

SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHTHOUSE STORY.

By the Author of "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Dot," etc.

CHAP V.—(Continued.)

"Well," said my grandfather, "may be you're right, Jem; we'll see what they say. But, for my part, if them that cares for the child is at the bottom of that sea, I hope no one else will come and take her away from us."

"If I hadn't so many of them at home—" began Millar.

"Oh yes, my lad, I know that," said my grandfather, interrupting him; "but thy house is full enough already. Let the wee lassie come to Alick and me. She'll be a nice little bit of company for us; and Mary will see to her clothes and such like, I know."

"Yes, that she will," said her husband. "I do declare she has been crying about that child the best part of the day! She has indeed!"

My grandfather followed Jem's advice, and told Captain Sayers, when he came in the steamer the next Monday, the whole story of the shipwreck, and asked him to find out for him the name and address of the owners of the vessel.

Oh, how I hoped that no one would come to claim my little darling. She became dearer to me every day, and I felt as if it would break my heart to part with her. Every night, when Mrs. Millar had undressed her, she knelt beside me in her little white nightgown, to "talk to God," as she called praying. She had evidently learnt a little prayer from her mother, for the first night she began of her own accord.

"Jesus Eppy, hear me."

I could not think at first what it was that she was saying, but Mrs. Millar said she had learnt the hymn when she was a little girl, and she wrote out the first verse for me. And every night afterwards, I let the child repeat it after me.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

I thought I should like her always to say the prayer her mother had taught her. I never prayed myself,—my grandfather had never taught me. I wondered if my mother would have taught me, if she had lived. I thought she would.

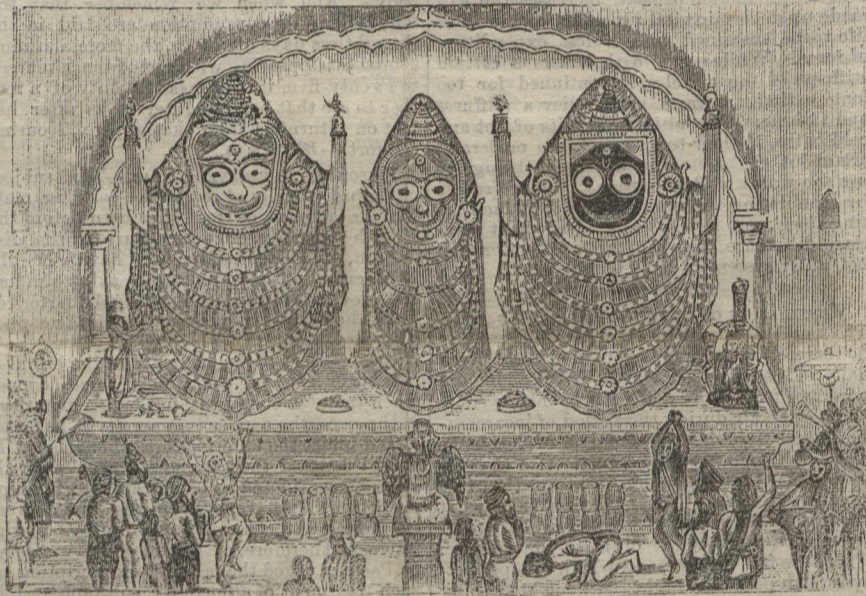
I knew very little in those days of the Bible. My grandfather did not care for it, and never read it. He had a large Bible, but it was always laid on the top of the chest of drawers as a kind of ornament, and, unless I took it down to look at the curious old pictures inside, it was never opened.

Sunday on the island was just the same as any other day. My

grandfather worked in the garden, or read the newspaper, just the same as usual, and I rambled about the rocks, or did my lessons, or worked in the house, as I did every other day in the week. We had no church or chapel to go to, and nothing happened to mark the day.

I often think now of that dreadful morning, when we went across the stormy sea to that sinking ship. If our boat had capsized then, if we had been lost, what would have become of our souls? It is a very solemn thought, and I cannot be too thankful to God for sparing us both a little longer. My grandfather was a kind-hearted, good-tempered, honest old man; but I know now that that is not enough to open the door of heaven. Jesus is the only way there, and my grandfather knew little of and cared nothing for Him.

