

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

THE BRERETONS.

CHAPTER IX.

We must now go back a couple of years, and review the history of Frank Brereton, whom we last saw stationed in Canada with his regiment, after having incurred his father's serious displeasure. Time was, when Mr. Brereton had worshipped his son with the idolatry which those alone know who look to one only to build up and maintain the honour, I might even say the life, of their house; and when he found he had been deceived, when his idol fell crashed to the ground at his feet, he would send no helping hand to pick up the pieces, he refused to look at the ruins, nay, he even threatened to set his foot upon the fallen, and grind the false god to powder, so that it might utterly perish.

In his childhood and early boyhood, Frank had given fair promise of becoming a distinguished man, and it was for him that Mr. Brereton toiled and laboured, for him that he rose up early, took rest late, and ate the bread of carefulness for so many years,—and then, when his efforts seemed about to be crowned with their uttermost reward, when he had regained the home of his fathers, when his family had already resumed its rightful position in the country, then the blow fell. His own fair fame was tarnished, for a blot stained his son's honour.

I will tell you under what circumstances Frank Brereton became an outcast from his father's house, but we must first glance at his boyish years. His school career was eminently successful. On entering a large public school he was placed in one of the lower forms. Out of this and others, he rapidly worked his way into and through the upper school, until he attained the dignity of the sixth form. He was head of the school for a year, and under his government the whole tone of the place rose rapidly, and when he left, it was amid the regrets of his school-fellows, and his master's prophecies of future distinction. His entrance into the university was signalized by the gaining of a scholarship; one or two prizes followed, and, in short, great things were expected from him both by his companions and tutors.

It was from such a fair beginning that Mr. Brereton had formed his scheme for his son's manhood and future greatness, but his hopes, well founded as they seemed, were destined to be blighted. One day the post brought him a letter from Mr. Morgan, Frank's tutor at Oxford. It ran thus :

" W. COLLEGE,

" December 19th, 186 .

" DEAR SIR,—Will you be so good as to inform me, how many cheques you have sent your son during the course of the last three months ; what was the date, and what was the amount of each ?

" Yours truly,

" R. F. MORGAN.

" JOHN BRERETON, ESQ.,
" Brereton House."

To which note, Mr. Brereton returned the following reply.

" BRERETON HOUSE.

" December 20th, 186 .

" DEAR SIR,—During the last three months I have given and sent my son three cheques, dated respectively October 20th, November 27th, December 17th. The value of the first was £100; of the second £70; of the third £100. The last I gave him to pay for his travelling expenses during this vacation.

" Yours truly,

" JOHN BRERETON."

" REV. R. F. MORGAN.

" W. COLLEGE.

" Oxford."

Then he dismissed the affair without giving it another thought. His surprise, therefore, was great when, two days afterwards, while he was breakfasting with his daughter,—his wife was already an invalid,—he was summoned into his library. " A gentleman wished to speak with him on urgent business," the servant said.

Having always a keen eye to pecuniary prospects, Mr. Brereton at once obeyed the summons. What was his surprise, however, when on opening the door of the room, he saw before him the Rev. R. F. Morgan of W. College.

" Very glad to see you, Mr. Morgan ; my son will greatly regret that he has missed the pleasure of your visit," he began.

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"Then your son is gone? How very unfortunate!" was the reply.

"Frank started for his tour some days ago. I do not quite know where he is now. Had you any particular reason for wishing to see him?"

"How very unfortunate!" again ejaculated Mr. Morgan, without replying to Mr. Brereton's question.

"What is unfortunate? What on earth is the matter?" said Mr. Brereton shortly.

Mr. Morgan still hesitated.

"What is the matter?" repeated Mr. Brereton, impatiently. "Out with it! I hate suspense."

"Prepare yourself then, Mr. Brereton, to hear painful news."

"Out with it, I say," shouted Mr. Brereton. "What do you want my son for?"

"There is a warrant out against him for forgery."

Mr. Brereton turned deadly white. The strong man trembled, sank into a chair, and covered his face. "Good God, is it for this?"

So he sat for five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, with his elbows supported on the table, and his face buried in his hands. Half an hour passed, and still he did not move. In vain did Mr. Morgan cough, and walk about the room. Nothing seemed to recall him. At last, growing alarmed, the clergyman walked up to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Mr. Brereton," he said, "shall I tell you about him? Shall I tell you how greatly your son was beloved? Shall I tell you how much we grieve over his fall, if fall it is?"

Then Mr. Brereton roused himself and lifted up an ashen face, which seemed to have had a burden of ten years laid upon it during that one half hour, so strangely was it drawn and aged.

"Mr. Morgan," he said, slowly rising and pushing back his chair, "Mr. Morgan, I swear that if this is proved against him, he shall never again darken my doors. He shall never inherit one penny of the wealth I have striven to amass for him. He shall never succeed to the....."

"Stop," cried Mr. Morgan, seizing his arm. "You do not know what you are saying. Do not take any such awful oath. Who knows? You may repent and wish to break it some day?"

"Take off your hand," exclaimed Mr. Brereton, shaking his arm violently. "Take off your hand, I say, or you will be sorry for it. If he is guilty, I will never repent what I have said. So help me God."

"Had you not better hear what I have to say? Who knows what temptations he has had?"

"Temptations? Pooh! Was not his allowance large enough to satisfy

any man with gentlemanly pursuits? And he knew that if he had carelessly incurred any debts of honour, I would have paid them twice over rather than this!..... The cowardly meanness of the fellow! He told me he had a little exceeded his ordinary expenditure, so I sent him extra money. And this is the way the villain treats me!"

"Stay, Mr. Brereton. Nothing is *proved*. You have no right to speak of your son in that way."

"Will you presume to dictate to me how I should speak of my son?" said Mr. Brereton, fiercely; but without adding anything more, he again sank back in a chair, put his arms on the table and leaned his head upon them. So he sat motionless for some time longer. Looking up at last, he said, "How did it all come out? Make your story as short as you can. Come to the point at once. I may as well know what is the common talk of Oxford;" and he groaned.

"Some evenings ago," said Mr. Morgan, "a man came into my room and enquired if I knew what had become of Brereton; 'I understood,' he added, 'that he was going to stay up till Christmas.'

"'He went on the 16th.' I replied. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when young Manning, an intimate friend of your son's, rushed in. 'Do you know anything about this affair? A false cheque has been given in at the bank, and they say Brereton is implicated in it!' he exclaimed."

"Go on," interrupted Mr. Brereton; "tell me every detail; I can not believe it yet. My son!"

And Mr. Morgan continued. "Upon inquiry I found that on the morning of the 19th a cheque for £200 had been presented at the bank. It was drawn in your name, and one of the clerks paid the money without further examination. The cheque was subsequently given into the hands of another clerk, who fancied he perceived some slight difference between the signature and your ordinary handwriting. Thereupon ensued a minute examination, and the dissimilarity was ascertained. The clerk at the bank averred that he had received the cheque from Mr. Newton a few hours before.

Mr. Newton was sent for, but could not be found. His scout, even, knew nothing of his movements beyond the fact of his having packed up his things and driven away in a cab with his portmanteau. At length one man was discovered, an acquaintance of Brereton's and Newton's, who knew a little about the plans of the latter. He stated that he had been in Newton's house on the evening of the 19th, and had discussed with him various schemes for spending the vacation. Newton had said that he intended to go abroad for a week or two, but had made no definite

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arrangements. 'He should get on well now,' he observed, 'for Brereton had paid him.' His friend enquired if he had owed him much. '£200,' was the reply; 'he told me he had confessed to his governor, who had sent him the money with an injunction that he should behave better for the future, and not get into debt.' The man had heard no more of the matter," continued Mr. Morgan, "except that Newton remarked he could now pay his tailor's bill, which happened to be a large one. This he had done. The tailor had received £50 on the morning of the 19th, from Mr. Newton. No further traces of him could be found in Oxford, except that the clerk at the railway station remembered that he had given a ticket to a man answering the description of Newton.

"I telegraphed to him," added Mr. Morgan, "conjecturing that he had gone home; but within an hour or two I received an answer from his father, stating that he was gone abroad, and would probably not return for some weeks. I then wrote to you. Our next step was to take measures to prevent any one from going into your son's rooms in college. On the receipt of your letter, these were carefully examined. In the pocket of a port-folio, which your son was in the habit of using, several slips of paper covered with imitations of your signature were discovered. Some one had evidently been attempting to write your name. The first of these attempts were poor, but many copies must have been destroyed, for the next we found were almost fac-similes of your handwriting. In his desk, we came upon a couple of blank cheques."

To all this, Mr. Brereton listened without answering a word, sitting with his back turned towards his unwelcome visitor.

When the latter had finished speaking, he rose and said, "Mr. Wickman, the manager of the bank, prosecutes, of course?"

Mr. Morgan bowed.

"And the warrant is already issued against him?"

Mr. Morgan bowed again.

"When does the trial come off?"

"To-morrow fortnight," was the reply. "But I have no doubt all might still be hushed up if you could consent."

"I will consent to nothing, I tell you," cried Mr. Brereton. "I tell you I won't stretch out one finger to pull him out of the ditch he has fallen into."

"Will you give me your son's address? I will write to him."

"I will write, myself. Good morning, Mr. Morgan, I thank you for your trouble. And if it will give you any satisfaction you may hear me curse my son."

"Stop, Mr. Brereton!" again cried the clergyman. "Stop; his guilt is not proved."

"Not proved! his guilt—my son's guilt not proved. God have mercy upon me!"

"Amen! and on him too," ejaculated Mr. Morgan. "Will you give me your son's address, for I wish to write to him. I cannot believe he has done it. I feel convinced there has been foul play somewhere."

Mr. Brereton sneered. "I should have thought, Mr. Morgan, you had seen enough of young men to know they will do almost anything if they can do it without danger of immediate detection. As for your offer, I decline it. I will write to my son, myself."

Then they parted.

The rest is soon told. Mr. Brereton wrote to his son in no measured terms, ordering him to return immediately.

Owing to some delay in the postal arrangements, and more than that, to a slight change in his route, neither the summons which had been forwarded to him, nor his father's letter, reached him whilst he was abroad. He had remained longer in Italy than he had originally intended, and consequently was obliged to proceed at once for Oxford without going home, as the vacation was over. He went to see Mr. Morgan on his arrival, and learned from him, for the first time, of what a heavy crime he was suspected.

Frank expressed such astonishment at the charge, and declared so candidly that he owed Mr. Newton £50, which he had promised to pay at the beginning of the term, that Mr. Morgan could not help believing in his innocence, which, from his previous knowledge of Brereton, he was already prepared to do.

"You mean to say, Mr. Morgan," Frank burst out indignantly, after a moment's pause, "you mean me to understand that there is a warrant out against me, and in fact, that I am in danger of being taken up for forgery at any time!"

"I do, indeed," was the sorrowful reply; "for the police are on the look out for you. The best advice I can give you is to go home and tell your father the same tale you have told me, and see if he will endeavour to smooth matters over for you. I believe you, Brereton; and whether you stay and stand trial, or whether you leave the country without incurring the risk of being condemned, you may always count me amongst the number of your friends, although I freely confess appearances are against you."

Frank followed the advice he had received, left Oxford, and succeeded in reaching home without being discovered.

His father, when informed of his arrival, refused to see him, and ordered the servant to desire him to leave the house without delay.

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Frank forced his way into his presence, but Mr. Brereton declined to listen to any explanations, and insisted on his leaving the room "unless he wished to be kicked out."

To his mother Frank told his story plainly and simply: She believed it, but being ill at the time of his visit could give him no material assistance beyond £20, all the money she had in hand. And with that Frank left his father's, an outcast for a crime he averred he had not committed.

After much consideration he resolved to return at once to Oxford, and present himself to Mr. Wickman, manager of the bank, whom he knew slightly, and with whom his family had had dealings for some years, and inform him of the true state of affairs, as far as he knew it himself. If Mr. Wickman adhered to his resolution for committing him for trial, he could do so without delay, as Frank would give himself up to the police.

Such was the scheme which he proceeded forthwith to put into execution.

He was coldly received by Mr. Wickman, who, nevertheless, evinced some surprise on seeing him, and still more on hearing his fresh version of the story. But he received the young man's protestations of innocence with an incredulous smile.

