

By the Sea.

THE din and confusion of the great city by the sea were dying away with the setting sun. The ebb and tide of human life, which had surged all day through the great thoroughfares, were growing calm and still. Men, wearied with merchandise, found rest for brain and nerve amid the green lanes and shaded homes outside the city. Others forever tired of gold and silver and all things else that perish with the using, sought rest by the sea, the music of whose waves soothes the mind harassed by care.

It is evening in this city by the sea; the stars come out one by one, their brightness is all reflected in the blue waves beneath. Ships that have made long voyages lie at anchor in the harbour, their tall masts like sentinels guarding the city walls. A little child wanders out from her cottage home and walks along the sandy beach, enchanted with the scene. The clear white sands sparkle in the moonlight; to the child they are gems of beauty. She sits down to play with the shining pebbles. The cool wet sand is refreshing to the hot and weary feet. There is no danger now, for the swiftly ebbing tide is far out at sea.

It is a still hour. The child's hands are busy with the sand, but her eyes wander heavenward: there is one brilliant star that seems nearer and brighter than all the rest. Is it the home of the angels? She thinks so and she watches it eagerly; perhaps she will hear their voices. "I'll know their songs," she whispers; she looks again, there are long lines of light reaching from the star down to the water, "silver threads" she calls them. She wanders out a little farther where the rays gleam and sparkle more brightly. "Perhaps I'll get one," she whispers again, and her beautiful hands grasp after the vanishing light. Her feet touch the water; she dare not go farther, but at her side a tangled mass of sea-weed and moss