

lacking. I am not without realization of my largest hope. The decks are often wet—wet and white. They heave underfoot—and are wet and white—while the winds come rushing from the gray horizon. Ah, I love the sea—the sweet, wild sea: loveliest in her adorable rage, like a woman! . . . And my father's house is now enlarged, and is an hospital; and the doctor's sloop is now grown to a schooner, in which he goes about, as always, doing good. . . . And my sister waits for me to come in from the sea, in pretty fear that I may not come back; and I am glad that she waits, sitting in my mother's place, as my mother used to do.

And Skipper Tommy Lovejoy this day lies dying.

I sit, a man grown, in my mother's room, which now is mine. It is spring-time. To-day I found a flower on the Watchman. Beyond the broad window of her room, the hills of Skull Island and God's Warning stand yellow in the sunshine, rivulets dripping from the ragged patches of snow which yet linger in the hollows; and the harbour water ripples under balmy, fragrant winds from the wilderness; and workaday voices, strangely unchanged by the years that are passed, come drifting up the hill from my father's wharves; and, ay, indeed, all the world