Frank's indignation was roused. "I know appearances are against me," he exclaimed, "but on my honour as a gentleman," (the corners of Mr. Wickham's mouth curled more than before, but Frank continued) "I swear I am innocent. If you will persuade the proprietors not to prosecute me, I will borrow money and pay the bank two hundred pounds which I never defrauded it of. But if you either cannot or will not do this, I will stand my trial, and will forthwith give myself up to the authorities. The verdict will, probably, be given against me, but that will not make me guilty!"

Mr. Wickman was fairly puzzled. In all his experience, he had never seen or heard of a case like this. This guilt—if guilt it was—looked very much like innocence. Nevertheless, as a prudent man, he was compelled to take time for consideration. So he requested Mr. Brereton jun., to withdraw, and to call again in the course of the evening, when he would tell him what conclusion he had come to.

Frank returned to his rooms somewhat lighter at heart, although he was aware that he had made no actual step. Thinking was useless, so, as his college career was inevitably at an end whatever Mr. Wickman's decision might be, he set to work to pack up his various effects, and to make arrangements for an immediate departure. Some hours later he again called upon Mr. Wickman.

In a few brief words that gentleman told him he had resolved to relinquish the prosecution, and that, moreover, in consideration of the dealings his family had had with the bank for so many years, he would himself refund the lost money, and by this means satisfy the proprietors. For himself, he hoped, Frank would repay him some day. He trusted that this warning would exercise a salutary influence, and that Frank would never again allow himself to fall into error.

"Then you do not believe me," cried Frank. "I vow——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Brereton, there is the door. Good evening," interrupted Mr. Wickman, ringing the bell. The footman appeared, and Frank was compelled to retire.

It was with difficulty that Mr. Morgan, who found him wandering along the bank of the river an hour afterwards, could dissuade him from a wild scheme he had formed of placing himself in the power of the police.

In a couple of days Frank quitted the university, leaving no clue by which he could be traced. It was then that, for the first time, he reviled the lot which had caused him to be born among the Upper Ten Thousand, and which had left him no means of gaining a living by the work of his own hands.

Without a character, without interest, he could get into no merchant's, no government office, nor even would he be received in any respectable shop, nor yet as a servant in a hotel or private family. So he did the only thing which remained open to him: under a feigned name he enlisted as a private in a regiment of light dragoons, which was soon ordered on foreign service.

When the tidings of his mother's illness reached him he was still abroad, but he immediately asked for and obtained a few weeks' furlough.

This sketch brings us up to the time of his meeting with Maud, and from that period his own letters tell us his history.

CHAPTER X.

"Ah! How d'ye do, Sir William? Delighted to see you!" cried Mr. Brereton one evening, when on his return home he perceived the gentleman addressed, within a few hundred yards of his own gate. "How lucky that I have just met you!" He did not know that Sir William had been riding up and down those few hundred yards for an hour at least, with the expectation of getting an invitation to dinner.

"Good evening, Mr. Brereton," was the reply. "I scarcely hoped to have been so fortunate."

"Then you wished to see me?" enquired Mr. Brereton.

"No, no! that is to say, not exactly—only in these quiet regions it is always pleasant to meet a neighbour for whom one has a regard."

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"You are very good to say so; will you come in and have some dinner with us? Maud and I are quite alone, so there is not much inducement."

"Well, thank you, but you see my own dinner will be ready for me at home, and Mrs. Pringle is very particular that I should tell her when I am going out," hesitated Sir William.

"Never mind your housekeeper! why, man, you do not half make use of your bachelor freedom! Come in; Maud will be delighted to see you."

"But look at me. I am not fit to appear in a ladies' drawing-room," said Sir William, giving a dissatisfied glance at his dress, which, though not consisting of white tie and swallow tails, was as elegant a morning costume as any gentleman could have desired.

"Never mind your coat; I told you we should be alone."

"Well, if you will excuse it, I will run the risk of incurring Mrs. Pringle's displeasure." And so they went into the house.

Maud ran to meet her father, but drew back on finding he was not alone. She perceived it too late, however; for Mr. Brereton had heard her step, and now called her to welcome Sir William. Her greeting was cold and formal, but she was too well bred to show how wholly distasteful the presence of her father's guest was to her. She listened with praiseworthy politeness while he entreated her pardon for his intrusion, and apologized for his want of evening dress.

During dinner Maud's manner was crushingly civil, and Mr. Brereton could find no tone or action which gave him an opening for blame, although he watched her narrowly. She listened with a perfect attention, devoid of the slightest vestige of interest, to the baronet's most entertaining stories; replied with cool self-possession when he addressed her, and carefully avoided introducing any topic which might lead him to enter into any prolonged conversation with her. Almost as soon as the dessert was put upon the table, she rose and left the room.

Scarcely had she done so, when Mr. Carlton was announced. His face, pale already, grew paler when he perceived Sir William in morning dress, apparently quite at home in his neighbour's house, and the now vacant place of his host's daughter. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Brereton," he said hastily, "for intruding upon you this evening. I was not aware that you were engaged. Parish matters alone would have induced me to disturb you at this hour."

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. Carlton; sit down, and tell me what I can do for you. Take a glass of wine?" replied Mr. Brereton, in a patronizing tone.

"No wine, I thank you. I merely called to ask you if you could give me an hospital ticket for widow Baines's child. You are the only person, I am told, who has one left."

"My daughter has the disposal of my tickets. I should think they are all given away by this time. Sorry not to oblige you."

"I know Miss Brereton still has one. I hardly think you will find a more deserving object for your charity; will you allow me to speak to your daughter about the child? She is in her district."

"Miss Brereton has a headache this evening. I cannot have her worried about such a trifle," replied her father. "If I can remember I will speak to her about it myself."

"If you will permit me to do so, I will remind you, when we rejoin Miss Brereton; and perhaps you will allow me to leave the ticket, as I pass Mr. Carlton's door on my way home," said Sir William, blandly.

"Thank you! thank you! you are really too kind," cried Mr. Brereton, his whole face beaming with satisfaction. "That will be the best way."

Mr. Carlton bowed, and instantly rose to take leave. As he approached the drawing-room he perceived Maud sitting on the window seat in the full light of the moon. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and showed her leaning her head on her hand, gazing out into the night. She saw Mr. Carlton at the same instant, and felt, too, that he had seen her. But he turned away and gave no second glance in her direction. "She was well enough to appear at dinner with the wealthy baronet," he muttered, clenching his fist so that the nails ran into the palm of his hand, till it almost bled, "and yet she was too ill to give five minutes to the poor curate." He never reflected for one moment that she had had no choice in the matter.

When he had passed out of sight, Maud covered her face, and shed some bitter tears. If he had known it, what seas of sorrow she might have been spared!

After Mr. Carlton's departure, Sir William and his host retired into comfortable arm-chairs by the fire-side, and began the converse.

"You are fortunate to have a clergyman so earnest in his work," observed the former, sipping his wine and then holding up his glass towards the lamp, and looking at it through one eye.

"Delicious sherry this, Mr. Brereton."

"All I can say is, I wish we were well rid of him. He makes Maud more mopish than it is even her nature to be," was the querulous reply.

"I am surprised. I could hardly have thought that they met frequently enough for him to be able to exercise so much influence over her."

"When you are my age, Sir William, you will know that a few words spoken by a handsome young clergyman, when a girl is in distress, go a great way towards forming her opinion of him through life..... Moreover, Maud does not see enough society to satisfy me. I dare say, if the truth

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were known, she believes in love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing; but I don't," replied Mr. Brereton.

Sir William smiled slightly, but made no immediate reply. "You do not think Miss Brereton is too much left. Oh—I beg your pardon! Forgive my presumption," he said modestly, at length.

"Pray go on. I think you are very kind. What were you going to say?"

"You really are too good. I feel I have no right to offer an opinionyet as you wish to know.....I was merely going to ask whether you thought Miss Brereton suffered from being so much alone?"

"To tell you the truth I have sometimes thought so, and once even proposed to get a companion for her, but she begged me so earnestly not to think of such a thing that I listened to her."

"Really! well, I know nothing about such matters. But I should have thought that, being so young, a companion would have been desirable. There; I must ask your pardon again for my presumption."

Then the gentlemen relapsed into silence. At the end of ten minutes Mr. Brereton looked up and said, "you are right. She shall have a companion as soon as I can meet with one suitable to Maud. I suppose such people are not in your line?"

"This is amusing.....but I am truly glad that I know of one who will suit you exactly, I think. My sister happened to mention in a note I had from her this morning that her governess is leaving her, and is anxious to take a situation as a companion."

"The very thing! She is not too young, I hope?"

The baronet smiled. "Right again! No; she does not err in that line. She is something over forty, I should think."

"Excellent! Now, how can I see her?"

Sir William paused. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Murray—Murray is her name—is going next week to stay with some relations in the neighbourhood of Thornham. You might drive over and see her. It is not twenty miles from here. If you will allow me, I will write to my sister and let her mention the subject to her governess."

And so it was arranged to the mutual satisfaction of the gentlemen, who then joined Miss Brereton in the drawing-room.

Another hour found Sir William at Mr. Carlton's door. To prevent any mistake he was so kind as to dismount and deliver the ticket of admission to the hospital into the curate's own hand. "Pray make use of me whenever you can. I shall always be glad to help you, Carlton," he said, pressing that gentleman's hand as he wished him good-night.

"Carlton, indeed!" ejaculated the clergyman as he closed the door.

"There is no end to the fellow's impudence!"

(To be continued.)

THE DYING SWAN—AN EMBLEM.

Upon the river, through the leafy forest,
Soft stirring in the breeze's gentle breath,
Like a fair snow-flake—in the summer glory
Floated the swan, so musical in death.

Just as the sunset tinged the wave with crimson,
The white swan raised her graceful neck so fair ;
And notes of melody though sweet yet mournful,
Rang through the stillness of the evening air :

But as the last note echoed o'er the waters,
The dying Queen drooped to the wave her head,
And on that tropic river, in the moonlight,
She floated peaceful, but her life was fled.

And still the river flowing ever onward,
Bears to the sea the story of her death :
And still the dying Christian's hymn of praise is
The sweetest music of his failing breath.

M. V. P.

BROWN'S FOLLY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Brown.—I've got it.

Robinson.—Glad to hear you say so, my good fellow, for you've been uncommonly dull all the afternoon.

B.—Dull or not, I'll knock a little of the dulness out of this place, which, indeed is rightly named Verdleton [*i. e.*, very dull town]. I'll start a Magazine.

R.—*Dulce est desipere in loco.*

B.—Quite so, and this is just the place in which to fool it to one's heart's content. Here am I stuck, by an adverse destiny, behind the counter of a County Bank for five hours per diem, Sundays excepted. I've had a liberal education—*ingenuus artes*—and that sort of thing ; and I'm determined not to hide my light under a bushel. I'll start a Magazine.

R.—But remember you will have to pay for the privilege in hard cash.

B.—Leave that to me. I am in receipt, as all the world knows, or shall know, of sixty pounds a year, payable quarterly ; I pay my washer-

woman regularly, and I think old Printersink would give me credit to the extent of a little paper and blacking until the thing was fairly set afloat, as I believe it would be in three months.

R.—I am five years older than you and ten years wiser; and know better. I've been a clerk at Cash, Brothers & Co., for the last ten years, and have seen the *Verton Gazette* started, flutter through a precarious existence for five months, and then die a very natural death, to the great discomfiture of poor young Caxton, who lost his little all, and forthwith emigrated to New Zealand where he is now a keeper of sheep, surrounded by cackling little Caxtons.

B.—So much the better for him: but with regard to my project, I repeat, I'll knock the dulness out of this place. I'll give them something better to talk of than the weather; and the farmers, nay, the veriest clodhoppers who have attended village school for a twelve-month, shall have something to keep them awake over, or rather after, their cheese and ale.

R.—All this sounds very well: indeed the flowing style of your remarks convicts you of having read, for the very purpose of crushing me, some master of style within the last forty-eight hours.

