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proposed to establish last year, the Bishop found in every case the people prepared to guarantee from 300 to 500 dollars a year. One station—Brandon—became self-supporting within the year.

But the needs of the diocese are still very great, and, humanly speaking, if they are ever to be supplied it must be now. It is impossible to forecast the future, but those best able to judge believe that before twenty years have passed away the whole country will "be covered with a network of railways, and the prairies be cultivated and planted, and dotted over with the comfortable homes of an intelligent, a prosperous, and a contented people."

To Bishop Machray it has been given, in the Providence of God, to lay deep and firm the foundations of the Church of the future. We pray that God's blessing may rest upon his exertions, and that he may live to see the fruit of his self-denial, his zeal, his wisdom, and faith. It is to him a matter of deep regret that so much of his time has of necessity been spent in "serving tables." It could not be otherwise; he has, we believe, prepared the way for the maintenance of the faith of Christ, and the development of spiritual life among the future inhabitants of North-West America.

C. Alfred Jones,
Commissary of the Bishop of Rupert's Land.

Art. V.—CURIOSITIES OF CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

II.

HAPPILY for the mental repose of the overworked clergy, all the episodes in their experience of the "changes and chances of this mortal life" are not confined exclusively to the solemnity of the sick-chamber, or to the solitude of the bed of death. There are incidents of almost daily occurrence, especially in large London parishes, which are interwoven into the ever-shifting panorama of human existence, with its trials and its triumphs, its cares and crosses, its weaknesses and wickednesses; and they form a tangled network, almost if not altogether impossible for any finite creature fully to unravel.

For what is our life
But a mingled strife,
Of darkness with light contending;
We have smiles with our tears,
We have hopes with our fears,
And with triumphs our trials are blending.

Like pieces of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope, our lives present an almost endless variety of combinations merely by the slightest alteration of one or two of its minor details. There are no two human faces that exactly resemble one another. It is far more difficult to find two human experiences that are in every respect coincident. As the lineaments of our features exhibit a certain uniformity in expression, so the general history of the vicissitudes of families and of individuals possesses a certain similarity in the main, with divergent varieties in detail. It is this unity in variety in the fluctuation of human misfortune, to which mortal creatures are subservient, that constitutes so much of the interest which attaches to clerical work in large and populous parishes.

These experiences, as well among the rich as among the poor, are so variously shaded that they form a world of wonder, far more curious and more instructive than anything to be met with in the world of fiction. "The latter," as Lord Bacon says, "filleth the imagination, and, yet, is but with the shadow of a lie."[1] The romance of real life has one great advantage. The persons here described are not the children of fancy, or of feeling—the shadowy phantoms of a brilliant imagination, but the creatures of God as they actually exist in the everyday world around us. And they are put before us in such abundance, with such distinctness, in so many combinations, that it is scarcely possibly for any mind, however gifted, to *invent* such complicated histories of all sorts and conditions of men. By the study of such facts in the ordinary concerns of daily life, we obtain the evidence of positive experience, consisting of what Bacon, in the last words of his *Thema Cœli*, terms "Mobilem Constantiam"—variable constancy; or, in other words, substantial unity in the main, with circumstantial variety in detail.[2]

In my last article I described an experience which certainly was tinged with the hue of extreme sadness. I fear that the social entanglements of the present one are not less so. And here let me observe, in passing, that it is very difficult for any person to impart to those who are not spectators of any scene, those almost infinitesimal incidents, in themselves perhaps mere nothings, but in the aggregate very important, which contribute so much to the general effect of the whole. No description, either by pen or pencil, can adequately convey to those who have not been intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of any particular case, a full and complete ac-

[1] Bacon's Essay on "Truth."

[2] See Mr. Leslie Ellis's edition of Bacon's Works (Ellis and Spedding); also the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1857, by the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Whewell.

count in all its bearings, of any story in private life, with all its surroundings and manifold embarrassments. No artist has ever acquired the art of painting misery as it presents itself. No writer has ever become so expert in the delineation of character as to be able to reproduce the expression on the human countenance, as the sunshine or the shadow passes over the face, according to the varying emotions of the mind.

