

## 6 THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

rock, stood upon the farthest point of the headland. At first sight it appeared to be a part of the cliff, but as you drew nearer, the rock you first thought it to be turned out to be a building, evidently of man's handiwork, and solidly erected of stone. It was indeed placed upon a romantic site. Below, at high tide, you could see the dark waters and hear their roar, as with ceaseless motion they beat against the cliff. Above, in the long nights of winter, the wind would whistle and moan. In front lay the wide ocean. To the north stretched for miles the rocky cliff. A mile to the south could be seen a sandy beach where lay the town, sheltered from the cruel north winds by the headland. There the former dwellers in the grey house on the cliff had found their nearest neighbors.

If you spoke to an old inhabitant about the place he would probably have told you that the Lighthouse Commissioners once intended to erect a lighthouse on the spot now occupied by the house on the cliff. After the foundation had been built, however, it was abandoned for a more suitable spot, where one now stands, two miles farther south. But this was close on a century ago. A fisherman, they say, many years after took advantage of the work that had been done, and having secured the help of some of his comrades, managed, after months of labor, to