B.—O, yes. You know how fond I am of those ancient worthies, Blair, Johnson, Addison and so on. And if those polished bits of satire served up in the *Spectator* and the *Rambler* used to go down so well with the public when about one man in fifty could read, *a fortiori* will my monthly budget, which shall contain something adapted to all tastes, be a great and lasting success.

R.—But you are not serious in saying that you intend to risk the whole or any portion of your next quarterly £15, less Income tax, in so hare-brained an undertaking.

B.—My dear Robinson, I'm not given to joking. I'm a man of few words, but as Capt. Cuttle's immortal friend (whose name I forget) says "them's my sentiments and I sticks to 'em."

R.—You are as obstinate as a woman, I see: and that's saying a great deal. But there is one little point you had better settle before going to print.

B.—There are many points, my friend, as many as in the first number of my publication: but what is the particular full stop you have in mind?

R.—You may call it a fool stop if you like. What I was thinking of is about the name.

B.—Ah! yes. That is one point on which I was about to ask your friendly advice, if you are friend enough to bear with me in my folly.

R.—Well you must of course be as unlike the unlucky *Gazette* as possible. That only professed to be a newspaper of a somewhat pretentious lite-

rary stamp. You must be, or at least call yourself, a first class magazine, called into existence, to supply a long-felt want, and not as a mere catch-penny speculation.

B.—Exactly so. Your remarks are quite *ad rem*.

R.—That reminds me. Be careful to avoid Latin phrases in your magazine; and a promising scheme has been ruined by them.

B.—How so?

R.—Why you see, the *οι πολλοι*, I beg pardon, I mean the multitude, can't understand them; and people are generally angry with what they can't understand.

B.—That's worth remembering, but to proceed. I see by what you say that you have some administrative talent. Will you accept the, for the present, honorary office of financial manager, bill-poster, and superintendent of the scissors and paste, whilst I undertake the purely literary department, the original articles, reviews, poems, essays, scientific disquisitions, and the inevitable serial tale, which shall, I assure you, be a very first-rate article.

P.—Not a doubt of it: two murders, an elopement, and a trial for forgery—by a bank clerk.

B.—Nothing so common: I shall go into an entirely new line. But of this hereafter; we have not yet settled the name. What do you think of *Investigator*.

R.—I don't much like it. There was once a fast coach of that name between London and Ipswich, which broke down summarily: and there was also a horse of that name, if I mistake not, which did not win the Derby. Besides, *Investigator* is too long a name; it smacks of a foreign origin, and is liable to mispronunciation by the unlearned. I advise you to try something more simple.

B.—The *Mirror*: that's simple enough.

R.—Rather behind the times, I think: too smooth and too reflective for the present go-a-head state of things. You want a central sort of name: one which will give you a hold upon the neighbourhood, one that will look well as the elegantly wrapped number that lies upon the squire's breakfast table, or is contemplated admiringly by the young ladies at the Vicarage. You want a name which will bear something like a substantial meaning to and be easily pronounceable by good neighbour Plowman, as he takes it deliberately out of his great coat pocket on his return from our lively market-town to his own comfortable homestead.

B.—Stay: you are becoming rather wordy: do let us settle this precious name, and have done it with.

R.—By all means. *Eurēka*—here it is, *The County Magazine*. What

say you to that ? it is local, and yet not too much centralised : it has an air of importance about it without being narrow-minded. There is an expansiveness about it, a power of comprehension. It seems to offer an open-armed embrace to the whole of that remarkable bit of territory which Mr. Anthony Trollope has done so much to immortalise.

B.—Well, never mind A. T. We are going to cut him out any how. It is a curious thing, by the way, that, present company excepted, the greatest living masters of prose and verse should both love the same initials, A. T.—: Anthony Trollope and Alfred Tennyson ; and that they should both excel in the same kind of way, in what is commonly called *naturalness* of style. Now this style, I take it, will soon become rather antiquated : the *sensational* is already worn threadbare ; the *immoral* I shall cheerfully leave to Miss Badone, who, by the bye, has just started a magazine on her own account : and I'm very glad I fell in with it the other day.

R.—Why so ?

B.—Why, because it gives me a point of departure for my magazine. I mean to steer straight for Miss B's. antipodes.

R.—You had better not put that in your prospectus, for Miss B. is still a power in the eyes of the public.

B.—A power of darkness, perhaps—I'll tell you what I saw in glancing over three numbers of her magazine.

R.—Not now, my good fellow : let us keep to our present subject. Are you satisfied about the name ?

B.—Perfectly. I fancy I see it now gleaming in green and yellow letters on the book-stand at Babblesbrook Station. The express train pulls-up for three minutes only, and as the magic name of *The County* is pronounced by the newsboy, a dozen heads and hands are forthwith thrust out of as many carriage windows ; the indispensable sixpence is cheerfully transferred to the palm of said newsboy, and the train rattles on, a dozen weary souls relieved of that painful *ennui*, which *Punch*, backed up by the *Standard*, and supported by Miss B.'s last No., had failed to dissipate.

R.—I really begin to think you believe the thing will answer, and that you are trying to make me as sanguine as yourself.

B.—Of course I am sanguine : nothing ever succeeded of which the originator was not sanguine.

R.—I beg your pardon : here is a notable instance to the contrary.

B.—Excuse me for interrupting you : but a general epigrammatic statement of that kind ought not to be called in question, because examples can always be adduced on both sides. The long and short of it is that,

The County is, or which comes to the same thing, shall be, an established fact, and its green and yellow covers shall be the ornament, that which they embrace the solace——

R.—Of the world in general. But you must have a good design for your wrapper. Let us talk of that next.

B.—Well, I am not much of a draughtsman; but I should think a Phoenix bearing a lighted torch, with the magic title *The County* in large small letters, issuing from the smoke of said torch, would be about the thing.

R.—Don't you think that might possibly suggest to a discerning public that the project, as well as your design, might end in smoke?

B.—Ah! I never thought of that. Perhaps the smoke, and for aught I know, the Phoenix too, had better be left out; but I shall leave that to you.

R.—Very well. The next thing is to canvass for subscribers. You must represent, in the clearest and most forcible manner, the urgent need of a magazine, and of such a magazine as *The County*.

* * * *

But, not to be tedious to our indulgent readers, it may be well to state shortly, the momentous issues of the foregoing dialogue. Brown was, undoubtedly, a bold young man; but not bolder than many who have gone before him. The magazine duly appeared, with or without the Phoenix, and gradually won its way into public favour. Its ground of acceptance was variety, attained, as the talented editor flattered himself, without pandering to the depraved taste, which obtains in literature, as in all else, for mere sweets. More than one magazine of the period was sweetmeat and nothing else, in the shape of a complication of more or less pretty or uninteresting tales, a certain amount of which, and no more, was dealt out in monthly instalments. Now Brown, our typical editor, had the wit to perceive that, of the periodical-reading public, not more than one individual in ten can read through more than one or two stories at a time, cut into lengths, without disgust. Brown, therefore, was careful not to overdo the public in this respect. Of all things in the world, he knew, there is nothing easier than to write a story; I don't say a good one, but one which a sufficient number of readers may be found to glance at. The chronicler of the present veracious narrative thinks he could turn out such an one by the yard, or furlong if necessary; but he would be very sorry to inflict such trash upon the public. Similarly Brown, being unable to secure out of his moderate means the services of Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. Anthony Trollope, was determined to condense the story-telling department within reasonable limits.

He would admit one story or even two at a time, but they positively must be good ones, and, moreover, neither irreligious nor immoral. The present chronicler does not undertake to define what a good story is, but must be content with stating that Brown knew. Another thing which contributed to the success of his scheme was that, in selecting his manuscripts for the press, he was never forgetful in dealing with his contributors of the golden rule *nil invita Minerva*. If a poor scribbler, whose brain products were spun out to the highest possible attenuation, tried to thrust his wiredrawn imbecilities upon Brown's subscribers, the editor, mindful of their interests, felt obliged to turn a deaf ear to his importunity. Rather than be so unfaithful to his trust, B—— would even fall back upon his own resources, and sit down to a quiet chat, (steering clear, however, of the country parson and his pony,) with his friends. A good letter, he well knew, may be written out of nothing, that is, nothing external to the writer, in the way of facts to be communicated, if only the writer can put himself *en rapport* with the person to or for whom he is writing. This, in our humble opinion, was the secret of our friend the editor's success. Whether in original writing, or in selecting ready-made matter for his readers, Brown felt that he sympathised with them and they with him. The same kind of magnetism, so to speak, would have made him, had such been his vocation, a successful preacher. He was not, therefore, over anxious to conciliate people of all opinions, by imparting a neutral tint and savour of nothing in particular to his productions. He had decided views on some subjects. He abhorred cant, and laughed at prejudice; and had the hardihood to say so. He could not, for the life of him, be got to express any admiration for the present fashion of ladies' head-dress, or any love for so-called charitable bazaars. And so it came to pass that some of his views in theology, social science, and so forth, were regarded as slightly unorthodox; and an old lady or so was known to have shaken her head somewhat ominously, predicting that no good could come of a publication so little *prouoncé* in favour of her particular form of religionism. Her nieces, however, would go on reading *The County*, and its talented editor was enabled, ere long, to retire with honour from his clerkship in the Verdleton Bank.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"You to do this thing—you to speak so to me—you, whom I have loved, and counted my friend," Caroline said, with intense and concentrated bitterness.

The hearer tasted the gall; the stony face quivered a little.

"My dear, I can bear your scorn. I could wish—ay, so I could!—that I deserved it. I false, and Vaughan Hesketh true, would make a very different world to you. But God has willed otherwise."

At that last solemnly-uttered sentence, for the first time, Caroline shrank back. But the next instance she lifted her head. In a somewhat softened tone, with a degree of stately compassion, she spoke again.

"What has deluded you? What can have put into your mind falsehoods so vile as these? Above all, what possessed you to bring them to me? To me—who know Vaughan as my own soul—who have loved him ever since I can remember what love was—who would trust him—trust him—before and against the whole world!"

Miss Kendal dashed her hand desperately before her eyes.

"Poor child—poor child—poor child! God comfort you!" she cried. Then, in a changed voice, deep and steady, she went on—"But you *must* know the truth. You must believe, Caroline; there is a witness to the truth of what I have said. He cannot be far away. You shall appeal to him."

The girl looked sharply round. But the further end of the room was lost in shadow. She could see nothing there. She turned to Miss Kendal again with even added haughtiness.

"What do you mean by all this mystery? Do you value your own word so lightly, that you think I shall credit it the more for one—or a thousand witnesses? You mistake."

"You *must* believe," the other said again, as if encouraging herself, after her own stern manner. "You *must* believe. You must be told by Vaughan himself—Vaughan Hesketh, who confessed to me the thing you cannot believe—who bade me tell you. Summon him; ask of him!"

While she spoke, Caroline stared blankly at her. Then she put back the thick braids of hair from her forehead, in a mechanical helpless way. Indeed, she felt, for the instant, like one half-awaking from some feverish sleep—altogether dizzied, bewildered, overwhelmed with the weight of she knew not what.

With a start she roused herself. The girlish figure was drawn to its full height, as she walked with a firm step across the room, and rung the bell.

The servant entered.

"Is Mr. Vaughan Hesketh in the house?"

"He has not long come in, miss. He is in his room."

"Beg that he will be so kind as to come down here—to me—immediately."

The door was closed. Silence again, for three long, long minutes. It was not more, before the quick step was heard treading the hall, and with a sort of determined haste, a clashing hold was taken of the latch.

Forth from the shadow advanced the man's figure. Tall and fairly proportioned was Vaughan Hesketh. He bore himself now with a mien which balanced between dashing boldness and deprecating, regretful depression. But his face had a smouldering flush, a disordered, excited look. Coward at heart, the utmost he could do was to keep up the show of manliness; and that was no easy matter, for all his six feet of height, and his imposing visage.

He came forward; Caroline met him. There was a flash in her eye which told how, at his presence, the tottering trust stood erect again. Doubt, suspicion fled, for the moment; she could almost see the flapping of their black wings. She sprang to Vaughan. They could see each other's faces, by the pale, weird gleam of the wintry twilight. She looked in his; then, involuntarily and all unconsciously, shrank back a little.