The family which forms the subject of this narrative was very intimately known to me some years before I was ordained. I knew them in their palmy days of prosperity, when they lived amid all the surroundings of luxury and wealth. I knew them later on, in their distress, when forgotten by all but a few—very few—old friends, who did all they could to help them. The head of the family was a gentleman apparently in the enjoyment of an ample fortune. His wife was the daughter of an officer in the army. He fought in the battle of Waterloo, and, at the time, was attached to the staff of the late Duke of Wellington. When I first became acquainted with them the family consisted of the husband, the wife, and two children—daughters—one twelve, and the other seven years of age. Everything that money could supply was at their disposal. Men-servants and maid-servants, more in numbers than were actually required; horses, carriages, and all the modern appointments and improvements which form the *tout ensemble* of a well-ordered dwelling-house. The house itself stood in a park of some three hundred and fifty acres. Their home was a *place de luxe*. They entertained on a scale of sumptuousness and splendour. Troops of friends surrounded them, and everything that could be gained from the pleasures of society was well within their reach. Now, here was a condition of life that gave a fair promise of being permanent. And yet, within seven years from that date this family had fallen out of notice as completely as if they had never existed. When I bade them farewell in 1848 they were in honour, in prosperity, and in peace. When next I saw them they were in dishonour, poverty, and ruin. Seldom had I seen such a reverse of fortune, and seldom had I suffered more pain than when I contrasted their then present and their past career. *Longa est injuria, longæ ambages.* It is a long story, with many ramifications.

The first step on the road to ruin is sometimes hardly perceptible to the unhappy victim himself. It is only when he has made some progress that he begins to notice his gradual descent. At first it is only a little departure from moral principle—very little. In many a dismal story of private life, the sin which threw its chill withering shade over all succeeding years, from which there was no refuge but in the darkness of the grave, was committed, perhaps, without premeditation or

design, simply by the victim being off his guard. A long level of prosperity, at times, blunts one's moral perceptions; and a man is apt, in that state, to yield to soft and seductive influences, which, in the hardier experience of adversity, he would have spurned from him and resisted with comparative ease. A slight divergence, at first, from the warnings of conscience, leads on to mischief. "The beginning of sin is like the letting out of water." One drop tunnels the way for another drop, the second for the third, and so on till the outlet becomes gradually easier and wider, so as, at length, to afford an unresisting barrier for the bursting of the flood-gate.

'Twas but one little drop of sin
We saw this morning enter in,
And lo! at eventide the world is drown'd.[1]

The subject of this sketch affords a melancholy illustration of the painful process of the gradual development of evil. When I knew him in his better and brighter days, he was, to all outward appearance, a just and upright man, kind-hearted, generous, and sincere. He was a regular attendant at church. In the eyes of the world his conduct was exemplary. He seemed to be an affectionate father, an indulgent husband, and, so far as could be known, in every relation of life—public, social, and private—he was all that could be desired. But, there was "a fly in the pot of ointment." No one ever suspected it. Under outward conformity to the proprieties and amenities of society, his true character lay concealed. He was living for mere appearances. He loved sin, he loved money, he loved the world, and the sequel of his history fatally proved that his regard for them outweighed every higher and holier consideration. Self-delusion often blinds a man to the momentous peril of his habitual state of life, and thus he goes on "deceiving and being deceived."

This was the secret of the greater part of the misery which overtook the subject of this sketch. He was a man of brilliant imagination, a clear thinker, a forcible writer, and of considerable attainments in literary and scientific pursuits. His head was well-informed, but his heart was at fault. His character gradually, perhaps insensibly to himself, was being formed on the model of respectable hypocrisy. He kept up the outward proprieties of life, which is all that the world generally demands, but, in secret, he was indulging habits destructive to the influence of true manhood. Of this, at the time, I knew nothing. I considered him to be a shrewd, intelligent man, upright and honourable in all his dealings.

