

expect you to account for them. Why did you not bring them up better than to allow the one to absent himself, the other to elope?"

Of course both tutor and governess protested, but the earl relieved his own mind by casting blame on them. He was however aware that he had overreached himself, and that Lady Mona had circumvented him by his own weapons. The absence of Miss Manent and Morris had rendered her flight easy.

"In addition to conniving at my sons absence, and abetting my daughters elopement, I hear that you are both countenancing my tenants in resisting my will—I who have been your sole support!"

His lordship glanced up a moment, and perceived an unusual decision in the vicar's eye.

"Miss Manent had been a guest at Brynhafod while seeking another home, my lord," replied that gentleman, firmly. Lady Mona chose to leave her behind, and she is about to undertake another situation, until your lordship is pleased to restore the vicarage, where I hope to take her as my wife."

"And, indeed, my lord, I know nothing of Lady Mona's marriage—I only hope she may be happy," broke in Miss Manent.

"Marriage! Happy! What next? She is ruined—and has lost hundreds of thousands!" cried the stern father. "I do not approve of marriage, and shall not restore the vicarage. Tell Farmer Pennant that if he has not left Brynhafod before the 29th of September I will eject him; tell your brother that since he is unequal to his work I dismiss him from the stewardship; and tell the people generally that although I return to town for a while I shall be back soon. Lady Craigavon is indisposed, and I go to her ladyship. Good day!"

"Good morning, my lord! Am I to consider that my brother is no longer steward?" asked Mr. Tudor.

"He may keep on till I return, provided he follow my orders concerning Pennant, and ejects him. If you hear from Penruddock, let me know. Is Dr. Pennant engaged to the girl who lives with them?"

"Not that I am aware of, my lord." And so the interview ended, the earl having gained nothing thereby, and Mr. Tudor fearing that he had lost much. Still, as he and Miss Manent returned to the farm, they resolved to strive to do their duty henceforth without fear of man.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE EARL'S "DAY OF GRACE."

The earl was giving his final orders to Morris, and locking up the castle preparatory to leaving it, when he was told that Mr. Ap Adam wished to see him on particular business. His lordship admitted him, with a surly "What does he want?" His mind instantly recurred to the previous evening, and he imagined him to be an ambassador from Caradoc.

"I will swear the girl obstructed my path in order to kill me and secure my son," he muttered as Ap Adam was shown in.

"Your business, sir, my time is precious," he said.

"I have been examining the Brynhafod leases, my lord," replied the master, "renewed and renewed ever since your lordship's family superseded the Pennants in the possession of this property and I think it is pretty clear that Mr. Pennant has been over-hasty in concluding that the last has fallen in. It was drawn up, carelessly enough, at Christmas, and was to be for ninety-nine years from September. Now it does not specify whether the ninety-nine years are to end this September or next; so it appears to me that your lordship cannot claim the farm till next year. This will give Farmer Pennant time to look about him."

"Are you a lawyer, sir?" asked the earl, relieved from one fear, yet enraged by resistance to his will; "I though you half doctor, half school-master."

"I have dabbled a little in most things, my lord. Your lordship will find I an right."

"Right or wrong, Farmer Pennant leaves Brynhafod in September. The farm is mine not his."

"It should be his, my lord, if old documents tell true. They show that when the Norman king gave your ancestors the property, wresting it from

theirs, he or they had conscience to leave them for their own the farm of Brynhafod. How it got into the possession of the earls of Craigavon is not known. But they have hitherto had the grace to let them live in as tenants, and it is to be hoped your lordship will follow their example."

"My Lordship will do no such thing. Who are you who venture to give me advice unasked?"

"I am less than nobody, but I have perhaps the advantage of your lordship, in having devoted my life to the study of antiquities. A ruin, a stone a parchment, if only a thousand years old, have sufficed to make me happy, and in my researches in this neighbourhood I have stumbled upon many queer things, that have interested me much, and none more than the history of the Pennants and Penruddocks. I find that your lordship's family were originally Beauvoisins, but assumed the name of Penruddock with the Craigavon property, "Pen," or "Head," being equally the prefix of the old and new families."

"May I enquire if you came here to give me information concerning my ancestors, or did you come on behalf of Farmer Pennant, at his request?"

"By no means, my lord. I came from lawyer Lewis, to inform you that he, as well as I, believes that the lease does not expire for another twelve months."

"I shall put it into my lawyer's hands; but Pennant and his brood shall leave Brynhafod. What is your interest in them, may I ask?"

