

the amendment was lost, and after considerable discussion as to who had a right to vote, the chairman took down the names of those he considered could vote. He put down his own name with five legal voters and three illegal ones for the amendment, and six legal and one illegal vote for the original motion. The chairman had no right to vote when there was not a tie. Then legally Mr. Glen's amendment was lost: but that did not matter to him. A day or two after, the mover of the motion said sooner than submit to have Mr. Fortin forced on them by Mr. Glen, he should go for dividing the parish. But he did submit, as Mr. Grierson had done before, notwithstanding his strong advocacy of Mr. Green previously. Mr. Glen had a petition got up praying the Bishop to appoint Mr. Fortin, having given his Lordship to understand that he (and those he had induced to co-operate with him) would accept of no other. To this petition he solicited and obtained signatures of persons who, if they were Church people, attended Divine worship so seldom that they would never be suspected of doing so. Then again there were the names of a number of mere children, and some that belonged to other churches. So that really the names of heads of families occupied but a minor space in that document. Mr. Glen and his supporters seem to have Provost Whitaker on the brain. They will tell you they have nothing against Mr. Johnson, but as they have arrived at years of discretion, and pay the clergyman's salary, they don't want to be treated as children. They did profess a mawkish respect for his Lordship before his death, and displayed it in a characteristic manner.

One of the clergymen I have mentioned would probably have been here now, if these free-men *par excellence* had not got up an address to a certain individual and wanted him as chairman of the vestry to put it to the meeting. He refused to do so; when one of these *gentlemen* got up and said, "You are our servant, sir; it is your place to do as we tell you."

The next vestry was largely attended by those who had their feelings worked upon—the rest of the congregation not attending, as they were aware that Mr. Glen would make good his promise. And there is doubt that if the Bishop saw fit to appoint Mr. Fortin, those who opposed him would have acquiesced, as all true Churchmen are in duty bound to do. Mr. Glen and his friends profess to be animated by a Christian spirit. Now can it be called a Christian act to lock up the church and deprive pew-holders of their rights without an opportunity of defending them? I think it would be more in keeping with such a spirit if they would display less bitterness against Mr. Johnson, as they say they have nothing against him, knowing that he has been here about four months attending the sick, burying the dead, and preaching to the living. He was not sent here at the request of any one in the parish. But as the Bishop did not see his way clear to appoint a clergyman from another diocese, he sent Mr. Johnson, as his talents, firmness and moderation pointed him out as a very eligible clergyman for this troublesome parish. It is my impression that it is more than probable that after the proof we have had of Mr. Johnson, that the Bishop acted as wisely as in our former difficulty, and that Mr. Johnson's removal now would be far more disastrous to the Church than his retention possibly could be.

Yours truly,
PEW-HOLDER.

WARNING.

DEAR SIR,—The following letter has been placed in my hands by one of the most prominent churchmen in the mission, with permission to use it as I please. I therefore ask you, Mr. Editor, to publish it as a warning to clergymen, and also to show how little dependence can be placed on the promise of—I shall not say all the members of the Church Association, but at any rate of one who acts as their amanuensis. By referring to one of your former issues, I find this man's signature under the following words: "We undertake to use our best endeavours to procure the dissolution of the Church Association;" and yet, Mr. Editor, he writes under the heading of the Association, endeavouring to stir

up strife and destroy my influence in the mission I am at present in charge of, and at the same time have the honor to represent as lay delegate to the Synod, just because I committed the "unpardonable sin" of voting for that good and holy man the Venerable Archdeacon of York. But Mr. Editor, such an act might seem more pardonable if he did it "above board," but he goes to work in such a sneaking, contemptible way, writing behind my back for the purpose of stirring up strife where none exists, making war where peace reigns, endeavouring to cut the Church asunder where it is united, yea trying to open the door rather than endeavoring to promote that peace, unity, and charity by which the Church of Christ is known, and which, thank God, to a great extent does exist in this mission.

G. B. MORLEY.

Orangeville, April 1st, 1879.

Church Association of the Diocese of Toronto,
Toronto, Mar. 17, 1879.

Dear Sir,—I was informed at the late Synod that you was a Low Churchman like myself—and if so may I ask whether you were satisfied with the delegates who represented your parish—as they all voted for the Provost.

If not, and there is no one in the parish who desires to be a delegate to the next Synod, will you please inform me, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

B. H. DIXON.

Robert Jackson, Esq.,
Orangeville.

