

young, my Helen, an' the world is a' before you; and ye maun just try an' live for it."

"To-morrow," rejoined Helen, "is Earnest's birthday. Is it no strange that, when our minds make pictures o' the dead, it is always as they looked best an' kindest an' maist life-like; I have been seeing Earnest all night long, as when I saw him on his last birthday; an' oh, the sharpness o' the pang, when, every now an' then, the back o' the picture is turned to me, an' I see him as he is, — dust!"

The widow grasped her young friend by the hand. "Helen," she said, "you will get better when I am taken from you; but so long as we continue to meet, our thoughts will aye be running the one way. I had a strange dream last night, an' must tell it to you. You see yon rock to the east, in the middle o' the little bay, that now rises through the back draught o' the sea, like the hull o' a ship, an' is now buried in a mountain o' foam? I dreamed I was sitting on that rock, in what seemed a bonny summer's morning. The sun was glancin' on the water, an' I could see the white sand far down at the bottom, wi' the reflection o' the little wavies running o'er it in long curls o' goud. But there was no way o' leaving the rock, for the deep waters were round an' round me; an' I saw the tide covering one wee bittie after another, till at last the whole was covered. An' yet I had but little fear; for I remembered that baith Earnest an' William were in the sea afore me; an' I had the feeling that I could hae rest nowhere but wi' them. The water at last closed o'er me, an' I sank frae aff the rock to the sand at the bottom. But death seemed to have no power given him to hurt me; an' I walked as light as ever I hae done on a gowany brae, through the green depths o' the sea. I saw the silvery glitter o' the trout an' the salmon shining to the sun, far,