

into the earldom as poor as a Lackland, when my ancestors granted those interminable leases at almost a nominal rent. But in less than a score of years they will end, and then! and then I shall leave my son the richest noble in the land—be the richest myself, I mean; for I am a young man, and shall still be young when lease after lease has run out. Then David Pennant and that upstart boy will know that they cannot browbeat with impunity the Earl of Craigavon."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### NOTICE TO QUIT.

It has been said that the stewardship of the Craigavon property was held in abeyance for the second son of the late steward, by his mother, assisted by Mr. Tudor and the earl himself, who was always glad to save his money. Although Mrs. Tudor was a shrewd woman of business, her youngest son did not promise much in that line, therefore she and the vicar covered his prospective deficiencies by working all the harder themselves. The steward's house was some miles from the castle, and it was the earl's object to see Mr. Tudor located there when he relinquished the tutorship, not only that he might be spared the expense of repairing the vicarage, but that Mr. Tudor might overlook that part of the estates where he himself was not. Still his lordship was resolved to get rid of Ap Adam, and to place some dependent at the vicarage, who should keep watch over the Monad wreckers, and report their doings. He made Mr. Tudor his unwilling agent in this office, by commissioning him to give Mr. Ap Adam notice to quit the vicarage, saying that, as it was his house, he must eject the tenant. As Mr. Tudor had the option of living with his mother, and did not see his way to occupying the vicarage in its dilapidated state, the task was not pleasant; still he could not refuse to do it without offending his own patron, and his mother's apparent benefactor. He, therefore, much against his will, and, indeed, his conscience, wrote a polite letter to Ap Adam, regretting the necessity of asking him to vacate the vicarage, &c., &c.

Ap Adam took the notice coolly enough, shrugging his shoulders, and saying, "That is the earl. I expected as much. I didn't see Evan the Tower's leg for nothing. Now I must continue my travels. I shall be sorry to part with Carad. Why must one feel sorrow and interest, in spite of one's best efforts to avoid them?"

But the Pennants were not so cool as he, when they, in turn, heard from him that he must give up his school with the vicarage.

"You won't leave us till you have polished off the boys?" said Farmer Pennant.

"And Daisy?" added his wife; for Daisy had been some time under tuition when the notice arrived.

"The boys will have more time to give to ploughing and sowing, and Daisy to the making of butter and cheese, much more important and useful than anything I can teach them," rejoined Ap Adam.

"You are tired of us?" suggested the old farmer.

"No. The three last years of my life have been the quietest and almost the happiest I ever passed. I have not known you and yours in vain, sir."

"Then you must not leave us," returned the old man. "David, we can hammer up the old barn into a school-room, and find bed and board here for Master Ap Adam."

"Surely, father, if you will. But my friend may not like it," replied David Pennant.

"He likes genuine Welsh hospitality, at any rate," said Ap Adam, striving to hide some feeling that forced itself uppermost. "But, you must consider—I must consider—one cannot take advantage," and the reserved schoolmaster fairly broke down.

His companions had too much tact to continue the subject, and it was set aside for that day.

But when the earl returned from taking his son to Eton, he heard that the tenant ejected from the vicarage had been welcomed at the farm, and that Mr. Ap Adam was continuing his scholastic labors at Brynhafod. This was written down in the book of his memory as another offence of the Pennants, to be avenged when occasion offered.

Years passed, however, and no particular occasion occurred. To all appearance matters went on quietly around him. He himself grew more

moody and restless; but, at the same time, riches increased from various causes. Wrecks continued at intervals, though, for some mysterious reason, less frequently than at the time when this tale began; old leases lapsed and new ones were granted—if granted at all—at an enormous increase of rent; property reverted to him at the death of a distant relative; and he needed stretch the utmost limit of his imagination to declare himself poor, when everybody knew that he must be rich. But no one dared gainsay him. Your proud, reserved, uncompromising man wields a mighty sceptre. People are afraid of him, and although they may misdoubt him, they are silent.

