

heavens so clear and calm. Now and then a distant vessel glided, phantom-like, across the same blue field. The water at times looked strong enough and solid enough to walk upon ; like that sea of glass, mingled with fire, upon which John saw the victors standing, having the harps of God.

"What are you looking at so earnest, Captain?" asked Mrs. Transome on the seventh evening, as we watched the solemn setting of the sun into the crimson sea. A low streak of livid purple, with a line of gold on its ragged edge, lay along the horizon southward ; and Captain John Champion, with his brown hand shading his eyes, was searching the sky above it with keen glances. When Mrs. Transome spoke, he went off, and leaned over the great magnet, opposite the wheel. I asked Philip what it meant.

"A change in the weather," he said lightly ; "you must get ready for some slight hardships, Aunt Milly."

We lingered late upon the deck that night—so late that Mrs. Transome, who felt chilly with the night air and the dew, left us. The moon was at the full, and we watched it rising in the clear eastern sky. It seemed to mount up quickly, and then pause, half wearied. Below it a silvery light spread over the rippling water.

"Look there!" said Philip, in a low tone.

Under the moon itself lay a dark yet glistening spot, but above and below it, and on each side of it, a sparkling stream of light stretched for some little distance on the waves. It formed the image of a cross, silvery and shining, which rested upon the black and tossing waters that whirled about our ship. For a few minutes only could we see it, for as we changed our position, and the moon rose higher in the sky, only a lustrous ring of light shone upon the sea.

"Yes," said Philip, half to himself, "even a cross becomes a glory and a sorrow a great gladness."

We bade one another good-night then, but after he had taken me down to my cabin I heard him go up on deck again. Even to me there was a difference that night in the sound of the waves, as they beat against the thin planks between me and them. There came, too, all at once, a low, long, suppressed moan of the wind across the sea ; the first sigh of the storm that was driving towards us. I shall hear it to my dying day : a sound never to be forgotten, sad and inexpressibly mournful—as if it were what Paul heard when he wrote, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

All the next day, until the night following, did the storm rage. At first the passengers took little heed of it ; but as hour after hour passed by, and the tossing of the sea did not lull for a moment, they grew frightened. The steerage-passengers were almost unmanageable. Whenever we saw the captain, he looked grave and anxious ; but he remained on deck most of the time, as did Philip and Captain John Champion. After the night set in I sat with Mrs. Transome