

of sea and land is warm and wakeful and light of heart, just as it used to be, when I was a lad, and my mother lay here dying. But there is no shadow in the house—no mystery. The separate sorrows have long since fled. My mother's gentle spirit here abides—just as it used to do: touching my poor life with holy feeling, with fine dreams, with tender joy. There is no shadow—no mystery. There is a glory—but neither shadow nor mystery. And my hand is still in her dear hand—and she leads me: just as she used to do. And all my days are glorified—by her who said good-bye to me, but has not left me desolate.

Skipper Tommy died to-day. 'Twas at the break of dawn. The sea lay quiet; the sky was flushed with young, rosy colour—all the hues of hope. We lifted him on the pillows: that from the window he might watch—far off at sea—the light chase the shadows from the world.

“A new day!” he whispered.

'Twas ever a mystery to him. That there should come new days—that the deeds of yesterday should be forgot in the shadows of yesterday—that as the dawn new hope should come unfailing, clean, benignant.

“A new day!” he repeated, turning his mild old