

FISHER DAN.

BY LOUISA E. DOBRÉE.



"He was sitting outside his cottage now, mending his nets, with his dog."—(p. 284.)

IT was a bright June morning, and the summer sun was shedding its golden rays on the little sea-coast village of Lynn Beach, making the waters of the broad expanse of sea that it commanded a view of glitter with many coloured hues, as the little boats which were moored to a rocky headland danced in the sunshine; it was a very rocky coast, and as the waves came rolling up the beach they dashed over the smaller rocks and ran into the caves and holes of the larger ones with a surging noise that might be heard a good distance off. The village was chiefly composed of fishermen's huts lining the beach, at the back the houses straggled

together more closely in one or two irregular streets. It was miles away from any railway station, and until lately, when the death of the clergyman, who used to open the church for service once on Sundays, had taken place, the Church matters were at a very low ebb; nobody seemed much to care about the spiritual concerns of the inhabitants of Lynn Beach, and the church itself, which was almost tumbling to pieces with age and neglect, did not offer much inducement or encouragement for the people to attend; the one Sunday service was a very cold one, and the people knew little more of the clergyman than he knew of them. But matters were changed