"Vaughan," she said, in a shrill whisper, as if something veiled the voice that would have otherwise burst into a shriek: "Miss Kendal is here. She has said—she has told me——"

She broke off. She sprang to him again, caught his hands, wrung them, and gazed into his face.

"You need only say it is *not* true," she went on. "Say it is *not* true!" she cried again.

"What is not true?" he asked, looking down at her sadly for an instant. But she took no notice of his question.

"Say it is *not* true!" she cried again. "It cannot be true; Vaughan, you know it cannot. Yesterday—only yesterday—you loved me better than the whole world. You told him so—our uncle. How dare she say, Vaughan—what she *has* said? Tell *her* how false it is; tell *her* what I know already."

He glanced at Miss Kendal, who stood immovably by the window. He did not look again at the girl's white face.

"It is our misfortune, Caroline——" he began.

The shriek burst forth then, and interrupted him. She let go his hands, and stood apart, gazing at him, though with eyes that seemed suddenly made soulless.

"No!" she said at length, in quite a low, quiet sounding tone; "it is some dreadful, dreadful dream."

Her clasped hand fell before her; but her gaze never wavered. She stood in the same attitude, looking at him with those fixed, glittering eyes, yet. Miss Kendal threw her arms about her.

"Come away, my child—come away."

"Vaughan, speak—speak!"

Her cry rose into a piercing shrillness. She struck aside the kind embrace, with that sort of instinctive, careless force with which we sometimes fling our arms in a troubled sleep.

"What can I say?" Vaughan said, in a half-soothing tone. "My dear Caroline, I wish——"

"Stop!" And at last her eyes let him go; and as if some strange strength had existed in her by virtue only of that long gaze, that minute she reeled giddily, and caught at the thick folds of the window-curtain near her. Nevertheless, when Miss Kendal again sought to support her, she put her away, with a hurried, passionate gesture towards the window.

"Open it—open it!" at last she said. And not waiting for obedience or remonstrance, she herself threw it wide, and sprang out on to the misty lawn. The other followed her, and caught hold of her.

"Caroline, you must not."

"I must! Let me go! ah, let me go!"

The agony of the imploring cry was not to be resisted. Yet bitterly Miss Kendal repented her momentarily loosened grasp, when the young girl, let free, darted swiftly and straightly along the broad path that led down the garden.

"The river! the river! O, my child!" and the governess sickened as she followed.

But what was her utmost speed compared to the frenzied rapidity of Caroline? She had lost sight of her before she came to the thick and mazy shrubbery which divided the garden from the water. She did not know the paths, and she grew bewildered amid them long before she made her way through brake and underwood to the damp embankment, overgrown with tall rush grass, that margined the sluggish stream.

But she had mistaken the girl's purpose. No such thought had place in her mind, maddened though she was. All she felt was simply the longing, the absolute need, to *get away*—to fly somewhere. The instinct of the wild animal pursued—wounded—in peril; the yearning to breathe in free air—in solitude; the unconscious, unrecognized desire to escape, as if sorrow could be fled from—as if grief were limited to place! All this, and more, was amongst the chaos of Carry's soul. No thought of

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where she was going, or for what! She did not think at all. At such seasons, the immediate present fills the whole horizon; and verily, it sufficeth. Second by second we live through such time, neither looking forward nor behind.

But she found herself on the river's bank—close upon the dark, ominous water; and she paused, and a thought cleft the tumult of feeling like a spear—a thought that made her heart leap with a sort of savage triumph over woe, at first. There was escape, there was freedom under that quiet, motionless tide. A strange freak of memory made her remember vividly how, only a few weeks before, she and her uncle had tested its depth by flinging in pebbles secured to a long string. Her very own laughter seemed to mock her, as if it yet lingered about the place: and the vision of the grey headed old man, so kind, so loving, so glad in her glee—!

Ay, it was enough; that thought had crushed the other; the factitious strength deserted her—she sank down amongst the moist, rank grass, and remembered no more, till she found herself pressed close in Miss Kendal's arms, and heard her voice uttering irrepressible thanksgivings.

"I will go in. I will go to my uncle," Caroline kept repeating, in the first half-unconsciousness.

"You shall. Don't be frightened, my Lina," said Miss Kendal, tenderly, for she shrunk from her as if terrified. "Come with me. Your uncle must be awake, and will want you."

She suffered her to wrap her own mantle about her, and at first even allowed herself to be led back towards the house. Gradually, relentlessly, memory returned to her. She stopped short, suddenly, and strove to break away from her conductress.

"You had better leave me alone—leave me to myself. I know what I am doing. Only leave me to myself."

"No; I shall take care of you."

"Take care of me!" she repeated, in an agony of bitterness. "What do you mean? *Who*— O, if you would but let me go!"

"My child, come with me."

She did not answer, but her resistance grew more feeble; not will but strength was failing her. She began to perceive her helplessness, and involuntarily clung to the arm which she had before been trying to put aside.

"Don't—don't take me in there," she said, piteously.

"Trust to me."

Trust! the word seemed to sting her into renewed vitality. "Whom should I trust—whom *can* I trust?"

"You can and should trust—God."

The reverently-uttered words touched her. The thought smote anew at her spirit, which had already been stirred from its long spiritual torpor into new life. Her head drooped upon her bosom, and she began to tremble exceedingly.

"Let me go in, then. Let me be quiet somewhere."

Miss Kendal led her as quickly as she could to the side entrance, leading through a long corridor to the back staircase. They met no one, as they passed along to Caroline's room. Once there, the governess heaved a sigh of relief. Caroline fell like one lifeless, soulless, feelingless upon the sofa. Her eyes closed for a minute; but she was not unconscious. She drank greedily of the water placed to her lips, then sank down again.

A faint knocking at the door aroused her instantly; she sprang up.

"It is for me. My uncle wants me."

Two scared servants were at the door, when Miss Kendal opened it. The doctor had just come, and had desired that Mr. Vaughan and Miss Caroline should be summoned to the patient's bedside—immediately.

She heard; she was standing bathing her face with water, prepared, self-collected, as it seemed. Miss Kendal's stout heart had quailed; her cheek had whitened. Not Caroline's; the demand upon her courage, her fortitude, her energy, to one of her young, strong nature, was never made in vain. The very need itself created the strength to meet it. She looked at her companion almost calmly.

"I know what it means; I knew it must be. Do not look so sad. He is very content. Now I am going."

"And I with you."

She made no objection, and they entered the room together. The grave doctor was leaning over the old man, counting his feeble pulse. Vaughan stood near. He crossed rapidly to Miss Kendal.

"I think it would be better——" he began.

But she waved him away, and Caroline fled at once to her uncle's side.

Mr. Hesketh smiled faintly.

"I am glad, my dear children," he faltered, and then looked inquiringly from side to side. "Vaughan, where is Vaughan?"

The young man drew near, but Caroline's uncontrollable shudder made him hesitate. His uncle looked at him, earnestly, as he took his hand into his weak, nerveless grasp.

"I have not done all my duty by you, Vaughan," he said, humbly. "God forgive me—and take care of you—and keep you right. Caroline!"

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She crouched closer to him ; a sickly dread oppressing her. But the old man's gaze in resting on her seemed to forget everything else. He let drop the hand of Vaughan which he had held. Gradually the meaning in his eyes altered, though they were still intently fixed on the girl's face.

"It is a long time—a long time since!" he murmured to himself. "Laura—you are the same Laura. Where are the beech trees?"

He gazed round, in a mazed, bewildered way. Caroline twined her arms around his neck, in desperate fear. Never before had she heard her mother's name upon his lips.

"No, no," he said, at length. "I know you, my child, Caroline. You were even as my own daughter—always. I made you happy? May I tell her so?"

She clung to him, speechless. His eyes smiled on her—till the last.

They took her away.

* * After a little while, the thick clouds that seemed choking her burst into a passionate rain of tears. All sense and feeling were lost for the time, steeped in that wild flood. From it she subsided into a motionless, pallid calm, that for awhile half alarmed Miss Kendal, who watched over her. But it did not last long. A sudden recollection overwhelmed her.

"Now, I must not stay here; now he is gone, this is not my home—any more," she cried, starting to her feet. "I must go—somewhere."

The sense of forlornness, of desolation, smote her. She covered her face with her hands. It was such a change, and she was half a child yet. She felt lost, bewildered, as if suddenly removed from the sunny garden she had known all her life long, to a dreary desert, bare, hopeless, trackless.

"My child, my dear child," cried Miss Kendal, the rare tears standing in her eyes, don't speak, don't look like that. Come to me. I am waiting for you, longing for you; come!"

She held her arms stretched towards her. The girl raised her head, looked earnestly, yearningly, for a moment, then, with a sad wailing sigh, she crept into her embrace.

"Take me away! only take me away from here!" was all she said.

"Truly, I will," said the governess, with a sort of gloomy triumph, as she gathered her close to her heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

So Caroline went with Miss Kendal to Beacon's Cottage. For three long, heavy days, the girl seemed almost yearningly to linger on the mar-

gin of some great illness, that would at once steep soul and body in its own strange oblivion. But such forgetfulness, even though it would be gladly purchased with much pain, seldom comes to those who crave for it most sorely. Caroline felt, oftentimes, as if the chords were so tightly strung, of sense, and thought, and feeling, that surely, *surely* they must break, unless some such relief were granted, and the tension relaxed. But no, full consciousness was to be her portion; she was to drain the draught of suffering, so new to her lips, to the very ultimate dregs. During those three days, it is not too much to say, she lived over again, almost at every minute, the few hours of that dreadful evening. There is a curious faculty in the mind, during certain phases of its hardest trials, which causes it to arrange its very tortures as in a cruel orderliness; to make pictures of those past events which have wounded the spirit almost unto death, to set the story of the woe that is even yet writhed beneath, to a sort of rhythmic music, that *must* be listened to, aye, and felt to the innermost vibration of nerves already overwrought to a very anguish of sensitiveness. This strange ordeal the young creature's soul had to pass through now. Some natures are exhausted by much suffering into a species of torpor; some struggle through, and find a wild relief in the struggle, till physical strength fails them, and they are prostrated, and unconsciousness enwraps them like a kind, protective shroud. But Caroline's nature possessed all the predominant characteristics of her untried youth: its strength, its passion, its resistance, its fearless daring, its wild incredulity of the very burden under which it staggered. All this made endurance a lesson most difficult to learn, and yet her spirit was of that sort that does not bend or break, but *must* endure, even to the end.

The days went by. Miss Kendal heard—though she did not think it necessary to tell Caroline—that Vaughan had gone to London. She heard, too, of his return, two days afterwards. She marvelled inly as to the results of his journey; although, in truth, she entertained but small doubt as to the issue of his suit to Madame de Vigny. A sardonic smile was all the prospective compassion she had for him. She felt, indeed trebly steeled in pitilessness when she looked at Caroline. Meanwhile more than one message of inquiry for Miss Maturin came from Redwood; to which Miss Kendal returned succinct replies. That lady watched her charge with a grim anxiety, a never-wearying care, such as might have been expected in her. She guessed something of what passed under the stony outside—the gray, moveless calm, that characterized Caroline's aspect during this time. She did not try to disturb it, by look, or word, or gesture. Her love it was, perhaps, which lent her the fine tact as if instinctively to pursue that course, best and fittest, and in truest sympathy

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with the young girl's tone of mind. No added tenderness did she suffer herself to be betrayed into; no observation, nor even anxiety, was ever apparent, to grate upon the jealous sensitiveness of the sufferer. She was simply and naturally herself, it seemed. Her habits were unaltered—she still gave the children their lessons, and their usual mirth was only enough checked, that it should not penetrate too rudely to Caroline's quiet chamber. Sometimes, she noted with a degree of satisfaction, that the wandering echo of a childish laugh reaching that still retreat would arouse its inmate for an instant from her trance-like immobility. She would look round with knit brows and an irritable gleam in the hitherto clouded eyes. With stoical contentment, Miss Kendal marked these signs of displeasure in her darling. Vitality—even though it were a vitality of pain—was what she desired to see re-assert itself.

It was nearly a week after Mr. Hesketh's death, and was the afternoon appointed for the funeral. Some instinct must have told Caroline of this, for no word had been uttered in her hearing concerning it. The governess was almost startled in the midst of lessons, to see the pale face, the unnaturally large eyes, looking wanly but with an eager intentness at her amidst the busy group in the school-room. The children stared in silent awe at the "sad lady." She gave them no glance in return, but only beckoned her friend.