Little Timpey became my constant companion, in-doors and out of doors. She was rather shy of the little Millars, for they were



TEMPLE OF SIVA.

noisy and rough in their play, but she clung to me, and never wanted to leave me. Day by day she learnt new words, and came out with such odd little remarks of her own, that she made us all laugh. Her great pleasure was to get hold of a book, and pick out the different letters of the alphabet, which, although she could hardly talk, she knew quite perfectly.

Dear little pet! I can see her now, sitting at my feet on a large flat rock by the sea-shore, and calling me every minute to look at A, or B, or D, or S. And so by her pretty ways she crept into all our hearts, and we quite dreaded the answer coming to the letter my grandfather had written to the owners of the "Victory," which, we found, was the name of the lost ship.

It was a very wet day, the Monday that the answer came. I had been waiting some time on the pier, and was wet through before the steamer arrived. Captain Sayers handed me the

letter before anything else, and I ran up with it to my grandfather at once. I could not wait until our provisions and supplies were brought on shore.

Little Timpey was sitting on a stool at my grandfather's feet, winding a long piece of tape round and round her little finger. She ran to meet me as I came in, and held up her face to be kissed.

What if this letter should say she was to leave us, and go back by the steamer! I drew a long breath as my grandfather opened it.

It was a very civil letter from the owners of the ship, thanking us for all we had done to save the unhappy crew and passengers, but saying they knew nothing of the child or her belongings, as no one of the name of Villiers had taken a cabin, and there was no sailor on board of that name. But they said they would make further enquiries in Calcutta, from which port the vessel had sailed. Meanwhile, they begged my grandfather to take charge of the child,

The gentlemen came up the steps a minute or two afterwards. One of them was a middle-aged man, with a very clever face, I thought. He told me that he had come to see Mr. Alexander Fergusson, and asked me if I could direct him which way to go to the house.

"Yes, sir," I said; "Mr. Fergusson is my grandfather." So we went up towards the lighthouse, Timpey and I walking first to lead the way, and the gentlemen following. The other gentleman was quite old, and had white hair and gold spectacles, and a pleasant, kindly face.

Timpey could not walk very fast, and she kept running first to one side and then to another, to gather flowers or pick up stones, so I took her in my arms and carried her.

"Is that your little sister?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, sir," I said; "this is the little girl who was on board the 'Victory.'"

"Dear me! dear me!" said both gentlemen at once. "Let me look at her," said the old man, arranging his spectacles.

But Timpey was frightened, and clung to me and began to cry.

"Never mind, never mind," said the old gentleman kindly; "we'll make friends with one another by-and-by."

By this time we had reached the house, and the middle-aged gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Septimus Forster, one of the owners of the lost vessel, and said that he and his father-in-law, Mr. Davis, had come to hear all particulars that my grandfather could give them with regard to the shipwreck.

My grandfather begged them to sit down, and told me to prepare breakfast for them at once. They were very pleasant gentlemen, both of them, and were very kind to my grandfather. Mr. Forster wanted to make him a handsome present for what he had done, but my grandfather would not take it. They talked much of little Timpey, and I kept stopping to listen as I was setting out the cups and saucers. They had heard nothing more of her relations, and they said it was a very strange thing that no such name as Villiers was to be found on the list of passengers on board. They offered to take her away with them till some relation was found, but my grandfather begged to keep her. The gentlemen, seeing how happy and well cared for the child was, gladly consented.

After breakfast Mr. Forster said he should like to see the lighthouse, so my grandfather went up to the top of the tower with him, and showed him with great pride all that was to be seen there. Old Mr. Davis was tired, and stayed behind with little Timpey and me.

(To be Continued.)

and assured him he should be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

"That's right!" I said, when he had finished reading it. "Then she hasn't to go yet!"

"No," said my grandfather, "poor wee lassie; we can't spare her yet. I don't want any of their rewards, Alick, not I! That's reward enough for me," he said, as he lifted up the child to kiss his wrinkled forehead.

CHAP. VI.—THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S QUESTION.

The next Monday morning Timpey and I went down together to the pier, to await the arrival of the steamer. She had brought a doll with her, which Mrs. Millar had given her, and of which she was very proud.

Captain Sayers sent for me, as soon as the steamer came up to the pier, to tell me that two gentlemen had come to see my grandfather. I held the child's hand very tightly in mine, for I felt sure they had come for her.