

"Can I be of service my lord? he asked hesitating, as he placed the parcel on the earl's hands, "No, thank you," was the stern reply.

Before long the bell rang again. "Send Dr. Pennant!" was the command, given in a voice strangely different from that of the earl's.

"He has returned home, my lord," was the reply.

"Fetch him," said the earl, closing the door.

It was some time before Caradoc could be found, but when the messenger reached him he hastened to the castle. The earl admitted him at once, by an imperative "Come in!" His lordship was seated before a table on which were outspread a gold watch and chain, a diamond ring, a purse, a handkerchief, a few letters and papers, and a book. The latter was open beneath his face, which was covered by both hands. Caradoc stood a while, in sympathetic silence, opposite. At first he thought the earl's natural avarice had returned; but the purse was closed, and the valuables pushed aside. The book and papers were the points of interest. He spoke at least in a voice so husky that the words were scarcely audible, and Caradoc did not understand him. Then he pointed with his finger to the title-page of the book on which his eyes were fixed.

"Who—wrote—that?" he asked slowly, and with difficulty.

Caradoc moved, and glanced over his shoulder. He saw, to his surprise, the words, "Daisy Pennant," written in Daisy's clear round-hand, above the printed title—"Holy Bible."

"It is my sister's writing, my lord," he replied, his voice slightly changing with not unnatural emotion.

"You—mean—the foundling?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring her—to me. Now. At once."

"She may not like to come, my lord," said Caradoc hesitating. "Sir George Walpole asks to see you, and—"

"I will not see him. I cannot have him here. Tell the foundling I will not harm her. Bid her forget—" A sob choked the earl's voice. "Go; ask her!" he added, with the tremulous eagerness of an appeal.

"I will, my lord. But may I not help you—stay with you?" returned Caradoc, touched by the piteous sob from this stern immovable man.

"Thank you, no! Stay—on—at—the farm, at present. I may—need you."

Caradoc withdrew, scarcely understanding what was meant. It was Michaelmas-day, but the death and funeral of Lord Penruddock had stayed the intended move from Brynhafod—had, indeed, paralysed the neighbourhood. He sought Mr. Tudor, and repeated the earl's words. Mr. Tudor entreated him to advise his father not to leave the farm. Sir George Walpole was with the vicar, and Caradoc told him that the earl seemed to dread an interview with him. Sir George immediately expressed his resolution to leave the castle, and asked Caradoc, abruptly, if he thought his father and mother would give him a lodging for a few days, while he settled his future plans.

"I should wish to be near Lord Craigavon," he said, "in case of his needing me; but I will not remain here. I hear your house is a refuge for the destitute, and as I have no settled home just now I am of that class; I shall then perhaps see your friend Ap Adam, and I can give Lady Mona news of her father. She writes to me in great distress at her brother's death."

Caradoc said that Brynhafod was in confusion, owing to the contemplated move, but that he was sure his mother would manage a bed for him.

"I have been accustomed to rough it, and any kind of shake-down will do," replied Sir George. "I cannot leave an old friend in such a wretched plight; yet I know him too well to force myself upon him."

Sir George accompanied Caradoc to Brynhafod, and was received with the unaffected hospitality for which the Pennants were noted. They were seated at their early evening meal. The solemn scenes of the past week had worked a change for the better in David Pennant, whose morose anger towards the earl had merged into a tender pity. He had forgotten his own wrongs, and his continual cry was, "If only I could do something for his lordship!" and the power to receive Sir George seemed to him that "something."

When Caradoc told him and the others what the earl had said touching their continuing at the farm for the present, the hush of a deep thankfulness fell on all; and when the intelligence was followed by his lordship's wish to see Daisy—owing apparently to her Bible and her name—his surprise and emotion were heightened. An expression of awe had been left on Daisy's face by the sight she had seen on the beach; and a terror of the earl had sunk into her heart ever since their encounter on the cliff, increased, if possible by his dread lantern. When she heard that he wished to see her, she turned pale, and trembled, and no one but Caradoc fully understood why.

"Thou art not afraid, my Eye of Day?" said old Mr. Pennant. "May-be thou and thy Bible may comfort his lordship, as I pray you may both have comforted his son, for the Holy Word was his companion when he 'fell into deep waters.'"

"And a holy peace was on his countenance as he slept the sleep of death!" remarked Sir George, moving towards her, and standing at the back of her chair. "I think I have seen him reading your Book more than once, though he closed and concealed it when I drew near."

Daisy glanced up at Sir George, and tears were in her eyes. This "hero of a hundred fights" felt that his were not dry. He passed one hand before them, and laid the other on the head of the young girl who had strangely impressed him. There was a momentary silence, while all present turned involuntarily towards them; then Daisy rose slowly, still looking white and fearful, and said, "if you will be with me, Carad, I will go to his lordship, but I know not what I shall say."

"The Lord will give thee a mouth and wisdom, child, and may his grace be sufficient for thee!" said old Mr. Pennant.