"I want you. I must go to the little church to-day."

"Not to-day, my dear; you are not strong enough."

"I must go," she persisted—"I must go."

To all her persuasions and arguments, she replied only by a reiteration of those three stubborn words. Miss Kendal hardly knew whether it was most perilous to indulge or to resist her urgings. With a perplexity most unusual to her, she allowed the girl to wrap herself in a cloak, and then lead the way to the door. But there the difficulty was decided for her. The free air, the fresh gust of wind that swept across the hills, and greeted her as she stood on the threshold, seemed to bear some mystical influence with them. Caroline staggered giddily, and fell to the ground.

She was quite helpless for the time. Miss Kendal lifted her, carried her into the bright drawing-room, and laid her on the sofa there. Even then, it was physical power, not mental consciousness, that failed her. Her eyes, wide opened, expressed a dumb impotent anguish, very terrible to see. At last, it was more than the friend who loved her could bear to stand by calmly and watch. She knelt down beside her, and gathered her in her arms; she laid the poor, drooping head upon her bosom, in the old sweet, comforting endeavour, that so very rarely fails of its object.

Caroline was insensibly soothed. The first natural gush of warm tears came to her—the first natural utterance of her misery escaped her.

“O, if he were here again! He was so good—he loved me so much. I could bear everything then.”

And then, after a pause of passionate weeping, she broke again into unconnected sentences, involuntary wrested from her, as it seemed, of piteous, hopeless forlornness and desolation.

“Take comfort, my child,” said the deep, tremulous voice of Miss Kendal; “you are not desolate; some love is left to you yet.”

“I trusted Vaughan’s love. Vaughan—Vaughan!” she cried, in a sudden paroxysm of desperation, as if the word once let loose defied her own power of restraint. “I believed in him, I looked to him for love, and help, and consolation—always. If he had died—if only he had died—so that I might have kept my love for him. It is so dreadful to think—to think that my Vaughan is nothing—worse than nothing! that he never lived—never! that I may not keep even his memory dear and sacred in my heart!”

She spoke as if to herself. It seemed a relief to vent in words the thoughts that had wrung her soul day by day. But a fuller consciousness soon followed. She looked hastily up into the face of her companion, and paused in her revelation. Even then, her calmer thought could not endure to impart the details, the proofs of his deliberate falsehood. She fell back, and was silent. But as she buried her face in her hands, many a cruel memory came to torture her with fresh corroboration of the long-planned scheme of deception, laid and practised by this man—the ideal of her girlhood, the hero of all the story of her life hitherto.

Aye, there was the sting that poisoned most festeringly the young, trusting nature—that had never yet known doubt, that had been fenced around with love, and care, and tenderness, during all the years it could remember. Miss Kendal was puzzled sometimes (not knowing how much the girl herself knew) that she at once penetrated to the sense of the complicated faithlessness of Vaughan Hesketh. She had apprehended that, in her woman’s capacity for excusing faults and palliating offences where she loved, she would have absolved her betrothed, after awhile, from all intentional deception. But that possibility did not exist for Caroline. It had been a dear blessing to her at that time had it done so. But the unwarped sense of right in herself would have forbade all such paltering with the truth, even if her own instinctive feeling had not been beforehand with it. She had no mental cowardice in her. She could bear to understand, if she could bear to *feel*, that Vaughan had been treacherous and base; that he had used her love first as an instrument, then as a

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toy; that he had deceived the dying uncle who had been his benefactor, as well as the woman who had given him her all of love and confidence. That, in short, as she had said, the Vaughan that her love had invested with such dear and ideal attributes, never existed. Old truths that, even when they were boy and girl together, Miss Kendal's clear eyes had seen, but hers had been blind to, came back to her now—tiny links in the great chain of evidence that, against her will, and to her cruel anguish, every hour of every day was adding to in her mind.

It was fatally clear to her now, why, and for what, the betrothal had been sought for by Vaughan. All Mr. Hesketh had said to her as to the division of the property, recurred to her now, far more vividly comprehended than it was at the time. And then, the day before that dreadful evening, when, at the dying man's bedside, Vaughan had taken her in his arms, saying he loved her! Sometimes, as these and other recollections passed before her, she found herself unable to continuously realize them. She felt blinded and dizzy; sense failed her for a space, and a curtain of blankness seemed drawn between her and those hideous visions. It was so now. She fell back again upon her sofa, moaning feebly, and shielding her eyes from the light.

Miss Kendal drew down the blinds, and sat down beside her, holding one of her hands. She lay very still for so long a time, that at length the governess believed she must be sleeping. Very welcome was that belief. Surely the crisis was past, or passing, and a better and a calmer state not far off.

Miss Kendal softly left the room to give some directions concerning the children. When she returned, with her basket of never-failing knitting in her hand, her charge still lay quiet—she had not moved during her absence. She sat down in her old place beside the sofa, and busily pursued her knitting, while the early twilight fell, and gradually darkened the room and the outside world of garden and bare hills. Miss Kendal's knitting at last lay idle upon her lap, and she mused, with her eyes fixed upon the fire that now illumined the room with its peculiar glow. In that glow, the slight figure on the sofa, in its long white wrapping-gown, looked more than ever fragile and spirit-like. The watcher could almost have found it in her heart to arouse her even from sleep, that by stirring she might break the eerie spell that seemed upon her.

But she did not stir, even when a clang of the outside bell caused the mistress of the house to took up from her thoughts with a vexed impatience. Presently, the servant entered.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Vaughan Hesketh would be glad——"

"Hush! In the library," imperatively waved Miss Kendal, as she

rose from her seat, and hurried the maid from the room: One backward look she gave at the couch, with its motionless, recumbent figure. As she looked, the figure stirred.

"I heard," said a clear but quivering voice. "Go to him; and then tell me what—what he comes for. Go quickly, come back, and tell me—quietly."

"My dear, most likely it is some mere matter of business. Don't be disturbed."

"O, I entreat you to go to him at once," she repeated, in a sharp tone, too piteous to be wholly querulous, and let me know—all; don't keep anything from me. Go."

She went, without more words.

The little library was steeped in shadow. The lamp, just lighted by the servant, burned only dimly. Miss Kendal's first care was to rectify that, and turn a full and brilliant light upon every corner of the room. Then, still standing, with stern and stately deliberation, she looked towards that corner where her visitor was seated.

"Well, sir; your business with me?"

Vaughan Hesketh, in his mourning dress, with white, haggard face and disordered hair, wore a different appearance to what she had expected; his voice, too, was hollow in tone—his manner subdued even unto humility.

"I come to tell you—to tell Caroline—that I am utterly ruined—utterly hopeless—I leave Redwood to-night—for ever. I would I could blot myself from the world as easily."

There was something of a studied inflection, his hearer thought, perceptible in the utterance of these desperate words. She preserved her rigidity and coldness.

"Indeed! What has happened?"

"Perhaps you are already aware," he answered, with what was apparently an uncontrollable burst of bitterness. "I know you were in my late uncle's confidence. Possibly, he consulted *you* before making his will."

"I am quite ignorant of anything in Mr. Hesketh's will that should discontent you. By it, I understood all his property was to be yours. Is it not so?"

The slight shade of anxiety in her tone assured him that her ignorance was unfeigned. His manner changed.

"Such was, I well know, his original intention; but during his illness he made a new will."

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"He leaves Redwood in trust for Caroline and her children, in the evident belief that we shall marry, according to his known wish and intention." He paused. Miss Kendall said nothing. "Our union was very near his heart, as you know," he added, hesitating in an experimental sort of inquisition, perfectly apparent to the sharp shrewdness of his companion. There was another pause.

"So Redwood is Caroline's, then," said Miss Kendal, with a ruminative air; "and she is not left penniless, after all?"

"Penniless! You cannot suppose that, even had the original will stood, I should have suffered my friend—my dear companion—my once betrothed—to lack the means to which she has been accustomed all her life. Do me at least justice."

"I try, Vaughan Hesketh," she replied, drily.

"I have been most unhappy—most wretched—in the entire affair. Would to heaven I had never beheld the friend—the syren—you yourself brought to our quiet, happy Redwood!" he cried, energetically.

"Be careful of your dates, in justice to *me*. Remember Mrs. Bingley's party, and various other occasions, during your stay in London."

"I am in danger of forgetting everything!" he returned with a passionate tossing back of the hair from his forehead; "you do not know the complications that overwhelm me—of remorse, despair, misery, most complete and hopeless."

"I can guess, said Miss Kendal, grimly. "Doubtless your position is uncomfortable enough. But you have earned it. You schemed, and your schemes have failed. You are foiled—not wronged."

"You are ungenerous," he called out, writhing under her cold, steel-like sentences; "you have no right to taunt me with my own bitter misfortune."

"I would be the last to taunt you; may, had you only been true to yourself in but a single feeling, your reality in that should have my sympathy; your wretchedness would command my compassion. But I believe I appraised you too sanguinely, after all. Even what you called your love for Blanche de Vigny was but a gust of passion. It has blown by, even now."

He said nothing. He could afford neither to acquiesce nor to contradict.

"But to the point," resumed Miss Kendal; "your present business with me—what is it?"

"I came to tell you, as I have said; I thought it best that you and Caroline should learn the intelligence through me, before the lawyers make their formal announcement. Besides——"

(To be continued.)

SOME REMARKS ON THE BISHOP'S LATE CHARGE. *

THERE is something portentous about a charge whether delivered from an equestrian saddle or an episcopal chair. The one, indeed, is characterised by rapidity and not the other; but both possess, or should possess, weight and force. And as none of the devoted 'six hundred,' as far as we know, was unsoldierly enough to complain of the severity of the ordeal to which he was subjected, nay, as they all rode manfully into the 'jaws of death,' so, as it seems to us, a certain amount of hardship and weariness, especially if the weather be hot, may cheerfully be borne with by his clergy in a Bishop's charge. Undeniably the weather on the first of July was hot, but yet, comparing this with the old country, the conditions of an Episcopal visitation are, to say the least, quite as favourable to personal comfort as those which would obtain in the See of London or Salisbury. The clergy of the Diocese of Quebec were hospitably entertained by the Bishop at Lennoxville, in comfortable quarters; their powers of attention not over-taxed, enlivened by social intercourse, animated by friendly discussion, for several days. These particulars, with notice of the more serious duties and cheering services in the Chapel of Bishop's College, which formed the programme of this retreat, have been already set before our readers in the Church Intelligence of a previous number. We propose now to make a few remarks upon the Bishop's charge, more for the purpose of drawing attention to the document itself, which is worth perusal, than in order to enter into a minute criticism (which might ill become us) of its contents.

After an introductory tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased clergyman, the Rev. S. S. Wood, whose life and labours have been already noticed in this magazine, the Bishop proceeded to deal at length with the Church's doctrine on the Sacraments, which may, indeed, be stated, in general, as the subject of his charge.

Addressing his clergy, and his clergy only, his lordship began by limiting the subject, as it concerns them, to the question, "What is the Church's teaching on the Sacraments?" declining, altogether, to deal with the further questions, "Is this teaching Catholic?" or "is it true?" That the Bishop himself believes that teaching to be both Catholic and true, as well as assumes such belief on the part of all his clergy, there can be no doubt.

* To the Clergy of the Diocese of Quebec, delivered at Bishop's College, July 1st, 1868, by James William Williams, D.D., Bishop of Quebec, published by John Lovell, Montreal.

The subject is opened by "some general observations upon (1) Sacramental grace, and (2) the position which the Sacraments hold in the Church system," [p. 6]. On the first point the main differences in kind and degree between the Church of England and Protestant sects, are pointed out; and on the second, the prominence given in our branch of the Church to the Sacraments as integral portions of public worship. Under this head we are reminded of the obligation of frequent communion, and of the direction (with or without reference to its practicability under the present circumstances of Bishop's College,) that in places "where there be many priests and Deacons, there *shall be* a celebration every Sunday at the least." And before entering upon the more argumentative part of his charge, the Bishop offered this memorable advice, which, we feel sure, must have found an answer in the hearts of all his hearers,—“I do not want you to be always preaching about the virtues of the Sacraments. But I do wish that, from one end to the Diocese to the other, they were allowed to preach for themselves.”