SIR.—It must be a matter of sincere regret to every *honourable* man to find, that, in spite of its solemn promise, during the late Episcopal election, the Church Association still continues its efforts to stir up strife in the Church. Its latest move is an attempt, by appealing to the passions of the more ignorant among our people, to prevent the return of any lay delegate who dared to vote for the Provost during the late election. Surely, Mr. Editor, if this sort of thing continues, it is vain to talk of peace. Yours,

HONESTY.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Slowly sinking!" had been the bulletin as to Dr. Lingard's condition, and with this information Hugh had departed, telling Estelle, in the humble, reserved manner he had adopted, that he would bring her tidings of Raymond in the evening, and would leave a message with the servant if she were unable to see him.

Then he went, looking so cast-down and sorrowful that her heart ached for him. Yet it was a relief to see him, as she believed, at last convinced that his hopes could never be realized, and that it was best for himself, as well as for her, that he should give them up entirely. His manner had changed so completely since the night before, that she flattered herself that she might be spared the necessity of openly dismissing him, especially as so many circumstances were combining to separate them altogether; and as he turned away from the door she went quickly to her uncle's room, to judge of his state by her own observation.

She soon saw that the statement made to her—in so far as it spoke of his progress down the dark valley being slow—had been due to poor Moss's wishes rather than to the reality. Dr. Lingard was, in truth, going very fast. Strange shadows passed over the face, and gave it a mysterious look, as of one who was possessed of some awful knowledge, and the fixed eyes seemed gazing out intently on that which the living cannot see; but he gave no sign of what might be passing within him. He spoke no word. Alone and in silence he went down to the shore, beyond which his feet could touch the earth no more, and then the end came. Just as the early sunset faded into light he launched out into the deep, and the darkness closed over him, hiding him for ever from all human ken.

A few hours after this event had taken place, Hugh Carlton came to give a most favorable re-

port of Raymond, whom he stated to be going on perfectly well, inasmuch as he was now quite conscious, without fever, and, though still suffering a good deal of pain, entirely out of danger.

This message was brought to Estelle, who was lying in a great state of prostration on the bed, to which she had been half carried by the doctor and her maid a short time before.

So many circumstances had combined to produce a severe strain upon her nerves that her strength at last gave way; and when she had performed the final duties for her uncle, and telegraphed for his man of business, she became so much exhausted that she was fain to consent, at last, to take the rest she so greatly required.

It was not, however, till she thus received the assurance that there was no further ground for anxiety on Raymond's account that she could really resign herself to inaction, and then at last, like a worn-out child, she slept.

The next morning the doctor brought an equally satisfactory account of his patient at the Lodge, and also of the Carltons, none of whom had materially suffered in health from the events of the terrible night which had witnessed the destruction of their magnificent home. They had at once, however, left the place, and gone to their house in London, till they had time to consider their future plans.

Estelle was well pleased to be spared the necessity of seeing any of them for a time; and much as in her secret heart she longed to be with Raymond, she was thankful that, in the absence of any cause for anxiety concerning him, her uncle's death, and the duties it devolved upon her, was a sufficient reason for her not leaving the house to go and visit him.

The truth was, her courage failed her somewhat to meet him again while the events at the time of the fire were still so recent; for she had a painful dread that she had betrayed herself to him, and let him read all the deep devotion which her heart had given him so long; and, in any case, it was but too certain that Hugh Carlton had clearly understood the truth, and she knew that he had remained with Raymond when the rest of the family went to London, declaring he would not leave him till he was convalescent.

Till the day of Dr. Lingard's funeral, therefore, Estelle was seen by no one, excepting Mr. Derwent, the doctor, and her uncle's lawyer.

She had much to do; for in addition to the many arrangements which had to be made in consequence of her inheriting the whole of his property, she was also constantly occupied with his poor faithful servant, Moss, who was in a state of quite unreasoning grief.

His great dread was that he would be compelled to leave the place where he had lived with his master, and where Dr. Lingard would now rest in the grave; and his first approach to composure was after he had received an assurance from Estelle that he should remain at Highbrook House for at least a year to come.

She held the house on a lease, and had resolved that Moss should remain in it, and take care of her furniture, even if she did not stay there herself. This, however, she intended to do for some time to come, as she had no other home to which she could go.

She was unequal, as yet, to making plans for herself, or facing the future in any way, and scarcely even in her thoughts went beyond her immediate anxiety, by some means, to prevent Raymond from putting the true construction on her conduct that strange night, without herself departing from the truth.

So the time passed till the day arrived which was to see Dr. Lingard laid in the grave, where all his unfinished toil and useless efforts would virtually be buried with him, incapable as they were of benefitting in any way his fellow-creatures.

Hugh came as usual to the door of Highbrook House, in the morning, to give an excellent report of Raymond, and then he walked back to the lodge with a quick decided step, and a look of almost stern resolution; for the time had come when he was going to put in execution the nefarious scheme he had devised for almost compelling Estelle Lingard to become his wife.

Hugh passed through the little parlour where Mrs. Barrett was busy about her household affairs, and went into Raymond's bed-room, where he