

held on tightly to these two, but we must have been caught in a whirlpool because everything vanished and the next thing we knew we found ourselves here.

Their mother passed away two years ago now. Oh yes, the lifeboats must have been safely away from the ship when it sank, I mean, what else would you expect with all those seasoned sailors rowing them?

Faint prayers could be heard, and Giovanni and Campanella, their eyes smarting, recalled things which they had forgotten up till then.

Oh, that big ocean must have been the Pacific. And someone is working his life away in a far northern corner of that ocean where the icebergs float, battling the wind and the frozen tide and the violent cold in a little boat. I really feel sorry for that man, really sorry! What can I do to make him happy?

That is what Giovanni thought, his head bowed in grief.

'Who knows what happiness is?' said the lighthouse keeper, comforting him. 'So long as you're on the proper road, no matter how trying a thing may be, you'll be getting closer, one step at a time, up and down the mountain to real happiness.'

'Yes, that's true,' said the young man in a reverential tone. 'To attain