Something less than two pages of the pamphlet is devoted to the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. Apart from any knowledge of the facts, it might be inferred from this that discussion is, at present, much less rife upon the first Sacrament, than upon the second. The denial of Baptismal Regeneration, it is now generally admitted, is the denial of something wrongly conceived of under that name, which the Church does not and never did assert to be conferred in that Sacrament.

On the Holy Eucharist there are, exclusive of the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation, three main divisions of opinion. Luther maintained that the Lord's body is present along with the elements; and Zuingli, that the Sacrament is a purely symbolical and commemorative rite; while Calvin held that Christ is truly, but spiritually, present in the Sacrament. By the side of these is set the Church's authoritative statements, that the Body and Blood of Christ are "verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper;" but only "after a heavenly and spiritual manner" (p. 9.) There would, of course, be no room amongst English Churchmen for difference of opinion on this or any subject treated of in the formularies which they accept, if there were any authoritative interpretation of those formularies. A divergence here arises through different meanings being attached to the word *spiritual*. The Bishop adopts as the meaning of it in the 28th article that given to it by those who framed the articles, citing quotations from the works of Cranmer and Ridley. It will not, of course, be forgotten that there are some who would decline to accept either the doctrinal statements or the interpretation put upon them by these or any divines of the reformation

period, who have been lately called some very hard names, scarcely consistent, as many think, with Christian charity. This, however, does not affect the consistency of the plan here adopted. "There has been," continues the charge (p. 10,) "during the last few years, a great slide in opinion on all matters touching the Holy Eucharist:" and the renowned alteration made since its author's death in the Christian year, is quoted in proof of this. However the fact may be, we believe that those who advocated the change in question, headed by Mr. Liddon, expressly repudiated for John Keble any change of opinion. They would simply style the alteration a more distinct expression, rendered necessary by the circumstances of the time, of opinions clearly defined from the first in the poet's belief.

Hooker is evidently a favourite divine with the Bishop. The two short quotations which he gives on p. 11 may be thought hardly sufficient *of themselves*, to indicate, with precision, Hooker's line of opinion. But *sith*, as 'The Judicious' divine would say, his discussion of the whole question is contained in about twelve pages of the Ecclesiastical Polity, any reader, with an hour at his disposal, may satisfy himself (if not all his friends) whether the Bishop's view accords with Hooker's or not. That differences should exist between Christian men on matters of vital doctrine is certainly to be deplored; but it may console us to remember that discussion brings out points of agreement as well as difference, and it will hardly be denied that *low* churchmen (to use the term not individually, but merely for distinction's sake) take a much higher view, and have a far juster appreciation of this Holy Sacrament than was the case twenty or even ten years ago. Hooker, too, rejoiced in this consolation. These are his words: "The several opinions which have been held * * * are grown, for aught I can see, on all sides at the length to a general agreement concerning that which alone is material, namely, the *real participation* of Christ, and of life in his body and blood *by means of this Sacrament.*" Quite apposite, also, to the general tone of this charge, is what Hooker says, and we may be pardoned for quoting, of the general reticence maintained in Holy Scripture upon the great mysteries of our faith. "Curious and intricate speculations do hinder, they abate, they quench such inflamed motions of delight and joy as divine graces use to raise when extraordinarily they are present. The mind, therefore, feeling present joy, is always marvellous unwilling to admit any other cogitation, and in that case casteth off those disputes whereunto the intellectual part, at other times, easily draweth." Not that, it is always possible to exclude every 'other cogitation.' The truth, even upon the deepest mysteries, must always be in its own nature definable, although, perhaps not by us.

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Broad lines, such as those laid down by Hooker in the first of the passages above quoted, have always admitted of considerable divergences of opinion within them. The line adopted in that somewhat celebrated work, 'The Kiss of Peace,' is discussed in the present charge. And here, as might be expected, the argument mainly turns upon the precise meaning of words employed in defining sacramental doctrine, such as *objective, faithful, sacrifice*. The attachment of different meanings to the same words, of course, shifts the area of their application, and in the same degree alters the meaning of the statements in which they are employed. This is not entirely avoidable either in morals or theology, and shews that language is not a perfect instrument, nor, therefore, one from the use of which on nice questions perfect unanimity can be expected to result. Of the three words above named, the definitions of the first two enter into the discussion, of late so rife, as to the *mode*, not as to the *reality* of the divine presence in the Holy Eucharist. The Bishop has so clearly expressed himself on all three, 'that bearing in mind the object proposed at the commencement of these remarks, we need only say that the charge itself is its own best expositor. It occurs, however, to remark how the truth of Hooker's statement about a general agreement in essentials, is confirmed by putting together some of the statements, cited by the Bishop, of parties or individuals who hold opinions not all in agreement with each other. We will name three only: 1st. Our Church in her 29th article, says, 'The wicked and such as be void of a lively faith * * * are in no wise partakers of Christ.' 2nd. Hooker (quoted in the charge, p. 11,) says, 'I see not which way it should be gathered by the words of Christ, when and where the bread is His Body, and the cup His Blood, but only in the very heart and soul of him which receiveth them.' 3rd. By those who affirm 'that the Church divides the Sacrament into three parts,' (p. 15), viz: 1. the outward sign; 2. the thing signified; 3. the benefits or effects of receiving the same, 'it is concluded that the article denies only that the wicked are partakers of,' the last, (the *virtus sacramenti*). This appears to mean that what is heavenly food to worthy, becomes poison to unworthy recipients, that they, 'to their own condemnation, do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.' Here, surely, is an essential agreement, essential in practice although unconnected with any dogmatic statement of doctrine. That the means of grace are absolutely inoperative for good, unless worthily and by faith received, is not a neutral but a common ground on which all churchmen may embrace each other with the charity which 'hopeth all things.'

The division above mentioned of the Sacrament 'into three parts,' is verbally at variance with the answer to the question of our Catechism,

'How many parts are there in a Sacrament?' It must, however, be remembered that there is a slight ambiguity in the Catechism itself, seeing that the two questions on the parts of Holy Baptism, the first two of the five on that Sacrament, cover the same area as the three corresponding ones, viz: the second, third and fourth, on the Holy Communion. It looks, in fact, as if the framers of the Catechism had either in treating of the second sacrament lost sight for the moment of the strict bi-partite division with which they had begun, or else that, for the sake of comprehensiveness and brevity, they had allowed themselves to become obscure.

The last points touched upon by the Bishop on this subject, (which we can do no more than mention,) are the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Transubstantiation, the discussion turning mainly upon the precise meaning attached to the words *Sacrifice* and *Substance* by the framers of our formularies and their opponents respectively.

The concluding injunctions of the charge relate to the too common practice of performing the marriage and burial services in private houses. Such a departure from the intention of our Liturgy can only be justified in very exceptional cases.

No attempt has been made in the foregoing remarks, to bias the reader's mind, either way, upon the great questions under discussion. Our object is merely to draw attention to his Lordship's statements, which, delivered in the Chapel of Bishop's College at the time of his late visitation, gave Lennoxville the character, for the time being, of a Diocesan centre. However much opinions may differ, (and doubtless they will still differ much) upon some doctrinal questions connected with the sublimest mystery of our religion, few, we hope, will be found to differ from us, in thinking that the Bishop's observations are, throughout, not only clear and dispassionate, but also full of the kind, all-enduring charity, from which, in these days of controversy, so much is to be hoped for the future, both of the mother and daughter churches of the Anglican Communion.

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SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

PART V.

THE Indian title to the Territory which I have been describing, namely, that extending from the Northern shore of Lake Superior to the height of Laird, and comprising an area of 21,000 square miles, was extinguished in 1850. The Government having purchased it that year for \$8000, cash down, and a perpetual annuity of \$2000, the Treaty was signed at the Sault St. Marys on 1st August of that year, by Lord Elgin on the part of the Government, and by the three chiefs of the Trading Posts of Michepeocoton, Nepegon and Fort William, on the part of the aborigines. A proviso was inserted in the deed, that should the land prove of value, then the Government would increase the amount of the annuity at their discretion, but never to an extent that would give more than \$4 to each Indian,—men, women and children. The Indian population in the whole of this tract numbers from 1100 to 1200, so that, really, what each one of them has for selling his birth-right is from \$1½ to \$2 a year over and above what was paid down when the Treaty was signed. They have the privilege, however, of hunting over the Territory as before. The great man who signed the Treaty on the part of the Indians was the Fort William Chief, Joseph Peau du Chat; they all signed the document, but he did all the talking. If ever there was such a phenomenon as a real Indian orator, he was one, and it was a matter of perfect indifference to him before whom he stood—whether it was Lord Elgin or even Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself—he had the same self-possession and the same continuous flow of figurative language, and could speak by the hour. But then, like many other orators whose skins are white, he was rather fond of hearing himself speak, and if the truth must be told, good for little else; he was rather above the middle height; had a cadaverous look; his eyes were sunk, deep in their sockets, and gleamed like balls of living fire in his head; his long, lank black hair came down on his shoulders, and he was an object of much interest to Lord Elgin and suit. At that time it was rumoured abroad among the Indians, that the Government were about discontinuing the presents given out by them annually to the natives on the Manitoulin Islands, and here was an opportunity for the display of Jose's eloquence. After signing the Treaty with the other chiefs, he spoke long and earnestly in favour of their continuance, in his own figurative language, but, unfortunately, Lord Elgin, instead of saying

simply yes or no, told him that he could make no promise, but that the matter would be left for the decision of Her Majesty the Queen. "Do you see that rock there," said Lord Elgin, speaking after Indian fashion; "well, my word will be as sure and firm as that." The chiefs went away with the idea that the Queen would grant the favour which her red children asked of her, and as the presents were discontinued, Jose held the opinion, no doubt an erroneous one, that the Government had broken faith with the Indians. He arrived at Fort William about the beginning of October, proud of many presents given him by Lord Elgin, and so elated was the poor fellow that I question if he knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. There is a prosperous Romanist Mission at Fort William, of which, in my day, Father Chone was in charge; a very excellent man, imbued with the spirit of the early Jesuit Missionaries, who, not only their guide in spiritual matters, but also in matters temporal, induced them to till the ground and make little gardens; he furnished them the seeds, or they were procured gratis at the Fort, and at the time I am speaking of, the Mission enjoyed a moderate degree of prosperity. The Indians, during the winter and spring months, were employed fur hunting, and during summer, and till late in the fall, looking after their little plots of ground, or employed by the Company as labourers about the Fort. There were altogether, I think, about 20 families settled in this way at the Mission. When the great chief Peau du Chat arrived from the Sault Marys, he was the great centre of attraction, the observed of all observers. Matters went on swimmingly for a while, but a change came over the spirit of his dream; he fancied that Father Chone had too much power among the Indians, and that he himself, as their chief, had too little. *In divinis* he would let the Father alone, but he who had negotiated the treaty with Lord Elgin must have a controlling influence in the temporal welfare of the Indians. This would have been all right enough had he been a man adapted for it, but so far was this from being the case, that he did not ever attend to the management of his own family affairs. He, however, would interfere, and the result was a quarrel between himself and the priest; he gave up going to church, spoke freely and unguardedly of the Missionaries, and, if I am not very much mistaken, was excommunicated. The seeds of disease were long lurking in his system, which ripened and brought the great Indian orator to his grave, on 1st August, 1851, just one year after he had signed the treaty. When he found that the hand of death was firm and fast upon him, he requested some members of his family to remove him from the Mission, and set up his tent near the Fort gates, which was accordingly done, and on the last day of July he sent word to me that he should be glad to see me. I immediately went, accom-

panied by my interpreter, and found him in a state of great pain and exhaustion, "Nicanish," (*Anglice* my friend) "it will soon be all over with me; to-morrow I will be a dead man. I am going to die as many of my ancestors died before me, out of the pale of the Church. You will be good enough to have my remains confined, and erect some sort of scaffolding on the Banks of the Kuministiquod River, on which my coffin will be placed, at the head of which my flag will wave, so that every one who goes up or down the river may know that the remains of Joseph Peau du Chat lie there." I told him that that must not be, that a Christian he had been nearly all his life, and that as a Christian he ought to die; did not allude to his difference with the Missionaries, but told him that I would go at once to the Mission and get one of the Missionaries down to attend him in his last moments. The dying man looked at me with a grateful expression of face, but said nothing. I immediately proceeded to the Mission, which is situated on the banks of the river, rather over a mile above the Fort. Unfortunately, Father Chone was absent, having gone, I believe, to the Grand Portage, which is on American Territory, and distant some 60 or 70 miles from Fort William, leaving in charge of the mission his assistant, a very young man, who, no doubt, had the zeal of Mr. Chone himself, but lacked his good judgment. I represented to him the state the chief was in, that in all probability he had but a few hours to live, and requested him to accompany me down to administer the last rites of religion. He refused, said that the chief had long ago broken off from the Church, and was not now in its communion. To which I replied he is now penitent. I rather think he was at a loss how to act, being probably afraid if he went, of being censured by his ecclesiastical superiors. "Come away," I said, "there is not a moment to lose, even for the sake of Him, who died for all us;" and so he consented, and accompanied me down, and I left him at the chief's tent door; and thus poor Joseph Peau du Chat died, and was buried, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in peace with the Holy Mother Church.