The proximate cause of the break-up of his home was his

[1] Keble's "Christian Year." Sexagesima Sunday.

strong propensity for speculation, mainly in railway stock, although he did not confine his pecuniary transactions to that particular form of financial uncertainty. He had invested very largely in North British railway shares, and, as owing to a calamity befalling that line in 1848, the shareholders were called upon to pay up the full amount of their shares, he found it impossible to meet his heavy liabilities. It was particularly unfortunate for him that at the same time several of his other investments turned out very badly, so that he was obliged to declare himself a bankrupt. His mania for speculation grew with what it fed upon, and, as such men generally are not content with dealing in transactions which they could pay for in money, any sudden and considerable fall in the price of stock very seriously embarrasses them. He was one of those amateur speculators who bought largely on what is called "time bargains;" that is, buying shares for which the purchasers do not pay at the time, hoping that on settlement-day, either fortnightly or monthly, the shares may rise, and that they may realize a good profit. Or, if they fall a little, there may be no very serious loss. Public opinion loudly condemns the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo, and already in various parts of Europe such places, where games of chance have ruined thousands, have been shut up by order of Government. But these "time-bargains" entered into by outsiders, not connected with the Stock Exchange, are quite as destructive to morality and peace of mind as any gambling saloon. It was this system of haphazard speculation that brought shame and ruin on a once affluent family, through the inexcusable folly of the father and husband, whose foresight was not keen enough to provide against contingent possibilities. Accordingly, within one short week, he reduced both his family and himself to the very verge of ruin.

I had not seen him for some time, and I knew nothing of his impecuniosity. He expressed a wish to see me, but he gave no reason for his request. I went to him at once. There was no perceptible change in his domestic economy. During dinner I suspected nothing. He maintained his usual cheerfulness of manner, and conversed just as if he were still in the enjoyment of his good fortune. After dinner, and when the ladies had retired, he asked me to go with him to the library. Still, nothing in his voice or manner indicated the slightest suspicion of anything being wrong. When he had shut and locked the door he slowly walked to the hearthrug, and standing with his back to the fireplace, he said: "I want to confide to you a very sad secret." As he said this he held out his right hand to me, which I took, and putting his left hand on my shoulder, he added with the utmost possible self-

possession and coolness: "I am a ruined man." "How? what do you mean?" I replied, with astonishment. "I am bankrupt; the North British Railway Company has called for payment of the shares which I have in it, and this, and other failures impinging at the present moment, have been too much for me; and, without now entering into details, suffice it to say, it is all up with me; I am ruined, and I must leave this place before one month is over."

I was so bewildered and grieved that I felt that peculiar sense of choking which we sometimes feel, as if something suddenly stuck in one's throat, and burying my face in my hands, I could not help giving way before him. "For God's sake," he said, "don't do that, or you will unman me. It relieves me to make known to you my awful downfall, but I must keep cool and bear up as well as I can, for the sake of my poor wife and children." While he was talking to me I stood speechless, being astounded at the sudden tidings. We then sat down, and he gave me a full account of the hopeless imbroglio in which his finances were entangled. I was devotedly attached to him and to his wife, and this unlooked-for catastrophe, coming upon them with such a sure and swift visitation, took me completely by surprise.

When we rose up to leave the library, it being now about ten o'clock, I asked him to excuse my going into the drawing-room, as I felt certain that his wife, with true feminine penetration, would notice that there was something wrong, and in order to avoid "a bad quarter of an hour," I begged to be allowed to return to my room. That night passed wearily with me; sleep did very little to beguile its long hours. The future of this unhappy man and his ruined family rose up before me like a ghastly nightmare, and I could think of nothing but the painful realization of sorrow which was in store for my friend's wife the next day.

Night exaggerates everything. I was therefore glad when the morning came, and that one could reflect with some degree of coherence upon the facts related to me the previous evening in the interview in the library. The more I weighed all the circumstances of the case the more hopeless it seemed. His wife, not being very strong, seldom came downstairs until about eleven o'clock. Up to that time, on that day, her husband had not told her anything. He was afraid that it might seriously affect her, as she was out of health, and had been so for a long time. However, there was no help for it, and sooner or later she must be made aware of the terrible collapse of the family fortunes. A little after twelve o'clock I was sent for to go to the library. There the scene was painful in the extreme. He had broken the news to his wife, and she was

completely prostrate. She looked at me as I entered, and such a look! Her face and her whole bearing betrayed the silent anguish of her mind. She could not utter a word. Her look was enough. It was more expressive than any words. Her utter despair reminded me of the words of the play which I once remember to have heard the late Charles Kean render with that inimitable pathos for which he was so remarkable:

> The bruised worm may turn upon the hoof that treads upon it—
> The crushed one lies motionless.

