

calculated to lead to very serious inquiry, and to proclaim some very solemn consequences. So a man, who lives in habitual neglect and dishonour of our dying Lord's command, "This do in remembrance of me," takes upon himself to frustrate the plan of his pastor and some few of the parishioners to obey Christ and commemorate his death, and he succeeded. Sir, in these days of infrequent communion, and fearful slighting of the Table of the Lord, a man once baptized into Christ, probably having publicly ratified and confirmed the solemn promises and vows then made; whose only hope, as a sinner, can be in that Saviour who shed His precious blood for lost souls like his, who may, for ought I know, have seen his best days in the world, and may have, here and there, gray hairs upon him, admonishing him that "life's joys grow dim—its glories pass away," yet he, the conservator of the Church for the worship and glory of God, and for the honour of His Son, Jesus Christ, abuses the confidence reposed in him, to deprive of spiritual food and sustenance a few of Christ's flock, who felt their need of all that God, through the use of His own appointed means, can bestow for the strengthening of their faith, the increase of their love, the brightening of their hope, and the better fitting them to fight manfully against the world, the flesh and the devil, and to enable them to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to their lives end! For this there is no danger of his being called to account at an earthly tribunal; but an account he will have to give, unless his sin is blotted out by that very blood which even now is "precious." Whatever his motive may have been, and however much he may strive to justify the act, and satisfy his conscience, one cannot help being reminded of some who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for they neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in.

A CONSTANT COMMUNICANT.

## Family Reading.

### THE PENNANT FAMILY.

#### CHAPTER VI.—TUTOR AND GOVERNESS.

Soon after Miss Manent left Brynhafod she was met by Mr. Tudor; that gentleman was in search of Lord Penruddock. He paused to speak to Miss Manent, who was almost a stranger to him, although they lived at the same castle. His and Lord Penruddock's apartments were in a different part of the huge gloomy pile from Lady Mona's, so the governess and he dwelt apart. He was in the habit of joining the earl and countess and their guests at will; but Miss Manent never appeared in the family-circle—if so disunited a party could be called a circle.

Mr. Tudor was the son of a late steward of Lord Craigavon's, therefore, like every one else, under his lordship's power and patronage. Although a sufficiently resolute man by nature, he had been led by circumstances to become Lord Penruddock's tutor. He had been sent to Cambridge, where he had done well, and his father died about the time when he finished his college career, and taken orders. The earl considered that he did his duty by the widow and her children when he offered the eldest son the tutorship and promised him the living of Craigavon when vacant. The offer was too good to be refused; for it not only provided for the young man, but placed him near his family. The living ought to have been a good one, but the earl owned the great tithes, and was not always particular concerning the lesser. The living had lately fallen vacant, and his lordship had promised to repair the vicarage for Mr. Tudor, if he would remain at the castle until Lord Penruddock left it. Meanwhile he had let the vicarage to Mr. Ap Adam, and a brother of the vicar's made one of the six pupils of the new tenant. Mr. Tudor had had his aspirations, and they certainly had not tended towards the post he now filled, but he was, like many others, obliged to circumscribe them when it became a question of daily bread. He was anxious to do his duty by his pupil and in his parish, but even here his desires were curbed by a power that proved stronger than he, for the earl would not allow his son to be controlled, and he himself controlled the

vicar's parishioners. This cast a restraint over a naturally buoyant temperament, and interfered sadly with an upright man's desire to do what was his decided duty.

"I do not think I ever met you alone before, Miss Manent," he said, after he had inquired if she had seen Lord Penruddock. "And I have been here nearly four years, you longer."

She coloured slightly, but made no reply. She was afraid to tell him of the visit of Daisy to the castle.

"My mother has often expressed a desire to know you," he continued, kindly. "Should you ever have the opportunity, I wish you would go and see her."

"I wish I could; but perhaps the countess would not like it," returned Miss Manent, surprised into speech by so unexpected a proposal.

"It does not do to be too submissive," he remarked, smiling, as he remembered how difficult he found it to break the chain himself. "The countess and Lady Mona are often absent, and then you might surely go out occasionally."

"I think I should be afraid," said the nervous girl.

"I cannot imagine where Edward is!" said Mr. Tudor, abruptly, surprised at the grateful glance he received from eyes whose dark depths had seemed to him unfathomable. "He takes advantage of the earl's absence to escape from me. Not long ago I found him with the young Pennants on the cliffs, and he has been trying to elude me ever since. Have you remarked that he is unusually moody and irritable of late, Miss Manent?"

"I seldom speak to him," she replied.

"I only wish I dared to use the birch, reasoning is thrown away," he said, becoming suddenly confidential. "He will be ruined; and yet he is not without good qualities. It would be a grand work. Miss Manent, to bring up those children to good and useful purpose. When I think that Edward will be the next earl, and will have almost kingly power over these lands and people, it humbles me to consider how little I can do!"

