

countess, Lady Mona would have had little to complain of. Although she did not attribute her mother's death to her own elopement, she had yet mourned for her sincerely. Indeed, it was scarcely attributable to that event, though doubtless accelerated by it, for the countess had held to life at best by a very frail thread.

When Lady Mona found that she could gain no further information from Daisy she turned her attention to Miss Manent, for she had not lost the insatiable curiosity of her girlhood. She inquired concerning Miss Manent's interview with the earl after her flight, and assured Miss Manent that Lady Thomas had as good as promised to engage her as governess, and that she was grieved to find that she had not fulfilled her engagement. This was not, however, true, since only a provisional promise had been given.

"It was all for the best, dear Lady Mona," said gentle Miss Manent; "had I gone to Plas I should not have spent that happy time at Brynhafof, and not have made the kind new friends I have found at Llanpeter Rectory. I am quite at home there, and my pupils, I think, really love me."

"And some one else also I hear," returned Lady Mona, half sarcastically. "When is the wedding to take place?"

"That seems to depend upon the earl," replied Miss Manent, blushing.

"Then you will die an old maid, for his lordship disapproves of matrimony. Daisy and I have experienced that," said Lady Mona, casting a searching glance at Daisy, then changing her tone as she recollected her dead brother. "But I am married, and perhaps you may be in the course of years. And what of you, Daisy? Morris says that old Sir George Walpole has located himself at your farm on your account. As mis-alliances are preferred by certain men, the old nabob may fancy you. If I can find your locket, you can show it to him, and he may think you were born for a lady."

"Your ladyship forgets who and what I am, and why you sent for me!" said Daisy, with dignity; "perhaps, if you have no further need of me I may go."

"A few words more, Daisy," said Lady Mona, more seriously; "I do not forget our parting at the rock gate, nor the comfort you were to me when I had no other. I hope you will settle at the farm, so that I may be of use to you by-and-by, when I am established here. I am glad you did not accompany me to London, for I did not really want a companion or maid. Will you tell Sir George Walpole that I will make arrangements for his coming here whenever he likes, and say I shall be glad to see him soon. I wish your harpist foster-brother would come and play beneath the earl's windows. He loves music, and it might soothe him and bring him from his solitude, for indeed I dare not approach him. If Michael Penant would take his harp to Ton Bay, beneath the tower, he would be heard and not seen by his lordship, who would think him some wandering harper, and would not be annoyed. Blind Owen is too old for the task."

"Blind Owen is dead, my lady," said Daisy, sadly; "father offered him a home, but he did not need it; he was found dead with his arms encircling his harp. He must have fallen asleep while playing. Was it not a happy end?"

"To play your own requiem!" sighed Lady Mona, startled. "Suppose the earl should be found so? Daisy, I will go to him. Can you help me?"

"I will pray for you and him, my lady; pray also, and the Lord will be your guide."

So saying, Daisy quietly rose to take leave; and Lady Mona said, hurriedly. "Send your foster-brother the harpist, to the bay. Let it be this afternoon, if possible."

(To be continued.)

#### A DISHONEST AGE.

Among the characteristics of the times we are living in there is one not much mentioned by the many popular speakers who seem to think the men they speak to are to be benefited chiefly by being assured how much wiser and better and more 'progressive' they are than any of their fathers were—who suppose the age is to be in-

structed by being flattered, and that the country needs to be glorified rather than to be purified, which was certainly not the way of the old prophets. The characteristic I mean is dishonesty. I am not discrediting any of the actual modern merits—intelligence, enterprise, invention, philanthropy. Grant all these, in large degree. Nevertheless, they do not bring with them honesty in proportion. Falsehood and fraud flourish along with them, in spite of them, and in some cases by the help of them. From the vulgar sediment of society up to its highest summits there spreads a tremendous force of selfish materialism—call it sharpness, or call it crime—by which men reach after and snatch and call their own, for use or for show, or for hoarding, what is not belong to them. It is stolen property, only stolen ingeniously and indirectly, and in such ways that the old forms of law, which undertook to punish outright robbery, fail to overtake them. Not in a few rare spots but in every spot where two or three hundred people live together, a part of these people consume, or lay up or waste what belongs to other people, and what they have managed to get by some species of deception. What natural production of the earth is there, meant for the sustenance or comfort of man, that is not adulterated by some degrading mixture or shortened in the measure? Do not the devices of Anglo-Saxon traffic repeat, in faithful exactness, the devices of the Jew, denounced by the prophet, making the ephah of the seller small and the shekel of the buyer large; selling the refuse for wheat, and falsifying the balance by deceit? What line of mechanical work is there where the base material, or the shabby construction, or the overcharge, disgraces not the handicraft? What branch of commerce without delusive labels, its broken promises, its advertising fictions, its postponed payments, its calculated bankruptcies, its hollow contracts? Men who will not suffer their respectability to be challenged look one another in the face, and with a mutual jugglery of knavish tricks conspire to grow rich by villany. The brilliant audacities of the great commercial centres have their lame and creeping copies hardly less cruel or calamitous, back in the little rural villages, in sight of graveyards where sleep the ashes of clean-handed ancestors, living and dying, in their day, in the faith of a God who has righteousness and judgement for the habitation of His throne. Outside the Church are financial Ahab's and social Jezebels. Inside are Ananias and Sapphira, tacitly agreeing together to lie to the Holy Ghost, pretending to give to God, for missions or Bible societies, a hush-money fragment of what they had seized from their fellow-men. Too often there is no Peter with the courage to search out their sin—'Tell me whether you sold the land for so much.' The grand difficulty with our popular piety is that it is still trying to find a way, in this nineteenth century of the Gospel, of serving two gods together.—*Bishop Huntington.*

