

reason for attacking the order of Priests as established in our Church, and that no man was a stronger upholder of the order of ministry, bishops, priests and deacons, as always established in our Church than, my late lamented father. In speaking to this effect I did not for a moment think of Bloomfield's Greek Testament, and I did not at first see what Dr. O'Meara was driving at. The insinuation of Dr. O'Meara was most unwarrantable—to use a mild term. I am satisfied that he had no support in this from any of his party.

Yours, &c.,

CHAS. JAS. BLOMFIELD.

Family Reading.

THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER XLV.—CANCELLING A DEBT.

When Sir George Walpole next visited the castle, he was told that Lady Mona spent most of her time with the earl, who was denied to all visitors.

"No one else has seen his Lordship, sir," said the man; "and indeed her ladyship looks all the worse for it. Mrs. Morris says that Captain Everard is not to come, and no one knows what the next move may be."

This intelligence caused Sir George to announce at the farm that he should leave the neighbourhood, since he found that he could be of use to no one. He had by this time made his way into the hearts of his new friends, and recovered the friendship of the old. Ap Adam and he spent much time together, discussing all subjects but one—each carefully avoided the mention of Sir George's wife; and had it not been for Daisy the Master would not have known that there had been a child. She repeated to him what Sir George had casually said to her and Caradoc, and not only he, but all Brynhafod, had been touched by it. To have had wife and child, and to have lost them, deepened their interest in the old soldier.

"If you will come with me to London, Adam Perceval," said Sir George, after another fruitless visit to the castle, "we will look up the publishers. I am told that there is nothing like a personal interview in such matters. If you will not let me benefit you by my useless money, you will perhaps let it benefit the world by your book. Only don't expect me to read it. I like the world as it is better than as it was; but every man to his taste."

"My book concerns the present as well as the past," replied the Master, offended; "and you are not required to read it. However, I accept your offer. But I am so shabby that you will be ashamed of me."

"My tailor and hatter will furbish you up," laughed Sir George, "and there are a few old friends left who will not judge you by the cut of your coat. I should like to see the earl and Lady Mona before I go, but I shall wear out welcome at the farm if I delay."

"No fear of that," remarked the Master. "As to the earl, he will be himself again by the time you return. A miser's grief is golden!"

"Why should I return, Adam Perceval? I have no claim on any one here. The old folks don't understand my language, and the young ones can't care for an old fellow like me. I wish I could take Daisy away with me. I never loved a girl so well before."

"Now don't make a fool of yourself in your old age, George. She won't have you. She must end by marrying either Caradoc or Michael."

"Marry her own brother!" cried Sir George amazed.

"What! have you been a month at Brynhafod without finding out that Daisy is not really a daughter of the house? But I don't wonder, for every one forgets it. She is not a Pennant."

"Then what on earth is she, a relative?"

"No; only a foster daughter. But every one looks upon her as one of the family, and this makes her relations with the boys so puzzling. They have been brought up as brothers and sister and now they all want Michael to marry her. She is sharp enough I can tell you, and understands Latin and mathematics better than Michael."

"She owes this to you, Adam Perceval."

"Rather to her own cleverness. She would earn everything I taught the boys."

"And yet she is so simple and innocent."

"She has had a pure and healthful life, and I took care that she had a pure and healthy literature. She has neither learnt nor read anything that could bring a blush to her cheek. Here she comes to summon us to dinner. It will be as well not to remind her of her early history."

During this conversation the old friends had been pacing up and down in front of the farm, and it was interrupted by Daisy, as aforesaid. During the homely meal Sir George found himself watching her and Michael, and speculating on their feelings for one another. He had requested that no alteration should be made in the farm hours and food on his account, and had declared that he had never in his life enjoyed a better appetite, or sounder sleep.

"We shall miss the poultry, and the fresh eggs and the vegetables, and the cream, and the well-cured bacon, Adam Perceval," he said.

"You are not really going to leave us, sir," exclaimed Daisy, and translated his words into Welsh.

"Yes, my dear; and I am going to carry off the Master," was the reply.

"They will both come back again, my Eye of Day," said the old farmer, between whom and Michael she sat as usual.

"Grandfather says you will come back, sir," she repeated.

"Yes, God willing. I have almost found my lost happiness here," he rejoined; "and what is next best—good listeners. You have helped me to fight my battles over again."

As soon as David and his wife understood that Sir George was really going, they united with the rest in hoping that he would return.

"Tell him that there will always be a welcome and a bed for him," they said, simultaneously.

"And we may be more settled, and the best bedroom furnished again," continued Mrs. Pennant.

"Have I not had the best bed-room? there could not be a better," said Sir George.

"You have had Caradoc's room, sir, and he sleeps in town," replied Daisy, with a blush.

"You make a deal more fuss about him than me," put in the Master, feigning to be offended; "but when I come back as a celebrated author perhaps you may think brain-work as good as sword-work."