"They have given me food and shelter for some ten or twelve years, and therewith the chance of pursuing my fancies. I have made some strange discoveries concerning the origin of the system of wrecking, and have been thinking of asking your lordship to patronise a book I have been writing on that and other topics connected with this neighbourhood. May I seize the present opportunity?"

Ap Adam's eyes had a strange twinkle as they looked at the earl. His lordship's fell beneath them, but he replied, sternly enough, "Lady Craigavon is in London, and indisposed, sir; I am recalled to town, and have no time for conversation with one who is reputed a quack and necromancer. I have given orders to my steward concerning Brynhafod; I refer you to him."

"Then your lordship must take the consequences. I have come to warn you on my own responsibility, and shall advise Mr. Pennant not to forget that 'possession is nine points of the law.'"

"The earl of Craigavon is powerful enough to defy law on so important a matter. Good morning!"

(To be Continued.)

Three principal festivities associated with Sunday, Easter Day, the "queen of festivals;" Whitsunday, the birth-day of the Church; Trinity Sunday, which commemorates the foundation doctrine of Christianity.

Easter Day has always been honoured by the universal Church as the chief holy day of the Church. Its name is traceable in its present form for many ages, and has doubtless been derived from the idea of sunrise, the natural rising of the sun in the East being thus taken as a type of the rising of "the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His beams." It is entirely a Christian festival, there being no special rite of the Jewish Dispensation connected with the day, except the waving of the sheaf of the first-fruits, a significant type, indeed, the First-fruits of the Resurrection, but not signalizing the day as a festival of the Jews.

Children's Department.

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart is dead,
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
The last "good-night" along the soul.

Good-night! in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear,

And tender gales of memory
Forever waft it near.
When stilled the voice—oh, crush of pain—
That ne'er shall breathe "good-night" again.

Good-night! it mocks us from the grave,
It overleaps that strange world's bound,
From whence there flows no backward wave;
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, around, above,
Good-night, good-night to life and love.

Good-night! oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that Good-night no day,
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more
Good-night! thy time of toil is o'er.

Good-night! now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good-night! oh, holy, blest and deep.
The rest that follows pain;
How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no "Good-night"?

"MISS NETTIE."

"Nettie! Nettie! come, Miss Nettie, I am waiting for you, do come!"

But Miss Nettie did not come, and Kitty had to dress herself without the usual morning frolic with her pussy. For you must know Miss Nettie is a cat—a beautiful cat: she is spotted so prettily, and her color is so handsome and peculiar that everyone who sees her says: "I never saw a cat like her before." She was so named to distinguish her from a barn cat who only comes now and then to the house. From a tiny kitten this child has hugged her, and now that she has grown to a full-sized cat, Miss Nettie still submits meekly to being hugged and kissed.

The morning we speak of, Kitty hurried down stairs to ask the cook what she knew about Miss Nettie, for never before had she failed to come at Kitty's call in the morning.

"Mary Ann, do you know where my Miss Nettie is?" asked the sorrowful child.

"No," said Mary Ann, decidedly, "and I don't care either; I only hope she won't come back; she is entirely too troublesome. I don't like thieves, and Miss Nettie is a thief. It's nothing but her good looks that's kept her here this long."

Kitty didn't cry, for she had heard Mary Ann talk before, and the thought, too, that Miss Nettie would come by-and-by, kept her cheerful. But Miss Nettie did not come all that day, nor the next morning when Kitty called again did she make her appearance. The family began to be interested in the fate of puss, and Kitty's mamma went to the cook to know if she really sent Miss Nettie off.

"No, ma'am, I did not; I only shook my right fist in her face and told her I couldn't stand her thieving any longer, and I meant to kill her. She looked right up in my face and mewed, and then I let her out of the door, and I have not seen her since. That cat is not right, ma'am; there is something wrong about her; I never saw anything like it; she can get through places no other cat can, and I know she gets into the milk-room when the door and windows are closed."

We had heard stories of the sagacity of dogs, but for a cat to run away when threatened to be killed was certainly remarkable. Another day passed, and still Miss Nettie did not come. Kitty had given her up for lost, and the family had ceased to talk of the remarkable cat, thinking it would be well sometime to send a record of the event to be published; when, to the surprise of all, on the fourth morning, lo! Miss Nettie mewed at the nursery door for admittance. Kitty was overjoyed, and expressed her delight in numberless kisses.

Could Miss Nettie have talked, we would be able to write of her wanderings all those days, and whether she really did run away from fear of Mary Ann, or of certain dogs in the neighborhood. But all we could learn was that a neighbor's man found her under a stack of corn-stalks the day before and took her to his home, and returned her when he learned to whom she belonged.

Now, this is a true story about little Kitty's pussy-cat, "Miss Nettie."