

hoped that as my father and I have rented under your father, so my son Michael might rent under you. In bad times as well as good we have paid our rent to the day; we have worked the farm as if it were our own; we have spent thousands upon the land; we have improved the house and buildings; we have, to the best of our ability, done as we would be done by.

"I believe you," interrupted Lord Penruddock. "You have done everything but submit to your superiors."

"We have not fawned and cringed, my lord, neither have we encroached, or tried familiarity. We have strictly kept the distance allotted to us by birth, education, and duty, and maintained by the earl's will. A little more condescension on his part might have won a little more love on ours; and I counsel your lordship, if it should please God, in the course of nature, to bring you to the earldom, to seek to win love rather than servile obedience."

"I am obliged for your condescending advice, Mr. Pennant. May I enquire what is your business with me?"

"It is twofold, my lord. First, to beg you, who have influence with the earl, to ask him to consider before he ejects a family who have more than paid the value of the estate; and secondly to entreat your lordship not to put silly notions into the head of our child Daisy."

During the brief colloquy the speakers grew hot and angry; but when the word "Daisy" was uttered it had the effect of calming them. Mr. Pennant looked at Lord Penruddock with a scrutinising decision while the young man's eyes fell for a few moments.

"The young lady has, then, confided to you what I said to her?" resumed the latter, after a pause.

"In part, my lord."

"I understand that you have forbidden her accompanying my sister to London."

"I have, my lord; and what passed between your lordship and her proves that I was right."

"Perhaps so. Now for your twofold request. We will comprise the matter. If you will advise Miss Daisy to yield to my wishes, I will advise the earl to yield to yours."

"You told her that you would marry her privately, my lord."

"I meant exactly what I said, and mean it still. I love her, and consider her fit to fill any position. You shall be present at the ceremony, if you will, only it must be secret for a time, at least."

"My lord, there can be no secrecy in such a matter as this," said Pennant, very slowly and considerably. "Daisy is worthy of your love, and would soon fit herself to any rank. If your lordship will tell the earl first, I will put before her the distinction you propose for her."

There was a long silence, broken by Lord Penruddock.

"I will speak to my father, Mr. Pennant, and meanwhile you speak to Daisy. Tell her I must see her again. It will be her fault if you do not remain at Brynhafod; and according as you use your influence over her so shall I use mine over my father."

"I cannot influence her, my lord. If she loves you, her own heart will speak for you; if not, you would scarcely wish her for your wife."

"I should wish to make her love me: tell her so, and that no power shall part us."

"There is a Power that parts or makes one by the touch of His rod. Let us trust in Him, my Lord."

"As you will. But you must act as well as trust, for on you and Daisy hang the fate of your family."

Mr. Pennant sighed heavily as he rose to depart, and Lord Penruddock, who rarely waited to consider or weigh his actions, went at once in search of his father. He found him pacing his favourite walk outside his tower. "Hitherto," he thought, "my father has yielded to my slightest wish; will he thwart me in this?"

"You suggested the other day that I should marry," he began, impulsively; "I think it would be as well."

"Ah! Lady Jane? an excellent match!" returned the earl, pausing in his walk.

"Some one infinitely more attractive than Lady Jane. I have lost my heart to a country maiden."

"I guess he heiress, Miss Hughes. They say she has fifty thousand pounds."

"Wrong again. I know you will disapprove; still you will not send me to destruction by refusing your consent."

The earl glanced at his son, who was flushed and agitated. "Some misalliance!" he exclaimed.

"No, my lord; a lady, I am sure."

"Her name, Penruddock?"

"I do not know her proper surname; she is—she is an adopted child."

"Scarcely a wife for Lord Penruddock, apparently.—Where does she live? She lives—hem! not far off, my lord. At—at Brynhafod."

The word came like a cannon-ball upon the earl. Penruddock was terrified when he saw its effect. His father turned livid, and he thought he would have fallen. He took hold of his arm, but was shaken off.

"Not—that—foundling?" muttered the earl.

"It is she, my lord."

"I hate her—I loathe them all."

"My lord, remember that I love her!" exclaimed Lord Penruddock, passionately.

The earl paced on, silent and unheeding, while his son walked at his side, up and down, both thinking of Daisy. At last the earl spoke, with a voice so altered that Penruddock was surprised. He had changed his tactics and his tone.

"You love the girl! Well, your mother and Mona fancy her also. Take a twelvemonth to consider."

"A year is a life. I could not wait."

"Six months, then. Absence for six months."

"And then, my lord?"

"Then you shall have your way. But remember, I have no money; and you won't like starvation."

"Anything with her, my lord."

"Fool!" muttered the earl, within his teeth.

