

gather her apronful of them. In one of her poems she tells us how

" We laid the sweet dead shapes together,
Soothing each ruffled wing,
Perplexed and sorrowful and pondering deeply
The meaning of this thing.
(Too hard to fathom for the wisest nature
Crowned with the snows of age.)
And all the beauty of the fair May morning
Seemed like a blotted page,
We bore them down from the rough cliffs of granite
To where the grass was green,
And laid them 'neath the soft turf all together
With many a flower between;
And looking up with wet eyes saw how brightly upon the summer sea
Lay the clear sunlight; how the sails were shining
And small waves laughed in glee,
And somehow comfort grew to check our grieving,
As if in spite of death a loving presence
Filled all the viewless air.
What should we fear? whispered the little children
There is nothing so small
But God will care for it on Earth or Heaven;
He sees the sparrows fall !"

In winter the family were shut in to their own companionship. If storms had beaten down their cottage no succor could have reached them. The children had their books and playthings, and in a window seat Celia had her flowers. From the windows they could see the ocean shining in the sun or grey beneath the grey sky, or awfully white under the scourge of the storm. After the storms, Celia says: "The sky sparkled with the frosty light of the stars and quivered with the blue, crimson and orange of the *Aurora Borealis*." Such a wise reader of the heavens as the child became! Such a loving watcher of the stars and the clouds and the waves! A thousand things, that in a busier world would have been unheeded, left their impression upon her sensitive soul and tuned her ear to the fine song of Nature, sweetest in silence. The family thus isolated could not consider themselves entirely cut off from human sympathy. When they sat at night in their storm-shaken cottage, with the sea thundering upon the rocks they must think of the sailor and feel thankful it was theirs to