

Violet smiled again. She felt more peaceful and happy than she had for months. "You saw the ship sail, uncle?"

"Yes, love."

"You think it is a safe ship to sail by?"

"Rest assured, love, it is."

"Oh, I do not know what I should do if anything happened to Carl," she said in a far-away voice.

"Come, Vi. Nothing will. Carl is a good, great boy."

"Yes, uncle. They say that angels watch over the poor sailors. Then poor father was lost!" She always called her husband father now. She gazed in a far-away look out of the window as she spoke. Peacefully the wide ocean lay before them. The window was thrown open and the balmy sea breeze slightly moved the curtains to and fro.

"Tell me, uncle," she said, suddenly, "have you seen anything of Donovan? It seems strange he never sailed. Carl will miss him." It was always Carl she was thinking of.

The old sailor bit his lip. "No, Vi," he said. "But do not let it bother you, dear. God's ways are not our ways. Who knows but it may be far better for Carl that Donovan did not go."

"Yes, uncle, I am glad. I hope never to see