

Mr. Ap Adam looked up from a book that lay before him. He was seated on the top of a deal table, at either side of which there were forms, each long enough to hold three or four boys. There were three lads on one of them; the other was empty, until Caradoc and Michael took possession of it. The open window was opposite the master.

"Cleopatra was not the only black woman in the world, physically or morally, even if she was black, which nobody had positively ascertained," said Mr. Ap Adam; "we know that Antony and other men made fools of themselves on her account, and that we needn't imitate them in that particular. Begin your lessons."

Mr. Ap Adam was a thin slight man, with sharp shrewd features; he wore spectacles, through which peered a pair of keen black eyes, surmounted by bushy black eyebrows; he had on a shabby black coat, but his linen was scrupulously clean. All that was known of him was that he was a scholar and antiquarian, who had visited those parts on account of the rare fossils and curiosities they contained, and had remained, he said, because of the beauty of the neighbourhood. He had fallen in with Caradoc, and, becoming interested in him, had told his father that he ought to educate him.

"We have no scholar near us," said Mr. Pennant.

"I am what they call a scholar, and, therefore, poor," returned Ap Adam; "if I could get six boys, who would pay me ten pounds a year apiece, I would turn a schoolmaster. The terms are high for the country, but I have a smattering of everything—from Homer to Glendower, from King Arthur to King George, from the Deluge to the Welsh coalmines. Will you give me your sons, Mr. Pennant, and help me to some more pupils?"

"Are you a God-fearing man, sir?" asked the farmer.

"I hope so," returned the scholar, reverently, uplifting his hat.

"Then I will consult my father. What is your name, sir?"

"My name? Well, one must have a name: what do you think of Ap Adam? We are all sons of Adam, and the prefix Ap merely states the fact that I am one of them."

"A very respectable name, sir," laughed the farmer.

"You must take me upon trust. All I can say of myself is, that I go to church, and desire to be let alone."

So, as it happened, did Mr. Pennant; and, after a few preliminaries, and a long conversation between old Mr. Pennant and Ap Adam, Caradoc and Michael went to school. They were the first pupils, but before a year was out four others were found. Mr. Ap Adam had now been established three years, and people said of him that "there was nothing he didn't know; and if his scholars had anything in them, he'd be sure to bring it out."

"I hope they have all had the small-pox, then," he remarked, on hearing this.

He had lately lost one pupil, which accounted for the vacant place on the form.

"If you please, sir, I should like to learn English," said Caradoc, suddenly, unable to fix his attention.

"What next, and why?" asked the master, peering over his spectacles. "You know enough already for your needs."

"Because we have a little English girl who was saved by Gwylfa from last night's wreck, and she understands none of us," replied the pupil.

"Make her talk English to you. Nothing like conversation to acquire a language. Begin by pointing out visible nouns until you master the English, and make her learn the Welsh of them at the same time. You will thus kill two birds at one shot. Come to me for the connecting links of verbs and prepositions."

Caradoc was obliged to be content, and to pursue his various studies. Finding him unusually clever, the master did not spare him, but taught him many things that the little world around them deemed unnecessary. Mr. Pennant, however, was well pleased that his son should be better informed than himself, although he was not deficient.

After the morning school was over, the boys went home to dinner, and Mr. Ap Adam wandered down to Monad, and purchased the figure-head for a few shillings, which the fishermen managed to convey to his house. One of the inmates of Aron Tower descended from his height, to watch proceedings; but understanding that the earl had ordered the black lady to be chopped up for firewood, they pocketed Ap Adam's silver, and let him have it. He, as a virtuoso, had a fancy for keeping it, reflecting that, as sculptors have been known to fall in love with the statues they had executed, it was just possible that he might expend some of his latent affection on this, his Cleopatra; far, black as it was, the figure-head was remarkably handsome. He accordingly placed it in an empty room, and locked it up.

But he carefully examined such weekly newspapers as reached him, in the hope of seeing something of a lost Cleopatra, and even sent an advertisement to a London paper concerning it under a feigned name. In those days there was no cheap literature, and penny newspapers had not even been imagined, so Ap Adam, as well as his neighbours, were obliged to be content with *The Welsh Chronicle* once a week, and such information as it contained. None reached them of the ill-fated vessel in question, or, indeed, of any others wrecked on the same notorious coast.

Ap Adam had barely time to swallow his frugal meal of bread and cheese before his boys returned for their afternoon lessons.

"We have begun, sir!" exclaimed breathless Caradoc, who arrived first.

"What—a lighthouse on the Esgair?" asked Ap Adam, whose digestion had been impeded by thoughts of wrecks.

"No, sir; but English and Welsh. Daisy—her name is Daisy, sir—has told me the names for everything we had at dinner; I have learnt most of them, but—"

"She won't say the Welsh, sir," interrupted Michael. "She is as obstinate as a pig."

