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is for the child: they will fit the little orphan."

Caradoc kissed his mother, and they went to-
gether to look at the foundling.

"How pretty she is! Look at her dimples! She is laughing in her sleep!" he cried, ecstati-
cally, and awoke the little sleeper.

She looked from one to the other, inquiringly
at first, then with a sort of terror in her blue
eyes. The dimples disappeared, and she began
to cry.

"Mamma—where is mamma? Ayah, I want
mamma," she said, sitting up and looking about
her.

What does she say?" asked Mr. Pennant.

"She is an English child, and we cannot un-
derstand her. I will learn English at once—this
very day," answered Caradoc. "I know so little
of it."

Mrs. Pennant tried to soothe her in Welsh;
but the strange tongue startled her. She re-
sponded, however, in one still stranger. It was
Hindustanee; and the mixture of ancient Eastern
and ancient Western speech would have delighted
a philologist, but greatly puzzled all the speakers.

Caradoc left the room, while the child was crying
pitifully for her mamma, and returned, bearing
her doll. The sight of it brought back the smiles.
She stretched out her little arms; and Caradoc,
enveloping the doll in a shawl that lay on the
bed, put the damp burden into them. She em-
braced it, and began to rock it maternally.

"Go down to breakfast, and send Marget up
with the child's," said Mrs. Pennant.

Marget nearly let fall the tray when she ap-
peared, at the sight of Phoebe's clothes.

"Name o' goodness, what's all this?" she ex-
claimed, looking anxiously at her mistress,
whose face reassured her.

The little girl hid her's behind Mrs. Pennant,
at the sight of Marget in her Welsh costume.

"Bo-peep!" cried Marget, setting down the
tray, and also put her face behind Mrs. Pennant.

In after years when Marget described the scene,
she was wont to say, proudly, "The words came
to me natural-like, but I never knew where I
learnt them, unless it was at the castle." She
had twice in her life been within the walls of
that baronial seat.

"Bo-peep!" repeated the child clapping her
hands.

A new laid egg, and fresh-milk, and dainty
brown bread-and-butter, further distracted her
from her grief. Mrs. Pennant broke the egg, and
was about to feed her, when she lisped, "Daisy
tan do it."

She took the spoon from Mrs. Pennant, and
began her breakfast with evident appetite.

"She eats and drinks like a little lady," said
Marget, as the child again politely declined aid,
and taking up the cup of warm milk in her
chubby hands, drank with avidity. "Go you
down, mistress, and show the master how bright
you look."

Mrs. Pennant obeyed meekly, as she had been
in the habit of doing during her illness. Indeed,
she had been, so to say, almost set aside, while
Marget had assumed the reins of government.

She found her man-kind in earnest conversation;
for Caradoc had been detailing how he had seen
her surrounded by little Phoebe's clothes, and in
tears.

"The Lord be praised!" was old Mr. Pen-
nant's exclamation as her daughter-in-law en-
tered the hall.

Her husband rose from his breakfast to meet
her, in order to conceal his own emotion; for,
strange as it may sound, he had prayed for those
"tears" by night and by day.

"The earl will have nothing to do with the
child, so we must keep her till she's claimed,
mother," he said. "His lordship likes the dead
better than the living."

"She is just Phoebe's size, and she sucks her
thumb," said innocent Mrs. Pennant; and her friends
could not have been more delighted had she
told them the child was cased in guineas.

"Moses says the wreck has been cast up,
father; and they are busy carrying the things to
the castle," said Michael.

"Then we shall hear no more of them; the
earl manages to hide his treasures, like a miser
that he is!" rejoined Caradoc.

"Thou must not speak ill of thy elders and

superiors; remember thy catechism," said his
grandfather, gravely; and Caradoc was silent.

The breakfast table was well supplied. Steam-
ing porridge, rashers of bacon, fried potatoes, oat-
meal, and wheaten bread, tempting butter, and a
cut-and-come-again cheese, were spread on the
board, which was covered by a cloth of home-spun
damask. A century ago when machinery was in
its infancy, the spinning-wheel turned in every farm
and cottage, and oh, how long its fabrics lasted!
Home-made linen and woolen became heir-looms,
and never wore out.

"Now to school boys," cried the farmer, when
Caradoc had wound up his porridge by potatoes
and bacon, and the more delicate Michael by
bread-and-butter. But they were stayed in their
obedience by the entrance of Marget with the
little girl in her arms dressed in Phoebe's brown
frock. She had it spread out before the child,
who had shown instant signs of a desire to put it
on; so she had washed and dressed her quickly
and brought her down, feeling instinctively that
the sooner it was over the better.

The child glanced round the hall with a be-
wildered air. She had her doll in her arms, sole
relic of her past. Her bright fair face and golden
hair contrasted with Marget's bronzed cheeks,
and they were a picturesque couple. As the in-
mates of the hall crowded round her, she began to
cry, and hid her face on the woman's shoulder.

"Mother, why have you dressed her in Phoebe's
clothes?" asked the sensitive Michael.

A sob from Mrs. Pennant was the answer, at
the sound of which the little girl looked up.

"Don't ky," she said, holding out her hands to
her new friend, who took her in her arms, bend-
ing her head to conceal her emotion.

"May God bless you both!" prayed old Mr.
Pennant, laying his hands reverently on the heads
of the twain.

And so the foundling was adopted at the farm.

