

golden hair lit by the sunset against the cold gray rock, her face and figure so full of bloom and life and beauty, like an arbutus blossom upon the dull stone. And they heard her singing a verse that she loved:

"And I thought I heard Him say,
As He passed along His way,
'O silly soul, keep near me,
My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true.'"

It made Letty think of the angels singing in heaven.

And when June was yet in its first flush of beauty, one day the merry shouts of a little boy echoed up the sands, and Richard Parvin thrust his bonny countenance into the door of the house on the beach.

"Is that you, Miss Letty? Where is my mermaid? Down at the rocks? There, then, that old Kenneth has got ahead of me! He went to the rocks and I came here, to see which should be first. Oh, dear!"

"Do you want to be first?" said Letty with a benevolence that Kenneth might have called malevolence. "Then run across the edge of the dune, just where you see a little path, and it will take you to the rocks the shortest way and you will be first after all."

Away bounded Richard; but perhaps he did not find the right path, for when he reached the grotto there sat Faith making lace, and there sat Kenneth on a boulder trying to be agreeable.

But Richard got much the warmer reception, if that was any comfort to him. As for Kenneth—

"I'm afraid you'd not have spoken at all to me, Miss Faith, if you had not hoped for news from your brother."

"Oh, yes; maybe I might," said Faith, carelessly.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTY HAS HER HANDS FULL.

Of all King Arthur's knights, Sir Galahad was the one to whom self-

control was the easiest,—because he had always exercised it. To him the restraint of the passions had become a second nature; "I could" was yokefellow to "I should," and upon them "I would" waited dutefully. But while the habit of right-doing so upbuilds character that living nobly becomes easiest, and to do evil would be the more difficult, so self-indulgence makes every demand of appetite more imperious, yielding to evil becomes the habit of the mind, and to deny one's self is a herculean task beyond the effort of the weakened will. Of those whom continued indulgence in a vice has made moral weaklings, unable to dwell for any length of time in the strong, bracing air of the regions of virtue, Ralph Kemp was a notable example. Each hastening year made him less able on any terms to govern his depraved desire for strong drink. It was idle for him to say to his proud young daughter that to spare her mortification he would conduct himself with decency while strangers were near. He was soon scheming that he might drink a little, and no one know it; that he might drink all that he craved and keep out of sight; he argued as if he were capable of leaving off when once he had begun, or as if, when possessed by his demon, he could rule its manifestations.

It is true that there are men of such vigorous mental temperament that at any point in a career they can say "I will not," and abide by their own decree. We have known of cases where there was that much iron in the blood. Ralph Kemp was made of other material; and being of that weaker mould he insisted upon considering himself strong and relying upon himself. That was what discouraged his daughters. He never in his efforts reached higher than his own level; he never took hold of the Strong One for strength. *

Letty took a little courage from