



A TASTE FOR MUSIC.

"Say, Jim, w'ot's der matter wid de billy-goat?"

"He's bin an' swallowed a music-box, an' 'I kin hear it a-playin' 'Dere's a Hot 'Time' in his stommick."

resignation, with a yearning glance, toward the Bishop as I thought, toward the lugger as I know. But even then I was sure that those last words, "There was a haze, and it was growing dark," concealed the heart of her distress. She explained the inscription upon the tablet, while the lugger tacked toward St. Mary's, and while I gradually began to wonder what still kept her on the island.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of that Christmas eve the lighthouse on St. Agnes Island showed its lamps; five minutes later the red beams struck out from Round Island to the north; but to the west on the Bishop all was dark. The haze thickened, and night came on; still there was no flash from the Bishop, and the islands wondered. Half an hour passed; there was still darkness in the west, and the islands became alarmed. The Trinity Brethren subsidize a St. Agnes lugger to serve the Bishop, and this boat was got ready. At a quarter to five suddenly the Bishop light shot through the gloom, but immediately afterward a shutter was interposed quickly some half a dozen times. It was the signal of distress, and the lugger worked out to the Bishop with the tide. Of the three keepers there were now only two.

It appeared from their account that Garstin took the middle day watch, that they themselves were asleep and that Garstin should have roused them to light the lamps at a quarter to four. They awoke of their own accord in the dark, and at once believed they had slept into the night. The clock showed them it was half-past four. They mounted to the lantern-room, and nowhere was there any sign of Garstin. They lit the lamps. The first thing they saw was the log. It was open, and the last entry was written in Garstin's hand and was timed 3.40 p.m. It mentioned a ketch reaching northward. The two men descended the winding stairs, and the cold air breathed upon their faces. The brass door at the foot of the stairs stood open. From that door thirty feet of gun metal rungs let into the outside of the lighthouse lead down to the setoff, which is a granite rim less than a yard wide and unprotected by any rail. They shouted downward from the doorway and received no answer. They descended to the setoff, and again no Garstin, not even his cap. He was not.

Garstin had entered up the log, had climbed down to the setoff for five minutes of fresh air, and somehow had slipped, though the wind was light and the sea whispering. But that whispering sea ran seven miles an hour past the Bishop.

This was Mrs. Garstin's story, and it left me still wondering why she lived on at St. Mary's. I asked after her son.

"How is Leopold? What is he—a linendraper?"

She shaded her eyes with her hand and said:

"That's the St. Agnes's lugger from the Bishop, and if we go down to the pier now we shall meet it."

We walked down to the pier. The first person to step on shore was Leopold, with the Trinity House buttons on his pilot coat.

"He's the third hand on the Bishop now," said Mrs. Garstin. "You are surprised?" She sent Leopold into Hugh Town upon an errand, and as we walked back up the hill she said: "Did you notice a grave underneath John's tablet?"

"No," said I.

"I told you there was a mention in the log of a ketch."

"Yes."

"The ketch went ashore on the Crebinacks at 4.30 o'clock on that Christmas eve. One man jumped for the rocks when the ketch struck and was drowned. The rest were brought off by the lugger. But one man was drowned."

"He drowned because he jumped," said I.

"He drowned because my man hadn't lit the Bishop light," said she, brushing my sophistry aside. "So I gave my boy in his place."

And now I knew why those words—"There was a haze, and it was growing dark"—held the heart of her distress.

"And if the Bishop goes next winter," she continued, "why, it will just be a life for a life", and she choked down a sob as a young voice hailed us from behind.

But the Bishop still stands in the Atlantic, and Leopold, now the second hand, explains to the Margate-trippers the wonders of the North Foreland lights.—London Telegraph.

FOREBODING.

If love could pass as die away
The summer winds at ebb of day
That through the amber silence stray,
Sweet heralds of repose,
Whispering in the ear of Night
The memory of the Morning's light,
The fragrance of its rose,
Then we might love and never dread
The awful void when love is dead.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.