

piped a mournful note that sounded like
"Misery!" "Misery!" "Misery!"

The little stream in the hollow by the wharf road was angry and swollen, brown and turgid from the pelting drops.

The washerwoman's children pattered along, lugging great sodden bundles home to their mother. Poor little drowned rats! the rain beating on their unprotected heads and thinly clad shoulders, their faces shining with moisture, and the mud squeezing up between their bare toes. Happy, smiling, satisfied—unconscious of better things in the great world beyond their own poor home.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones
Nor to be seen—my crown is called Content."

The sea was breaking rough and turbulent over the rocks and dashing against the green-slimed sides of the wharf to which a schooner was tied, straining and struggling at her moorings. Sea and sky met in a grey blurred outline, and there was an ominous belt of rain-filled clouds towards the West, where, we are told by the natives, the fine weather is stored in the golden coffers of the sunset.

As I passed the shop of the shoemaker—a mere box by the roadside, the window filled