Little as Lord Penruddock suspected it, the earl had been already apprised of his fancy for Daisy; but he had not imagined that his son could dream of marriage. Neither did he dream of it himself; but he found it easier to "humour than aggravate him, which would, he was aware, only drive him to the act he contemplated before his own plans were matured. He took him, therefore, into his study, where he extracted from him the promise to wait six months; and where Lord Penruddock extorted from the earl a pledge that the Pennants should not be ejected during that period. Thus much effected, Penruddock walked gaily off, whistling a tune.

When he was gone the earl gave vent to his suppressed passion.

"Saved for this! A ship wrecked for this! His wife! My daughter-in-law! A waif from the sea! A nameless, penniless, barefaced peasant—a farmer's foundling—a tenant's brat—to become Countess of Craigavon? never—never! She must be got rid of—she must, and she shall."

(To be Continued.)

Children's Department.

JIMMIE'S FIRST TWO DOLLARS.

Jimmie Key had acted as "clerk" in a "notion" store for one week, and received two dollars for his pay; the first money he had ever really worked for. These two dollars made Jimmie a very happy lad, and he wanted to do the best he could with them. So, like a good son should always do, he asked his mother about it.

"Mother, how much do you think I ought to give the missionary collection to-day?"

"Well, Jimmie, I think your father's rule of giving one-tenth a very good one for you to follow. You know we are told to cast our bread (or grain) upon the waters, and that we shall find it again, though it may be many days after."

Jimmie had a twinkle in his eye as he said, "Well, mother, I've seen a good deal of 'casting' done, and now I'm waiting to see some of it coming back again."

This made his mother feel anxious, fearing that Jimmie, after all, might not want to give any of his money. Then she spoke of the widow's two mites—that she was not content to give a portion of her money, but had given all that she had to give—even "all her living."

As they walked home from church Jimmie said,

"Well, mother, how much do you suppose I gave this morning?"

"Why, about ten cents," said his mother.

"More than that," said Jimmie. So his mother went on guessing, adding ten cents at each guess till she reached fifty cents, when she stopped, saying he would have to tell her.

"Well, then, mother, I did as the widow did. I cast in all that I had—I gave my two dollars."

You may be sure that this made his mother very glad and happy indeed, to find him so willing to consecrate the "first fruits" of his labor to the service of the Lord, who loveth the cheerful giver.—*Child's Friend.*

DOES GOD LISTEN WHEN CHILDREN PRAY?

Let me tell you a story, and then you can answer this question for yourself.

A pious widow lady had three young children, whom she had taught "always to pray" and to believe that God was ever ready to hear and grant their requests. Often, as they looked from their windows, they saw large droves of cattle crowded together cruelly in carts on their way to the slaughter-house. The sight moved them to pity; and day by day they added to their simple childish requests this petition: "O God, do not let the naughty men abuse the poor cattle."

This continued for months, till the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed and all the starving and over-crowding of cattle was forbidden.

Harry, the oldest of her boys, was usually an obedient, faithful child, but he became quite fascinated with books about wild Western life, and began to long for the freedom and lack of restraint he imagined he should find among the prairies. He felt quite sure he could take care of himself; and the thought of the hunting and fishing and all sorts of games he could enjoy was too strong a temptation to be resisted.

So one morning when his mother, as she was wont, sent him in town on an errand, giving him five dollars to spend for her, Satan whispered to the boy now is the time to try your fortune. Take a western train and be off in the prairies. These five dollars with what you have already saved, will surely be enough to take you there. You know many boys begin with less than that, and become men of mark."

Harry yielded, in spite of the gentle pleading of conscience to the contrary; and that afternoon saw him a passenger on a train bound for the West.

Meanwhile, his mother watched for his return, and wondered why he was so late. He had always been faithful in whatever she gave him to do; why should she distrust him now? Yet her heart misgave her as the long day came to an end and Harry did not return. Her young children, Susie and Willie, noticing her distress, said, "Don't cry so, mother. We will go and tell God about it, and he will bring Harry back."

Hand in hand they went out of the room and knelt down side by side, each in turn praying, "Dear God, bless brother Harry and bring him back safe again?"

Many times during that sad evening they prayed thus, and then would run back to comfort their mother with assurance that Harry would come soon.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, when they were all ready to despair, in came the runaway boy. He said that after sunset, just as it began to grow dark, he suddenly came to himself and thought what he was doing. He saw that he was running away from home, forsaking his widowed mother and stealing her money. He confessed the whole truth to the conductor, and asked to be sent back. A return express train being near, he was put on board and hurried back with the least possible loss of time.

The praying children wept for joy, and said, "There, mother! didn't we tell you that if we prayed, God would take care of Harry and bring him home again?"

Are there not many children all over the world who, in like manner, trust their heavenly Father's promise to give good things to them that ask him?

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