

He turned his face toward me with a hysterical sob; great unfamiliar tears were rolling down his cheeks. Too late I saw the cruelty of my experiment. I should have spared him the shock—brought him face to face with his sea gently. But the damage, whatever it might be, was done. We drove slowly and in silence down the sands. He was making heroic efforts to control his excitement. His hands were clenched, his lips stiff, with the effort. When at last I turned the horse's head landward, he did not protest, but sank back exhausted. His little face was pinched and worn as if by great pain, but in his eyes shone the "peace that passeth all understanding."

It was late when we reached home, and at once I coaxed him to supper, hoping in the warmth of creature comfort to neutralize the overwhelming effect of the shock I had so inconsiderately allowed his high-strung nerves to suffer. Gradually he recovered his wonted composure, the blood returned to his lips and cheeks; still he remained silent, wrapt in beatific dreams. I did not attempt to rouse him, but got him off to bed as early as possible. And, the change of air taking effect, I was not long in following him.

When I awoke it was to broad daylight and unaccustomed stillness. I glanced at my watch. Nine o'clock. Nine o'clock! and not a stir from the cot!

Filled with a vague presentiment, I

leaped from the bed, and at a glance learned the worst. He was gone—so were his clothes! In vain I tried to comfort myself with the hope that he was walking in his sleep, as he had the night of the storm, when he came to me. But I knew I should never see him again. I cannot dwell upon the details of that search. It wrings my heart even now when I think of it. Suffice that no stone was left unturned. The police, private detectives, cables and telegrams to the port of every ship leaving the harbor during that week and even after; offers of reward—large enough to insure the most thorough service and tireless investigation—nothing availed. Eric was gone!—where? Ah, who can tell me? Do the great tides rock my sea-child, holding him close in to the mother heart of the world? Do those wide eyes stare upon strange ocean changes, an emerald universe of which we know nothing? Or by some straight, slim mast, under a white cloud of sail, does he stand, listening to the song of the wind in the cordage and the rip of the bow through blue water? Who can tell? But I know that at last his exiled soul has reached its haven, and what was I that I should prevail over the call of the sea?

But when I think of his sapphire eyes, his black tousled head, his winning smile, and the grip of his nervous, thin little fingers—I feel desolate and old.

## A Song of Sunset

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS

THE sky was aflush with an eager joy  
O'er the mountains steady and still;  
Aglow with glory, the golden west,  
The south was a rose on the mountain's breast.  
*(Is the heart of age as the heart of a boy,  
That a man should yearn for an infant's toy?  
Yet love must have her will!)*

When the rose had burned to a patient gray,  
When the west was poor and cold,  
Strong, softly steadfast (tho' night be drear!),  
The veiled blue hills wore a valiant cheer.  
*(For having is better than hope, they say;  
And who shall grieve, that, at close of day,  
A young love came to the old?)*