of the country, but if he might use the word, of its ecclesiastical aspect.

(To be Continued.)

DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

An abler pen than mine has been sending you notices of our Church doings here, and I hesitate about penning you an epistle. We look forward

with much pleasure to the arrival of the GUARDIAN, and we must congratulate you on the success met with in the past and wish you Godspeed in the future. Our Church here is not sleeping, but doing all it can to spread the glad tidings to all parts of the country. We have been decidedly cramped for want of means, but it is something to be thankful for that our funds are increasing somewhat, though slowly. We are now enabled, depending to a certain extent upon our fellow Clergymen in the older Provinces, to send several clergymen to points in this Province where they were much needed. Manitoba is filling up very fast, and the Church in consequence finds it difficult to keep pace with its growth. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few, or rather the means to send them are insufficient. In the meantime, we can only do our best, and leave the rest to God, and we trust in His own good time His Word may be preached in all parts of this great land. In the city itself our church is doing well. A fine church in the north end of the city has been finished and opened for Divine Service, owing very much to its indefatigable Rector, Rev. Canon Grisdale. The Canon has been appointed Dean of the Cathedral, and, much to the regret of this people, has had to resign the Rectorship of Christ Church, which position, we understand, will be filled by Rev. E. S. W. Penbreath, of Moncton, whom we shall be glad to welcome on his arrival here. A few days since, the Warden and Vestry of Holy Trinity had a meeting, and decided to erect a church, rectory and school-house at a cost of \$100,000. The present church is getting too small for the congregation, and, besides that, the ground on which it stands is becoming so very valuable that it has been decided to sell; it is worth about \$80,000, and at the rate property is advancing will be worth \$100,000 before long. The ground on which the new church will be built is owned by the church. The ladies of this church have been busily engaged getting up entertainments and fancy fairs to pay off a present debt on the new school house. They gave one of these little affairs last Wednesday evening and realized the handsome sum of \$275. The collection in Holy Trinity on Sunday, the 29th, was for Indian Missions, when the sum of \$175 was collected. You can see by this that the Church people here are not backward in giving. At a meeting held in Holy Trinity school-house last week a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was organized. It is an organization much wanted in this city, and it is to be hoped all members of the Church will support it and endeavour to make it a power for good among Church people generally. A number of changes have been made in the Cathedral staff. Canon Grisdale, as before noted, has been appointed Dean, the Rev. Cyprian Pinkham Archdeacon, and Rev. S. P. Matheson Canon. It is the intention of the Bishop to shortly erect extensive college buildings and residences for the professor. The travel to this city is something tremendous. There are at least 40 hotels in the city, and they are all crowded—some of them overcrowded—and people in many instances cannot get rooms at all. The boom in real estate still continues, and it is hard to say when it will end. It almost frightens one to hear of the immense sums of money being made in the different changes of real estate from one to another. There are no poor in the city and not likely to be any. There will be an unlimited demand here this spring for carpenters, brick-layers, etc., as the amount of building going on will be, at the lowest calculation, some \$6,000,000 (six million dollars). I have taken up quite enough of your space, and will conclude.

"THE MISSIONARY BISHOP OF ALGOMA IS DEAD"

[We insert the following poem which has been sent to us from the Diocese of Niagara.]

In far Algoma's dreary land
From shore to shore there tears are shed,
And hearts thro' heavily with woe,
For their chief Pastor's with the dead.

His voice which oft they loved to hear,
Was unto all as precious gold,
It told them of a Saviour's love,
And led them safely to His Fold.

It cheered the mourner's darkened grief,
And bade him look beyond the tomb,
And who can better tell its worth
Than those it saved from endless doom?

'Tis silent now. No more on earth
Shall e'er be heard that gentle voice,
But "he being dead still speaks" to them
For this they surely must rejoice,

His work is done. He's fought the fight—
The "fight of faith"—and—God be blest!
The crown is won, the Cross laid down,
The holy laborer is "at rest."

Weep not then truly stricken flock,
Though great indeed may be your loss,
His is the gain.—Show your deep love
And meekly bear this heavy Cross.

And pray that God, in His good time,
Will send to you another head,
Who'll act the faithful steward's part,
In place of one whom we call dead.

