

worthiness of the end, finds its counterpart, in the wisdom of the means.

Closely allied to this is another matter. The number of the delegates is limited to one, for a school whose average attendance is under a hundred. The Convention should largely partake of the practical wisdom of S. S. teachers. Their experience of needs, and successes, is to be made available for mutual counsel and help. But no matter what may be the character of any school not up to the hundred, and, however much the teachers may wish to go and profit; yet, the committee says, only one teacher can come, while, on the other hand, the Conference "will be open to all members of the Church and the Diocese."

Further, as to the practical working; the number of delegates is limited, of course only delegates can take part in the Convention. Are then the members of the conference, for observe the composition is not the same, to sit, silently hearing the Convention discussed? Are they to be brought to attend a conference and then spend half their time spectators of a Convention? But I am anticipating the "complete programme," which is promised, but which has not come to hand, so I will not trespass further on your space; although there are one or two other points in the circular calling for notice.

RUSTICUS.

Vigil of S. S. Simon and Jude.

#### CHURCHWARDENS' AUTHORITY.

DEAR EDITOR,—On Sunday, September 30th, we were to have had Holy Communion at eight o'clock, a.m. But when we assembled found the church locked by order of the church warden. Please tell me through the columns of your valuable paper, what should be done in such a case. Are the people obliged to submit to such treatment. The warden not being a communicant, cannot appreciate the Holy Communion as do those who are. How dare they interfere with God's appointed means of grace, and his ministers in their office? The service was not our regular one, but is it for the churchwarden to say when the clergy may celebrate and at what hour?

Will you kindly give this a notice, as I see by your columns you very kindly answer many inquiries concerning church matters thereby doing great good.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

[The Churchwarden has no more legal authority to close the church in the way you state than any other member of the congregation. His duty is to take care of the church, churchyard, and furniture of the church, and to see that the church is ready for the services whenever the clergyman may appoint them to be held.—Ed.]

#### BISHOP OF FREDERICTON'S SERMON AT MONTREAL

DEAR EDITOR,—I beg to thank you most heartily for having given the readers of the *Dominion Churchman* the opportunity of reading the sermon of Bishop Medleyf preached before the Provincial Synod at Montreal. I don't know when I have enjoyed a sermon so much. The Bishop has done well and nobly, as a Father in God should do, in pleading so eloquently for toleration of that party in the church, which at the very worst is no more disloyal to the church of England no more lawless than any other party. I care not what party that may be. "People who live in glass houses are unwise to throw stones." If one extreme be tolerated (and how terribly "low" in every sense that extreme is) and petted and promoted, you are simply doing the wisest justice in tolerating the other extreme.

All moderate fair-minded churchmen are under a deep debt of gratitude to his Lordship, for his outspoken sermon. I sincerely trust he will allow it to be printed separately and that every member at least of the various Canadian Synods will be furnished with a copy. Is it too much to hope that it will be published cheaply, say for a penny? If so I will take 50 or 60 copies though only a

POOR PARSON.

## Family Reading.

### THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.—THE EARL AND THE FARMER.

The following morning the sunshine smiled upon land and sea. The throes of ocean had ceased, and he slept long after sunrise. There was no trace on his treacherous breast, as he lay bathed in golden light, of the mischief he had done. Ogof and Ton, his twin children, so riotous the previous night, lay at rest, giving for signs of life only the sweet ripples of their breathing slumber. Even the frowning towers of Craigavon Castle were crowned with light, and as for the hills and cliffs, they were aglow with colour, for the phosphorescent lias of the limestone rocks sparkled like many-hued gems.

As Mr. Pennant had been the last to leave Ton Bay when the tempest raged, so he thought to be the first to visit it when calm. But he was mistaken. The Earl of Craigavon was there before him. He was an early riser, so it was not surprising that he should have descended the private path from the promontory to the bay soon after sunrise. Still, he was pretty sure wreckers had been there, for the sea had not cast up any of the treasures of the deep. He was neither greeted by the grim faces of the drowned, nor by what the shipwrecked had possessed. The tide was tolerably far out, so the sands might have been strewn with spoil, but they were not. Either the ship had got off, or been engulfed. The earl wandered from rock to rock, his hands behind his back. He glanced through the great cave, up the cliffs, towards the quicksands, across the bay; all was tranquil as the sky above. Doubtless the wreckers had been before him.

The Earl of Craigavon was about forty years of age. He was tall, as regarded the number of feet he actually stood, but shortened by his gait. He had a habit of stooping forward as if in search of something, and usually kept his eyes on the ground. Those eyes were keen enough when raised, but rarely looked you in the face. People called him and his cast of countenance aristocratic, because he was well-made, thin, had a hooked nose, a long pale face, colourless lips, a military moustache, a reserved manner, and unapproachable deportment. He was feared by his inferiors, and little understood by his equals. This descendant of the Norman conquerors was not more popular with the sturdy descendants of the ancient Britons than his ancestors had been with their forbears. Indeed, at that time Norman and Celt had not begun to love one another.

