

surface, and the sun glinting on its ripples, the sea is a lovely sight indeed.

But it is also treacherous, and in another hour it can change from a scene of smiling fairness to one of black anger. As the sky darkens so does the colour of the water, until it is a sullen black. The breakers begin to rise restlessly and to murmur lowly, as though plotting dark deeds. A cold wind springs up and gradually lashes the waves into a fury until, tossing their spray and foam into the air, they thunder madly up the beach in a frenzy. The sea now is a sight full of grandeur and majesty.

Far down below its ever changing surface are hidden countless wonders, which the sea keeps well guarded. For the sea is jealous of its treasures and yields them up grudgingly to the sight of men. There is marvellous scenery down there—tall trees and tiny ferns whose fragile leaves are roused and stirred by every current. The coral has formed lovely fairy-like grottoes through which dart fish of every colour. And the rays of the sun filter down through the green water, shedding a soft dim light over the whole scene, and making profound, inky shadows near the rocks, where the sea-monsters lie hidden.

New beauties and treasures will be revealed day by day, and the old ones will retain all their charm. Through the ages the sea will make its call to men and they will answer, for they cannot escape the spell of its beauty, its grandeur, and its strangeness.

—LESLEY FURLONGER.

SAVED FROM THE FLAMES.

On one side of a pleasant country road in Devonshire stood a picturesque old manor house, belonging to Sir Richard Ashley. The west wing was a ruin, but its ivy-covered walls only added to the charm of the house.

In the centre of the velvet lawns a beautiful fountain splashed its glistening drops. In the garden there were flagged walks leading to shady nooks. The walls were covered with clematis, roses and trailing honeysuckle.

The manor had been the home of the Ashleys for a great many generations.

For some time the house had been bereft of children's joyous laughter, since Richard and Helen Ashley had both gone away to school. But now there was a bustle of preparation for the return of the young master and mistress. The