

ceeded to treat the altar as a dining table by completely covering it therewith, and studiously arranging the drapery so as to fall gracefully. I was told he was "spreading for an evening celebration," but could that be? I did not wait to see—I left in disgust *multa furens*.
Toronto, April 22nd, 1878. E. D. R.

ALGOMA.

DEAR SIR,—I have seen several letters in your columns from an esteemed pastor, which I can fully endorse. I am very sorry to hear that the church people in the front are withdrawing their support from this diocese, under the impression that the people of Algoma should support their own clergy. I can assure you that they are not able to do so at present. In Muskoka, although the population has increased very fast lately, a large majority are poor men, struggling to make a home in the bush, and are barely able to keep their families, I will not say in comfort, but from starvation. The church people are very much scattered, and Mr. Crompton officiates in ten places, travelling on an average ninety miles every fortnight, and any one who knows what our roads are would consider it equal to two hundred miles in the front townships, to say nothing of the risk to life and limb.

At our vestry meeting yesterday, the following resolutions were passed: 1st. that two-thirds of the offertory be given to the diocesan fund. 2nd. That five dollars be given to the above fund out of the balance in hand from last year's offertory. 3rd. That F. Richardson, Esq., do canvass the church members in this place for a subscription to the above fund.

WM. BUCKERFIELD, Church Warden.

Family Reading.

THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE WRECKERS.

While Daisy was waiting on horseback for Caradoc, on the Mynydd fach, or Little Mountain Caradoc had been ascending it on foot, with the intention of meeting her, according to promise. But, glancing back towards the Esgair, he distinctly saw the figure of a man on its summit. He had always feared lest some wrecker, less superstitious than his compeers, might brave the supposed witch, in a desire to extinguish the beacon, so he paused to watch the figure scramble back from the Cader, and disappear amongst the gorse. Impelled by fear of consequences, instead of keeping his appointment with Daisy, he hurried back towards the Esgair. He arrived at its entrance while just light enough remained for him to see two men walking across the cliffs, away from the Esgair, in the direction of the tower. One of these he knew, from his limp, must be Evan; the other he suspected from his height and carriage, to be the earl. At first he was prompted to follow them, but, changing his mind at a sudden thought, he ascended the Esgair instead. Accustomed as he was to the height, he was not long in reaching the Cader-y-Witch.

"They have put out the light!" he exclaimed, in a voice of anger and alarm, as, rounding the back of the great chair, he found himself in darkness. "They have carried off the lantern," he added, looking at the void, and feeling for his iron girders. "Can there be such devils in human form? I will expose them, come what may. The truth shall be known before we leave Brynhafod. There are sure to be ships in danger in this wind and darkness." He glanced round. "Ah! that is a wrecker's fire down by the quicksands!"

Careless of the night, or the result, Caradoc began to descend the rock by the dangerous path already mentioned, crying aloud, "God will defend the right, though His ways seem strange to me!" He reached the base in safety, guarded by that protecting Power. The tide was ebbing, so he scrambled along the beach in the direction of the fire, which was lighted on a rock as near the quicksands as possible. As the light on the Esgair led away from the quicksands, so this fire would lure into them. He knew the very point where it was kindled, and now stumbling over

rocks and stones, now wading through pools of salt water, he resolutely laboured on towards it.

"The wreckers have sighted a ship, or they would not have lighted it," he muttered. "I am glad to see for myself what I have watched for so long."

He reached it at last, and found that it was a kind of bonfire, which have been kept alight by means of dry seaweed and brushwood. Two men were seated watching it, whose faces were clearly revealed by the flames that fell upon them. One was Davie Jones the fisherman, the other his nephew. Caradoc went boldly towards them, and before they had time either to resist or escape, collared them. He was taller than they, and had the advantage of youth over Davie; but they were too muscular to remain long in his grip.

"I know you both—I am Caradoc Pennant!" he cried, as the younger man got loose, and was about to attack him. "Was it for this I saved your life, Davie? for this Michael preached and Daisy read? Cowards! can you find no better way of living than by murder?"

"Has she struck?" added Caradoc.

"No, she be too far ahead, by the sound," growled Davie.

"Then come with me to Monad, and put out the boats," cried Caradoc. "If you refuse I'll have you up before the justices to-morrow."

"The earl won't let us," growled Davie. "If we fish he takes our haul, if we watch for waifs he claims 'em, if we try one light he tries another."

He's a worse witch than the witch o' the Esgair who has'nt put up her candle to-night. Come you, Master Carad, we'ont be standing that. We're only watching for the oyster boats as knows this corner for landing."

Caradoc had stamped his foot in the midst of the fire, which was already having a struggle with the wind to keep alight at all, and in spite of the efforts of the men to prevent it, succeeded in extinguishing it. Just about the time that Daisy blew out the earl's candle. So all the lights false and true, on that particular coast were extinguished. Almost immediately Caradoc and the men heard the minute gun.

"The earl will protect us and dumfounder you, my lad; but I'll go if you promise not to tell, because you were saving my life," said Davie sulkily.

"I promise nothing; but I know you well, Davie, and you're not so bad as they say you are."

"If I'm bad 'tis the earl's fault. Come along Shenkin. We shall all three break our necks, but if Master Carad don't mind, why I don't, since he's clever enough to mend 'em again."

While the trio make their way towards Monad, under cover of the darkness, we must return to Daisy, who had just reached Brynhafod.

All there had been quiet up to that hour. The day had passed in harvesting, and slow, almost secret preparations for removal; the evening so far, in an almost lethargic stillness. David Pennant had sunk back into his state of persistent fretting since the earl's return—now showing the impulsive side of his character, now the obstinate—and only restrained from resistance by his filial respect and obedience. The minds of the others were engrossed in him, and every thought and action of every day tended, in every degree, towards him. He had been for more than an hour, in silence and gloom, seated on the corner of the settle, his wife by his side, trying to comfort him by constantly wiping the tears from her eyes. This had been her way of showing sympathy from the first, in spite of Daisy's entreaties and Marget's scolding. The old farmer, was quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner, and Michael turning over the leaves of a book, and listening for Daisy and Caradoc.

Thus they were when Daisy burst in upon them, breathless with excitement and the wind, her headgear gone, and her hair streaming over her shoulders.

"The gun! the gun! Father, Michael, there is a ship in distress!" she cried.

She left both doors open and the signal reached the ears of the inmates of the hall for the first time. All started up. Since the beacon had been set up on the Esgair danger signals had been rare on that part of the coast. Light returned to David Pennant's eyes, courage to his heart,

strength to his sinews. He listened a moment, then went to the door and looked out.

"She is out yonder. I see a light from a rocket or gun this side the Esgair," he cried. "We must to Monad. Call the men, Michael. Prepare the ropes. Get ready, mother. She will never weather this gale."

David Pennant was himself again, the man we saw when first introduced to him. In less than five minutes he and his were prepared to save life, if possible. But on this occasion the old farmer was content to remain at home, while Michael accompanied his father. Years had brought the feebleness of old age to the one, the strength of manhood to the other, for Michael though weak of body was strong of soul, and no one ventured to obstruct him in the path of duty.

While the gale shook the gabled farm, and threatened to uproot the trees and blow down the corn-stacks, the men sallied forth with their lanterns, and the old farmer and the women alone remained behind. The latter busied themselves in preparations, although they scarcely believed the ship-wrecked, if saved, could reach Brynhafod from Monad on such a night. It was a mile beyond the bay where Daisy was wrecked. All asked where Carad was; and Daisy's anxiety about him was intense. Indeed, the events of her evening had been such as to make her almost incapable of further action, and she longed for him in order to confide them to another. Had the earl met with him? Had they quarrelled? Or, had he seen the struggling ship, and gone to the beach?

He had gone to the beach, as we know, and reached Monad with his companions just as his father and his followers arrived there. So strong a counter-force awed the wreckers, who were all astir waiting for what might turn up. The Monad beach was a grim scene that night, while Carad went from one fisherman to another, urging them to put out to sea in the direction of the vessel, the lights in which were visible from the beach.

"Davie Jones, you are as good a pilot as there is in the country," said David Pennant. "If she isn't actually aground you could pilot her round the Esgair. Where do you think she is?"

"Among the rocks by the quicksands," growled Davie. "Couldn't reach her in this wind. Blowing great guns!"

"I will go with you," cried Caradoc; "you know I can handle an oar with any of you, or could."

Meanwhile Michael wandered from man to man, woman to woman, speaking "words that burn." His preaching had not been quite in vain, and he stimulated them to action by encouragements and promises. While he talked, and his father offered his "best corn-mow," to any one who should put out and either pilot or tow the vessel in, the wind lulled a little.

"Let us save her and cheat the earl!" cried David.

"Let us brave the wind and not shirk the gale like a set of cowards!" exclaimed Caradoc, beginning to drag a boat towards the shelving beach, whence they launched her.

"Let us do the Lord's will, and trust in Him," said Michael, while another signal sounded nearer than the last.

"Come along then, or she'll run aground. I'll do what the Pennants want, for they saved my life," said Davie Jones, helping Caradoc to push the boat.

"And I don't mind if I lend a hand," said Davie's nephew and one or two other fishermen, and the boat was manned, Caradoc leaping in first, and seizing an oar.

They pushed her into the sea in the wind and dark; and while she bravely rode the stormy billows in the direction of the dim light and sound from the ship, sturdily pulled on by her resolute crew. David Pennant and the others watched anxiously from the beach; and at that moment old Mr. Pennant and the women were engaged in prayer at the farm.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.—In our last issue, p. 201, col. 1, line 27 from the bottom, for "march" read "watch," line 6, read, "should now."

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