All this country, from time immemorial, has been a great Indian hunting ground; whereas, in the Hudson Bay Territory proper, the red man has found an asylum which he has not found elsewhere throughout the whole length and breadth of this continent, since the period of its discovery by Columbus. The Lake Superior region, in the phraseology of the fur trade, is called the Lake Superior District, over which there is a general superintendent, ordinarily a chief factor, the next officer in rank to the Governor; the other officers, chief traders or clerks, acting under his orders. There are four principal trading stations, Michipicoton, Pic, Fort William, all situated along the lake, and Nipigon in

the interior, about 60 miles north of Fort William, and situated on the lake of the same name. Mr. John Swanston was the commanding officer in the district when I went up in the year 1845, a true Englishman, well and favourably known in this day for his hospitality to strangers passing up and down the lake.

My next door neighbour at Fort William was Mr. James Anderson, of Lake Nipigon (excepting, of course, the Company's servants). Contrary to the usages of civilized life, where every member of the Upper Ten thinks it a duty incumbent upon him, decked out in his Sunday's best, and his fingers encased in white kid gloves, to call upon or leave his card for the stranger who has newly arrived in the village of Little Peddington, Anderson sent me a long and kind letter, although I had never yet seen him. It was, moreover, accompanied by a poetical effusion, which was really very good, and of which he wanted to have my opinion. I told him in reply, that trading in furs was a much more profitable occupation than trading in poetry now-a-days, and I heard nothing more from him on the subject. He was a man of a literary turn of mind, and in ability far above the ordinary run of Nor'-westers. He was promoted in the service, in 1847, and was appointed by Governor Simpson, to the charge of Mackenzie River District, one of the largest and more valuable in the Hudson Bay Territory, as it is the most northerly, the affairs of which at that time were going to ruin. Here he remained several years, the trade greatly improving under his management. In 1858 or 1859, the governor appointed him to the chief command of an expedition to the Arctic Sea, to find out, if possible, some traces of Sir John Franklin and his party. He was absent on this expedition about three months. From the easterly end of Great Slave Lake, the point of departure, he got to the sea in August, and encamped on Montreal Island, so named by Captain Back, who went over the same ground some twenty-five years before. Here he found some Esquimaux, who informed him that some Englishmen had come to the island two or three years before, who had all died of starvation. He coasted along the Arctic sea for some distance, but finally was obliged to return, owing to the navigation being impeded by ice.

I will finish this paper by giving a short abstract of Captain Back's overland journey to the Arctic Sea in 1833-35. At that time there was as much anxiety felt in England for the fate of Sir John Ross, who had sailed for the Arctic sea, in 1829, as there was felt in later years for that of Sir John Franklin. Captain Back, who had had considerable experience in Arctic travelling, was appointed to the chief command, and Mr. King was appointed surgeon and naturalist to the expedition. The party embarked at Liverpool, in the packet ship *Hibernia*, on the 17th February, 1833, and arrived at Montreal in due course.

The Government expeditions, for either science or economy, were generally ushered into public notice with a great flourish of trumpets, and when Captain Back and his friends arrived in Montreal, they were lionized to their heart's content. A great feast was got up in their honour in hotel which was situated near the Bonsecours market, and here the gallant captain had a very narrow escape; for, after the feast was over, and our travellers were comfortably in their beds, the alarm of fire was sounded, and so rapid was the progress of the flames, that they had barely time to escape by their bedroom windows, with their night clothes on. They proceeded to the Hudson's Bay Co.'s establishment at Lachine, where two of the largest sized canoes were provided for their accommodation, and which were manned by Iroquois and Canadian voyagers. They proceeded up the Ottawa. Leaving this river considerably above the town of Pembroke, they diverged to the left, up a deep black stream, which led them into Lake Nipissing; from this lake, by the Riviere des François, into Lake Huron, they arrived at the Sault St. Mary on the 11th of May, and at Fort William on the 20th. Here they had to exchange the large canoes they had hitherto used for smaller ones, which were called north canoes. An entire day was devoted to the examining and repacking their various stores and instruments, and they left on the 22d of May for the Red River. Here they arrived on the 6th of June, where Captain Back found it necessary to remain a few days, to await the arrival of Governor Simpson. On the 10th, the governor arrived, and measures were immediately taken by him to further the objects of the expedition. Provisions were laid up at the different stations for their use, and Mr. A. R. MacLeod, one of the officers of the Company, who was stationed at Great Slave Lake, and whom the party fell in with sometime afterwards, was appointed by the governor to accompany the expedition, so to speak, as chief of the *commissariat department and engineers*, that is, to procure as much provisions as possible, and select a proper locality for building a fort, where the party were to pass the winter. Leaving Fort Alexander, at the southern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, on the 11th of June, and coasting its eastern shores towards Norway House, which is situated at the northern, they arrived on the 17th. Here most of the men for the expedition were to be engaged. Norway House is one of the largest dépôts of the Hudson's Bay Company in the territory, and is the general rendezvous of the fur traders for hundreds of miles all round. They generally arrive early in June, and leave again as soon as possible for their winter quarters. Captain Back arrived somewhat late, the bulk of the people from the more distant stations having already set out on their return, and the

others were by no means willing to engage in such an enterprise. At length two Canadians were engaged. So far so good, says the captain, but he reckoned without his host, for the two were kept back by their wives. One lady took hold of her lord and master and boxed his ears so mercilessly, that he was fain to cry out "*peccavi*," and seek shelter in a neighbouring tent. The other dame took an equally efficacious method of diverting her husband from his purpose, for she got into the melting mood, took her husband in her arms, and would not let him go till he promised that he would have nothing to do with the gallant captain or his expedition. A man's wife is generally considered his better half. She is so often, in more senses than one. After much trouble, Captain Back succeeded in engaging the requisite number of men, about eighteen in all, part of whom were sent off in advance with Dr. King, while he himself remained behind for a few days, and then, on the 18th June, 1833, started in a canoe for Cumberland House, where two boats and a large supply of stores and provisions awaited him. The captain was an expert at the pen and pencil, could tell a good story as well as draw a good sketch, and although a Nor'-wester might smile at his enthusiasm, and say his descriptions were over-coloured somewhat, still it is allowable, under the circumstances, considering that no traveller ever made an overland journey to the Arctic sea, who had a fairer prospect of reaping a rich harvest of honours and rewards than he. As I have said, the primary object of the expedition was to find out some trace of the missing ships of Sir John Ross, and subordinate to that was the discovery of the river Thlew-ee-chow, which, it was supposed, took its rise somewhere to the north-east of Great Slave Lake; he was to trace this river (which is now generally called the Great Fish or Back's river) from its source to its discharge in the Arctic sea, and afterwards survey as much of the coast as time and circumstances would admit of.

The start from Norway House was, in a measure, the commencement of his expedition, for he had now all that he wanted in men and material. Hear what he says: "This," says he, "was a happy day for me, and as the canoe pushed from the bank, my heart swelled with hope and joy. Now, for the first time, I saw myself in a condition to verify the kind anticipations of my friends. The preliminary difficulties had been overcome. I was fairly on my way to the accomplishment of the benevolent errand on which I had been commissioned, and the contemplation of an object so worthy of all exertion, in which I thought myself at length free to indulge, raised my spirit to a more than ordinary pitch of excitement."

Shortly after leaving Norway House, Captain Back fell in with two of the Company's officers, Messrs. Smith and Charles, who were on their

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way to Norway House; from the latter he had the information that the river Thlew-ee-chow, from Indian report, took its rise somewhere to the north-east of Great Slave Lake, in a position not far from that which his friend Dr. Richardson and himself assigned to it. The captain went on his way rejoicing, therefore, but on the second day after leaving Norway House, a damper was cast on his spirit; a breeze sprang up, which soon freshened into a gale, which, he philosophically remarks, "is almost always the case when they are not wanted to." To prevent their being swamped, the steersman run the canoe into shoal water, and the men waded to the shore with the baggage on their shoulders. They all, however, got ashore without much difficulty, and had to encamp. In a Nor'-wester's life this is an event of almost daily occurrence when he is travelling in canoes during the summer months, and, being to the manor born, takes it quite coolly; but the captain was a good deal annoyed at being thus brought to a stand-still.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH.

THE Church in this country has lost one whom she will feel it very hard to replace. God has permitted the Bishop of Montreal, Metropolitan of the Province, to be taken away from us at the very time that the clergy and laity had assembled from the various dioceses to attend in the city of Montreal the Provincial Synod. In stormy times, when party faction has embittered the minds of men, and when Satan is sowing seeds of disunion and of schism in a Church where unity is most sorely needed, he who seemed to human eyes the one man most capable of guiding the ship and steering it through the many perils which it has to encounter, has passed away from the midst of us. Happy, indeed, we may well account him, who has left the sorrows which encompass the Church on earth for the brightness of the glorified and united Church in Heaven; he has done with the conflict and the strife; he has sheathed his sword, one which was never used, as those of too many seem now to be used, in internecine strife. For eighteen years Bishop Fulford was Bishop of Montreal, and during that time he has seen the Church in this land grow and prosper, even though during that time came the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves. Indeed, it may be said that, under God's guidance, those wise hands and firm hearts, who steered the Church at the momentous time of those great political move-

ments, gave to it its present vigour and prevented the acts of the legislature staying its growth and progress. Had feebler hands been at the helm, that increased prosperity which the Church of England has had would not have come to her, nor would she now have been able to suggest to her sister Church the true path out of a similar position of danger and difficulty.

In the late Bishop of Montreal, the College and School at Lennoxville have lost a sincere and valued friend. These institutions, which ought to have the firm and unflinching support of every sincere member of our Church, have suffered deeply from the malice of enemies, who have scattered far and wide exaggerated and untrue reports about them. Even professing members of the Church are commonly believed to be doing their utmost to pull down the only Church College and School in the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal. But the late Metropolitan was throughout their consistent friend; he was present at meetings held at Lennoxville twice during the past summer, and but a few days before his death he spoke in the warmest terms to a friend about Lennoxville, and expressed his deep interest in its success.

