

is something worth thinking about in what your two Bible readers—both the “careful” one and “another”—wrote last week. I am not as well read in Church History as I would like to be, but I would be very glad if some of your correspondents could tell us when lay delegates first got into the Synods and Councils.

A MODERATE CHURCHMAN.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A clergyman well known in the Diocese of Niagara, and laboring for many years in a country mission now containing five separate charges has already been successful in securing the services of lay-readers, three of whom have entered into the ministry of the church. This clergyman sends us the following most sensible letter which he has received from a lay-gentleman of high standing, who has most kindly offered his services as another lay-assistant to him. The letter is so good, that we readily give it a place in our columns, and commend it as a good example:

MY DEAR SIR,—With reference to our conversation on Sunday morning, I shall be most happy, if it meet your views, to render you not merely occasional but regular assistance as far as may be in my power, and I believe the Bishop would gladly sanction any arrangement that might be made; with your five (5) missions you must need considerable help. I have long been of the opinion, that our church will never be able to accomplish all the work which she might and ought to do, unless the gratuitous services of educational aymen are more freely availed of.

I have only to add that I shall most cheerfully withdraw, at any moment, when, for any reason, you may deem it desirable to make other arrangements.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully.

DIOCESAN CHURCH FUNDS.

SIR,—I am very glad to see by your editorial article on this subject in your issue of the 4th ult., that you are calling the attention of churchmen at large to the important matter of “Diocesan Church Funds.” The subject is of vital and pressing importance; for, upon this to a large extent, depends our ability to obey our Blessed Lord to preach the Gospel through the world. Our means of doing this are now seriously crippled; and it therefore behoves us to consider earnestly the cause of this, and to find some means whereby such a state of affairs may be remedied. Accordingly I gladly avail myself of your invitation to use your columns for this purpose.

In the diocese of Montreal our “Widows and Orphans Fund,” is in a prosperous condition. Not so with the “Mission Fund.” That is and has been for years, in a state of chronic difficulty; serious embarrassment being the rule; prosperity the exception. This remark will apply as far as I can gather with varying degrees of exception, to all the Canadian Dioceses except Quebec. What then is the cause of this? It is, I think, mainly the following. In the first place the Mission and Widows and Orphans Funds have not been brought with sufficient prominence before the people. They have, it seems to me, been made subordinate to other objects; whereas they should have been pressed upon our people as the first and foremost objects to which they should contribute. In the second place there has been a want of system in the constitution of the funds, and in the manner of collecting for them. In this constitution they have been ephemeral rather than permanent; dependent too much upon annual contributions, in place of having the basis of a sufficiently large permanent income to secure them, to a certain extent, against inevitable fluctuations. In collecting for these funds comparatively few of the members of our congregation in the cities seem to have been called upon by collectors, neither has such a system of collecting from these been adopted as would be calculated to secure the amounts that might otherwise be obtained.

So much for the cause, and now for the remedy. The first thing to be done, in my opinion, is to put these funds on a more permanent basis by making every effort to secure as high an Endowment for them as possible. By this means we shall be always sure of a certain income, if the

funds are safely and prudently invested. The larger the endowment the larger the income; and consequently we shall be free, proportionately, from our present embarrassments. The second thing to be done is to carry a definite proportion of the annual income of these funds to capital, thus adding year by year to our permanent endowment. The third requirement is to regularly teach our people that it is both a duty and a privilege to give the tenth of their income to God; and that till they do this they can never expect either that the work of Christ can be carried on as it ought to be, or that God's blessing will rest upon them in the degree it otherwise would. And the fourth and last point that I would urge is in regard to the manner of collecting the necessary funds. Collectors should make it a point to ask every single individual belonging to the church to contribute; and arrangements should be made by which the funds so contributed might be paid in either weekly, monthly, or quarterly, so as to lighten the burden as much as possible. All, or about all, these points have been urged time and again. But still let us, on this subject, take Dan O'Connell's advice given on another ‘Agitate, agitate.’ In the end, with God's blessing, we shall succeed.

GEORGE ALLAN.

Parsonage, Mascouche, April 6, 1878.

Family Reading.

THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AN ENGAGEMENT.

Caradoc and Daisy walked through the storm as quickly as it would let them. The encounter with the earl had taken away a portion of her strength and spirits, but Carad's presence restored them. Protected by him, she felt that she could defy both earls and elements. They only spoke at intervals, and hurried on, breasting the wind and rain, and thinking how near a final separation had so lately been.

“There is a corpse-candle!” suddenly whispered Daisy, pointing across the cliffs towards the castle.

“Then the earl must see it as he rides. I hope it will frighten him into believing it appears for him, returned Caradoc, as he saw the ominous meteor.

“I wish I could be rid of my silly superstition,” she added; “I always shudder when I see it.”

