

seen her, for her own figure and that of her horse stood out in well-defined shadow upon the mountain.

"He has missed me, and we must brave the wind alone," she said, patting her horse as she turned his head to the left.

The horse knew his way, and descended the hill in safety until they reached a cross-road that led on the left to the castle, on the right to the farm. It was dark, but the sure-footed and sagacious beast feared night as little as his mistress. He had taken the way to the farm, when Daisy, glancing down the other road, thought she saw a light moving towards it from the direction of the cliffs.

"It is the *canwyll corff*. I will meet it!" she cried, and turned the somewhat unwilling animal the other way.

Riding as quickly as she could down the castle road, she reached a gate that led to the downs. It was open, and she urged her horse through it. What with the darkness and wind they had both much difficulty in taking up and maintaining a position beneath the hedge that flanked the gate. She saw the light she believed she had often seen before making towards her, and it must be confessed that, in spite of her courage, she trembled. "Carad says it is only a jack-o'-lantern. If it was supernatural the horse would shake, all animals do when the fairies come," she murmured, patting hers.

The light came steadily on.

"It must be visible from the sea to all ships that have not passed the Esgair," she thought; "but lure them to destruction, and probably it may be why am I frightened when it is only a vapour? I wonder the wind doesn't put it out." As it drew nearer, and nearer, her horse pricked his ears, and neighed.

"Thou art not terrified, at least, Pen, or thou wouldst not neigh!" she added, stroking him.

But the fitful fire wavered and retreated, as if startled by the sound. She was also startled, for she fancied she perceived some large dark body retreated with it. After a while, however, it advanced again, and as it approached, she was convinced that some object, either corporeal or ghostly accompanied it. She stroked her horse, and whispered to him to be quiet. He knew her well, and understood her, for she made of him a friend and intelligent companion by kind treatment and gentle management. Every one who likes may make a confidential friend of horse or dog. Pen stood still as a warrior's steed while Daisy had enough to do to keep her hat secure from the riotous wind, which had already loosened her long fair hair. Happily the gale kept off the rain, and she feared the wind as little as the wind feared her. So she and Pen stood their ground beneath the hedge which she knew to be thick and sheltering. On it came the *canwyll corff*, now pausing and seeming to flicker, now advancing unsteadily. As her sight accustomed to the gloom she became assured, that it was followed by a huge figure of some kind, and she trembled in spite of herself; but not so the horse, he pricked his ears and turned his head towards it.

"Softly, Pen! quietly, good horse!" whispered Daisy.

Although she was, as we have said, fearless, she was not quite free from the superstition of the country, and that of the corpse-candle as the precursor of death terrified her somewhat, in spite of Ap Adam's and Caradoc's arguments against it. Still she kept her seat bravely until the wander-light came nearly close to where she was; when she felt ready to fall from her horse from terror. She distinctly saw the figure of a man on horseback, and the candle or whatever it might be, appeared to be fastened to the horse's head. By some uncontrollable impulse Pen neighed again. A deep voice sounded, and the phantom horse seemed about to bear the terrible light away. But Daisy uttered a shrill cry, and arrested them. She had recognized the voice. For a moment the light fell on her, and a hand suddenly moved the lantern that contained this much-dreaded candle, and darkness succeeded. The horseman, whether phantom or substance, was about to pass Daisy and the gate, when she suddenly turned Pen round, and impeded the way. She recovered courage and voice sufficient to exclaim, authora-

tively, "Stop, you shall not pass till the light is put out!" She was conscious that it was a dark lantern, and only turned.

"Who are you who dare to stop the way? Let me pass," returned the voice, and the speaker urged his horse against Daisy's, hurtling both steed and rider, but not discomposing them.

"I sm the waif saved from the ship wrecked by means of your false light," she replied, boldly.

"I know you; you are the witch of the Esgair," cried the dark rider, again striving to push his way.

"And I know you, my lord; you are the earl of Craigavon," she replied, dauntlessly, holding the pass.

"Witch! sorceress! I will denounce you to the world!"

"Lordly wrecker, and cruel miser, God shall denounce you!"

Truth was revealed there in the darkness. The shipwrecked had discovered one of the lights so long employed to lure seafarers to their ocean grave, and the lord of the castle and the manor used it for his greed.

"Witch, let me pass!" growled the earl, after a pause.

"Not till you have extinguished the light," replied the brave girl.

"Your witch's fire is put out, and will never burn again," he retorted savagely. "Mine only lights me over the cliffs."

"True light and false, my lord. The beacon saves, the corpse-candle destroys. Beware lest it fortells evil for yourself. I am told that such a light was seen before the ship sank that bore my parents and me; they were drowned, I was, perhaps, saved to avenge them."

"Girl, you shall never marry my son!"

"Your son, my lord; I would not wed your son, even if I loved him. That is not the retribution prepared for you. Were he fairer than lilies and purer than refined gold I would not have him."