So Daisy accompanied Caradoc, through the evening mists, back to the castle.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners bear something of the same relation to character that the flower does to the plant; though not necessary to its existence, it is needful to its full development and beauty; and though not itself of tough and enduring texture, it yet gives evidence of the strength of root and vigour of stem which gave it birth. It is a popular notion that manners are something only on the surface, something that, like dress, can be put on or taken off at pleasure, without affecting what is underneath. But this is not so. They are not a garment, wholly distinct from the nature, covering and perhaps hiding it, but are rather themselves its own surface, like the delicate skin which, by its bloom, speaks of youth and health and happiness, or by its pallor and wrinkles, tells of sickness, sorrow or age.

Thus, the finest manners, those which all instinctively admire and respect, are the natural offspring of dignity, self-possession, gentleness, benevolence, sympathy and tenderness. They presuppose a certain force of character and firmness of purpose, which invest the owner with composure and self-respect, and suffer him not to be driven about by circumstances, flurried and disturbed by trifles, or abashed by the presence of others. On the other hand, they also betoken a gentle spirit, a kindly heart and a broad sympathy. No one can simulate the manners which naturally spring from these characteristics any more than they can bring fresh and living flowers from a decaying plant, or place the ruddy bloom of young and healthful life upon a frame racked by disease, or enfeebled by the weight of years. No set of artificial rules, however elaborate, no code of social etiquette, however strict, can ever produce that true courtesy which, at once dignified and affable, is the natural and unstudied expression of a character that is both self-respecting and sympathetic.

Can we not, then, mend our manners if they are faulty? Cannot politeness be learned as an art? May not a gentle and courteous demeanour be acquired? Or must we be content to let the nature, whatever it be, express itself as it lists, and so let rudeness flourish unchecked because it is the native language of a hard heart or a coarse mind? Certainly duplicity can no

more succeed in manners than in anything else, and the man or woman who strives to hide a selfish soul under a bland and specious exterior will soon find the task an impossible one. Yet culture can do much in this regard without sacrificing truth.

THE GRACE OF SORROW.

There is no task so hard as that of blessing the chastening hand of sorrow—nothing so difficult to the natural man as to kiss the rod by which he has been struck, and to confess sincerely and without the affectation of formula that pain has been better for him than pleasure, and sorrow a kinder master in the end than joy. Yet if life means anything for us but eating, drinking and enjoyment, it means discipline; and this discipline comes only through suffering. To be sure, a few sunny, laughter-loving natures may be found to whom happiness is as essential as the air they breathe, as integral to their condition as the spring-time flower or the song of the birds. But, save these exceptions, sorrow for the most part not only purifies but enriches; not only disciplines but ennobles. By affliction we are made better friends and more sympathetic companions, braver to meet and stronger to bear, and moulded into a grander form throughout than we could ever have attained without this suffering, which has been our hard but benevolent task-master.

Without experience how can we understand the pain of others? We must suffer before we can sympathize; and when we have suffered then our own experience teaches us to be pitiful to others. We can handle best that sore of which we have felt the smart; and the burden which we ourselves have borne we can help to adjust on the shoulders of others with greatest knowledge of where the corners press. All the hardness of youth comes from want of experience; all the tender pity of age, the helpfulness of maturity, come from the foregone knowledge of pain. If sorrow does nothing else for us, it teaches us to be tender to others, and shows us how to alleviate by having taught us how to bear.

—Cannon Liddon in preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral on Easter Joy on Sunday afternoon, after pointing out that to the Apostles the Resurrection was practically Christianity, said:—"Without the Resurrection what was Christianity? A human system, or at least a system uncertificated by God; destined like other human systems to have its day, its day perchance of ascendancy, but also its day of decline, destined "to die away and cease to be." Without the Resurrection, what was Christianity? On the whole, it was a failure. Had Jesus been crucified, buried, and then subjected to the decay of death, His human life—we must dare to say it—would have been a splendid mistake. His miracles might have reckoned for successful juggleries. His strongest claims on the love and allegiance of men would have been resented as the language of a presumptuous self-assertion. His clearest predictions about Himself could have been set aside as the reveries of a dreamer. His death—if men still held it wholly undeserved—would have only illustrated the triumph of might over a cause that was partly right. His bones might perchance have been gathered by a distant generation, and reverently laid up in a shrine more ornate than any which has covered the relics of later men who have owned His Name; but St. Paul would still have written "If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain, your faith is also vain." Other miracles might have been conceivably omitted; Christianity might still be Christianity if the 5000 had not been fed, if the demoniac had been uncured, if Lazarus had not been raised from death. But deny a literal resurrection of Jesus from the grave, and you take the spring out of the year; you remove the key-stone from the arch. All else in our Creed depends on the Resurrection of Christ; and to-day, when we remind ourselves of its historical certainty—a certainty scarcely less illustrated by the apparent contradictions than by the collective and direct force of the accounts of it which have come down to us—we experience a mental delight at the freshening touch of truth, and cry "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."