For crushed, indeed, this poor woman lay there, with a new world of agony just opening upon her sight.

I think it is La Rochefoucauld who says, with his usual play of irony, that the misfortunes of our best friends are not altogether without a certain portion of satisfaction to us. That statement I beg leave to deny as a universal proposition. This clever satirist defines friendship as "a community of interests, not of souls." There is, perhaps, a shadow of truth in it, in so far as we realize the sense of our personal security from the danger or the distress we look upon, but it is not true to nature to allege that the misfortunes of those to whom we are endeared by a *community of soul* can give us anything but pain. If friendship be only "a community of interests," Rochefoucauld may be right, but it is to be feared that he knew but little about the almost sacred bond which cements together those who are one in soul.

That scene of agony, in one short hour, had painfully depicted, in this broken-hearted woman's face, that sense of despair which arises in the mind when hope has fled. Anyone who has ever seen the sunset on the Alps, as the departing rays are shining upon its snow-clad summits, have always been struck with the beauty of that roseate hue, "La rose des Alpes;" and then, while still gazing at the crimson colour, all the brighter by the mantle of snow on which it plays, suddenly the whole scene changes with the receding sunshine, and the cold, leaden hue of desolation quickly succeeds to the previous picture of light and beauty. So was it with this now desolate woman. In so brief a space she became so altered in expression that it would be hard to believe that her face only an hour before had been lighted up with the happy buoyancy of prosperity and contentment, the mistress of a household bright with every blessing, apparently, and without a care to cloud the illuminated prospect that lay before her. But what a sudden change came over the entire scene! The shock which she had received told terribly upon her, though her husband tried his best to soften down the unpalatable truth.

After a short time she went to her room, and to her bed, for

she was unable that day to face her servants, knowing that on the morrow she should have to give them all notice to leave. The sight of her children added to the intensity of her grief, and, altogether, she presented as sad a spectacle as one could well imagine of the effect of the sudden transformation from the height of temporal prosperity to the depths of ruin.

But, it may be thought by some of my readers that this lady might have borne her misfortune with greater heroism. Many instances are on record of similar vicissitudes, and yet the family history, though deprived of its former glory, still went on fairly well so far as domestic happiness was concerned. The noble spirit of the old prophet has had many brilliant counterparts. Though his fig-trees did not blossom, nor fruit was on his vines; though his olive-gardens failed, and his farms refused to yield their wonted crops; though his flocks were cut off from the fold, and the herd from the stalls—yet all was not lost. Far, very far from it. He could still rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of his salvation. Notwithstanding his worldly adversity, even carried to the verge of destitution, he could and did say and feel that "The Lord God was his Strength, and that He could make him walk upon high places."

The moral splendour of such trust and such rejoicing in the dark and cloudy day, is incomparably superior to every argument drawn from the external evidences of Christianity. It is what Aristotle calls the habit of the mind—the prevailing drift of the thoughts and intents of the heart. How can the vicissitudes of time wear down such nobility of soul as that? The triumph of faith, the conscious security under the guidance and protection of Providence, and the childlike trust and calm repose in the Divine promises, have sustained thousands under the most afflictive dispensations. But this cannot be unless the heart is right with God. How often may be noticed in daily life the practical illustration of the double interrogation of Eliphaz to the patriarch Job! He answers one question by asking another, "Are the consolations of God small with you? Is there any secret thing?" If there be any secret sin, there can be no Divine consolation in the day of trouble, or indeed in any other day. Now, it was just this "secret thing" that embittered and intensified the financial failure of this family. The husband, it turned out, had, for a long time previous to his downfall in money matters, contracted a false tie. None of his friends suspected him. There was nothing in his outward demeanour to indicate it. But "blood will out," and the proverbial bird in the air brought the tidings of it to this man's wife only the very day before the announcement of his bankruptcy. Sorrows, they say, seldom come singly. Thus

both in money and in morals this wretched man was an utter failure. Under such circumstances, there was no room left for rejoicing in the "mysterious ways" of Him Who maketh poor and Who maketh rich. There was nothing for him to fall back upon as "a consolation." He had sown the wind, and now he reaped the whirlwind. The point of difficulty in all such cases is the arrangement which involves the innocent with the guilty.