MADEMOISELLE ANGELE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He looked round, and saw the laughter on all the faces; he quickly glanced towards Angele with a perplexed appeal. She was laughing. His eyelids quivered, he grew somewhat pale. Soon the chorus took up the whispered strain again—he could hear the titters and distinguish some phrases. "The eyes look like French plums. What doleful reminiscences of leeches the eyebrows bring?" "The hair would make the fortune of a pomatum, if the picture were copied as an advertisement." "The chin looks like a slice of cheese." "There is a decided inflammation on the top of the nose." "Is it a chilblain?" "I must see it—I cannot wait another minute," cried Angele.

"I should like to know mademoiselle's opinion," said Pere Coic faintly.

She jumped down. "Oh, mon Dieu!" she exclaimed with a gasp. "What a nose, and what a tangle of hair! A love-sick eagle wearing a wig." Pere Coic looked at her when she resumed her seat. She was agitated with suppressed merriment. He worked aimlessly on, now painting desperately, here and there all over his picture—not saying a word, his lips drawn, a slight moisture on his brow.

"That is a famous bow of ribbon on my shoulder," remarked Angele when she could trust her voice.

"It throws Monsieur le Maire's scarf completely into the shade," said Monsieur de Chevres.

The painter laid down his brushes, rose and faced them.

"I see it now, you are mocking me," he said, in a voice shaking with emotion. "You have been mocking me all the time—it amused you to invite me to your rich house to laugh at me. Perhaps I don't know how to paint—as the rich understand painting—but the poor like my pictures. I have earned my bread honestly, these twenty years. It was not I who asked to come to your chateau—it was you who sent for me. Eh bien! I think it is an unworthy act to send for a man to make a butt of him because he is un pauvre."

He stopped abruptly; in turning he stumbled blindly up against the easel. For a moment he paused, grasping it to support himself. Then he began hurriedly with trembling hands to gather together his painting materials.

"But you misunderstand. It is nothing less than a chef-d'œuvre, this portrait. You must finish it," said Monsieur de Chevres.

"I shall not finish the portrait. I am not mistaking you," answered Pere Coic in muffled tones, not pausing in the task of gathering together with half-impotent hands his paints and brushes.

"Well, here is the money, my friend, all the same, as if it were finished, but at least leave it with us, as it is," protested Monsieur de Chevres, to whom Angele had passed her purse.

"I shall neither take your money nor leave your picture," said the artist, suddenly rising from his bent posture; "for you see, I had rather not have a crust to put in my soup than accept the means of having it from those who mock me and my work."

"But that is not fair," cried Angele. "I want my portrait. I shall never have another opportunity of being represented with that commanding nose and those languishing eyes."

During Pere Coic's closing words the door had opened and a man had paused on the threshold in the act of entering. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, clad in a velvet suit, with leathern gaiters reaching to the knees. His complexion was aglow with the freshness of the wind and rain, and his eyes were bright. A dark beard covered the lower half of his face.

He looked for a moment at the scene before him: the gaunt man gesticulating with arm uplifted; the well-dressed crowd of men and women around him; Angele enthroned aloft in blue, garlanded with roses. Some one caught sight of him and exclaimed, "C'est Dufresny enfin." Then followed the hubbub of greeting. The new comer at once made his way to his betrothed, who had risen dimpling and blushing to receive him. He held her hand in his. "My dear Angele," he said quickly, under his breath, "this is cruel. Do you not see he feels it?"

During the exchange of salutations Pere Coic once more had turned, and stooping down blunderingly resumed the packing up of his paints and brushes. In his confusion he had squirted a tube of oil-color over his fingers, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"You are a painter, my friend. I have heard some peasants who sat for me, speak of you. I, too, am a painter. Let us shake hands!"

The humble artist darted a suspicious glance upward at the speaker. He met the manly mildness of the dark eyes bent upon him, and he half unconsciously let his hand slip into the one outstretched; as he felt its strong and gentle grasp close over his, the tension about his mouth relaxed, and a moist appeal came into his eyes.

"You see, monsieur," he said, "I know how to paint the poor, but I do not know how to paint the rich."

"That is because we artists can only paint those who sympathize with us," answered Dufresny, with cordial emphasis. "If we and our models do not understand each other, we are stupid before them."

We are all astray. Other people do not understand this, but we know it. We must have sympathy."

