

for Mr. Smirke had his apology very ready, and then Lott could go on.

"Well, yes, Mr. Smirke, he is, as you say, a *millioner*, which I suppose means worth a million of something; but he's better than most millioners, for he just holds money as belonging to the Lord above, not to himself, and it's all good as he does with it. After that church in Australy, he thinks of the poor savages of New Guinea, and he gets a missionary to go out there and help George; and good gold is paid out to do that, I can tell you.

"And then he don't forget his native town either, as to-day proves. It's always been on his mind—the loss of life at sea on this here dangerous coast—and he and 'Lisbeth, they do say, have talked it over many a time in Australy, when folks here might have guessed they'd forgotten everything but sheep, and wool, and Australian gold.

"And the end of it all is that Perran made up his mind to build a lighthouse on the Pale, which has been Proudfoot land since—well, begging your pardon—long before you had a forbear, Mr. Smirke. There was no one of the name left to live in the cottage, so Perran writes and orders it pulled down. At first there's a groan. Says one, 'He don't care for King's Cobbe any more.' 'He ain't a Proudfoot,' says another. But I was staunch. 'Let be,' I said, 'it's all right.' And it was all right, you see. There's been engineers about the place ever since, big men, London men, as you know, Mr. Smirke. A Proudfoot does things well, and there's been a push made to get matters forward, so as little Jesse, Perran's son, can lay the first stone before the family leaves for Australy, next week. And, thank the Lord, He's given us this uncommon fine day for the purpose. What is it? The carriages; which way? The farm. Four horses there was to be; we would have it; a Proudfoot shall have honor done him in King's Cobbe."

Yes, the sound of horses' feet clattering rapidly down the steep street (no one makes anything of hills here about) draws all eyes in one direction. The pace slackens, and at last the four horses are checked to a walk, by the delighted coachman, with an enormous posey in his buttonhole. Perran and his wife, looking a little older, but as handsome and cheery as ever, are smiling and nodding, from the grand barouche sent for them, to the great crowd of friends around; while still more smiling, and evidently in intensest excitement, two fine healthy children, of seven and eight years of age, can hardly keep their places on the back seat of the carriage.

The boy is called Jesse, but he has little else in common with his fair little dead namesake; this Jesse is his father all over—broad-chested, bright-eyed, and daring. He cries hurrah! with the crowd.

And here is the Grange carriage with another quartette—Sir John and Lady Mostyn, the Captain, and a quiet little woman in black, smiling, too, though, Mrs. Holt, 'Lisbeth's mother! Yes, she has an honorable place to day; Lady Mostyn has insisted on driving her to the Pale. Next week she, too, will leave her native country for good. Her husband has long been dead; all her children are married and settled in life; and she has elected to cast in her 'lot with that of her daughter 'Lisbeth, and cross the sea with her and her belongings. A brave-hearted old woman; but 'Lisbeth's mother would be that.

More and more carriages; all the gentry and farmers for miles round arriving; for this is a day long looked for. The downs round the Pale are gay with equipages, and gaily dressed parties pressing round the tiny plot of ground, sheer above the cliff, now roped off from the crowd.

The sky is so blue above, the wide sea so calm and yet so bright below; it is a day made for a good and noble undertaking.

And now the ceremony begins. The laying of the foundation stone of a lighthouse, to be known as "The Proudfoot Lighthouse," a tower long and sorely needed to warn mariners off the Cobbe reefs down below.

An expensive affair it will be, for Perran will only have the best stone and the cleverest workmen employed. But he has the money, he says, and only wishes to put it to the best use.

Hush! the train of choristers breaks out into a joyful hymn, which is taken up by the crowd; then a clergyman, robed in white, commends the deed of the day to an ever-present God.

And now, amidst a murmur of loving admiration, that bright, straight, happy, little Australian lad is led by his father, Perran Proudfoot, trowel in hand, to the great square stone on which so much in the future depends; and the young face grows solemn, as the chubby hand smooths the mortar, and gives the three taps to the hewn block. Jesse must do his work well, he thinks.

Now the bright eyes leave the stone, and seem to look right up into heaven; Jesse thinks he sees the lighthouse complete, towering upwards a'ready. Some day he may truly gaze on it, perhaps, 'Lisbeth whispers to him; she and father, however, have no intention of leaving Australia any more; it is their home, and they mean to do their best in it, a best which frequent absences would interfere with.

Mary, the little girl, pulls down her mother's face to hers. "And I shall stay at Greenmeadows, too, always with you and granny."

The ceremony is over now. There is much hurrahing and handshaking; Jesse is lifted up to the carriage of the lord of the manor, who shakes hands with him, too, while the lady of