

in our cabin, listening to the heavy splash of the waves against the groaning timbers of the vessel, till Philip opened the door.

"Lie down," he said, "but do not undress to-night."

"Is there any danger?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "there is some danger, but the storm is past, and my father and I are here to take care of you. You must trust yourself to me, and promise to obey me implicitly, and at once, whatever I may tell you to do."

"Philip?" I said, questioningly.

"Obey me like a child," he continued. "We have sprung a leak, and if the danger increases, there will be mad confusion on board among the steerage-folks. Your only safety will rest in simple obedience, even if we have to be parted for a little while. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, Philip!" I cried, "do not let me be parted from you."

"Not if I can help it," he said. "But it may be our duty to separate. Will you leave me when I bid you go? Promise me, my darling."

"You will not leave me if you can help it?" I asked.

"Not for a moment," he answered cheerfully. "And you promise me the same, mother?"

"No," said Mrs. Transome; "no, Pippin."

She was gazing at him earnestly, with a placid smile. Philip gazed back at her; and a solemn, steadfast, happy expression passed over both their faces. She had been reading in the Gospels before Philip came in, and her hand rested on the open page still.

"Listen, Pippin," she said; "this is the verse I am at now: 'And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'"

"It didn't hurt him much after that to hang upon the cross," said Mrs. Transome: "he'd keep saying to himself, 'To-day, to-day, I shall be with Him in Paradise.' All of us, sooner or later, must hang upon the cross beside the Lord; but He'll remember us, never fear. We're more likely to forget Him."

Philip had bent over her to follow her finger as she pointed out the verses; and now she put her arm round his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

"God bless thee, my boy Pippin!" she said. "I think I see thee like thee was when I saw thee first! God bless thee!"

He left us then; but we could not sleep that night. The rattling of the pumps never ceased, and the beat of the engines became more and more laboured. But the darkness was not long, and we watched the daybreak dawning slowly over the waste of waters, that washed against the cabin-window. It strengthened very slowly into a dull leaden light. But suddenly there went a shiver through