“But you do not believe in it? The lightning is quite as supernatural,” he said.

“No; faith and sense forbid me. But I dislike it. See how it flits and wanders along!” she replied.

“We thought the earl carried a light; perhaps that is it,” he suggested, gazing after the *ignis fatuus*.

“Impossible. It appears and disappears like the jack-o'-lantern the peasants dread to see,” she murmured, instinctively clinging to Caradoc.

Before they reached Aran Tower the storm had cleared off. They met Evan, who asked them if they had seen some one on horseback.

“Yes—the earl,” replied Caradoc, boldly.

“Where?” asked Evan.

“At the Bwlch Du—the Black Pass.”

“What if his lordship has tumbled over, Mr. Carad?” but Caradoc and Daisy had passed on, while Evan limped, terrified, towards the defile.

The Aber ran below Aran Tower, and our wayfarers climbed down the intervening steep, and took the path to the vicarage. Here they were met by the bailiff, who inhabited it, and who asked them much the same question as Evan. He also went in search of his master, while they hastened home by the hill-path.

“There it is again!” said Daisy, when they reached the summit. “If there are ships in the offing, it will be a fight for victory between the *canwyll corff* and the *canwyll Esgair*. God defend the right!”

The meteor was fitting on the path below. Near the farm they were met by Michael.

“Here you are; I am so thankful!” he exclaimed. “They all said you were together, and probably sheltering at Monad. How is Davie Jones? and what of his soul?”

“What of your body? Michael, out at this hour and after the storm?” asked Caradoc. “Davie Jones is more likely to pull through than you if you run such risks.”

“I think he really listened while he swallowed the broth,” said Daisy.

“That is at least something gained,” returned Michael. “The earl has come back. Mr. Tudor brought the news this evening, and asked for a bed, being summoned to the castle early tomorrow.”

“I hope he will make the earl repair the vicarage. How glad Miss Manent will be that he stays! But where can mother put him?” said Daisy.

“In the master's room, who is off no one knows where. I left the vicar and Miss Manent together in the parlour, and father has given orders that they are not to be disturbed. He manœuvred them into it.

Then father is still equal to a joke; he will not go out of his mind,” laughed Carad.

They found old Mr. Pennant reading the Bible, their father engaged in the unusual task of poring over old leases, and their mother dozing over her knitting. David Pennant had been fast falling into the lethargy of despair, when Ap Adam persuaded him to examine the said antiquated papers.

“I say, Carad, it is my belief that the lease doesn't expire till next March, and we'll have a fight for it,” began the farmer.

“Of course we will, father!” said Caradoc, who, fearing for his father's reason, humoured him.

His grandfather, a man of peace, glanced reproachfully at him. Mrs. Pennant was roused by her husband's voice, and opened her round placid eyes.

“Father has shut them into the parlour, Daisy,” she said, with a significant smile.

As it seemed probable “they” never would come out, old Mr. Pennant suggested they should be summoned. When they made their appearance Miss Manent's flushed face and fluttered manner told their own tale. Mr. Pennant's kindly ruse had succeeded, and the vicar and Miss Manent were engaged at last.

“I will go to bed. Come with me Daisy,” whispered Miss Manent.

They went up to her room, and she threw her arms round Daisy, tried to speak, and failed.

“I know, dear Miss Manent, and I am so glad,” whispered Daisy, pressing her lips on her friend's fair hair. “We shall never lose you.”

“You have have all been such friends to me. But for this house it would never have been. And I am so unworthy,” ventured Miss Manent at last sitting down.

“You must let me be bridesmaid, even if we are far, far away,” said Daisy kneeling at her side.

“Oh! it may not be for years, dear, because we must not offend the earl,” replied Miss Manent.

“What is right, is right—what is wrong is wrong. You are engaged, it is right to marry,” returned Daisy.

“Mr. Tudor will know best,” said meek Miss Manent. “I wonder what the countess and Lady Mona will say!”

“Poor Lady Mona!” sighed Daisy.

The Vicar's courage was soon put to the test. While he was at the early farm-breakfast, the following morning, seated by the side of the fair, blushing, timid Emily, the earl's second note arrived.

The order to bring Miss Manent with him annoyed the whole party. Mr. Pennant said she should not go; but she declared she could not disobey the earl, and was rewarded by an approving glance from Mr. Tudor. Caradoc and Daisy also glanced at one another. The note must have been written after their struggle with the earl.

And Miss Manent slipped away, to prepare to accompany Mr. Tudor to the castle.

They found the earl ready to receive them. He was in his business room, surrounded by papers, and looking more moody than usual. He greeted them distantly, and bade them be seated.

“Where is Penruddock, Mr. Tudor? and what is the meaning of this elopement, Miss Manent?” he asked at once.

“I thought he was with your ladyship,” and “What elopement?” were the instant replies.

“You have had the care of my children, and I