It was so with the Lord of Craigavon. He was disliked by his equals and feared by his inferiors; still no one resisted him—no one, indeed, knew exactly what to say about him. His reputation was negative. He did not entertain profusely; he was not benevolent; he would not extirpate the wreckers, root and branch; he did not build a lighthouse; he was not unkind to his family; he was not a genial man. What he was he managed to keep to himself, so that not even his wife knew. One thing, however, was patent to everybody—he was devoted to his only son.

This son, nevertheless, preferred school, college, foreign travel, anything, to home, when once he had left the castle. He made excuses to spend his holidays with relatives or friends in England during his boyhood, and when he arrived at manhood other excuses for absenting himself were framed. They were accepted by the earl, who could refuse him nothing, and who lavished money on him while he stinted himself and others.

Having passed thus rapidly over his lordship's adolescence, we must do the same by the other young people already introduced to the reader, and merely imagining their quiet happy life at the farm, and Ap Adam's peculiar education, leave them in peace, until the "fitful fever" of manhood and womanhood succeed their healthful childhood.

(To be continued.)

#### NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love;" but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. "It cannot be," thought I, "that this little girl loves the Bible; if so, she would not leave even a picture of the blessed book soiled, and not half finished." Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was nearly made, and upon the other partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." It did not tell me for whom it was intended; but of this I was certain, whoever the dear one might be, that "needle-book" was not intended for her. I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through the work-box, I found not a single article complete; and mute as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*, that ruined all her generous plans, and after a time gained for her a name which she was not willing to bear; for though she was always ready to enter into any plan for the benefit of others, little account is made of promises from those who are without perseverance; and, without any intention of being untruthful, this little girl came at last to be treated as a *deceiver*.

Let us remember, my dear young friends, that everything relating to our present and eternal felicity depends on resolute *perseverance* in the

right. It matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by to see what men, and women, and little children *have done*. Let us begin, then, and finish every *good* thing already commenced, no matter how small the object. We must learn a noble perseverance by exercising this principle in small matters.

#### CHRIST THE ROCK.

The emblem of a rock, as applied to the Divine Redeemer, is at once sublime, beautiful and appropriate—suggestive as it is of strength, durability, shelter, safety. It speaks of nature's noblest monumental columns, coeval with creation, fresh as at first sculptured by the great Artificer; older, grander and more lasting than obelisk or pyramid, or most colossal work of human power. Over these rocks have the winds of heaven continually swept. Age after age has the sun discharged upon them his quiver of golden arrows; but resisting all changes, defying all elements, outliving all political convulsions, no wrinkle can be traced on their majestic brow. Now in sunny robes of roseate light, now gleaming in the moonbeams with silver mantle, now swathed in white garments of cloud, now curtained in raging tempest, now their echoes awake with the trumpet of peace, now with the clarion of battle, but every hoary peak remaining immutably the same—such is the Rock of our Salvation.

#### Children's Department.

##### THE SHEPHERD.

The Shepherd's voice is crying,  
"Come home to me, poor child!"  
He seeks each wanderer lying  
In sin's dark desert wild.

He left his happy heaven,  
He left his Father's throne,  
That sin might be forgiven,  
And God with man made one.

He knew how sad a morrow  
Before us sinners lay,  
And passed his life in sorrow,  
To take our guilt away.

He bore the pains of dying,  
He bore the bitter cross,  
That, on his love relying,  
No soul might suffer loss.

And still he wearies never,  
Lost lamb, of calling thee;  
"Come home," his voice saith ever,  
"For light and peace to me."

##### AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS.

Now, boys and girls, a few words about Christmas. Not many, for we are busy, and can't take time to say much, and you are busy, and don't want to hear much. We have seen a great many Christmas seasons—more than half a dozen of you put together have—and yet we have never grown tired of them; not in the least. It seems as though each one was brighter and better than the one before. We have always been made happier, and we hope better, by them. But how different is Christmas now from what it was when we were boys! Then we hadn't much in the way of presents, for there were not many things to have. A doughnut, big apple, and a few raisins, with a stick of candy made up the whole store. But we did not look forward to the presents as the principal thing. Not at all. There was something else. A week or two before Christmas we had much thinking and more talking about dressing the church. You see, we lived in a country village where nearly everything was done by the people themselves. We never thought of buying evergreens or hiring anyone to get them; or to put them up. We did all this ourselves,