

less restless manner. He eyed the old woman, half-superciliously, half-curiously :

" To whom were you speaking, just now, when I came up ? " he inquired.

" Well, Sir, I was'nt speakin' to any one, " answered the old woman, apologetically, " I've got into a habit of talking to myself.

" It's odd, you know. " commented the youth.

" It is that ! " assented the pebble-vender, " but it hurts no one and here on these shining sands, I feel as if I were in a manner at home.

" What was it you were talking about, queried the inquisitive youth.

" Talkin' about " responded the crowe, " about the power of God and the wonders of his almighty hand.

" Rum sort you are, " the youth murmured to himself, and aloud " Just as well you were talking to yourself.

" Why so, Sir ?

" Because nobody talks that way now-a-days, and if they did try it on, no one would listen. "

The old woman fixed her dark eyes upon him, full of indignant reproach, which somehow made him uncomfortable :

" When you say every one, " said she, slowly, " in course, you're talkin' about the idle people that comes to the sea-shore in summer and have'nt eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor heart to feel, what a beautiful world, a lovin' God has given them, and for what, but to make us turn to Him and glorify His Name. "

Callow youth that he was, somewhere down in his nature, a spark was touched, which might become a lambent flame, though long dormant under fine clothes and languid airs and idle habits. So that he did not laugh, but only gazed at the shrunken figure of the old woman, very small in that immensity and listened as she went on :

" And, see now, my fine, young gentleman, is it goin' to be the same way with you all your life. Will you spend it amongst them that has never a thought of the God above them, nor a word in his praise. I am old, Sir, very old and yet my days have slipped from me like the sands of yonder sea. It seems but yesterday, I was a slip of a girl, beginning life, here by the sea, full hopes and plan