

wonder. 3. Tom had not much to say of his own friends or doings, but he told them he had come down from London, the day before, and had then seen the sea for the first time. Then he went on to describe London, and finding how little his listeners knew about it, and how readily everything he said was swallowed, he soon drew largely on his imagination, and David's head was soon filled with strange and wonderful ideas, and his eyes grew rounder and rounder, till at last Job bid the boys be off to bed, and soon they lay side by side, sleeping quietly, and it was not long before Job's heavy breathing told the same tale of him.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning when, after many yawns and stretches, Job turned out of his bed, he found that the two boys were up and out already, and that David was showing Tom the delights of the shore, of paddling about barefoot over the slippery, green rocks, of hunting for little crabs in the pools, of playing duck and drake with flat stones and bits of slate, and of all the amusements that boys can find beside that constant play-fellow the sea. It was all new and delightful to Tom, and no less delightful, though old, to David. But at last Job's loud voice was heard shouting that breakfast was ready, and David ran off to the cottage, Tom being behind a bit, uncertain whether breakfast was for him, too, but Job's "Come, lad, you'll want a bit of something before you go," re-assured him, and soon he was sitting by David's side eating his breakfast with an appetite that only the sea air can give. After it was over the boys returned to their play on the beach till the time came for David to go to school, when the boys parted full of regret, and even Job felt a bit dull when he saw the little, lonely figure set off on the Scarmouth road, while he pushed his boat off the shore on to the dancing, sparkling sea.

When Job and David met at night and sat down to their supper by the fire, there was a strange feeling of dulness upon both of them. David had no pleasure in his boat-making, without the curious looker-on, and Job found his pipe dull without the boy's voice, with its strange accent, telling such new things. Neither Job nor David were great talkers; and after two or three wonders from David as to where Tom was now, father and son turned into bed.

David was still asleep when Job got up in the morning and went to the door, as his custom was, to see the state of wind and weather, so he did not hear the expression of surprise that escaped his father's lips. Was it the clergyman's dog lying in front of the door? or was it a heap of sacks thrown down there? Job rubbed his eyes and looked again and saw, in the dim, gray, morning light, the little white-faced boy, Tom Sharpe, lying asleep. A movement of Job's roused the boy, and he started to his feet.

"You've never been here all night?" said Job. The boy nodded. "And you never went to Scarmouth?" A shake of the head. Job was sorely puzzled what was to be done? The boy at last broke the silence. "I say, guv'nor, do just let me stop