Mr. David Pennant, who appeared suddenly at the bay, was a man of another type. Tradition declared that the Pennants were descended directly from the old British king who once owned the castle, and hence the somewhat lordly name—Caradoc. Indeed they possessed a long piece of parchment, the writing on which was partly obliterated, which seemed to prove that tradition was correct. Be that as it may, they had held the farm of Brynhafod by interminable leases from time out of mind. The present lease, however, was to expire in about twelve years, and the neighbours sometimes asked one another whether the earl would be likely to grant a new one to David Pennant, who was as stiff, and proud, and independent in his way as his lordship was in his. This was apparent in his gait, as he swung down the road and along the sands, followed by Gwylfa. He was a dark-eyed, florid, good-looking man, and, although dressed in his rough farmer's suit of fustian coat and corduroy breeches, showed at a glance that he was made of sterling metal.

"Where's the wreck, Gwylfa?" he exclaimed, as he stood to contemplate the scene. Then, perceiving the earl, added, under his breath, "Looking for squalls, as usual."

Lord Craigavon turned at the sound of his voice.

"Morning Pennant."

"Good morning, my lord." They spoke in Welsh.

"A bad storm last night," remarked the former.

"Terrific, my lord! Either the ship went down, or was got off by a miracle. I fear she went down out there by the quicksands, and lies with her cargo at the bottom of the sea."

"How so, since nothing has been cast up?"

"The salvage will be Gwylfa's, my lord. He was so happy as to bring a little girl to land, who is now high and dry up at our place yonder. She is a waif, at your lordship's service."

Lord Graigavon frowned as he met the farmer's eyes for a moment, then glanced at the dog.

"You have trained him to some purpose."

"Yes, my lord; he has saved many a life, and is a better Christian than the wreckers. How is their devilish trade to be stopped?"

The earl made no reply.

"Shall we send the child to the castle, my lord?" continued the undaunted Pennant; "she belongs to your lordship as a portion of the wreck."

"By no means; send her to the workhouse!"

"Your lordship will have nothing to do with her?"

"Certainly not. I keep neither sailors nor their brats!"

"Only their goods and chattels, my lord. What hast found, Gwylfa? another baby?"

The dog had seen something floating in the sea, and had dashed in after it. At this moment two boys appeared—one from the castle and the other from the farm roads. They were Lord Penruddock, the earl's only son, and Caradoc. Gwylfa came, dripping from the water, and laid his stray at his young master's feet, who stood irresolute at the entrance to the bay. Caradoc stooped to pick up a large doll.

"This is really dead," he said, laughing.

The doll's eyes were closed, the colour washed off its face and lips, its crisp locks straightened, its muslins and satins wet and discoloured.

"A most deplorable infant, indeed! Why, Gwylfa, you have excelled yourself!" exclaimed the young lord, joining Caradoc.

"She must have lost it when she was drowning," mused Caradoc.

"She—who?"

"The little girl Gwylfa brought in last night."

"What do you mean? Tell me all about it?"

Caradoc told the tale. Before it was ended, the earl and Mr. Pennant joined them, to see what Gwylfa had brought in. The former frowned; the latter smiled.

"Another waif, my lord. Shall we send it to the castle or workhouse?" laughed Pennant.

"Oh, sir, may I take it to the little girl?" said Caradoc, addressing the earl for the first time in his life, who did not, however, deign to reply either to father or son.

"Of course you may. Mona has a houseful of splendid dolls, and wouldn't care for that drowned rat," said his son instead, whose will was law.

Lord Penruddock was about Caradoc's age and size, but of very different face. He was fair and delicate-looking; while the young farmer was dark and strong. His manner, although slightly authoritative, was not unpleasant, and he was, at least, more gracious than his father, and managed to meet the eyes of those to whom he spoke. His own were blue, and when he was in a good humor their expression was lovable; but when he was out of temper—well, perhaps, the less said of them the better. Had he been less indulged, he would have been a clever, pleasant boy. As it was, all yielded to his slightest nod, and he was disagreeable accordingly. He was fond of Caradoc, showing his affection in a queer, lordly way; now taking him out to fish or hunt with him, anon ordering him to do things at which Caradoc's independent spirit rebelled. Caradoc, or Carad, as he was familiarly called, had all his father's pride, and his hot Welsh blood rose at the slightest indignity, either to himself or his kith and kin.

"I shall bring Lady Mona to see the little girl," said Lord Penruddock.

"Why are you abroad so early?" asked his father.

"Caradoc Pennant is to show me an eagle's nest, and where the lias fossils lie," replied the lad.

The earl glanced appealingly at David Pennant, but did not dare to oppose his son.

"Excuse me, my lord," interrupted the farmer, addressing Lord Penruddock; "but Carad must come home to breakfast, in order to be ready for school; and I forbid him to go to the eagle's crag with your lordship. He may risk his own life, but not yours!"