

"I am afraid we must delay the beacon yet a while," he began, "I find it would cost more than I can pay at present. What have you next on your list, my dear love?"

"Oh, sir, my list is so long!" replied Daisy, widening her arms, as she held a flower in each hand; "but the beacon takes up the greatest space; if only it could be built, for Carad's sake!"

Sir George perceived that she coloured.

"In the course of a few years, darling. But what keeps Carad from the castle? He is a proud young fellow."

"Oh no, sir, he fears to intrude, I think," blushed Daisy. "Next to the beacon, I have the vicarage," she added, hastily.

"I have anticipated you there, darling. I have given orders for the restoration of the vicarage; but I suppose I cannot command the banns."

"Dear, sir, how kind you are!" said Daisy, dropping her gorse, and laying her hand on Sir George's shoulder; "they have waited so long, and so patiently! May they be married from here, and live here until the house is ready?"

Sir George laughed heartily.

"I should think they had better return to Tudor's mother," he said; "still, they shall come here, if you wish it. You may shelter the parish, darling."

"You will do that, dear sir. The poor people bless you already, and the inhabitants of Monad have told Michael and me that they intend turning over a new leaf, as you have promised to repair their miserable huts."

CHAPTER L.—CARAD AND DAISY.

Daisy always read Lord Craigavon's letters to her father with interest. But although they gradually became more frequent, his lordship never named her. Sir George had communicated to him, as shortly as possible, the facts connected with his discovery of their relationship, but the earl had made no allusion to them. About this time, however, there came a letter, in which strange mention was made of her name. The earl wrote as follows: "I should be obliged by your asking Miss Walpole to be so good as to dispose of the proceeds of the sale as she may think best." This was all, and it surprised Sir George more than Daisy.

"His repentance is sincere," she thought, "and I am sure I can carry out his wishes," then she added, aloud, to her father, "say that I will, with his lordship's permission, employ it to place a proper beacon on the Esgair; thus the property of the drowned will save the lives of future sailors."

"Have you and Daisy quarrelled?" asked Sir George of Caradoc, one day, as they met on the beach.

"We had not quarrelled, sir. We seldom quarrelled in the old days, now I should not venture," began Caradoc, and paused.

"I think I understand you," replied Sir George; "you are too much of a gentleman to take advantage of the old relations that existed between you, now that Daisy is mistress here. Yet no efforts of yours or mine can wipe out the past, and I, for one, should not wish to do it. You and yours have saved and brought up my darling, and given a home to my friend. It is now my turn to protect them both, but not to sever the tighter ties; on the contrary, I wish still more firmly to unite them. We owe a debt to you that we can never repay; but you may perhaps make it heavier still by ensuring my child's happiness, and therewith mine. You love her, Carad?"

"Love her! Oh, sir, who could help it?" said Caradoc, surprised into a confession.

"Then you have my permission to tell her so. Wait! Don't thank me yet. You must live here with me; you must be content to be second, if first in love, while I live; and then the Pennants will come to their own again."

Caradoc stood a few minutes looking at Sir George, so bewildered by what he had said that he could neither believe nor understand it. But Sir George understood it all; he read the long-suppressed love in the flushed face and speechless lips; and when Caradoc at last found words he knew that he had not misjudged him.

"I am not deserving this," he said, "either in myself or my condition. But I have loved her always with the one great love of my heart. Still, even with your permission, I dare not hope; she has never encouraged me; she has rather seemed to love another better. This is why I have wished to go away, and even fixed myself at Penruddock."

"I understand all this; but you have not given me your promise," rejoined Sir George.

"I could desire nothing better in this world, sir, than what you so generously, so strangely, propose," stammered Caradoc, scarcely knowing what he said.

He was satisfied; and we leave it to the imagination to picture the scene at the castle when he summoned courage at last to tell his love. How Daisy listened let all true lovers tell.

(To be continued.)

A PROFESSION OF FAITH.