"That is just what the English say of the Welsh, my lad, when they answer them with a *Dim Saesoneg*—'no English.' They say you are as obstinate as pigs, because when language was confounded at Bel, or Babel, your ancestors and theirs wandered different ways, and, in course of generations, a very unpronounceable guttural was transmitted to this part of the world. A fine language all the same, and certainly old, if that is an advantage. There is a Welsh and English dictionary and grammar on the shelf Carad, that you may take to help you; and if you like to bring the child here sometimes, I will talk to her, and so keep up her English."

"Thank you, sir. She is the most beautiful little girl you ever saw in your life!"

Mr. Ap Adam smiled; and Caradoc wondered why his face became suddenly serious and sad.

After lessons the boys returned home over the cliffs. They were accompanied by Gwylfa. They were met suddenly by Lord Penruddock.

"Now, Pennant, show me the eagle's nest," began his lordship. "I have no time to lose; for I have escaped from Mr. Tudor, and he will be as cross as cross keys."

"I am very sorry, my lord, but my father has forbidden me," replied Caradoc.

"Fiddlesticks! I heard him; but you must come all the same."

"I promised the earl also, this very morning," urged Caradoc.

"It is no business of the earl's. I say you shall come—now—at once!"

Lord Penruddock went a few steps towards a beetling cliff that overhung the others, on the summit of which was the eagle's nest, already visited by Caradoc, but the young Pennants did not stir. He returned, and, seizing Caradoc by the sleeve, tried to drag him up the slope. Gwylfa was upon him at once, and, reckless of nobility, had him by the leg.

"Down, Gwylfa! Off, sir! Are you not ashamed?" cried Caradoc, shaking himself loose from Lord Penruddock's grasp, and threatening the dog with his fist.

"You vile brute! I don't know which is worst, you or your master!" exclaimed Lord Penruddock, rubbing the calf of his leg, while Gwylfa growled at him. "But I am your master, and I order you to come with me," he added, to Caradoc.

He was pale with rage, and in part with terror, for he had felt Gwylfa's teeth.

"I cannot go with you, my lord," said Caradoc, decidedly. "My own father and your father have forbidden me."

"Then I will push your brother over the cliff, and tell the earl you set your dog upon me," said his lordship, moving towards Michael, who shrank to Caradoc for protection.

They were not far from the edge of the cliff, and Caradoc saw that the boy was in earnest. He had barely time to place himself between his brother and the precipice before the threatened push was given. It recoiled on the giver, and, but for Caradoc, Lord Penruddock might himself have been over. Caradoc saw the danger at the onset, and, while grasping Michael firmly with one hand, seized the infuriated lad with the other, crying to Gwylfa, "Hold him—hold him fast!" The dog obeyed; and between them they checked the impetus of the movement. It was a moment of imminent danger to all.

"Run home quickly, Michael!" gasped Caradoc, impelling his brother upwards, and dragging their enemy from the brink of the cliff. "Let go, Gwylfa," to the dog.

"I shall not leave thee, Carad," replied Michael, stoutly; and Gwylfa loosed the boy he had helped to save.

Caradoc did not let go however until they were safe on the down amongst the furze bushes. Then he said, as calmly as he could, but with a touch of irony, "I have set the dog upon you to some purpose, my lord. He has saved your life. Let us thank God for it!"

The young Pennants had been taught to give praise to the Lord for all his mercies; and, following not only this teaching but a natural impulse, Caradoc clasped his hands, and added aloud, "We thank thee, O Lord, for protecting us from danger, and pray thee to forgive us our evil tempers, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Lord Penruddock looked on—angry, terrified, surprised, and perhaps ashamed. He was imperious and passionate, but not altogether bad. Gwylfa also looked on, as if he understood the whole proceeding. It was however quite new to Lord Penruddock; for although his tutor's precepts were good, the examples set at the castle were bad. Something in his face attracted Michael, who was too young quite to understand their difference of position. He crept up to him, and fixing his soft lustrous eyes upon him, said, appealingly, "Make friends with Carad, my lord. I know you didn't mean to push me over—I don't mind."

Lord Penruddock's face softened for a moment, and he hesitated. But pride overcame the transient better feeling, and he exclaimed, haughtily, "Friends! What next? Insolent farmers, I will be revenged for this! You shall not defy the Earl of Craigavon's son for nothing!"

"Come away, Michael. There is Mr. Tudor, my lord," said Caradoc, his proud spirit rising at these words; and so the lads separated.

(To be continued.)

"I utterly repudiate the worldly maxim of 'Duty first and pleasure afterward.' That is a poor school which does not teach, or a poor scholar who has not learned, how pleasure is a duty, and duty a pleasure. And so the words are one. For what is duty? Simply what is due; and duty done is a debt paid—receipted, cancelled and released. We are too apt in the overflow of life which belongs especially to youth, but lasts, thank God, sometimes into gray hairs—we are too apt to treat it in another way; too apt to dwell upon its hardness, its severe demands, its restrictions of liberty. Learn to look on it, dear children, in the truer light. It is undone duty that is hard; just as a debt owed and paid, has in it a thought of pleasure and relief, of freedom from a haunting shadow which bears down stout hearts with its anxious load. And in its highest reach, your duty is a debt of honor, of gratitude of love, whose payment is all pleasure in the act of paying, no less than in the sense of its discharge."