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## MAY GOLDWORTHY;

A SEQUEL TO

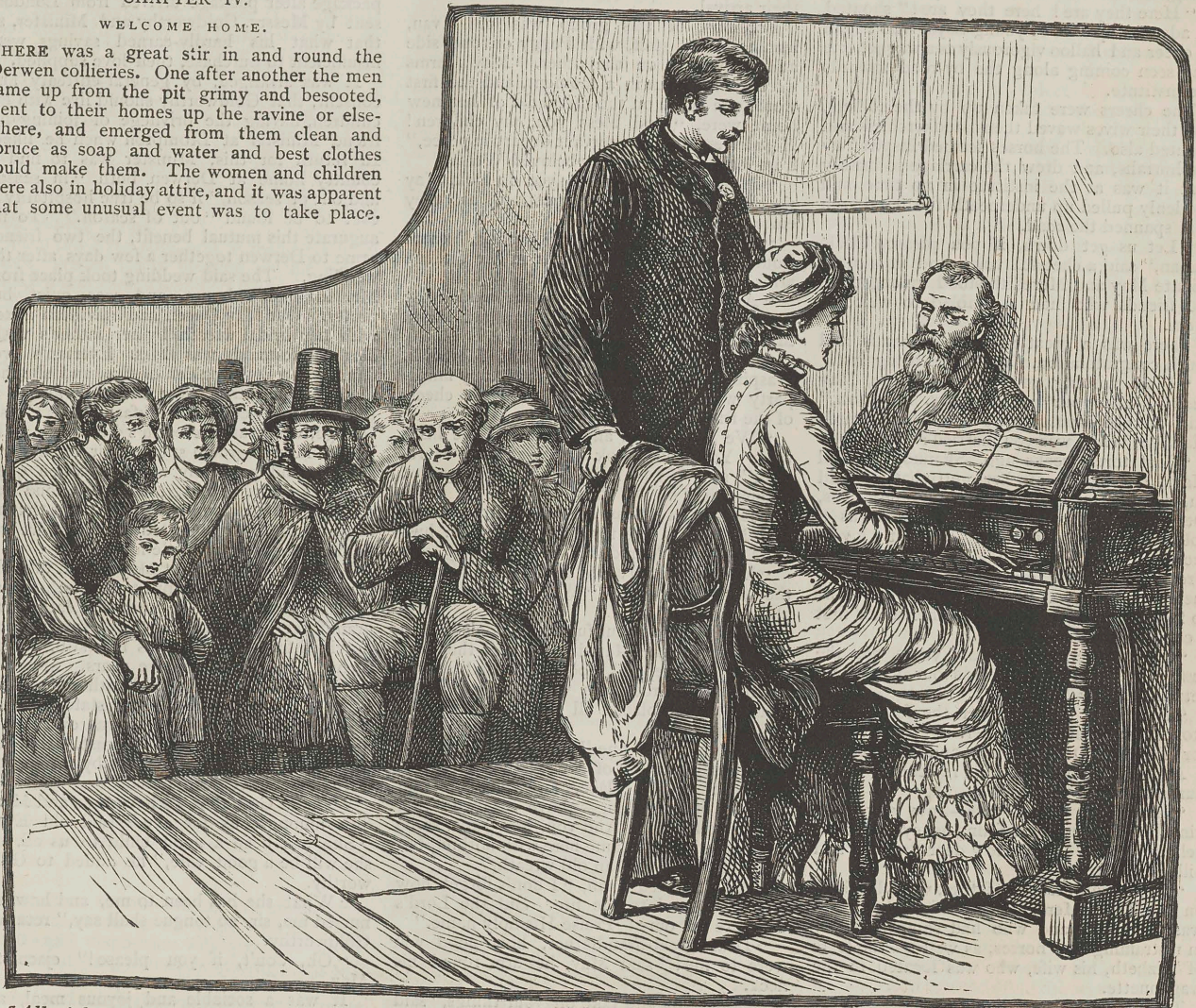
"THE QUEEN O' THE MAY."

By ANNE BEALE.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### WELCOME HOME.