Later in the day it was honoured by a visit
from the Countess of Craigavon and her daughter,
the Lady Mona Rhys. As this was a rare event,
Mrs. Pennant was much disturbed, the more so
as they were accompanied by a maid, who acted
as interpreter on such occasions, for the countess
spoke no Welsh. When she opened the door she
had the little girl by the hand, who accompanied
her to the parlour, and stood by her, gazing in-
quisitively, but not rudely, at them.

"Pray sit down, Mrs. Pennant," said Lady
Craigavon, waving her hand towards a seat; and
Mrs. Pennant obeyed the sign mechanically, not
understanding the words.

The countess was a tall, erect, elegant woman
of about five-and-thirty. She had been, and in-
deed still was, a beauty. Her complexion was of
surpassing delicacy and fairness, her features
regular, her figure faultless. But her face lacked
expression; the light blue eyes might have been
turquoises, the lips a folded pink shell, for any
life they possessed. She was always magnifi-
cently dressed. On the present occasion she
wore a rich blue silk pelisse trimmed with swans-
down, and a black velvet hat with a plume of
ostrich feathers. The Lady Mona was a
pale child, dressed in white with a pink sash and
a pink wreath round her broad straw hat. She
carried a small white French poodle in her arms,
and was altogether a dainty figure. Mrs. Morris
the maid, stood behind her ladies, and looked stiff
and sly, in her plain lavender suit. Morris would
have patronised Mrs. Pennant, but the Pennants
would not be patronised by great or small.

"I wish we had this view instead of our dreary
prospect," said the countess, glancing out of the
bay window in which she had seated herself. She
was always wishing for what she had not.

"Puff! Puff! Is it Puff?" asked the found-
ling, suddenly running from Mrs. Pennant's side
to stroke the dog in Lady Mona's arms.

The creature growled.

"No, it aint Puff," she added turning to Mrs.
Pennant.

"Who are you? What is your name?" ask-
ed Lady Mona; but the child retreated to Mrs.
Pennant, and stood looking steadily from the
countess to her daughter.

"Have 'ou dot mamma?" she asked, at last;
"have 'ou dot Ayah?"

"Come to me and I will tell you," said the
countess.

The child, who seemed strangely observant and
staid for her years, went cautiously.

"Interpret what she says to Mrs. Pennant,
Morris," said her ladyship to the maid, who did
so.

"What is your name?" asked the countess.

"Daisy. What is 'our name? 'Ou are 'ike
mamma."

"Daisy. *Llygad y dydd*—the eye of day,"
grimly translated Morris; for such is the Welsh
of the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

"Where is your mamma and Ayah, little girl?"

"In the big ship."

"And your Papa?"

"Pappy far, far away!"

The child sighed, and pointed across the sea.

"Was Ayah your black nurse?"

"Ayah dood. I 'ove Ayah."

She ran to Mrs. Pennant, and looked at her
appealingly, then climbed into her lap.

"How pretty she is! She shall come to the
castle," said Lady Mona. "Tell Mrs. Pennant
to let her come and play with me and Miss Man-
ent, Morris."

The little girl nestled closer to Mrs. Pennant,
and seemed to look on the visitors as intruders.

"I o'ny do to mamma and Ayah," she said.

Any resistance always strengthened Lady Mona's
will; and she condescended to rise and take her
dog to the child, by way of conciliation.

"Its name is Blanche, and not Puff," she said.

"Tank 'ou—pretty Blanche!" said the little
girl, politely, stroking the dog.

"Lord Penruddock tells me your eldest son is
very clever, Mrs. Pennant," said the countess.

"What does your husband mean to make of
him?"

"A Christian man, I hope, my lady," was the
reply, satirically rendered by Morris.

"Oh, of course; I mean as to—to trade, or—or
profession."

"A farmer, I hope, my la'cy."

"And the second a harper, I hear?" pursued
the countess, glancing at a Welsh harp in one
corner of the room. "He might replace Blind
David at the castle."

"I hope he also will be a farmer, my lady,"
He only amuses himself with music," said Mrs.
Pennant.

As nothing more was to be extracted from the
foundling, the countess rose to go. Mrs. Pennant
accompanied her through the garden and a path
skirting the farmyard, to the road, where the car-
riage waited. Daisy clapped her hands when she
saw the horses, and began to talk Hindostanee.

Then she ran toward a powdered footman, as if
expecting a friend, but drew back disappointed at
sight of a stranger. The countess nodded to Mrs.
Pennant, and ordered the coachman to drive to
Penruddock, the nearest town. And the four
horses picked their way with some difficulty
through the rough road that led into the highway
—for the Earl and Countess of Craigavon never ap-
peared with less than four horses—while Mrs.
Pennant said, thankfully, "That is over. They
came out of curiosity to see thee, my little *Llygad
y dydd*."

(To be continued.)

—A Stoical Scotchman was addressed by
his wife: "Oh! John, I shan't leave this
bed alive." "Please theeself, Betty, and thee'll
please me," returned John, with great equani-
mity. "I have been a good wife to you, John,"
persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty,
only middlin'."

—"I can conceive," said Lord Erskine, "a dis-
tressed but virtuous man, surrounded by his child-
ren, looking up to him for bread when he has
none to give them, sinking under his last day's
labor, and unequal to the next, yet still supported
by confidence in the hour when all tears shall be
wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the
burden laid upon him by a mysterious providence,
which he adores, and anticipating with exultation
the revealed promise of his Creator, when he shall
be greater than the greatest, and happier than the
happiest of mankind."