

the window. In all the harbours of our coast, 'twas time to put to sea.

"I wisht," the skipper sighed, "that I'd been—a bit—wickedder. The wicked," he took pains to explain, "knows the dear Lard's love. An', somehow, I isn't *feelin'* it as I should. An' I wisht—I'd sinned—a wee bit—more."

Still the wind called to him.

"Ecod!" he cried, impatiently, his hand moving feebly to tweak his nose, but failing by the way. "There I been an' gone an' made another mistake! Sure, 'tis awful! Will you tell me, Davy Roth, an you can," he demanded, now possessed of the last flicker of strength, "how I could be wicked without hurtin' some poor man? Ecod! I'm woeful blind."

He dropped my hand—suddenly: forgetting me utterly. His hands sought the twins—waving helplessly: and were caught. Whereupon the father sighed and smiled.

"Dear lads!" he whispered.

The sun rose—a burst of glory—and struck into the room—and blinded the old eyes.

"I wonder——" the old man gasped, looking once more to the glowing sky. "I wonder . . ."

Then he knew.

How unmomentous is the death we die! This