

"A person!" was the answer; "but it was found ready made. You see its date and my date are not the same."

"I know nothing about these antiques!" he said, abruptly; "they may be genuine valuables, or they may be got-up shams, for all one knows. For my part I like simple straightforward things, about which there can be no mistake or deception!"

"My dear Cyril, the fact of your being unable to comprehend a thing does not necessarily prove that thing a sham and a deception," she said, with a smile.

It was at this moment that Claude reached the door, and some feeling—he scarce knew why—prompted him to turn and look once more at Gwendoline ere he joined the games down-stairs. Cyril's back was towards him, but he could see that he was bending over her hand, which he held in his own. Her face was smiling as it was turned towards him.

"Cyril is privately engaged to her! He has given her that ring! My brother has deceived me!" said Claude, bitterly to himself; and, with one more look, he descended to the servants' hall with a very different expression on his face from the one which was usually there.

When Cyril by-and-by joined them, his manner was no more agreeable than that of his brother's; and their cold and distant way of treating one another was noticed by many present. One old farmer whispered to his nearest neighbour, over his glass of punch, that he should say both brothers had just been seeing that young woman home.

But Gwendoline, in her big jacket, had gone home in the carriage with her father and mother, and the two brothers were left to entertain their guests. Fortunately, however, they were all sufficiently jovial in mind to entertain one another without much aid or assistance from their hosts.

Only as the light wagons and spring-carts returned through the frosty night, each one of the returning guests seemed to have something to say about the dullness of their hosts, and all alike wondered "what it was about"—that tiff between the squire and his brother.

(To be continued.)

—There is no doubt that there are many in our churches who ought to be among those who come to the Sacraments, but are not, because of wrong views of the preparation needful. The Sacraments are for the weak and the sinful, who have only grace like the little leaven in the soul; not for those only who are thoroughly leavened, but for those who have received the small measure of grace which is to go on working till the whole soul is leavened. We sometimes find persons coming forward to God's altar who will tell us that they had the same preparation years before, and suppose they might have been accepted then as well as now, but have been kept back by wrong views of the requirements needed, and so have lost the grace of Sacraments all that while, and the blessing their example might have been to others. The rule should be, Come to the Sacraments with small attainments in piety if these be all one has to offer, and grow by the use of the means of grace to the perfect man; not wait to be perfect before coming, in neglect of the grace of Sacraments, and so perhaps never coming to them at all.

—The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light and reflects it.

When the thief takes possession, then Satan takes possession of the thief.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

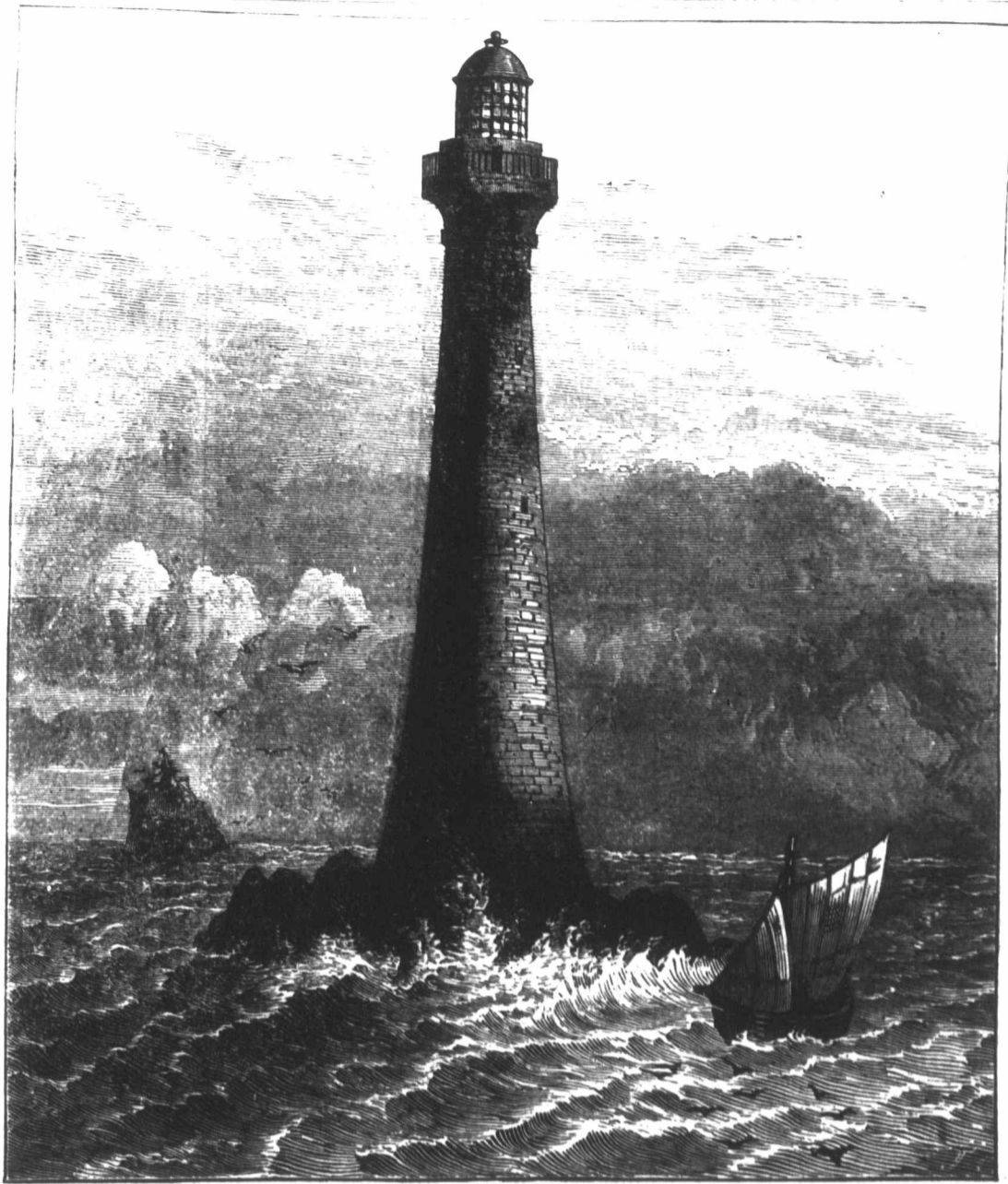
NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BIRTH.

