

it was so natural. He was only a few years older than she, whereas Caradoc was almost a man when she was a child. Not that Michael had ever spoken to her of love other than a brother's; and Carad had not even seen her since she had grown up; and she looked on him as quite old, and superior to every one else. Still she dared not ask herself which she loved best; and in the vulgar sense of "being in love" she had made no enquiry at all, needing none.

But it was Caradoc she had watched and followed all her life. While Michael ailed at home they had scaled precipices, ascended mountains, forded brooks, collected curiosities—been as boys together, in short. From Carad she had learned to whistle, to ride, to drive, to climb trees, to perform many masculine acts; and with Carad she had acquired such knowledge as Ap Adam chose to teach her. She knew something of Latin and Greek, and much of history, and geography, and poetry; she had a smattering of much knowledge, and a desire for more, but when Caradoc left home study was no longer the delight it had been.

It was while eagerly watching him and Mr. Ap Adam, and listening to their conversation, sometimes in Welsh, sometimes in English, that she had learnt the secret of the beacon; and, once learnt, Caradoc made her his confidante in this as in most things, on a promise never to betray confidence. No one else was to know the origin of the light on the Esgair, lest the knowledge should bring trouble.

When Daisy and Ap Adam reached the farm breakfast was ready, and the men were coming from the field.

"I shan't trust you to help me churn again, Miss Daisy, said Marget, as they crossed the barton and entered by the back door, "your promises are but pie-crusts. And there's missus has had the dairy to see to, and she's as weak as a new born calf."

"See what I've brought you, Marget," said Daisy.

"Lord bless us, here's the Master!" cried Marget, wiping her hands on her apron in order to shake Ap Adam's. "Well, I'm glad to see you sir; but there'll be nothing but them dirty books now, and less work than ever in Daisy."

There was vehement welcome when Ap Adam appeared at breakfast.

"You may as well make away with yourself at at once, man, as go scrambling about as you do, with your bad sight," said old Pennant, when he had half shaken his hand off; "why can't you be content to read here? there are rooms enough now Carad's away."

"Right, Mr. Pennant, I do but cumber the ground," said Ap Adam, who took, as a rule, a dejected view of life.

"There you are again," exclaimed David Pennant; "why you're not a bit improved; we cast off tares and stones and such refuse from our land, while we welcome you back to it."

Ap Adam smiled.

"And they don't turn even a helpless old man away, sir," said Madoc, the harper, staying a large piece of ham on a steel fork, as it was about to make its way to his mouth.

"Nor a helpless young woman," put in Daisy, curtseying demurely towards Mrs. Pennant, as she stood behind the old farmer to pour him out a mug of ale. "Here we are, the three degrees of comparison—young, younger, youngest; housed, more housed, most housed."

"Ha, ha, see what a scholar you've made of her!" laughed David, who, like the rest of the household, not only did his best to spoil Daisy, but to make her vain.

"She supplied my deficiencies; he never could turn me into a scholar," remarked Michael, looking tenderly at Daisy.

"You were too weakly to learn; you were ever a sickly lamb," said Mrs. Pennant. But Carad! ah! there's clever he is!"

The good woman always roused up at the thought of Carad.

"What's the good of his talents if he carry them away from home?" said David wrathfully; and Daisy glanced at Ap Adam.

When breakfast was over Daisy had enough employment. First she washed up the breakfast things, then helped Mrs. Pennant to make the beds.

"Why did you put old Madoc into Carad's room?" she asked, "he might have meddled with his property, and then wouldn't Carad have been angry!"

"You know, my dear, I always keep the bed made and the sheets aired in case he should come back of a sudden," replied Mrs. Pennant, who never expected notice of her son's return.

"Ah, mother, how you love him! So do I. Everybody loves Carad. Yet he was naughty sometimes."

"I think it was mostly you who led him into mischief. Carad's wild and daring; but Daisy!" Mrs. Pennant smiled, and Daisy, fancying a reproof, coloured hotly,

"I shall dust his room, mother," she said; and Mrs Pennant left her to the work.

Daisy had helped to collect most of the strange medley of curiosities that filled this apartment, and knew therefore their value in the eyes of Caradoc. There was one shelf covered with specimens from the mineral kingdom, another the vegetable, a third the animal.

"I cannot bear these," muttered Daisy, turning from the bottles which contained wonderful creatures preserved in spirits; "but Carad never killed them; he could not do that."

