

ful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy and so is the sky; the line of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious colour that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sail or gull's wing. Nothing takes colour so beautifully as the bleached granite, the shadows are delicate and the fine hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise; all things are speckless and spotless. There is no dust, no noise, nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. "I well remember," she says, "my first sight of White Island, I was scarcely six years old. It was at sunset in Autumn that we were set ashore on the loneliest, lovely rock where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant and filled me with fear and wonder. We entered the quaint little old cottage that was to be my home for six years. How curious it seemed, with its low whitewashed ceiling and deep window seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we were to grow too well acquainted." A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. She says: "I do not think there could be three happier children than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy, and we never wearied of our few resources. True, the winters seemed as long as the whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant nevertheless. Into the deep window seats we climbed, and with pennies, for which we had no other use, made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea." As the little girl grew older she was allowed to light the lamps. "That was indeed a pleasure," she says, "so little a creature might do that for the great world!" Full of charm as the lighthouse was, it had its tragedy. The rays that cheered the eyes of men were messengers of despair and destruction to the birds that flew straight toward their source to be dashed against the glass and fall dead at the foot of the tower. On many a May morning when the birds were flying northward did the child sorrowfully