At Dunnville, on the 17th August, the wife of D. A. Radcliffe Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

By the Reverend P. L. Rowe, on August 18th Mr Samuel Haldenby of the Township of Macdonald, to Catherine McLean of the Township of Meredith.



Children's Department.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to inform even the most youthful of our readers, that a lighthouse is a building on some conspicuous point of the sea shore or of a lake shore, from the top of which a light is shown at night as a guide to sailors. Such a building is sometimes put at or near a harbor, in order to guide sailors into it; and it is also frequently placed on, or as near as possible to dangerous rocks or quicksands where ships would be liable to be wrecked.

The most celebrated lighthouse in ancient times, was that erected on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria, two hundred and eighty years before Christ. From this circumstance, Pharos came to be a general name for a lighthouse, which the French still call by the name of *Phare*.

There are about four hundred lighthouses along the coasts of the British Isles, and one of the most celebrated of these is the famous one on the Eddystone rocks.

These rocks consist of a hard stone which Geologists call *Gneiss*, a kind of rock very similar to granite, and which differs from it only in the materials being arranged in layers, instead of being scattered about in an apparently confused mass. The Eddystone rocks are in the English Channel, nine miles from the coast of Cornwall, and fourteen miles south-south-west of the celebrated Plymouth breakwater, of which we may have something to tell our young folks at a future time. The rocks are covered with water by the tide every day, and have water around them from 70 to 900 feet deep. Shipwrecks often used to take place on these rocks, and therefore Mr. Winstanley erected a wooden lighthouse there about the year 1700; it was one hundred feet high, and he was so confident of the firmness of his structure, that he declared his wish to be in it during the fiercest storm that could blow. He had his wish, and perished in it during a terrible storm on the 27th of November, 1703.

Another wooden lighthouse, with a stone base and a roof covered with lead, was built about 1709, by Mr. Rudyerd, a silk mercer. It was 92 feet high, and was burned in 1755; a remarkable circumstance connected with which was, that a man left in charge of the building, and who was

saved from the ruin, declared that a portion of the melted lead from the roof had gone down his throat. Medical men declared this to be impossible, as the man lived for some time. On his death, however, it was said that a small lump of lead was found in his stomach.

In the year 1759, Smeaton, the famous engineer, finished the light house which the above engraving represents. It is eighty five feet high, is constructed after the model of an oak tree, and the light near the top of it can be seen for thirteen miles. This celebrated structure has stood for a hundred and twenty years; it has stood the heaviest gales, has warned many a sail off the Eddystone rocks, and is itself as stable as ever—only that it has outlasted the rock on which it was built. The tower remains unshaken by the storms, but the rock on which it stands shows signs of an enfeebled foundation caused by the incessant beating of the ocean upon it. In consequence of this the Corporation of Trinity House determined to erect a new and more commodious structure on the South Rock, the largest of the reef, lying about a hundred and twenty feet south of the present building.

The foundation stone of the new Eddystone Lighthouse was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh on the 19th of August, in the present year, the Prince of Wales being present. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a Captain of Naval Reserves, the Duke of Edinburgh that of an admiral. On the rock stood some twenty persons, mostly naval men. Douglas, a sailor-like man, briefly explained the manner in which the blocks had been fixed on the solid rock. Then the princes, rolling up the bottom of their trousers, jumped on to the reef, the Duke of Edinburgh holding the silver trowel in his hands. The Rev. Wm. Wilkinson read the Lord's prayer in a solemn manner, all present uncovering. Singlarly impressive was the scene as witnessed from the old lighthouse—the old silver-haired sailors standing bare headed on the lonely reef in the sea, the white-hooded waves dashing and foaming around their feet, the spray shooting above and over them. After the prayer the Duke of Edinburgh struck the stone, saying: "I declare this stone well and truly laid." The ceremonies were over in ten minutes. The princes subsequently visited the old lighthouse, and then the fleet of steamers and yachts sailed back to Plymouth.