THERE was a great stir in and round the Derwen collieries. One after another the men came up from the pit grimy and besooted, went to their homes up the ravine or elsewhere, and emerged from them clean and spruce as soap and water and best clothes could make them. The women and children were also in holiday attire, and it was apparent that some unusual event was to take place.



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"MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING MARCH."



The collier lads were actually wreathing the old black crane with evergreens, and the young men of the institute were erecting some sort of triumphal arch across the road that led from it to Derwen Fawr, Mr. Richards's old place. It was autumn, and the fields were ripe for the harvest. The great oaks round about the institute were beginning to change their brilliant green garments for gorgeous red and yellow; the heather and fern-clad mountains were also adorning themselves in purple and crimson; and, to complete the garish picture, scarlet poppies flaunted among the corn by the wayside and in the festal wreathings. These latter were completed as evening approached, and many women and children stood about the grassy road in front of the institute, and on the hillock beneath the wreathed crane at the mouth of the pit. The sun had nearly reached the mountains, and was scattering his golden arrows down upon our world, and kindling into light and warmth the trees, meadows, and brooks of favoured Derwen, as well as the animated, expectant faces of its inhabitants.

"The train is due at six; they will surely be here before seven," remarked one of the colliers to Dr. George, who was superintending.

"It will be a good time for us, let them come late or early," said another. "It isn't like the same place since Richards, Derwen Fawr, and his family went north. Nobody to see to the schools, or the institute, or anything, for the vicar can't be everywhere."

"Here they are! here they are!" shouted an advanced picket of young boys, who began to cheer and halloo vigorously as a waggonette was seen coming along the by-road towards the institute.

The cheers were taken up by the colliers, and their wives waved their handkerchiefs and shouted also. The horses seemed inspired by the hurrahs, and drew the carriage so briskly that it was at the institute in no time, and suddenly pulled up underneath the floral arch that spanned the road.

"Let us get down, if you please, Uncle Laban," said a cheerful voice, and in another minute May and Meredith stood amongst the old friends who had assembled to welcome them.

There was a great shaking of hands and much congratulation, Dr. George being first.

"I am wishing you joy, yes *seure*, May *fach*—I ask your pardon, Mrs. Morrison," said an old woman who hobbled towards May. "When was you married?"

"Just three weeks ago, Shanno," replied May, blushing beneath her pretty hat. "And oh, we are so glad to come home. Yes, Derwen is home, Davy," she added, as a collier thrust out his hand. "What a lovely arch! Look, Meredith. They have put a wreath round the old crane. Do you remember that it was just here where you came to meet me and great-grandfather when first I came to Derwen?"

"I remember, May. And yours was the first sixpence given towards our institute," returned happy Meredith.

"And it is buried under the foundation-stone," broke in a bystander. "Three cheers for Morrison, Derwen Fawr, and his wife."

Again the oaks and hills re-echoed to the hurrahs.

"How kind you all are—how very, very kind!" said May, tears filling her eyes. "How delightful is Wales! How dear the oaks and hills of Derwen!"

"If you will drive on, father, we will follow on foot," said Meredith to Uncle Laban, who was charioteer, and who had some difficulty in restraining the horses, as well as the fears of 'Lizbeth, his wife, who was located in the waggonette.

They drove on accordingly.

"Where was you married, my dear?" asked old Shanno, with persistent curiosity.

"In London, Shanno," blushed May, while a score of women pressed round to listen.

"And who was marrying you?" asked one of them.

"Mr. Everton, who married Miss Edith. You remember him. It was he who sent me to great-grandfather when I was a little girl," said May. "They have been very good to us."

"Yes *seure*. All Richards, Derwen Fawr's family are good Christians. So are all the Morrisons, the Lord be praised," said a man who was holding Meredith's hand.

"Thank you, every one, for the beautiful Bible you gave us," spoke Meredith, at the top of his voice. "We hope to do our best to follow its precepts."

"Now let us go on, Meredith," whispered May.

