

parish churches were simply "Chapels of ease," dependent upon the Cathedrals and served by itinerant clergy at the Bishop's discretion, and the apportionments of the tithes were made to these chapels as he thought proper. Some of the rural churches obtained by episcopal concessions, the privileges of burial and baptism, and with these a fixed share of the tithes which seems to imply a resident clergy. The same privileges were gradually extended to the rest until near the time of the Conquest a complete parochial division was established. For these tithes and other emoluments the Bishop was required to do "homage" before he was "invested" with the right to their use, and to the present day the Bishop does homage for these tithes which the parishes in his diocese receive as well as the other "temporalities" of his see, which recognizes their coming from the state. This is but a small matter to take up your space about, I trust, therefore, that I shall be excused replying to objections based upon misconceptions of my own words and quotations. If *proof* be given that my statement is untenable, I shall be the first to bow to it.

I remain, very truly yours,  
Hillsdale, May 17th, 1878. T. G. PORTER.

#### DIOCESAN FUND.

DEAR SIR:—I read in your Toronto contemporary of the 11th. ult. the following: "Acknowledgment—The Honorary Treasurer of the Church Association acknowledges with thanks the receipt of forty-seven dollars thirty-eight cents, being amount of collection at St. Peter's Church for the Students and Mission Fund." Now, inasmuch as all clergymen ordained in this Diocese, or entering it from another Diocese are required to sign a declaration saying that they will obey the rules and Canons of the Synod, and inasmuch as the Synod requires amongst other things, a certain number of collections to be taken up annually in every church, it appears to be only right and just, that that clergyman and congregation who deliberately decline doing so: or further, mis-appropriate such collections by sending them to any other person than the Synod's duly appointed Treasurer, should be liable to some kind of penalty. In such case it behoves the Synod to exercise the power which it apparently possesses, namely, to forbid any seat in it to any Clergyman or Lay Delegate who represents such a recalcitrant congregation. Any congregation which refuses to take up the collections required by the Synod certainly has no right whatever to send representatives to that Synod to vote away the collections of other congregations. If it is not perfectly clear that the Synod has such power to refuse seats in such cases, some member should move a resolution at the next sitting to do away with such an unjust anomaly.

JUSTICE.

#### Family Reading.

##### THE PENNANT FAMILY.

###### CHAPTER XL.—"FOUND DROWNED!"

"Found drowned!" was the verdict passed by the coroner at the inquest held on Lord Penruddock. No one appeared to be in fault. His lordship had returned from the Mediterranean in his yacht, accompanied by Sir George Walpole and a competent crew. They had been cruising about the Welsh coast, and had finally determined to visit Craigavon Castle. In making for the nearest port they had to pass the Bays and quicksands already alluded to, which Lord Penruddock supposed he knew well, and with the situation of which the pilot was also acquainted. Although the wind had risen, and the evening was advancing, his lordship resolved to row to the castle, and left the yacht with two of his crew, in the boat. Both Sir George and the pilot tried to dissuade him from this, but in vain. He said he had particular reasons for wishing to be at home without delay, and as there was no anchorage for the vessel in Ton Bay, and danger if she made for it off the quicksands, he preferred taking to the boat. The yacht and her boat therefore parted company at about five o'clock in the afternoon. The yacht was much tossed about by winds and waves, and made little way before nightfall. Then as we

know, the beacon on the Esgair was extinguished and she was unable to pass that point. The false fire kindled by the wreckers drew her towards the quicksands, and hence the signals of distress heard on land. Caradoc had put out the fire, and so saved her from actually striking, but she was in the midst of rocks and shoals as dangerous as the sands. When Caradoc, Davie Jones, and the others reached her, the pilot was in despair; but Davie managed to put her about, knowing, as Caradoc had said, the coast as well by night as by day. So the earl's purposes were again defeated by Caradoc, and had the Esgair light remained, there would have been no peril to ship or boat.

The fate of the boat was made clear by the terrified sailors. They had weathered the gale till evening deepened, and had seen the beacon which had warned them from the quicksands. But when it suddenly disappeared, and the gale increased, they could do little but lie upon their oars. Lord Penruddock encouraged them by the assurance that they were surely drifting towards the landing-place in Ton Bay, but a light appeared in the distance, and his lordship, who was acting as steersman, moved the helm towards it. Soon afterwards the boat struck, capsized, and the sailors knew no more of the hapless Lord Penruddock. They could swim, and he was at best a bad swimmer; it was dark and they lost sight of him altogether. They managed to cling to the keel of the boat until day-dawn, when they saw the yacht at no great distance. They had previously heard her signals. Happily, a sailor on the look-out saw them also. Caradoc and his crew were on board the yacht, their boat alongside; so the boat was put out and saved them. All saved, except the young lord! Inquiries concerning him resulted in Caradoc and the boatman returning to Monad to institute immediate search, while the yacht having righted, her boat cruised about in the vague hope of finding him. The rest we already know.

"Drowned by the judgment of God!" might have been the coroner's verdict. But Caradoc Pennant, who had found the body, and helped to remove the earl, was silent concerning the awful facts that he and Daisy alone knew. Not even to one another did they admit that the wretched Earl of Craigavon had been the instrument in drowning his only son; and when it afterwards slowly and secretly evolved, as such things will, it was through no word of theirs, but through hints of wreckers, and men who served, but did not love, the miserable lord of the manor.