Some striking words of the late Professor Henry have just been made public, being an extract from the last letter he ever wrote. They are important as a profession of faith on the part of one whose influence on American science during the past forty years has been second to that of no other scientific teacher:—

"Whence come we? Whither are we going? What is our final destiny? The object of our creation? What mysteries of unfathomable depth environ us on every side; but after all our speculations and an attempt to grapple with the problem of the universe, the simplest conception which explains and connects the phenomena is that of the existence of One Spiritual Being, infinite in wisdom, in power, and all Divine perfections; which exists always and everywhere; which has created us with intellectual faculties sufficient in some degree to comprehend His operations as they are developed in nature by what is called 'science.' This Being is unchangeable, and, therefore, His operations are always in accordance with the same laws, the conditions being the same. Events that happened a thousand years ago will happen again a thousand years to come, providing the condition of existence is the same. Indeed, a universe not governed by law would be a universe without the evidence of an intellectual Director. In the scientific explanation of physical phenomena we assume the existence of a principle having properties sufficient to produce the effects which we observe; and when the principle so assumed explains by logical deductions from it all the phenomena we call it a theory; thus we have the theory of light, the theory of electricity, &c. There is no proof, however, of the truth of these theories except the explanation of the phenomena which they are invented to account for. This proof, however, is sufficient in any case in which every fact is fully explained, and can be predicted when the conditions are known.

"In accordance with this scientific view, on what evidence does the existence of a Creator rest? First, it is one of the truths best established by experience in my own mind that I have a thinking, willing principle within me, capable of intellectual activity and of moral feeling. Second, it is equally clear to me that you have a similar spiritual principle within yourself, since, when I ask you an intelligent question you give me an intelligent answer. Third, when I examine operations of nature I find everywhere through them evidences of intellectual arrangements, of contrivances to reach definite ends precisely as I find in the operations of man; and hence I infer that these two classes of operations are results of similar intelligence. Again, in my own mind I find ideas of right and wrong, of good and evil. These ideas then exist in the universe, and therefore, form a basis of our ideas of a moral universe. Furthermore, the conceptions of good which are found among our ideas associated with evil, can be attributed to a Being of infinite perfections like that which we denominate 'God.' On the other hand, we are conscious of having such evil thoughts and tendencies that we cannot associate ourselves with a Divine being, who is the Director and the governor of all, or even call Him for mercy without the intercession of One who may affiliate Himself with us."

Children's Department.

EVERYBODY'S MOTTO.

"DUTY FIRST AND PLEASURE AFTERWARDS."

A gentleman had a little pet-dog that always came the moment it was called. One day this gentleman thought he would put the little dog's obedience to the test; so he told his servant to put a plate of meat on the floor for him. The servant did so, and the little dog came running to the plate, for he was very hungry. But just as the poor thing was thinking what a fine treat he was going to have, and was about to help himself to the meat, his master called him away.

The little dog heard the call, and looked wistfully at the meat. The meat was nice and fresh from the butcher's shop, and certainly very tempting to a hungry dog. But the little creature knew that the first thing was to obey his master. He, therefore, turned from the plate of meat without touching it, and ran to see what was wanted, wagging his tail so pleasantly that it just meant a smile.

That little dog, I think, was deservedly a favorite; and it would be well if all little folks followed his example, doing what they know to be their duty before seeking their own pleasure or gratification.

More than once I have heard a mother call her little girl, who has answered, "Yes, mamma," but never gone. She was busy dressing her doll, perhaps, or undressing it for bed, or just finishing her lessons and did not wish to leave them, or putting the last touch to the picture she had been painting and wanted to complete it.

When little folks do this, they are pleasing themselves instead of obeying mamma, and cannot expect a blessing from God.

"Duty first and pleasure afterwards," children, that is the way to be truly happy.

WHAT TO TEACH THE BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know, then?

1. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than any earthly power or position.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry unclean, as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a general reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich—he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

MARRIAGE.

At St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, New Zealand, on the 11th May, by the Rev. Robert Burrows, Richard Steele, of Christ Church, N.Z., to Kate Bissett, second daughter of the late Rev. J. G. D. Mackenzie, of Toronto.