Arm-in-arm went the happy couple, surrounded by the crowd of friends, shouting and hurraing beneath the rosy hues of approaching sunset. They found another floral arch over the modest gate that protected the drive to Derwen Fawr, and above it, in Welsh, the motto, "Welcome Home." It seemed very strange to both that this was to be, henceforth, their home. Still Meredith led his beloved bride proudly up the drive, surrounded by their old friends.

"Dear great-grandfather!" exclaimed May, breaking away from him at sight of a little group that stood outside the house awaiting their arrival.

Foremost of this group was old Evan, leaning on his staff, with Peggy on one side and Dai Bach on the other. May's arms were round Evan in a moment, and the first words she heard on the threshold of her new home were, "God bless you, my children! Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," from Evan's voice, in her beloved Welsh.

"Bless us, there's pretty you do look, May *fach*!" was Peggy's greeting, as they embraced each other.

"It is my turn now, *my darling*," came from the porch, and May was in her father's arms.

"And mine next, for I have made your house mine inn," sounded from her friend Mr. Minister's cheery voice.

"I am nowhere," broke out Meredith, grasping hand after hand, as the happy family party went into the house, amid the cheers of the friends outside.

"We have a tea and meeting at the institute. You must look in by-and-by, Meredith," said Uncle Laban, and he departed accompanied by Dai Bach.

"Dear papa! dear cousin! I mean—" said May, who was for ever calling her husband "Cousin Meredith."

"You mean *mio sposo carissimo*," supplied the father, laughing. "What was my darling about to say?"

"That it is so beautiful that I think it must be fairyland, and Meredith is still the fairy prince," she replied, looking round at her pretty drawing-room, in which loving hearts and hands had placed all that was attractive and artistic.

"'Tis mighty fine," cried old Peggy. "And only to think of Mr. Richards putting Meredith in his place, and making him manager of everything—above his own father and grandfather. And you, May *fach*, to be a grand lady, who came here with nothing but that doll, Terp, and an old wreath."

"Ah!" sighed Evan, "I don't forget how I threw them into the fire. But the Lord's ways are not ours. Praise His holy name."

"Dear great-grandfather, how good you were to me!" said May, her arm round his neck.

"Come you and take off your things," said

'Lizbeth. "There's Leah and little Gwen in the kitchen helping to get supper, and it will be ready directly."

While May first pays her cousins a visit in the kitchen, then runs from room to room admiring her house, and finally takes off her travelling dress in a charming room overlooking the brook and distant hills, we must give a brief sketch of what happened after Mr. Goldworthy's serious illness.

That he recovered, his presence at Derwen proclaimed; but his recovery was slow, and he continued very weak after he was pronounced convalescent. His one great desire seemed to be to witness the accomplishment of what he had begun on his sick bed, and to see his child married. Circumstances favoured this desire. His picture sold for even a larger sum than its predecessor, and enabled him to defray all the expenses of his illness and his other liabilities, and to give May a handsome sum for her outfit and start in married life. Mr. Richards had for some time wished Meredith to take possession of Derwen Fawr; but, as a bachelor, he had been averse to so doing. But when he became engaged to May, he spoke to Mr. Richards about it, and it was settled to the general satisfaction that he should at once inhabit the house and prepare it for the reception of his bride. He found the interval between April and the end of September sufficient for this. A portion of Mr. Richards's furniture remained in the house, and to this was added all that love could imagine and his means allow. But package after package arrived from London, sent by Messrs. Goldworthy and Minister, so that what his hardy-earned savings were insufficient to purchase, their love supplied.

It was arranged, by general entreaty and consent, that Goldworthy should live with his children, having the privilege of joining his friend Minister at Brompton when he liked. In return for this, Minister was to find a country home at Derwen both "in season and out of season," if so be true hospitality is ever to be found "out of season." To inaugurate this mutual benefit, the two friends came to Derwen together a few days after the wedding. The said wedding took place from Mr. Minister's house, and was quiet but pretty. Our May Queen had hawthorn mixed with her bridal wreath by her father's wish. Her bridesmaid was Mrs. Everton's wee daughter, a little maiden of five, and she, her mother and father, were the only guests at the modest wedding-breakfast, save Cousin George, who was Meredith's best man. The bride and bridegroom spent their honeymoon abroad, and positively affirmed, when questioned by Mr. Minister, that no cloud had darkened that happy period. Thus, having filled up the time while May disrobed, we will follow her fortunes a little longer.