Within a week from the evening on which he informed me of his collapse, the public became acquainted with his insolvency. No one except his wife, however, had the least idea of his misconduct in any other respect. At the end of another week, his wife and children, without a single attendant, set out for Cheltenham, where a kind friend of the family offered them a temporary home and hospitality. The old house was untenanted, with the exception of a caretaker and two "keepers," who were sent to have an eye on the furniture and assets, generally, in the house, previous to their sale by public auction. The former owner of the premises took refuge in London, where he was accompanied by the guilty partner in his moral ruin. And thus, a picture of social misery, happily of not frequent occurrence, is presented to the mind, as forming one of the saddest experiences that it is possible to contemplate. The wife and two children in the country, dependent on friends for their very subsistence—the husband and father leading a life of sin in London—the old house at home a complete wreck—and no prospect of any future resuscitation of the family fortunes.

It became necessary for the wife to obtain legal redress. Everything that could have been done was done to induce the husband to realize his position, and to break away from the seductive influence of the woman who may be fairly said to have been at the bottom of the chief misery of the family. But no, he deliberately chose his own way; and, at all hazards, he was resolved to follow it. His wife applied for a legal separation, which was at once granted by the court. Soon after this I left England, and for a year and a half I heard nothing from or of any of the family.

One day, at the end of that time, I received a letter in Dublin from my old friend's wife, in which she informed me that her husband was living in some out-of-the-way lodging in the city, and that he was attacked with a very severe form of typhus fever. He scribbled a few lines in pencil, but gave no address. They were as follows: "I have been in Dublin a month, having come over here to get away from London ways—very ill—doctor thinks typhus fever—if anything happens you shall hear—a letter addressed 'Post Office' will find me.

No wonder that disease is rife here—was taken ill three days ago—yesterday had to go to my bed."

This memorandum was enclosed in a letter from his wife to me, written in the deepest anxiety, and imploring me to try and find out where her husband was living, and to go and visit him. She desired me, if I had a favourable opportunity, to assure him that all the past should be forgiven and forgotten, and that if it pleased God to restore him to health again, she hoped he would rejoin his wife and children, and pull through their present time of trial as well as they could. On receipt of this letter I went to the post-office, and I ascertained that her husband was living in a very unfashionable neighbourhood. I found him in bed, suffering from a somewhat severe form of typhus. He was terribly altered in appearance since I saw him last. Present disease, and his fast life since he became a bankrupt, had made serious inroads upon his constitution, and being now not far from sixty, he was not favourably circumstanced to enable him to resist the ravages of so serious a form of eruptive fever. At times, during his illness, it seemed as if he could not live out the day; still he rallied, and after about twenty-one days the fever left him, but it left him in a very weak and exhausted state. The chances of his recovery were now in his favour, and at the end of three weeks he was able to go out for a short drive in the Phœnix Park. In another fortnight his wife wrote to me to secure lodgings for her, as she hoped to be in Dublin in a few days. She would have come at once, but that she herself was laid up for months from an attack of rheumatism. I took lodgings for them in Clare Street, Merrion Square, where, after a separation in more senses than one, the husband and wife came together once more under circumstances that promised to render their reunion indissolubly permanent. But again and again, life's lessons teach us that

> The best laid schemes o' mice an' man
> Gang aft a-gley,
> An' leave us nought but grief and pain
> For promised joy.

