

a splendid lot of blackberries,' said Reggie, 'just up by the old chalk-pits.'

"Oh yes," I answered, 'let us go there at once; it is not far.'

"The place Reggie and I were bound for was on the outskirts of the woods. All round the deserted chalk-pits the blackberry brambles grew in great profusion.

"Now look here, Edith," said Reggie, when we had arrived at our destination, 'there is one thing I want to tell you, you must be very careful; the pits are very deep, and if you fell in it would kill you. The brambles grow so thickly that you can hardly see the mouth of any of the pits, so don't go too near.' I promised to be careful, and began at once to gather the ripe fruit that was within my reach. Reggie went some way from me, and we were soon both busily engaged in picking the large blackberries that hung thickly on the bushes. All at once I heard Reggie exclaim, 'Come here, come here quick, Edith!' and then a crackling of the brambles. 'In a minute,' I answered, waiting to gather seven big blackberries off a branch near me, and putting several into my mouth.

"Once more Reggie called, 'Edith, Edith!' then there was a louder cracking of the branches, the sound of a heavy fall, and a deep groan.

"I rushed to the spot to find the bushes torn and broken; one long bramble was trailing over the mouth of the pit, and Reggie had disappeared. I saw what had happened in a moment. My brother had been leaning over the pit to reach some blackberries just above his head when the network of branches, on which he had been standing, had given way, and pitched him into the yawning deeps below. But in that awful moment something else also flashed across my mind, scathing it like a lightning flash: *If I had run at once when Reggie called me I might have saved his life!* He had doubtless been holding on to the bramble when he called me, and my hand would have enabled him to have stepped back on to firm ground. I can never tell you or any one what I suffered in the hours that followed. I have no recollection of calling for help, but I must have done so, as very soon my father and mother and the coachman came running up to me. I could only point to the chalk-pit and moan out, 'Reggie, Reggie! I have killed him! I have killed him!'

"Taking no notice of me, my father sent the coachman off for more help. I

lay on the ground, burying my face in the grass, and even refusing to speak to my mother. I dare not lift my head to look at the bright sun. I felt as if God had cast me off, and that I must never pray to Him again. How could I speak to my father or mother when I had caused the death of their only son? And all this dreadful time no sound came from the black depths of the pit, over which my mother was leaning and calling, 'Reggie, Reggie! can't you speak to me, darling, just one word to say you are alive? Help is coming, dear. Oh, my boy, my boy!'

"How intensely blue the sky was against the glaring white of the chalk, and the tangle of brown and green leaves motionless in the still air. Would help ever come? Oh, if I might pray! Just then the thought of the dying thief, and David, who had once been the cause of a murder, came into my mind, and I groaned, 'O, my God! *they* prayed! oh, hear me! oh, deliver me from blood-guiltiness! oh, save me from causing my brother's death! oh, let him live for Jesus Christ's sake!' God, in His infinite mercy, heard my prayer. When my brother was taken up, he was found to be alive, but he was dreadfully hurt, and for many weeks he lay in a hushed and darkened room, hovering between life and death. It was during that sad time that my mother learned from me how I had been the cause of the accident. She did not blame me, she only kissed me tenderly, and told me to pray without ceasing that if it were the Lord's will Reggie might be restored to health again. I knew that besides the grief of losing her son was the sad thought that he was not prepared to die. Well, our walk is nearly at an end. I must not linger. Reggie slowly grew better, and after many long weary months he was once more able to be amongst us again. It was with many bitter tears that I asked his forgiveness, one cold Spring day, when he was downstairs sitting at the library window looking at the snowdrops in the garden. 'Edith, dear, don't cry,' he said, laying his hand lovingly on my downcast head. 'God permitted the accident to happen that He might draw me to Himself. I have learned during my illness to look to Jesus for help and strength, and now, come what may, I am ready to face any foe, fighting under the blood-stained banner of my Saviour Christ. A sailor's life has many temptations, and also many opportunities of doing good and helping others, and now,