Everyone insisted that May should take the place of honour at supper, so she sat, all blushes and smiles, between her father and grandfather, the latter having a special chair provided for him. He was hale still, though he had passed his fourscore years. Meredith had his mother and grandmother on either side of him; and here we may state, once for all, that neither he nor May was ever loth to own as those best and nearest, the less educated, but worthy, relatives by whom they were immediately surrounded.

"Thank God that we have thee and Meredith amongst us for aye," said old Evan. "She has been a good child to us all, sir; she will be a good wife," he added to Goldworthy.

"What she has been to me, and how she nursed me, sir, no tongue shall say," returned Goldworthy.

"Oh, don't, if you please!" ejaculated May.

It was a sociable and joyous meal, and



after it was over, Meredith whispered to May that he must leave her for a short space to go to the institute.

"May I not go too?" she exclaimed. "Cannot we all go?"

The word passed round, and it was settled that the party should adjourn to the institute. Evan declared that he felt quite young again, and could walk as many miles as the distance was yards. They went accordingly, and were received with cheers. The tea, which had been given by the Morrisons, father and children, was over, and the concert had begun.

"Give up your seat, Dai Bach; we must have May. She will play and sing for us," circled around.

And May went, quite naturally, to the harmonium and took the place vacated by Dai Bach. Meredith and the rest followed. All were soon absorbed in that absorbing art, music, and bride and bridegroom were soon leading the choirs as of old, while Laban swayed to and fro as leader, old Evan beat time, and Peggy quavered whenever she could.

"Play Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' dear May," whispered Meredith. "You played it when Mr. and Mrs. Everton were married. It was a good beginning. Play it for us."

"Do," pleaded Goldworthy, who overheard.

"Is it not vain, dear Meredith—dear papa?" she asked. "It is so exultant."

But the suggestion somehow got wind, and everyone asked for the Wedding March. Obedient May began it, trembling slightly. But Meredith's hand was on her shoulder, and her soul rose to the triumphant strain. She played her own epithalamium gloriously, but there was moisture in her eyes as she did so. The cheers that succeeded dried them.

The music was followed by speeches from the colliers, all congratulatory, to which Meredith replied from an overflowing heart. The substance of what he said was, that he and his wife would strive to do their duty, God helping them.

Then old Evan rose, and, spreading out his hands, prayed for a blessing on his grandchildren and their assembled friends.

And thus ended the "welcome home."

THE END.

VARIETIES.

**THE MORNING OF LIFE.**—The morning of life, like the dawn of day, has most of purity, of imagery, and harmony.—*Chateaubriand.*

**A USE FOR SHADOWS.**—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures its length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person who wishes to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow."—*Roberts.*

**WISE AND GOOD.**—Read not much at a time, but meditate as much as your time and capacity and disposition will give you leave, ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, frequent and short prayers and great devotion

is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.—*Taylor.*

**THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH.**—There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a childlike humility at the starting-post.—*Coleridge.*

**THE WAY OF THE WORLD.**—We may be pretty certain that persons whom the world treats ill deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to everyone the reflection of her own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a merry, kind companion; and so let all young people take their choice.—*Thackeray.*

**PRUDENT FORESIGHT.**—When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavour to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

**REAL BEAUTIES.**—Speaking of beautiful pictures, Petrarch says, "If these things that are counterfeited and shadowed with fading colours do so much delight thee, cast thine eyes up to Him that hath made the originals; who adorned man with senses, his mind with understanding, the heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers; and so compare real with visionary beauties."

PROVERBS ON THE WEATHER.

If red the sun begins his race,  
Expect that rain will fall apace.

The evening red, the morning gray,  
Are certain signs of a fair day.

If woollen fleeces spread the heavenly way,  
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

In the waning of the moon,  
A cloudy morn—fair afternoon.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,  
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 627):—

PANSIES (*Pensez à moi*).  
RAINBOW  
ELAINE  
TIMÉ  
TRENT\*  
YOUTH  
GRATITUDE  
IDA  
RECVLVER  
LLANTRISSANT†  
SEVERUS

Pretty Girls. Sweethearts.

