

See them now with their arms fondly locked round each other, and their faces bright with happiness. One can see plainly that the same love they bore in childhood has not died out. Algernon's sparkling blue eyes the same, and Jim's large black eyes, with a touch of sadness in them, met each other's with a look that seemed to say, "Our love will never be quenched."

But Jim was rather sad now; he had been thinking of the sea of the sailors thereon, and wondering what sort of life it really was—for he and Algernon were going to be sailors. A sigh escaped from his lips as he thought of the deep—its fascinations, its horrors—and Alge noticed it.

"Sighing, Jim—what troubles you?" he asked fondly, looking with his clear blue eyes into Jim's dark ones, sadly.

"Oh Alge, it is not a day for sadness, is it? For a day like this should make one feel happy—but," sighing, he said, as he gazed before him at the far stretch of country, studded with trees of rich green foliage, and bright daisies and buttercups that clustered together in the green fields, "all this loveliness makes me feel sad, knowing that after a few days we will not see it for a long, long time, and—who knows?—perhaps never again."

"Oh! Jim, do not say that. I know the sea has her dangers and a sailor's life truly is a risky one, but next year I trust," he said, solemnly, "will find us here again."