

SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHTHOUSE STORY.

By the Author of "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Dot," etc.

CHAP. VI.—(Continued.)

"This is a strong house, my lad," he said, when the others had gone.

"Yes sir," I said, "it ought to be strong; the wind is fearful here sometimes."

"What sort of a foundation has it?" said the old man, tapping the floor with his stick.

"Oh, it's all rock, sir," I answered, "solid rock; our house and the lighthouse tower are all built into the rock; they would never stand if they weren't."

"And are you on the rock, my lad?" said Mr. Davis, looking at me through his spectacles.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, for I thought I had not heard him rightly.

"Are you on the rock?" he repeated.

"On the rock, sir? oh yes," I said, thinking he could not have understood what I said before. "All these buildings are built into the rock, or the wind and sea would carry them away."

"But you," said the old gentleman again, "are you on the rock?"

"I don't quite understand you, sir," I said.

"Never mind," he said; "I'll ask your grandfather when he comes down." So I sat still, wondering what he could mean, and almost thinking he must have gone out of his mind.

As soon as my grandfather returned, he put the same question to him, and my grandfather answered it as I had done, by assuring him how firmly and strongly the lighthouse and its surroundings were built into the solid rock.

"And you yourself?" said Mr. Davis. "How long have you been on the rock?"

"I, sir?" said my grandfather, "I suppose you mean how long have I lived here; forty years, sir—forty years come the twelfth of next month, I've lived on this rock."

"And how much longer do you expect to live here?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said my grandfather. "As long as I live, I suppose. Alick, here, will take my place by-and-by; he's a fine, strong boy is Alick, sir."

"And where will you live when you leave the island?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Oh, I never mean to leave it," said my grandfather; "not till I die, sir."

"And then; where will you live then?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said my grandfather. "In heaven, I suppose. But, dear me, I'm not going there just yet," he said, as if he did not like the turn the conversation was taking.

"Would you mind answering me one more question?" said old Mr. Davis. "Would you kindly tell me why you think you'll go to heaven? You won't mind my asking you, will you?"

"Oh, dear no," said my grandfather, "not at all, sir. Well, sir, you see I've never done anybody any harm, and God is very merciful, and so, I've no doubt, it will be all right at last."

"Why, my dear friend," said the old gentleman, "I thought you said you were on the rock. You're not on the rock at all, you're on the sand!" He was going to add more, when one of Captain Sayer's men ran up to say the steamer was ready to start, and would they kindly come at once, as it was late already. So the two gentlemen jumped

still, put by amongst my greatest treasures. There was not much written on it, only two lines of a hymn:

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

I walked slowly up to the house thinking. My grandfather was out with Jem Millar, so I did not show him the paper then, but I read the lines many times over as I was playing with little Timpey, and I wondered very much what they meant.

In the evening, my grandfather and Jem Millar generally sat together over the fire in the little watchroom upstairs, and I used to take little Timpey up there, until it was time to go to bed. She liked climbing up the stone steps in the lighthouse tower. She used to call out "Up! up! up!" as she went along, until she reached the top step, and then she would run into the watchroom with a merry laugh.

As we went in, this evening, my grandfather and Jem were

"And pray what may that be?"

"He meant we can't get to heaven except we come to Christ; we can't get no other way. That's just what them lines there says, Sandy."

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

"Do you mean to tell me," said my grandfather, "that I shan't get to heaven if I do my best?"

"No, it won't do, Sandy; there's only one way to heaven; I know that well enough."

"Dear me, Jem!" said my grandfather, "I never heard you talk like that before."

"No," said Jem, "I've forgot all about it since I came to the island. I had a good mother years ago; I ought to have done better than I have done."

He said no more, but was very silent all the evening. Grandfather read his newspaper aloud, and talked on all manner of subjects, but Jem Millar's thoughts seemed far away.

(To be Continued.)



THE GREAT BORE NEAR CALCUTTA.

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In the Hoogly, or Calcutta River, "the bore," says Rennell, "commences at Hoogly Point, the place where the river first contracts itself, and is perceptible above Hoogly town; and so quick is its motion that it hardly employs four hours in travelling from one to the other, though the distance is nearly seventy miles.

"At Calcutta it sometimes occasions an instantaneous rise of six feet, and both here, and at every other part of its track, the boats on its approach immediately quit the shore, and make for safety to the middle of the river."

"In the channels between the islands at the mouth of the Megra, the height of the bore is said to exceed twelve feet, and is so terrific in its appearance, and dangerous in its consequences, that no boat will venture to pass at spring-tide."

There is in New Brunswick a bore resembling the one at Calcutta. The Petitcodiac, which empties into the Bay of Fundy, has a long, funnel-shaped mouth. As the high tide of the Bay comes rolling in, the waters are gradually compressed as they enter and advance up the funnel until at Moncton, where the river takes a short turn, it assumes the shape of a solid perpendicular wall, two, three, four, five or more feet in height, surmounted by a thin line of foam. It advances rapidly with a terrible roar, sweeping everything before it.

up, and prepared hastily to go down to the beach.

But as old Mr. Davis took leave of my grandfather, he said earnestly:

"My friend, you are building on the sand; you are indeed, and it won't stand the storm, no, it won't stand the storm!" He had no time to say more, the sailor hastened him away.

I followed them down to the pier, and stood there watching the steamer preparing to start.

There was a little delay after the gentlemen went on board, and I saw Mr. Davis sit down on a seat on deck, take out his pocket-book, and write something on one of the leaves. Then he tore the leaf out, and gave it to one of the sailors to hand it to me as I stood on the pier, and in another moment the steamer had started.

CHAP. VII.—A THICK FOG.

That little piece of paper which was given me that day, I have it

talking together of the visit of the two gentlemen. "I can't think what the old man meant about the rock," my grandfather was saying. "I couldn't make head or tail of it, Jem; could you, my lad?"

"Look there, grandfather," I said, as I handed him the little piece of paper, and told him how I had got it.

"Well, to be sure!" said my grandfather. "So he gave you this, did he?" and he read aloud:

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

"Well now, Jem, what does he mean? He kept on saying to me, 'You're on the sand, my friend; you're on the sand, and it won't stand the storm.' What do you make of it, Jem; did you hear him, my lad?"

"Yes," said Jem, thoughtfully, "and it has set me thinking, Sandy; I know what he meant well enough."