### Children's Department.

#### THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

When the present Duke of Edinburgh was twelve years of age, and then called Prince Alfred, the Queen and Prince Alfred were spending the Autumn months at Balmoral. The young prince slipped his attendants and wandered some distance away. Finding himself tired, he wished to return home, but had quite forgotten which way he came and looked hither and thither for some outline of Balmoral. At length he saw a boy about his own age coming along with a basket of cockles on his head.

"Hallo, boy!" cried the prince; but the lad went on without any response. "Come here I want you!" said Prince Alfred; but still the boy walked on. The young prince then ran with all speed, and overtook the lad with the cockles, and said, "Now, I want you to tell me the way to the castle."

"I dinna ken," said the boy.

"If you don't tell me shouted the prince, "I will knock the basket off your head."

"Na, ye winna," was the defiant reply.

"Won't I," said the prince; and the next instant the basket was rolling on the sand, the cockles tumbling about in all directions.

The boy's temper was roused, and he rushed up to the prince with his clenched hand; there was a tussle for a few seconds, but the boy soon conquered, and the prince ran away, followed by his assailant. One of the royal attendants who had gone in search of the young prince witnessed the assault, and coming quickly to the rescue, took the poor boy into custody, marching him to the castle, and telling him on the way the enormity of his offence, he having dared to strike a prince of the royal family.

"I did na ken wha the gentleman was, but he spilt a' my cockles," said the boy sobbing.

The young prince thought over the affair, and told the attendant that he was more to blame than the lad, and he had better let him go; but the attendant thought otherwise, and marched his prisoner on, and the rumor ran round the castle that Prince Alfred had been seriously assaulted; but that royal youth, with wise resolve, went to the Queen and told her what had happened, and that the boy was not in fault.

The poor little prisoner was taken to an ante-room in the castle, where, trembling all over, he awaited his sentence. Presently a reverend gentleman made his appearance; he was one of the Queen's chaplains; and in a gentle, encouraging tone, he asked the boy his name, where he lived, his occupation, and all the circumstances relating to the encounter; and to the surprise of the attendants he ordered the boy, by the wish of Her Majesty, to be taken into a comfortable room and given something to eat.

In about half an hour afterwards the same reverend gentleman returned and told the little boy that the Queen was satisfied he had done no wrong; that Her Majesty deemed it the duty of her subjects to protect themselves whenever they were oppressed; she had taken into consideration the value of the cockles and the time lost, and had sent him five shillings as compensation.

The prisoner was then released to pick up his basket and cockles, and ran home a rich and happy boy; but his good fortune did not end here, for the Queen sent to enquire about his family, and found that his mother was a poor fisherman's widow living in great poverty, and the fortunate boy was sent to school, and afterwards apprenticed to a trade by Her Majesty's bounty.

An insurrection broke out in a distant part of a great emperor's domain. The ministers who laid the case before his majesty received this for a reply.

"Let them be destroyed immediately."

They waited for orders to equip an army and send it forth to crush the offenders. But the emperor had found the "more excellent way."

"How," he said, "can I better destroy my enemies than by turning them into friends?"

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

#### MARRIAGES.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. H. Stamer, Rector of Hubbard's Cove, Charles Coolen, of Foxpoint, to Augusta Armstrong, of Windsor Road, Co. Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

On the 29th inst., at St. Luke's Church, Hubbard's Cove, by the Rev. the Rector, Francis Hiltz to Fanny Corkum, both of Marriet's Cove, Co. Lunenburg.

At the same place and date, and by the same, Amos Hiltz to Elizabeth DeMill, both of New Ross, Co. Lunenburg.

#### DEATHS.

At Castlemore, Co. of Peel, Ontario, John Bland, aged 86. He was born in Yorkshire, England. *York Herald*, please copy.

At Whitby, on the night of the 16th May, the Rev. Edmund Hearle Cole, Incumbent of All Saints' Church, Whitby, after a long and lingering illness borne with great faith in Christ, in the 57th year of his age, deeply lamented by his sorrowing widow and children.