The husband's character since the first day of his exposure became suddenly—as we say—altered, and for the worse. And yet, there is nothing sudden about such events. In the northern latitudes of Europe, for many months in the year the whole face of the country is covered with a mantle of snow. As far as the eye can reach there is not a sign of verdure or vegetation. But, about the beginning of spring all this snowy covering disappears, sometimes quite suddenly in the space of a single night, and on the morrow men wake up

to find that all nature has started up into glad existence and vigorous life. The process of vegetation was going on under the snow, and it was only necessary to have that outer barrier removed in order to exhibit the growth of grass and flowers going on all the time beneath the surface. This is the way to account for many sudden ebullitions of depravity which shock the moral sense of mankind. There is nothing really sudden about them. If we could only see the process of demoralization that had been going on for a long time beforehand, we should cease to be surprised at the suddenness of the outburst. It is sudden only to our eyes. Under that seeming respectability of an outward regard to the ordinary decencies of life there is sometimes an under-current in the heart, turbid and foul, which only awaits the removal of outward circumstances to expose it to the gaze of the world.

After this man was thoroughly found out, when he became hopelessly involved in money matters, and his moral character was exhibited in its true colours, his demeanour became quite changed. Every vestige of self-respect seemed to have forsaken him; even in his outward appearance, which formerly was the very essence of neatness, he now became slovenly and negligent to an extent that contrasted very unfavourably with his former habits. So true it is, that "the apparel oft proclaims the man." He had no sense of shame; he almost gloried in it. He became so selfish that the position of his wife and daughters seemed to have no effect upon him. He lived a miserable life, sleeping by night in some obscure lodging-house, and by day wandering about from public-house to public-house in the obscure parts of the metropolis. Self-control ceased to guide him. He threw the reins recklessly upon the horse's neck, and he did not give a thought as to where he might lead him.

After spending a month in Dublin, and finding that her husband was so blind to his own interest, and so blunted in his moral perception, that no persuasion could induce him to give up his false ways, his wife, in despair, returned to London alone. This was the last time she ever saw her husband. Shortly after this, she went to an obscure town on the French frontier, and set up a boarding-house, by means of which she managed to scrape along for a time.

About a year after this, her husband called on me in London, where I had been for some time curate in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. He came to see me, he said, because he was about to leave for America, and probably he would never see me again.

"But are you not going to see your wife and children before you start?"

"No. Such an interview would be very painful, and could lead to no practical results."

"Surely you blame yourself for the present condition of things?"

"Certainly not—I am only the creature of circumstances, and I have done nothing but adapt myself to them."

"Do you mean to say that you are not responsible for your improper conduct before the collapse of the railway speculations?"

"There's no use in my arguing the case with you. You are a priest—you can't divest yourself of your own skin; it belongs to you as part of your existence. No more can you afford to set aside the instincts of the priest, and think, and speak rationally like other mortals. You know the old saying, 'It is like talking common-sense to parsons.' You are a priest, as I have already said, and you really can't afford to talk common-sense. I have, therefore, no desire to open up an argument with you."

"Priest or no priest, it requires no special gift to perceive that a man who lives in sin must be a stranger to peace of mind. Sin such as yours (you will, I know, pardon my freedom, for old friendship's sake) never co-existed with happiness. You might as well expect to have a rattlesnake perpetually about your path, and feel no sense of uneasiness or fear."

"I have done nothing but what has been done by the force of circumstances. That is what I maintain, and I am not responsible for those circumstances. That is what I mean to say. Am I responsible for having come into this world? My consent was not asked. I was placed here by the force of circumstances. Is not that the fact?"

"But surely the utter neglect and abandonment of your wife and children has not the excuse of the force of circumstances. You talk of 'the instincts of the priest.' In your case you violate the instincts of Nature, which is abhorrent to all right-minded men."

"Ah, well! you see, when a man makes one false step he makes many more in consequence; and so he goes on, till at last he becomes insensible to the claims of a higher standard."

"That is what I have been saying to you. You are leading a life which as it is without reason, so is it without excuse. For God's sake, give it up! Ask *Him* to pardon you, to give you power. Go next to your wife; ask her pardon. Think of what you owe your helpless children and their mother, and be—a man."

