

makes a faith to suit itself, the other accepts the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. In short, in all things, one system fits supply to demand on the part of men; the other fits, or would fit, demand on the part of men to the supply given by God.

These are but suggestions, in the way of parallel, to what may be indefinitely carried out, when the two antipodal ideas are clearly understood.—*Living Church.*

## Family Department.

### THE COMFORTER.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord,  
The simple are the best;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts,  
Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter, eternal Love,  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this breathing heart of mine  
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
And let it be Thy rest.

—*Rev. Frederick W. Faber.*

### Over The Sea Wall.

#### CHAPTER I. (CONTINUED.)

I rose to my feet and found myself quite able to walk a short distance without fatigue.

I found myself stronger than I expected and the cool fresh air blowing off the sea refreshed me and did me good. I wandered on and on down one or two sets of steps that picturesquely divided the garden into different levels, till at last I reached the extreme limit, where it was bounded by the sea wall of which Aunt Lois had spoken.

When my uncle had bought and enlarged his house, it was, as its name implied, a very solitary place indeed. The little bay of St. Benedict's was hardly known. A tiny fishing village stood at the further extremity of the bay, where now a crescent of small houses could be seen, and the sea-gulls nested and brooded around the rocks overlooked by the gardens, and had hardly learnt to dread the approach of man.

But then the change had come. The railway had been brought within three miles of the secluded little bay. People began to come and see it. The air was spoken of as being healthy and bracing. Uncle Hay had lamented and been indignant, but Aunt Lois maintained that it made life more sociable and convenient. Where people were, there shops were to be found and she had found housekeeping distinctly easier since St. Benedict's had become something more than a mere fishing village.

As for me, I had never taken the smallest interest in Aunt Lois' stories of the changes around her home. They had only bored and worried me, and she had soon ceased trying to interest me in the place and people about. However as I lay on my couch and gazed across at the white and red buildings with the sunshine full upon them, the small place looking quite cheerful and pretty in the clear bright air, I began wondering, in spite of myself, if there might be any person or persons there who might be in any way interesting to me. I had been cruelly

and suddenly sundered from all my former friends, and now I had nobody in all the wide world to care for or speak to except Aunt Lois, against whom I had taken a foolish and unwarrantable prejudice, and was trying heart and soul to dislike.

"I won't have any of her friends for mine," I mused, as I lay and looked across at the houses. "I don't know if I want any friends at all; but if I do I'll make them for myself, and they shan't be people she knows anything about. I won't have her whispering to her cronies that I am morbid and peculiar, and want rousing. I know that's the sort of thing she would say, and set them all fussing about me, and trying to get me to be interested in all their horrid little local affairs that are perfectly beneath contempt. If I have friends at all, I'll make them for myself. I'll come out here every day and watch the people, and if I see anybody I take a fancy to, I'll go down by-and-by to the beach and see if I can scrape acquaintance."

This project quite put me in a good temper, and I began to look about me eagerly. I was in a good enough position for seeing all that went on in the bay, for Sea-Gull's Haunt occupied a commanding position on the opposite side of the bay from St. Benedict's and its gardens ran out right along the horn of the bay, the sea wall which marked its limit being built upon the face of the low cliff which overhung the beach at this point.

There were a few children with bare feet shrimping and paddling about in the pools below, for this was by far the more interesting and fascinating side of the bay for all little folks delighting in limpets, sea-anemones, and treasures of shell and seaweed.

The tide was low, and the children were all a long way off. I lay still on my couch and watched the whole scene dreamily. I observed that two of the children—a little girl, and a boy some years younger—did not mix with the rest of the small contingent of shrimpers, but kept always together and a little apart, and carried on some researches of their own which seemed to be very entrancing.

I think I noticed these children first because they were evidently in deep mourning, although for the beach they had on some sort of white washing stuff, and the black was represented by ribbons and hat trimmings. I hardly know why I felt so sure that their loss was recent, but I did; and fell to wondering idly whether it was father or mother who had been taken away, and whether they felt any pain at the loss, or wore just as carelessly happy as they had been before. I was disposed to look with a pitying kind of contempt upon those little children, because they were enjoying themselves amidst the salt puddles, whilst I had had no enjoyment for weeks and months, and could not bear the thought of it, and by the time I had thoroughly settled that children were one and all absolutely heartless, I saw the little pair approaching along the stretch of golden sand strown with rock-covered seaweed, until they were so close to the foot of the low cliff that I lost sight of them, and in a few minutes I heard a sound of scrambling, followed by that of clear childish voices, speaking with an accent so refined that I was surprised and pleased in spite of myself.

I had marked the faces of the little pair as they approached me, for I had very good sight, and I had seen that they were both very pretty children. The little girl looked about nine or ten (I was not learned in ages of little folks), and she had pretty curly brown hair that blew about her face and hung down as far as her

shoulders in a soft floating cloud. Her eyes looked as though they would be dark blue, and the brows were dark and prettily arched. Both children had rather square faces, broad in the brow, with regular, decisive features, and the small square deeply cleft chin that generally goes with force of character. The expression of the little girl's face was pensive, and there was a pathetic little drop at the corners of the lips that rather upset the theory I had just propounded. The boy's face was more animated, and was full of quick and keen intelligence. It was he who stepped on a little in advance, holding his cap in his hand, so that the sun struck right down on his closely cropped yellow head. His face was very brown, and his mouth like a red rosebud. There was an eagerness and alacrity in his movements that bespoke a keen and ardent temperament. I don't suppose I observed all this at once; but I can hardly remember what my first impressions were. I do remember, however, that I felt a sudden and unwonted thrill of interest in the little pair that surprised me, and that I was glad when their voices came up so clearly to my ears.

"Here is our ledge, Maudie. Give me your hand; I'll help you. It's beautifully shady here now. I wish it was big enough to build a hut; then we'd have a desert island of our own here. There's my cap for you to sit on. Are you quite comfortable? Now we can have a good talk."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### BROTHER AND SISTER.

If these children were going to "have a good talk," I was in an excellent position for hearing it. I was not visible to them, nor were they to me; but we were only a few feet apart all the same, and the sound of their voices rose perfectly clear and distinct to me as I lay on my couch just at the edge of the sea wall. For a moment I debated in my own mind whether or not I should make my presence known; but after a brief hesitation I decided that it was too much trouble.

"Babies like that can have no secrets. I should only frighten them, and drive them away from what is evidently a favorite nook of theirs. Perhaps it will amuse me to hear what they say. They don't seem bad specimens as children go."

So I kept still and quiet, and soon the talk began.

"Maudie," began the eager voice of the little boy, "was that an Indian letter that Mrs. Marks got just before we came out?"

"Yes, Guy."

"And do you know what it said? Did she read it to you?"

"No; there wasn't time. It takes Mrs. Marks a good while to read letters on thin paper; she can't do it as fast as mother used. But she looked at it, and said she thought Brother Reginald was soon coming home, and that it would be a good job too, as he would be able to settle what was to be done about us."

In the little girl's voice there was an unmistakable accent of shrinking timidity and dread. I heard a little shuffle just below, as though the pair had moved nearer together. Then came the other voice.

"Maudie, are you afraid of Brother Reginald?"

"Yes, Guy, I think I am a little."

"Don't be afraid I'll take care of you. I'm going to be a man almost directly; all the fishy-men say so."

"Fishermen, Guy," corrected the little girl gently. "Not fishy-men. It sounds as if they smelt when you call them fishy."

"Well, so they do, most of them, but I rather like it myself," was the reply, given with a sturdy independence of tone that amused me not a little. "I think it sounds nice to call them