

ing spray; and here I found poor May in the greatest agony. She smiled faintly as she saw me, and I succeeded in a short time in reassuring her of the many chances of safety which remained for the boats. Patiently she watched wave after wave as they came thundering up the beach in rapid succession, and then relapsed in great patches of foam. As the day wore to a close, and still no sign or their returning presented itself, she became restless and alarmed. I turned just then to witness the breaking of an unusually large wave, and when I again looked for May she was gone. I instantly thought of the cliffs, and there I saw her slight form struggling up the ascent. To have endeavoured to overtake and restrain her would have been vain; so I followed leisurely after. When I reached the summit, I found her seated upon a detached piece of rock and clinging closely to a small tuft of verdure in full bloom, which seemed strangely out of place on the barren rock.

So intently was she gazing upon the waves below that she did not heed my approach. The scene was indescribable; the raging waters in their tossing and heaving almost touched the black clouds which hung heavily from the heavens; in white spirals and quaint gyrations rose and fell, in ceaseless combat and repulse, the foaming breakers.

Suddenly a cry of despair from May directed my attention to the right; there, hanging upon the utmost verge of a watery precipice, was Langthorne's boat, himself clinging to the helm. The next moment it was lost from view in a hollow of the sea; and when the succeeding wave rose it was shattered into an hundred pieces. Straight onward to the foot of the crags came the pale face of Langthorne, supported by a floating portion of the wreck. A wild cry pierced the air, re-echoed along the rocks, and the next instant the slight figure of May had disappeared over the cliffs.

How I reached home I never knew. When I recovered my consciousness I lay pale and exhausted upon my own bed with an anxious group of friends around me. In an adjoining room lay the dead body of Langthorne, his cold hand holding closely a single pink blossom. The body of May was never found. A week after I discovered these here, half rooted and blooming freshly."

Thus ended the old man's story. He could only account for the presence of the pinks here and in Langthorne's hand by some absurd superstitious theory of his own.

Probably the maiden had taken them with her in her frantic leap from the cliffs, and the waves had borne them in the way of the dying man. The only singularity which they presented to me, was their perpetual bloom!

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