And where was he during the solemn, silent, melancholy days that succeeded the event? He laid upon his bed and neither spoke nor moved. Caradoc, who, by tacit consent, attended him, was sure that he was conscious, but he noticed no one. They kept the flickering flame of life alight in him as best they could, but by no agency of his. Whisperings passed around him concerning what was going on in the castle, but if he understood, he made no sign. While his son lay in state in a state chamber, he lay in despair in his lonely tower. He no longer superintended the locking up of doors, for all was open in the haste and awe of the moment. If there was the hush as of death in his tower, there was the movement of life where death really was, for, as we said the young lord lay in state. And this meant that the mortal remains were placed on a catafalque draped in white satin, in the centre of a state apartment, also hung with white; that tapers burnt, and watchers watched, day and night, while people from far and near, passed and re-passed the white motionless form, to see what remained of him so lately endowed with the elasticity of youth and health.

On the night preceeding the funeral Caradoc sat up with the earl. Believing that his lordship really slept, he sent his valet to bed, and remained alone with him. Towards morning he grew restless, and, to his doctor's great relief, began to mutter; then slowly opened his eyes. Caradoc went to him.

"I will rise," he said. "Bring my clothes; I shall attend the funeral!"

Caradoc was careful to express neither surprise nor dissent, but simply obeyed. The valet, hearing voices, came in from the next room, and they helped the earl to leave his bed, and dress. He

seemed quite himself—stern and unapproachable, as ever.

"Let me know the hour, and now leave me," he said. And they did so.

He was ready when summoned, and followed his dead son as chief mourner, alone, for not even did Sir George Walpole venture to approach him. Although no invitation had been sent, the funeral procession reached from the castle to the parish church, and in the rear of the white-plumed hearse and lonely father, were all the aristocracy of the county and all the tenants of Craigavon. Every one was anxious to express sympathy with a bereaved parent under circumstances so supremely sad.

The vault in the chancel of the old church had been opened to receive the heir of the Craigavons. The earl stood over it, rigid as a statue, stern as death. The burial service had no meaning for him, and he heard without realising the words, "I am the resurrection and the life!" Yet no one doubted that he felt, while all marvelled at his self-control. Many a sob echoed through the sacred building from the impressionable people who were assembled to witness the last rites, but neither sob nor tear moved the breast or bedewed the eyes of him who had lost all that he held most dear, and stood silently contemplating his coffin. Brutus was not calmer or sterner when he condemned his sons to die.

But when all was over the earl did not leave the tomb. The assembled multitude dispersed by degrees, carriages drove off, the mounted tenantry rode softly away, even the peasantry loitered at a distance to discuss the death and pageant, the nodding hearse vanished, and at last only one carriage remained near the church. This was drawn by four black horses, caparisoned with white plumes, and awaited the sonless lord. He stood almost alone in the chancel, under the painted window, gazing down into the vault that now held the mortal of his son. Beneath mouldered the dust of his ancestors, around their emblazoned monuments, but his boy! his beloved! he who should have represented the power, wealth, antiquity of his race, he was hidden from his sight for ever! Who shall paint the agony of the last Lord of Craigavon!

Mr. Tudor alone retained his place in the chancel, but even he withdrew to a distance from the stricken father. Sir George Walpole and Caradoc stood by the old carved screen, near the pulpit and reading-desk, which were draped in heavy black. An intense compassion filled their hearts, yet they dared not approach him. After a long silent interval, however, Caradoc thought he saw him totter, and went at once towards him. But for his support the earl would have fallen into the vault.

A heavy sob was the response; and they assisted the desolate man back to the mourning-coach, into which, unasked, yet unrepulsed, Caradoc Pennant followed him, with the whispered words, "Forgive me, my lord but you must not be alone!" He was right, for the earl relapsed into temporary unconsciousness, perhaps the happiest state for him, and Caradoc deemed it his duty to remain by him until he recovered. This his lordship did before he reached the castle, and his step was firm when he descended from the carriage.

"Thank you; I will summon you if I need you again," he said to Caradoc, and passed like a grim ghost, through his domestics.

They, clad in black, and really sorrowing for the gay young master they had lost, watched him disappear into his private tower, and heard him turn the accustomed key after him. For some hours they crept to and from his closed door, listening. It was a relief to them all to hear groans and footfalls within, but no one ventured to knock. At last his bell rang, and Morris answered it, for every one else held back. He was pacing his room.

"Bring me the effects found in Lord Penruddock's pockets," he said, his back to the door he had unlocked.

Morris went to Mr. Tudor, who, representing his brother as steward, had taken up his temporary abode at the castle. What had been found on Lord Penruddock had been carefully packed up and locked away. Mr Tudor took it himself to Lord Craigavon.

M  
"C  
tatin  
"N  
Be  
"S  
in a  
earl's  
"A  
reply  
"I  
It  
foun  
hast  
once  
ship  
spre  
a pu  
and  
face,  
stood  
At fi  
retu  
valu  
were  
a v  
audi  
The  
of th  
"C  
with  
Cl  
He  
nant  
the  
"C  
his  
emo  
"C  
"C  
"C  
Car  
to s  
"C  
Tell  
forg  
ask  
ness  
"C  
stay  
the  
"C  
pres  
C  
was  
deal  
the  
par  
Tud  
enti  
farn  
and  
dres  
med  
cast  
his  
for  
"C  
said  
rem  
the  
now  
you  
new  
dist  
C  
owi  
sure  
"C  
kin  
"I  
plig  
upo  
"C  
and  
for  
sea  
see  
the  
tow  
He  
tim  
for  
Ge