The passionate scorn of Daisy's voice must have told on the earl, for his, usually cool and hard, changed.

"Not have him! There is not a lady in the land who would not marry Lord Penruddock."

"I am a lady born, and I would not, May-be, that fear sleep forever. And the my lord. Let it be not mine, but my brother beacon on the Esgair, as many lives as the false Carad's, who has saved a man, and will face the fires have lost. He is a lantern, the jack-o'-lantern world now that we know what it is! A lantern after all! Put it out, my lord, and pass; or let me extinguish it."

While they had been talking the earl's horse had moved towards Daisy's, and their heads touched. Daisy leaned over her saddle, stretched out her arm towards the lantern, and, before the earl could prevent it, turned it round, and unfastened it. The light kindled her face for a moment as she bent towards it, then the wind instantly blew it out. The earl had a whip in his hand, which he raised with intent to strike her, but she reined back her horse almost into the hedge, and so avoided the blow.

"Pass on, my lord," she cried, waving the offending hand towards the gate.

"Curse you for a witch!" exclaimed he.

"And may God forgive you, not only for your curse, but for all your evil actions," she replied.

The earl remained a moment uncertain, muttering words which the wind carried off, and which did not reach Daisy. Remembering their encounter on the cliff, however, she thought it possible that he might dismount and obstruct her passage in turn, and she resolved accordingly. He was, indeed, preparing to dismount, although she could not see him for the darkness. She stooped over her horse, and whispered, "Now Pen, up the down, thou knowest the way!" and gave him the rein, just as the earl had one foot on the ground the other in his stirrup.

The wind was blowing a hurricane, but the horse breasted it at once, although it blew in his and his rider's face. He set off at a gallop, only slightly guided by Daisy, whose hat had fallen, and whose habit swelled in the gale. The discomfited earl glanced after them through the night, and re-mounted, resolved on bitter revenge. While the one trusted to equine sagacity on the wild mountain, midway of which stood the farm,

and the other in the rocky road leading to the promontory on which was seated the castle, signals of distress reached them from the sea, and each felt sure that some hapless ship must have struck upon the quicksands. The light on the Esgair was put out—the *canwyll corff* had succeeded it!

(To be continued.)

DO YOU ATTEND CHURCH REGULARLY? NO!

REASONS WHY: 1. *I go when it is convenient*—Is the great God of heaven and earth to await your convenience?

2. *I send my children*—If you did not you would be adding to your sin. You will not surely make that a boast before God. Will the piety of your children save you? A little example would do your children more good than a great deal of precept. How can you expect children to value privileges which their parents despise? Jesus Christ has promised his special presence. St. Matt. 18:20. A little obedience and doing for Jesus is better than unlimited talk about Him. Wilful neglect of God's house and ordinances, is a wilful neglect of God, and of Jesus Christ, and, as such, is a long step on the road to eternal loss. Humble, obedient use of God's ordinances, is humble obedience to God and Jesus Christ, and, as such, is a long step on the road to eternal happiness.

The worship of God's house is our training on earth, for the worship of God in heaven.

It is more important to 'do our duty' on the Lord's day, than to gain 'a farm' in the week.

Christ's ambassador is there, and there is no more excuse for your absence than there would be for his—Nothing but necessity should keep him or you away. Each day that the House of God is opened, may be your last chance of going up to worship.

To those who strive to be regular in their attendance upon the worship of the Sanctuary, "Be thou faithful unto the end."

To those who neglect the worship of the Sanctuary, Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Many parents make the serious mistake of not training their children early to regular habits. So fearful are they of being too stern and strict, that they err on the other side, and allow their children to take advantage of their very tenderness and affection.

It is not at all uncommon, in these days, to see children who have apparently grown utterly indifferent to the pleasantly expressed wishes of their parents, and who constantly transgress the rules and regulations of the household.

They must be urged or scolded to get them up in the morning, or to come to their meals in time, and there is always a contrast before they can be induced to leave their play, to study their lessons or to do their practicing. It is no kindness to children to permit such irregularities.

The training of the young is given into the hands of the parents with full power to direct and govern, and they have no right to allow their children such liberty and freedom from proper restraint as will render them disagreeable and unfit them for future usefulness.

They are too often weakly allowed to argue with their parents, and to discuss the justice of their commands. This does no good, but positive harm which the parent will discover as the child grows older and more difficult to manage; and when discord and wrangling have driven peace and happiness from the home.

Obedience should be prompt. Because father says so, or mother says so, should be sufficient reason. Parents who do not insist on this must not think it strange if in future their hearts are saddened by the irreverent and unfilial conduct of those who should have been a comfort and strength to their declining years.

DEATH.

On the Monday before Easter, Mary Alice, second daughter of George Ross, Esq., of Rosebank, New Ross, N. S., aged 16. "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth."