

sixteen summers, the other that of her twin brother, a tall noble looking boy who might well be the pride of his father's and sister's heart. The girl is leaning on her brother's arm, her curly hair falling in bright ringlets over his shoulder, and her blue eyes looking lovingly and confidently into his.

"And must you really go next week Hal? What shall I ever do without you?"

"Oh you will not be lonely with father to take care of. And you know I shall often be home and then what fine times we will have together among the cliffs and on the dear old beach."

"I know it is silly Hal, but it seems as though it could never again be like it has been."

"Well, Elsie dear, you know we cannot always be children. I am almost a man now, and it is high time I was making my way in life."

The old man sits gazing fondly at his children until the picture vanishes and in its stead he sees one of a scene five years later. Again he is sitting on the cliff, this time alone. He had been reading in that morning's paper of the loss of the "Cordillian" with all on board, and as he looks away over the sea his heart breathes a prayer for his own sailor boy out somewhere on the vast deep. Turning he catches sight of his daughter bounding over the rocks toward him. "How like her mother she has grown," thought he. Yes, here she comes, her cheeks rosy with the rapid motion. "A letter from Hal, father dear," she cried, "it must have been mislaid, we should have received it last week." The father had hastened to meet her. "You read it, Elsie daughter," he said. Half-tremblingly she tears it open. They had approached the abyss and were standing near it, nay, on its very brink. Why had he not seen? Oh! why did they not move? One look at the letter—"Dear father and Elsie, I shall be home next Thursday on

the "Cordillian,"—a piercing cry, a quick movement backward,—Ah! fatal step! Oh! awful sight!

Suddenly this picture too passes from his dazed sight, and half roused from his sad reverie he wonders why he, a poor feeble old man had been left there alone, while those in the bloom of life had been so suddenly, so cruelly snatched away. Why had not he too, on that terrible day cast himself recklessly over the chasm and died with all he loved on earth?—Why not?

At last the poor old man rouses himself and as if startled by the lateness of the hour, hastens as rapidly as he can down the cliff—but who is that coming toward him, yonder among the jutting rocks? It is certainly some one well accustomed to leaping those chasms. Is the old man still dreaming? No! it is, it must be his own lost boy. Yes! yes! it is he and now he is clasping his poor tired father to his breast.

"Father dear, it was not so, we were not all lost; I was picked up almost dead and have been very sick since, but at last I am better, and I have come to you as soon as I could. They told me I would find you out here, but you must come home now father, the night air is too chilly."

Joyously the old man welcomes his lost boy, then involuntarily turns and shudderingly points his trembling finger toward the chasm. "Yes, yes, my poor father," said the brave boy, "they told me all about it; poor dear little Elsie. I must try to be son and daughter too to you now my poor father."

And so we will leave the old man to the care of his noble son, and not quite so alone in the world as he had thought himself.