The book-shelf apparently interested her most; for, as she took down one volume after another from the small library, she opened each, and forgot her work in it. Many passages were marked and these she read often, exclaiming. "So like him! Dear Carad!"

But for her peculiar education it would have been strange to see her poring over a Latin book as intently as a Welsh or an English one; but she was apt at languages, and her masters had taught her well.

(To be Continued.)

Children's Department.

NEVER ALL DARK.

"It is all dark," said baby Nell,
 "The sun has gone away;"
 "But God will send the stars to us,"
 Said little sister May.
 "He never lets it be all dark,
 'Cept for a little while,
 And then I guess He hides His face,
 So we can't see Him smile!"

Dear child, what comfort comes to me
 Through these few simple words;
 Sweeter they are than melody
 Or early singing birds.
 "Never all dark," I softly say,
 "But for a little while;
 And then somewhere behind the cloud
 There gleams a hidden smile."

THE CHILDREN'S PART IN THE PRAYER BOOK.

The children had been in a state of excitement all the afternoon, for Joe Benton, with some other wild boys from the village, had been caught stealing melons, and apples in their garden. Mr. Thornton would not have them arrested, for he wanted to give Joe one more chance to reform but he had the boys brought to his library, and talked to them very earnestly.

The children could talk of little else all that Sunday afternoon. Even Aunt Mary's picture book could not keep their thoughts long from the robbery and the boys. But after tea, when the rest of the family had gone to church, they came to her for their usual Sunday evening talk around the fire. Jack began it by wondering whether Joe Benton was baptized when he was a baby.

"Yes, I know he was" Aunt Mary said, sadly. "His father was a good man, and if he had lived would have brought Joe up as a child of God. But his mother let him take his own way, and now he is only a great sorrow to her and to his Heavenly Father. We must do better for our baby. We must teach her, when she gets older, how to live as God's child, and try to help her all we can."

"Oh!" said Bessie, suddenly, a new thought

striking her, "is that the use of the Catechism?"

Aunt Mary looked very much pleased. She was so glad Bessie had seen for herself the reason for "the Children's Part in the Prayer Book." She said, "Yes, that is the use of it, to teach children how they must live as God's dear children. If Mrs. Benton had told Joe what had been promised in his name, and taught him what was expected of him, God would have blessed her teaching, and made him all that she asked Him to make him."

"Aunt Mary," Bessie said, timidly, after a pause, in which the children were busy thinking about Joe, "do you think we live like God's children?"

"I think you are all trying to, more and more, dear child. I see it in a good many little ways, but your own hearts will tell you best how far you are yet from being as dear loving children as He wants you to be. But let us turn to the Catechism and see what it tells us about it. Three things our sponsors promise to teach us to do; now, what are they?"

After a moment, Jack and Bessie answered:

"They did promise and vow three things in my name: First, that I should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; secondly, that I should believe all the articles of the Christian Faith, and thirdly, that I should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life."

Three steps to take—three things always to be remembered," Aunt Mary said—"three marks that tell the child of God. From the time you were babies, your dear father and mother have prayed that you might all take these three steps, and remember these three things, and bear these three marks. And so they have been teaching you about them all along."

"But they are so long to remember," Jack said, dejectedly, trying to go over the answer again in his mind, and getting confused between the pomps and vanities, and the lusts of the flesh.

"But here in two or three words is what they all mean. First, God's child must give up what God forbids. Second, God's child must believe what He teaches. Third, God's child must do what He commands. There is the whole teaching of the Catechism in a few easy words. This week I want you to think about giving up what God forbids. He forbids *sin*. Whatever your conscience says is wrong, turn from as God's dear children. The devil will tempt you as he tempted poor Joe this afternoon, but ask God to keep you from obeying anything evil, and he surely will."

Bessie and Jack staid after the other children went up to bed. They had so much to think of. They did so want to live as God's children, and to-night Aunt Mary's talk made them want to more than ever. She saw their feeling, and before they parted made them kneel by her sofa, while she prayed for them in the beautiful words that were prayed for them at their baptism.

"Grant that all sinful affections may die in them, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in them."

"Grant that they may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh."

"And to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end. Amen."

—A Scotchman being examined by his minister, was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Oh, just like ither folks." The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the catechumen, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so," asked the minister. "Weel, naeboddy got onything by him, and mony lost."

—A tramp applied to a lady in Des Moines for something to eat, and to the inquiry as to why he didn't go to work said there was not any chance to work at his trade now. The lady asked him what his trade was. "Shovelling snow," was the confident answer. He got his dinner.