A TALE OF A STORM.

ARDOCH CASTLE, the scene of the following romantic story, is built on a tall rock overlooking the sea on the coast of Aberdeenshire.

One evening, about the middle of last century, Mr. Adam Gordon, the proprietor of Ardoch, was alarmed by the firing of a gun, evidently from a ship in distress. It was a wild night, and there was small hope of safety for any vessel approaching too near that iron-bound coast.

He hurried to the beach with lights and ropes, but it was too late to render any assistance. The vessel had gone to pieces, nothing remaining of it but a confused mass of floating planks and spars.

Mr. Gordon and his servants looked about to see if there were any human beings who had contrived to save themselves from the jaws of death, but could discover no one. At

\* *Henry IV.*, act iii. scene i.

† The situation of Llantrissant (the Church of Three Saints), in Glamorgan, has been compared to that of Jerusalem. It is built on the brow of a hill, and is surrounded by three mountains, with pointed summits.

last they found a sort of crib which the sea had tossed ashore, containing a little child, strange to say still alive.

The infant, whose fate it had been to survive where so many strong people had perished, was carefully taken to the house and nursed. It was a girl, and evidently from its wrappings the daughter of people of wealth and station, but there was nothing about it that afforded the least clue to who these were.

Mr. Gordon did his best to discover the relatives of the foundling, but was quite unsuccessful. Hoping that she might be claimed in time, he caused her to be brought up with his own daughters, and treated her in every way as if she were one of his family. And indeed her personal graces and amiable character made him feel towards her in time as if she actually stood in that relation to him.

When the child had grown to womanhood a storm occurred similar to that already spoken of. The sound of an alarm-gun was heard, and Mr. Gordon again hastened to the shore. This time, however, both crew and passengers were saved, and the shipwrecked party were conducted to Ardoch Castle and treated by Mr. Gordon with great kindness and hospitality.

Amongst the passengers was a gentleman whom Mr. Gordon entertained at supper. After a comfortable night spent in the castle the stranger was surprised at breakfast by the entrance of a troop of blooming young ladies, the daughters of his host, as he understood. One of them, however, attracted his notice in a special manner.

"Is this young lady your daughter, too?" he asked of Mr. Gordon.

"No, but she is as dear to me as if she were." And Mr. Gordon then related her history.

The stranger listened with increasing interest and emotion, and at last said that he had every reason to believe that the young lady was his own niece. He then related the circumstances of a sister's return from India, corresponding to the time of the shipwreck, and explained how it might happen that Mr. Gordon's inquiries for her relatives had failed.

"She is now," said he, "an orphan, and if I am not mistaken in my supposition, she is entitled to a handsome fortune which her father bequeathed to her in the hope of her yet being found."

Before long sufficient evidence was afforded to make it certain that the gentleman had really in this very strange way discovered his long missing niece.

It now, of course, became necessary that the young lady should leave Ardoch and pass under her uncle's care—a bitter necessity to her, for she had become much attached to all Mr. Gordon's family. To lessen the anguish of parting from friends so dear, it was arranged that one of her so-called sisters, the Misses Gordon, should accompany her. Their destination was Gottenburg, where the uncle had long been established as a merchant.

Here ends all that was romantic in the history of the foundling, but there was to be a romantic sequel in favour of Mr. Gordon's children. At Gottenburg Miss Gordon fell in with the gentleman whom she afterwards married, a Mr. Thomas Erskine, and a few years later Joanna Gordon, her sister, married Mr. Methven Erskine, a brother of this same gentleman. The two brothers lived to become in succession Earls of Kellie, so "these two daughters of Mr. Gordon of Ardoch," says Mr. Robert Chambers, from whose *Book of Days* we have drawn the above particulars, "became in succession Countesses of Kellie in consequence of the incident of the shipwrecked foundling whom their father's humanity had rescued from the waves, and for whom an owner had so unexpectedly been found."