"You are a young curate—unmarried—know comparatively

little of the world and the entanglements of family life; if you knew all, perhaps you could find some excuse for me."

"It seems to me the height of folly for any man to try to extenuate such misconduct as yours. Experience or no experience, it is a matter of plain common-sense that you cannot take pitch into your hands without being defiled, or fire into your bosom without being burned—that is plain enough. You have been playing too long with sin, and consequently your conscience has become defiled, and the fire of evil passion is burning in your bones. That is the only way to put it."

Our conversation lasted more than an hour. At the end of that time he rose up to leave; but he asked me if I would mind accompanying him into Regent's Park. I did so; and while there, he informed me that he was going to sail for the United States on the following Saturday, and that he never intended to return to Europe again. He bade me good-bye without the least apparent sense of feeling, and with a quotation from Horace, he went off just as if he were going on a pleasure-trip. When next I heard of him, he was lecturing in Illinois, as I gathered from an American newspaper, in which my friend was called "A walking Encyclopædia." He earned a precarious existence by becoming a peripatetic lecturer, which did little more than pay his expenses. That style of life did not suit a man of his age, near sixty, and who all his life was accustomed to a home of luxury and ease. He now and then wrote to his wife. The last she ever received from him was as follows:

MY DEAR ——,

And only for that deed of separation I should have added "wife," I am leading an existence full of adventure and excitement. It has its drawbacks, and is not without its depressing influences. I feel that I am a sort of exile in this foreign land. It is needless for me to dwell on the past. It dwells too heavily on me. I know I shall never again in this life see you or my children. I am much changed outwardly and inwardly, and in both cases I fear for the worse. Only conceive, ——, to whom I lent £20 a month before my failure, won't even reply to my letters. Kiss the children—*our* children—for their unfortunate father's sake. Poor things, I have wronged them and you; my conscience too often and too bitterly reminds me. . . . I received twenty dollars for a lecture the other evening. The chairman complimented me overmuch. He said that I had "a well-stored mind, accurate information, that I was a credit to my native country," and more to the same effect. Had he only known the true state of the case, how differently he would have spoken! I have times of great loneliness—what a change in my life! O memory! what a curse!

He merely signed his name, without adding any of the usual endearing epithets customary between husband and wife. That was the last time she ever heard of him or from him. His end

was very sad. He died in one of the Western States, after running a wild and reckless course of life. His wife died just seven weeks after the receipt of his last letter. Her eldest daughter, a lovely and accomplished girl, was married to an Indian merchant. She also died, two years after she was married, and her body was committed to the deep, as her death occurred on shipboard. The only surviving child was taken care of by a kind-hearted lady who had known something of the family history. What became of her I have never been able to ascertain. Thus passed away a family who once was in the enjoyment of every temporal blessing, and who, by the inconceivable folly of the head of the household, was reduced almost to abject want. He alone was in fault. He had a good wife, clever and accomplished. She contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day. She could speak several languages, and was a refined, courteous, and sensible woman. Her parents lived at the Court of Versailles, where she was brought up from childhood until her marriage. After spending the happiest years of her life in the enjoyment of every comfort, she died worn down by grief, infirmity and neglect, among perfect strangers, in a foreign land, hardly able to eke out a scanty subsistence, partly by taking in boarders, and partly by teaching. Her experience of life was hard towards its close, and of her it might be truly said, that "she met with darkness in the day-time."

G. W. WELDON.

ART. VI.—THE SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

HAVING been during the greater part of my life, from time to time, occupied with a consideration of a revision of our Church Services, in their doctrinal aspects as well as in their suitability to the purposes for which they were designed, it gave me much pleasure to read the articles in consecutive numbers of THE CHURCHMAN under the heading of "Thoughts upon Little Things" in the Services of our Church. These articles were from the pen of Mr. Aitken, than whom few men are better qualified from mature experience to speak upon such subjects. The first of the two is devoted principally to the musical portions of the Services, upon which there are many sensible remarks with which I very much agree. I specially concur with what he says in reference to intoning or monotoning the service, denominated by one Bishop of London, "in-groaning," by his successor "monotonous mumbling." I have a great objection to it. When very well done, as it is in