

and when they were tired of poking up the crabs and anemones, and catching shrimps in their hands, they sat down and watched the great waves breaking all along the shore. The coast was a dangerous one, and the boys were never tired of hearing the wonderful tales of shipwreck and danger which the sailors were never tired of telling.

Only last winter a schooner had gone to pieces on the very rock the boys were watching, and the captain and his wife had been drowned, and buried in W a n b o r o u g h churchyard. And Duncan especially had looked upon it as a very serious grievance that the wreck took place a week before he came home, and that, therefore, he was deprived of the sight of it.

CHAPTER II

"It is a terrific night!" said Mr. Graham, looking into the sitting room, as he passed through the hall to take off his dripping coat. "The children are all here I hope?"

"Yes, all," replied his wife; "and the tea is only waiting for you."

"I hoped it was ready," he said, "for I must go out again in a few minutes."

"What can he be going out again for?" asked Arthur.

"It is Saturday night, too," said Clara. "He hardly ever goes out on a Saturday night."

"Some case of sickness, perhaps," said Mrs. Graham. "I only hope it is not far off."

"I am sure I shouldn't go if it was," said Duncan. "I wouldn't be a clergyman, I know, to be sent for all over the parish just like --" And there he stopped.

"Just like what, Duncan?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"I was going to say, just like a servant; but of course it isn't quite that, because a servant must go where he is sent, and Mr. Graham can do as he likes."

"You need not have stopped yourself, my boy," said Mrs.

Graham; "a clergyman is a servant, and he must go where his Master sends him. They are all very anxious to know why you must go out again," she added, as Mr. Graham came back and took his place.

"There is a vessel on the White Rock," he replied, "and there seems to be some doubt whether our life-boat men can be got together. One or two are away, and I said I would be down on the shore in twenty minutes, to

from time to time one and another started up to pull aside the shutters and look out into the thick darkness. The driving rain on the window-panes and the howling wind shut out all other sounds from the ears which were strained to catch the sound of guns and signals of distress.

"Do let me go, Mr. Graham," cried both the boys at once, as the Vicar got up from his hasty meal. "We really won't get in the way, and we should so like

equipped, and little Arthur saw them start with longing eyes. He would have liked to make one of the party. As it was he went off to a bedroom which overlooked the sea, and sat there picturing to himself the White Rock and the ship, and peering into the darkness. Very soon he was joined by Kate. Clara was above showing any excitement or curiosity, and sat with Mrs. Graham, doing fancy needle-work like a well-conducted young lady.

"Can you see anything, Arthur?" said Kate.

"Oh, lots! Do come here, and we'll watch together."

"I don't see anything at all," said Kate: "what do you mean by 'lots'?"

"Well, there's the lighthouse; you can see that, anyhow; and I really believe I see a light dancing about on the waves. That's either the ship or the life-boat."

"There isn't a light at all!" said Kate, after vainly peering about in the darkness.

"What do you call that, then?" cried the boy, as a rocket with its trail of light went flying over the sea, and made the children grasp each other's hands and utter a cry of surprise.

But that was all they saw. The wind howled and whistled more and more wildly, and the servants had hunted them out, and brought them from their regions of romance and danger to the commonplace realities of tubs and soap

and water.

In the meantime Mr. Graham, with a boy clinging to him on either side, was struggling down to the shore against the force of the wind, which prevented any of them from speaking a word till they were within shelter of the boat-house. The preparations were just completed, and the missing men were at their posts. "Just off, sir!" shouted the men, as they ran the lifeboat down on her carriage, and braced themselves for their fearful struggle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



MR. GRAHAM AND THE BOYS RUNNING DOWN TO THE SHORE.

telegraph to Newport for more hands. In the meantime they were getting her ready."

"A ship on the rocks! Oh, how jolly!" cried Frank.

"Frank, my boy, what are you saying? A ship-wreck is a most awful thing!" said Mr. Graham.

Frank was greatly ashamed of his remark, and Duncan was glad that he had not expressed the same sentiment, though he fully shared it. All thoughts were centred on the great event

of the probable shipwreck, and in few moments they were