Under such painful circumstances, the Synod of this Province commenced its sitting. On Wednesday, when the members of the Synod assembled in the Cathedral Church for Divine Service, the Bishop was yet alive; sadly and solemnly did the service proceed, and we hear that it was in consequence of the heavy blow which had fallen upon us all, and the changes which had consequently to be made at the last, that the organ and choir so feebly performed their portion of the service. The Priest's part was well intoned by the Rev. Dr. Beaven, and the service might have been very grand, had it not been for the feebleness of the choir, the poor selection of chants and hymns, and the fatal error of the organ and choir being so placed that the voices of the choir and notes of the organ reach the nave at a different time. An excellent sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, who, after a few solemn words of preface on the sorrow of the day, proceeded to fulfil the duty assigned to him by the late Bishop, and in stirring and able words enlarged upon the text, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." The Bishop pointed out the application of this principle to the case of the several churches and parishes of the diocese, and the grievous error of supposing that, because we had many needs at home, therefore such needs should prevent our setting before our congregations the duty of aiding in the work of foreign missions. It is the result of experience, as well as consonant to the revealed word of God, that the more we give, the more we have to give: in those places

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where the largest sums are gathered for the missions to the heathen, there the most liberal support is also given to works at home. The Bishop made also a touching appeal on behalf of his own wide diocese, covering an extent of territory as large as the United States, and likely soon to be the scene of a vast immigration of members of our own Church. The special object of the collection was the endowment of St. John's College for the education of the clergy of the diocese, and especially for the training of Indians to become missionaries to their own countrymen. In eloquent terms the preacher pressed the claims of the Indian population, driven back from countries once their own, and at the same time greatly demoralized by the vices frequently carried on the very crest of the advancing wave of European civilization. The claims of the native Indian ought indeed to be considered by members of the Church in this country; the Indian suffers more and more as the white man colonises, and surely we shall not be held guiltless as regards these, our brethren, if we have not even made an effort to bring before them the gracious offer of salvation, while we have certainly ruined them by the evil influence of our own vicious population.

In the afternoon, members of the Synod met in the Cathedral school-house at 3 o'clock, and after some discussion as to the manner of adjournment, seeing that the Synod could not be considered to have been organized at all under the painful circumstances of the Bishop's hopeless illness and incapacity to appoint a president in his place, it was decided that nothing could be done then, but that members of the Synod should re-assemble on the following morning, and then take such steps as should seem to be dictated by the circumstances in which they should then be placed.

In the evening of that day, at 6.20, the See of Montreal became vacant.

The following morning, members of the Synod having assembled at 10 o'clock, as soon as the President of the House of Bishops had given his commands to the Lower House to elect their Prolocutor, a long discussion took place on the question whether the Synod could legally meet and transact business. Mr. Harman, of Toronto, having moved a resolution to this effect, the Dean of Montreal, who was in the chair, ruled against the motion, and the ruling of the chair on appeal to the House, was supported by a majority of 55 to 38. The Rev. Dr. Beaven was then appointed Prolocutor, and the Rev. Charles Hamilton and M. H. Gault, Esq., secretaries.

In the afternoon, various efforts seem to have been made to adjourn the Synod, and several members, partly in doubt about the legality of its acts, and partly also from a due feeling of respect and affection for the

deceased Prelate, expressed publicly and privately their determination not to join in the transaction of business. Finally, after appointing a committee to prepare an expression of condolence to the family of the deceased Prelate, the House determined to adjourn from Friday evening till Monday at 10 o'clock.

On Friday morning, the Prolocutor having taken the chair, memorials were read from the diocese of Toronto assembled in Synod on the subject of ritual innovations, and on the restoration of discipline with regard to the use of the Burial Service over persons dying in unrepented sin. This memorial deprecates any change being made in the service itself, and looks for the proper remedy in a distinct enunciation of the offences, which shall cause the service to be omitted, and the passing a canon prohibiting the clergy from using it in such cases. Mr. C. J. Brydges then read a petition from Montreal against Ritualism, wherein he specially attacked the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario for introducing Roman forms and observances, and teaching doctrines repugnant to the Church of England. Mr. Harman also read memorials from the members of the Church in Toronto, expressing their belief that the Provincial Synod, as being the Synod of a Church which, as existing within the civil and political limits of the empire, is an integral portion of the catholic Church within the realm of England, has no power to vary or repeal the decrees of that Church, nor can, as regards doctrine or worship, act in entire independence of that body without an approximation to schism. Both memorials, one from the clergy and lay delegates, and the other from certain undersigned members of the Church, deprecate any rule or canon being enacted which would restrain the comprehensive spirit of the Church, or introduce a change into the book of Common Prayer.

These and other memorials were referred to a committee. The Synod then passed a resolution welcoming the proposal which came to them through Col. Lowry from the Synod of Nova Scotia for union with the Provincial Synod of Canada, and afterwards adjourned until Monday at 10 o'clock.

On Saturday, at 3 p.m., the funeral of the late Lord Bishop of Montreal took place; the ceremony was of a strictly private character.

On Monday, the committee to which had been referred the memorials on Ritualism, reported and advised that, in consequence of the principal positions of the ritualists having been made the subject of ecclesiastical trials in England, no action in the matter should be taken until the course taken in the mother country could be ascertained, but that in the meantime application should be made to the Bishops to issue a pastoral letter enjoining an adherence to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

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After this the House took up the consideration of sundry canons, to the second of which an amendment was proposed by the Rev. S. Givins, which introduced at an earlier stage of the proceedings than was expected a debate upon the ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof.

On the resumption of the debate the following day, proceedings had not advanced far, when the Prolocutor read the following resolutions, which had been unanimously passed in the Upper House, and on the subject matter of which they requested a conference with the Lower House:

Whereas the Rubric on the ornaments of the Church and the ministers thereof being part of the Act of Uniformity, received as a Statute of Upper Canada by the Constitutional Act of 1791, and believed by many to be still in force so far as it is applicable to the condition of the United Church of England and Ireland in Canada; and, whereas, in the Act enabling members of the Church to meet in Synod, it is enacted that nothing in the regulations of this Synod shall be contrary to any Statute in force in this Province; and, whereas, doubts have existed regarding the construction and meaning of the aforesaid Rubric, and as there is danger lest this Synod should unwittingly enact any Canon which should contravene said Act of Uniformity, and so sever the Church in this Province from the said United Church of England and Ireland, of which we have solemnly declared ourselves an integral part: therefore, be it resolved, that this Synod accepts such interpretations of said Rubric as have been given by Her Majesty's highest Courts of Law; and, whereas, the Court of Arches has determined that the *elevation* of the elements in the celebration of the Holy Communion, the use of *incense* during Divine Service, and the *mixing of water* with the sacramental wine, are illegal, it is resolved by this Synod that we accept such judicial decision, and that the above mentioned practices are hereby forbidden in the Church of this Province; and, whereas, the Rubric at the end of the Communion office enacts that the bread shall be "such as is usual to be eaten," the use of wafer bread is hereby forbidden.

And, whereas, the question of altar lights is at this moment before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it is hereby resolved, that we await the decision of said Committee before legislating on the matter of altar lights; and, whereas, the question of vestments is now a subject of Royal Commission and enquiry, and a Bill has been introduced touching the same into the House of Lords, it is the opinion of this House that we should defer legislation until action be taken in the Mother Church and Parliament affecting such vestments; but that, pending such action, this Synod would express their disapprobation of the use of altar lights and vestments, and their determination to prevent, by every lawful means, their introduction into the Church of this Province.

Discussion of considerable length, and which was unfortunately made to hinge upon party faction, followed upon the proper course to be taken. It was therefore late in the day when the Bishops, having consented to meet the whole of the Lower House in their place of meeting, arrived,

and stated the reasons which had induced them to come to the conclusions they had enunciated in their resolutions, and their desire that the Lower House should concur in the same. The Bishops of Huron and Ontario were the speakers, and both counselled patience and moderation in any present course, until these questions should be decided at home; and they expressed their belief that it was beyond the power of the Provincial Synod to touch the rubrics of the Prayer Book. After the departure of the Bishops, some little discussion took place on the question of the day, and the Synod adjourned at 6 o'clock, without having effected any work or even apparently made any substantial progress.

On the following day the discussion was resumed, and various technical difficulties having been overcome, it was finally decided to adopt the resolutions of the Bishops, with certain omissions proposed by the Rev. Canon Balch, and to pass their resolutions with certain amendments, several of which were proposed. The most noticeable feature of the debate on the 16th was a long and eloquent speech made by the Rev. W. S. Darling, of Toronto, in which he pointed out the true limits of ritual, and the necessities for mutual charity and toleration, inasmuch as there were defects as well as excesses of ritual, and also dwelt upon the important question of the powers of the Synod. He further expressed his regret at the means taken by some members of the Church to further their views, and read from a paper entitled the Church Observer, a few lines of a most vituperative article on a clergyman of Montreal, which were an extraordinary specimen of the English language, as well as a proof of the way in which party spirit leads men to lose sight of Christian charity. Mr. Darling further pleaded against a bare uniformity as an undesirable result, even if possible, and also against the ruinous attempt to define with rigid exactness the great and undefinable mysteries of the Christian faith, an attempt which usually landed men in the errors of either the Romanist or the Puritan. Mr. Darling's speech was not without its effect; inasmuch as it did much to put the question on its proper basis, and to ensure as far as might be in the excited state of men's minds a calm and reasonable settlement of the question. The next day several amendments were made to the resolution of Dr. Balch, which were lost, and the original resolution of the Bishops, as amended by Dr. Balch and the Prolocutor conjointly, was passed unanimously. The resolution thus altered stands as follows:—

Whereas the elevation of the elements in the celebration of the Holy Communion, the use of incense during divine service, and the mixing of water with the sacramental wine are illegal, it is resolved by this Synod that the above mentioned practices are hereby forbidden in the Church

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of this Province; and, whereas the Rubric at the end of the Communion office enacts that the bread shall be such as is usual to be eaten, the use of wafer bread is hereby forbidden.

And this Synod would express their disapprobation of the use of lights on the Lord's table, and vestments in saying the public prayers and ministering the sacraments and other rites of the Church, except the surplice, stole or scarf, and academic hood pertaining to the degree of any graduate, and their determination to prevent by every lawful means their introduction into the Church of this Province.

Subsequently, after the resolution had been returned from the House of Bishops, in accordance with an arrangement made between them and a committee of the Lower House, the terms of the resolution were altered. —The first part of the resolution now commences with the words: "It is resolved by this Synod that the elevation of the elements during the celebration," &c., and after the word "enacts" there are added the words, "that it shall suffice," making the sentence run, "whereas the Rubric at the end of the Communion office enacts that it shall suffice that the bread," &c. This latter charge is one merely of form, but the former one is, we think, one much to be regretted, inasmuch as it appears to form a precedent for legislation independently of the Mother Church, which legislation, though it may be legal and hereafter necessary, yet should be very carefully weighed, and only carried under circumstances of real necessity. The act of uniformity may not bind the Church in the land, but it is contrary to the holiest wishes of the most devoted members of the Church to sever themselves from the Church into which they were baptised and ordained. Many prefer to preserve the link, though that link they may acknowledge it is in their power to sever.

Such is the termination of a weary contest, and a debate which threatened sometimes to cause a very terrible disruption; and we have reason to congratulate the Synod on having passed a moderate resolution, in which all members could heartily join and vote unanimously. No member of the Canadian Church uses extreme ritual; nor can its sincerest friend, or those who heartily join in the prayer that the kingdom of Christ should be extended in this realm, seek its introduction. The vestments may be the legal right of the Church, but none are more earnest in deprecating their use, than those to whom the malice of the world has endeavoured to affix the stigma of the name of Ritualist; and this good, at least, has, we believe, resulted from the Synod, that it has proved the moderation and true Christian earnestness of many who had been suspected of seeking rather the propagation of their own individual views, than the spread of Christ's truth. And the Synod of 1868 will

assuredly not have met over the grave of their beloved Metropolitan in vain if, thereby, a step towards unity has been gained—that unity of feeling, and soul, and purpose, which he, the earnest servant of the One Church of the Blessed Redeemer, so untiringly sought to impress upon the Church over which he ruled.

The Synod, after passing several Canons of discipline, and amending the Church Temporalities Act, was dissolved at three o'clock on Saturday, the 19th of September.

News has been received from England of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Jeune, Lord Bishop of Peterboro; Archdeacon Denison is named as his successor in the See.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

SLEEP ON, MY HEART.

(From the German.)

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
For o'er the drooping floweret's eyes
Night has brought down the pearly dew,
That on their leaves so gently lies.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
All life below doth sleeping lie;
The moon in calm magnificence
Looks down, like God's clear, watchful eye.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
From earthly cares and doubts set free;

Who spread the curtains of the sky
And cares for flowers, will care for thee.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace,
And fear no evil dreams the while,
Strengthened by Faith's all powerful might,
Hope on, thy soul shall sweetly smile.

Sleep on, my heart, sleep on in peace;
And if it is appointed thee
At midnight's solemn hour to die,
In heaven shall thine awakening be.

H. M. P.