This was said in Welsh, and elicited a general exclamation and subsequent explanation.

"Then our Master will be in print, and famous, after all!" said Daisy, enthusiastically.

"Thanks to the lacs of rupees. Don't forget that a lac is one hundred thousand, and each rupee two-and-fourpence in value," said the Master, casting a twinkling glance at her above his spectacles.

It was arranged that the journey to London should take place in a day or so; and Sir George, with the liberality of a generous nature, as well as of a man who had more money than he knew what to do with, was continually turning in his mind how he could repay his entertainers. After family worship that same evening he put a letter into Daisy's hand, and asked her to deliver it to her father. It was strange how that word "father" affected him, knowing, as he then did, that David Pennant was not her father after all. He retired immediately to his room, and Daisy gave the letter to David Pennant, who took it with a sort of tremor.

It may be stated here that, owing to the panic caused by the earl's refusal to renew the lease, and Mr. Pennant's subsequent depression, every new thing gave him a shock. He had neglected his business, and Michael had been prevented, by his illness, seeing to it in his place. The old farmer was nearly past work, and thus money matters had got sadly in arrears. David Pennant had so lost heart, that even the temporary breathing-space given by the late sad events had not served to restore his natural spirits. It is one thing to be resigned, another to be cheerful. He knew that some heavy bills were due, so when Daisy placed Sir George's letter in his hand, he trembled lest it should be a demand that he could not at once answer. He put it quietly into his pocket without asking any question, and waited until he was alone to open it. He read and spoke English so imperfectly that, beyond the beginning and the ending, he could make nothing

of the missive. He accordingly recalled Daisy, and begged her to translate the letter for him.

It was as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR—I have to thank you and your good family for much undeserved kindness and hospitality. Will you do me the favour to appropriate the accompanying trifle in return, and believe me to be,

Your sincere and obliged

GEORGE WALPOLE."

The "trifle" was a cheque for fifty pounds, and Daisy knew, by the sudden knitting of his brow, how Mr. Pennant took the gift.

"A Saxon never understands a Celt!" he said. "I thought better of Sir George. Does he think I would take money for an act of hospitality? Take back this cheque, Daisy, with my best acknowledgements, and say that as long as I have a house it is open to the stranger; but not for gold—not for gold, Daisy, *fach!*"

Daisy took the cheque, and throwing her arms round his neck, said, "You are right, dear father. I would rather think of him as our guest."

She felt shy and nervous, however, when she did David's bidding the following morning. She asked Sir George to come with her into the parlour, and there placed the cheque in his hands, repeating David's words. Sir George looked hurt.

"I should not have invited myself had I not taken it for granted that he would consider me a lodger," he said. "I only wished to repay his kindness in receiving me. I should have gone to an hotel had I supposed he meant to give all and take nothing. Of course I can never intrude again."

"Oh, sir, do not say that!" exclaimed Daisy; "you have cheered us all, and done grandfather and father so much good. They were very low when you came. Besides, you are the Master's friend."

"But the Master has been living upon them for nothing all these years. What is the use of money if one cannot repay the good deeds of worthy people?"

"Repay, sir! Kindness is its own repayment. Father and mother expect no return, or what should I do who have been a trouble to them all my life?"

"I only wish I had such a trouble," said Sir George, gazing on the sweet sensitive face. "But I have no claim upon them; I am rich, and they won't share my riches. Even Dr. Pennant has disappointed me by declining a capital military appointment that I could get him for the asking."

"It would kill mother if Caradoc went away," said Daisy, her face flushing.

"And Daisy, too, would be 'grieving sore' I fancy," returned Sir George, noting the changing colour. "Why did they call you Daisy, my dear?"

"It has always been my pet name, sir. Day's eye, or, as the Welsh say, Eye-of-day, is the flower that first opens to the light."

Sir George sighed, and looked at her tenderly, as he said, "Will you tell your father, from me, that I honour him for his independent spirit, but that I also have one, and am ashamed of myself for trespassing, uninvited, on my neighbour's homestead. I shall yet hope to find the means of returning his hospitality, if not here, elsewhere."

"You would be doing him a kindness, sir, if when you see the earl, you would counsel his lordship to renew our lease," suggested Daisy.

"I will write to him," replied Sir George, "and enclose my letter open to Lady Mona, who can give it or not as she sees fit."

Sir George went to his room at once to write his letter, in which he expressed a desire to see his old friend before he left the country, and to ascertain from him, personally, whether Brynhafod was to be let. He knew the earl too well to appeal against his decision, and hazarded this question merely as a matter of business.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th inst., at St. James' Church, North Shore St. Margaret's Bay, by the Rev. H. Stamer, Rector of Hubbard's Cove, John Boutelier, to Susan Songell.

At Papwash, N. S., June 18th, By the Rev. D. C. Moore, Rector, George Howard, third son of Ezra Black, Esq., of Salem, to Henrietta McDonald, fourth daughter of Chas. Creed Esq., M. R. C. S., England.