Miss Manent had never viewed the matter in this light. She had only striven to get through her days without a battle, and had gone to rest contented when she had succeeded. She sighed as she said, "Nothing will improve Lady Mona: she is always the same;" then checking herself, in terror at having said so much, she added, "I mean I have not sufficient authority—or—I am afraid."

Mr. Tudor looked at her with pity. He had never seen any one so nervous and so terrified.

"Have you no one?" he began, and hesitated.

"Only the countess and Lady Mona," she replied, her eyes on the ground, her voice trembling.

"Poor girl!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand, into which she put hers timidly, glancing round lest any one should see the act. "At any rate, consider me both as your pastor and friend."

They shook hands, and went their ways.

"Have you seen Lord Penruddock, Nan o' the Ship?" Mr. Tudor called out to a woman who was standing at the door of the beer-shop.

"He was here by just now, with Caradoc Pennant, Brynhafod. I saw them go round the point. Be you sure, sir, that Caradoc will lead my Lord into mischief."

"If we were all as likely to what is right as the family of Brynhafod we should be better than we are," replied the parson, with more zeal than prudence. "Why don't you come to church, Nan o' the Ship?"

"Lord bless you, we've none of us clothes fit to sit with the gentry."

"God looks at the heart, not the garments. Pray to Him to cleanse that, and you will forget your clothes; indeed, He will provide better for you," said Mr. Tudor, sharply.

"Prove that and I'll pray directly," replied Nan o' the Ship, impudently.

A ragged crowd gathered round her as she spoke, and Mr. Tudor felt that he ought not to let the opportunity of addressing this portion of his flock slip by. He spoke to them earnestly of their duty to God and man, but was interrupted in his discourse by the surly voice of Davy Jones from behind:

"Let God and the earl do their duty to us first," were his words.

"We stand or fall according to our own acts and deeds," said Mr. Tudor, turning on the man, whom everybody feared.

"Then look to your own, master," was the sullen reply. "We don't want no parsons nor preaching here. When you can build us fresh houses you may come again. I saw the young earl and Pennant's son up the cliffs just now."

Mr. Tudor, feeling that he had delayed too long hurried round the point.

"If he is with Caradoc Pennant he is at least safe," he muttered; "but am I safe? Am I justified in understanding to see after him from morning to night whilst these godless souls are committed to my keeping?"

Pondering this all-important point, he hastened up by Aber defile. He was met about midway by Ap Adam, whom he asked if he had seen Lord Penruddock.

"I met him just now hurrying homeward over the cliffs," was the reply.

"And young Pennant?"

"No: he was not with him."

Mr. Tudor took the way across the cliffs to the castle, and arrived too late for dinner. Lord Penruddock was home before him, and in time. He always dined with his parents, and was, therefore, with them.

A servant came to say that Mr. David Pennant insisted on seeing Mr. Tudor immediately.

"He asked first for Miss Morris," said the man, and she went to him. Then he inquired for Lord Penruddock, or you, sir. He seemed much excited, so I thought it best to come to you."

"Right, Williams. Should the earl inquire for me, say I have been delayed. Where is Mr. Pennant?"

"In the housekeeper's room, sir."

"Show him into mine, if you please."

Mr. Tudor went down to an apartment on the basement, fitted up as a kind of grim study. It was large, dark, and tapestried, and the two wax candles which had been lighted for Mr. Pennant scarcely rendered him visible.

"Excuse my disturbing you, Mr. Tudor," began the farmer at once, my boy Carad accompanied the little foundling and Miss Morris as far as the servant's entrance this afternoon. Miss Morris says she took the child to Lady Mona, and left Carad outside with Lord Penruddock. The child lost a valuable chain and locket, either in this castle or on the way to it, of which Miss Morris says she knows nothing. But this does not bring me here. Carad has not returned home; and as he is a punctual, obedient lad, his mother is making herself ill about him. She expected him back as soon as he had dropped Daisy here."

"I will enquire of Lord Penruddock when he leaves the dining-room. He cannot be long. Davie Jones, the fisherman of Monad, told me he saw Caradoc on the cliffs with Lord Penruddock. He is probably at home by this time, and you have missed him."

"If he has gone to the eagles' cliff!" ejaculated Mr. Pennant, with clenched teeth; but he never disobeyed me in his life, bold and wild as he is!"

(To be continued.)

## Children's Department.

### THE LESSON THAT KATIE WILMOT LEARNT FROM THE ROBIN: A STORY FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BY AUNT MAGGIE.

"Well it really is too provoking," said Katie Wilmot, a girl of 13 years of age, as she looked longingly out of the window one bleak, cold day in November. "It always rains so when I want to go particularly to any place. What a disappointment not to go to Church to-day. Saint Andrew's will be so beautifully decorated, and there will be very good music, and the bishop is to preach. Alice Hill says the anthem they are going to sing has been composed expressly for the dedication festival. Mamma thinks I should catch cold, and as there is so much sickness going about she cannot allow me to run any risks; and papa won't hear of the horses being taken out, he