

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF. 11

along the avenue. In the distance the ever-receiving light of the lighthouse shone on every side. The clock from the old church struck seven. The fishing-smacks returned; the sailors' voices could be heard shouting as they drew the boats up the beach. Mr. Weldon smiled and went down the beach to them. The old housekeeper rose from the kneeling position she was in, took up her belongings, and went indoors.