

Of those who lie where sea-waves roll,
Their emerald hues beneath.

Toll ! Toll ! Toll !

For cruel is the sea,
Its billows like stern conquerors roll
Their thunders in wild glee.

Toll ! toll ! toll !

Speak low the tidings dread,
Winds may not blow, nor billows roll,
Where rest not England's dead.

MR. PIMPLE'S OFFER.

(BY N. P. D.)

Miss Augusta Smith was wealthy. She owned the best farm in her neighbourhood, and what was more she took the entire charge of it. She might have been thirty-five, perhaps more. Of one thing I am certain, she never told her age.

She had been pretty when young. Perhaps she might have married then. As she told the story, she had had many offers, but I'm not so positive of that.

She came very near having an "offer" once. I am sure Miss Augusta was sure of that, too. I intend to tell you about it, though if she should find out that I had published the story, I cannot imagine what my fate would be.

Miss Augusta's house was built of brick and was painted red. It stood very near the road. A rail fence ran along the front of it. The cottage was only one story in height, but then there was plenty of room for Miss Augusta and her maid-servant. The hired man boarded in the village, as his mistress often said that she could not bear to have a man about the house. Of course she didn't like men. They were horrible to look upon, she said, and as for marrying one of them—

"Oh, my ! do you think I've no more respect for myself than to do such an awful thing?" she was fond of saying.

But you must know that right opposite Miss Augusta Smith's cottage stood a large square house, owned and occupied by Mr. Socrates Pimple.

Mr. Pimple was a very fine man, every one said. He owned the farm adjoining Augusta Smith's. His father and Au-

gusta's had been the best of friends. They'd traded dozens of times in the most neighbourly manner.

Old Mrs. Smith said that Augusta's heart was "set" on marrying Socrates ; and no one doubted the old lady's word. But, shortly after, Mr. Pimple brought a wife home from out of the neighbourhood.

Some said that it came very near breaking Augusta Smith's heart ; but so long as it didn't quite break, perhaps it was just as well.

However, Mrs. Pimple did not remain long in her new home. She died a year after her marriage, leaving a little daughter with Socrates.

So Mr. Pimple was a widower, and so he remained. He called often on Miss Augusta, and was always friendly ; but somehow or other he never came quite to the point, though many times Augusta felt sure there was something "right on the end of his tongue." But he always said "good night" before he could get that off.

In vain Miss Augusta had told Mr. Pimple how necessary it was that his little daughter should have some one that would be a mother to her : he never could understand her meaning exactly as she wished it to be taken.

His daughter was now fifteen ; rather too late perhaps, for a mother's influence to be of much service to her ; but still Miss Augusta never let an opportunity slip without speaking to Socrates about it.

I don't want to have you imagine that Miss Augusta would have undertaken to have been a mother to Mr. Pimple's daughter. By no means. Probably she never thought of marrying ; or, if she did, it must have been with great disgust ; because you know, she hated men.

But one night—I think it was Sunday, though I'll not be sure—as Miss Augusta Smith was sitting by the front window in the parlor, she saw Mr. Socrates Pimple come out of his house, and cross the road. He had on his Sunday clothes, and looked as neat and clean as if he had just emerged from the drawer. His new beaver glistened, and so did his boots. He had evidently put on an extra