

cottage, where a warm light shone out of the window, throwing a line of brightness on the dark, tossing sea. The wind had been getting up, and blew fresh and keen from the sea, and Job was cold and tired, but the sight that met his eyes, when he opened the cottage-door, was a very pleasant one. A huge fire of drift-wood was blazing and sparkling in the wide fireplace, lighting up every corner and cranny of the little room, showing the heap of nets in the corner, the old sea-chest where Job's Sunday clothes, and all his treasures, were kept; the pictures of Black-eyed Susan and H.M.S. 'Firefly' on the walls; the little store of cups and plates on the shelf; the table, with its coarse white cloth, and Job's cracked basin, out of which he had taken his supper for years; his patched-up elbow-chair, showing much of his own clumsy carpentry; and last, though not least in Job's eyes, a curly-headed boy of nine, sitting on a three-legged stool, with his head resting against the arm of the chair, fast asleep in the warm glow.

"Hullo, old chap!" said Job. The boy started up, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "Why, it ain't never you!"

"Ay, that it be, as large as life, and downright hungry, too; so set on the porridge, while I see to the beast, for I'll be mighty glad of my supper."

And then Job turned back into the dark, to take the pony to its stable, but when he got to the door he stopped and scratched his head, in sudden perplexity, for there, in the stream of warm light that poured through the open door, he saw the little white-faced boy sitting on the cart. Old Job's heart misgave him as he thought of the boy out in the cold, rough night, while he and David sat by the warm fire, so after a moment's hesitation, he followed the impulse of his kind heart, and drawing the boy down from his perch on the cart, pushed him roughly but kindly into the room, saying, "There, then, youngster, I can spare you a bit of supper and a night's shelter, but you must be off come to-morrow morning. David, lad, make him welcome, and see as there's supper enough for us all."

For a minute the boys stood staring at each other, and then David turned away to his porridge-making, and the boy crept up to the fire, and began warming his chilled fingers, watching David all the time with wondering eyes. When Job came back, there had not been a word exchanged, but three smoking basins of porridge were standing ready, and a huge slice of bread beside each, and the boys were standing on either side of the fire, exchanging shy glances. They were all three of them too busy with their suppers for much conversation, but when supper was over, and Job had settled himself down in the easy chair, the ice was broken between the boys, and David soon found courage to bring the boat he was cutting out, and began to tell the stranger how he meant to make it, and he opened his round eyes in surprise when he found how little he knew of the sea and boats. But soon the tables were turned, and it was David's turn to listen with open-mouthed wonder (ay, and Job, too,) while Tom Sharpe (for that they found to be the boy's name) spoke of London and all its