"Ah, monsieur, how true that is—how true!" mumbled the poor painter. "Ah! you—you understand; you are an artist. But all the same they have hurt me."

"You should not let them hurt you," continued Monsieur Dufresny, in those heart-stirring tones. "What do they know about art? What do they understand of its difficulties, of the labor the honest painting of a bit of ribbon or a flower represents? You must mind me, my friend, who am a brother artist, and I tell you I admire you for what you have achieved, unaided. There is not one here—myself included—who would have had the pluck and work in us to do it."

"You are very good, monsieur," said the artist, a sob dilating his chest.

"Now I shall walk home with you. You shall show me your pictures," went on Dufresny, shutting the paint-box with a snap, at whose lock the shaking fingers of Pere Coic had been vainly fumbling.

They went out together, Monsieur Dufresny carrying the clumsy box, Pere Coic following with the portrait.

"I think," said Mademoiselle Angele with *staccato* accentuation, "considering how little we have had of Monsieur Dufresny's society latterly, he might have remained with us to-day."

"It shows he has a good heart, my niece," said Mademoiselle de Lustre, looking up from her knitting with a hurried brow. "You laughed at that poor artist; he has gone to console him. He has a good heart."

"Dufresny is a Don Quixote! *Vive la republique!* He is a Don Quixote!" cried Monsieur de Chevres, waving his hand above his head.

CHAPTER IV.

Monsieur Dufresny did not make his appearance again till dinner time. A new influx of guests had arrived at the chateau. Some neighbors also had dropped in, and the long table was full. It might be owing to some confusion in the arrangements incident to added numbers, or it might be by Mademoiselle Angele's desire, that instead of sitting next her fiance, she was placed opposite to him at dinner.

No allusion was made to the scene of the morning. Before entering the dining-room, Monsieur de Chevres had broached the topic; but Dufresny's monosyllabic replies had effectually silenced this young man's airy unconcern.

Angele was apparently in full tide of spirits. She was prettily dressed, and looked brilliant and gay. She was sitting between the care of Jouy and Monsieur de Chevres, and kept her two neighbors laughing by her brilliant sallies and somewhat daring repartees. She distributed her coquettish attentions equally between the two, smiling now on one, then on the other. It must be confessed that her bursts of laughter were occasionally louder than strict decorum warranted; she seemed rather to wish to attract notice than to evade it. She never looked towards Dufresny; but when he talked to his neighbor, her chatter would sometimes drift and her words flag.

Mademoiselle de Lustre watched her with an anxious glance, turning occasionally to look at Dufresny. He was grave, silent, and appeared preoccupied.

When the party migrated to the drawing-room, there was a general call for a dance. The heavy curtains were drawn, wax candles burned in the candelabras. In the twilight of the conservatory at one end of the salon, the tall, pale plants showed like goblins. One of the young married ladies seated herself at the piano, and soon the larger part of the assembly were whirling round to the strains of one of Strauss's waltzes.

Monsieur Dufresny remained in a group chatting near the mantel-piece. He still wore the preoccupied air he had had at dinner; and as he conversed with the care, his eyes often followed Angele, flitting like a brilliant butterfly across the room.

"Come, Dufresny, admit," said Monsieur de Chevres, pausing in his waltz with Angele, "that this is more civilized than an inn, a barn, and some wet country folk for company?"

"I admit, at any rate, that the contrast is enormous between this and my last evening's surroundings," he replied.

"I never was in a country house that possessed so much of every resource of luxury and comfort. Velvet curtains, carpets, candelabras!—everything!" said Madame de Beaumont, taking all in with a comprehensive glance.

"N'est ce pas, one would almost fancy oneself in Paris," said Angele complacently.

"The country like Paris! Here is, indeed, the last word that praise can bestow upon it!" put in Dufresny, with grave banter.

"I humbly confess," said Angele, lifting her shoulders with a little shrug, "my soul is not that of an artist. It prefers comfort, asphalt to walk on in wet weather, pretty people prettily dressed, to griminess, mud and rain-smelling peasants." Having said this, she set off waltzing in Monsieur de Chevres' arms.

The next morning the rain had ceased, the sun shone, the world was brilliant with the freshness and glitter of light, falling on and reflected by a million rain-drops.

(To be Continued.)