

me to go to church this morning. If there were more people like her about churches, in the pulpits and out of them, I'd go oftener."

"I was not quite sure who she was," Mrs. Trelyon said, with a feeble air of apology. "I like her appearance very much; and I wish she or anybody else could induce you to go to church. Well now, Harry, I will myself lend you the 5000*l.* till you come of age. Surely that will be much better; and, if you like, I will make Miss Rosewarne's acquaintance. You might ask her to dinner the first time Mr. Roscorla is coming; and he could bring her."

Master Harry was at last pacified.

"Make it Thursday," said he, "and you will write to her, won't you? I will take down the letter and persuade her; but if she comes she shan't come under the wing of Mr. Roscorla, as if he were the means of introducing her. I shall go down for her with the brougham, and fetch her myself."

"But what will Mr. Roscorla say to that?" his mother asked, with a smile.

"Mr. Roscorla may say whatever he particularly pleases," responded Master Harry.

CHAPTER XIV.

"SIE BAT SO SANFT, SO LIEBLICH."

"To dine at Trelyon Hall?" said George Rosewarne to his eldest daughter, when she in a manner asked his consent. "Why not? But you must get a new dress, lass; we can't have you go among grand folks as Jim Crow."

"But there is a story about the crow that went out with peacock's feathers," his daughter said to him. "And, besides, how could I get a new dress by Thursday?"

"How could you get a new dress by Thursday?" her father repeated mechanically, for he was watching one of his pet pigeons on the roof of the mill. "How can I tell you? Go and ask your mother. Don't bother me."

It is quite certain that Wenna would not have availed herself of this gracious permission, for her mother was not very well, and she did not wish to increase that tender

anxiety which Mrs. Rosewarne already showed about her daughter's going among these strangers; but that this conversation had been overheard by Mabyn, and that young lady, as was her habit, plunged headlong into the matter.

"You can have the dress quite well, Wenna," she said, coming out to the door of the inn, and calling on her mother to come too. "Now, look here, mother, I give you warning that I never, never, never will speak another word to Wenna if she doesn't take the silk that is lying by for me and have it made up directly: never a single word, if I live in Englosilyan for a hundred and twenty-five years!"

"Mabyn, I don't want a new dress," Wenna expostulated. "I don't need one. Why should you rush at little things as if you were a squadron of cavalry?"

"I don't care whether you want it or whether you don't want it; but you've got to have it, hasn't she, mother? Or else, it's what I tell you: not a word—not a word, if you were to go down before me on your bended knees." This was said with much dramatic effect.

"I think you had better let Mabyn have her own way," the mother said, gently.

"I let her?" Wenna answered, pretending not to notice Mabyn's look of defiance and triumph. "She always has her own way; tomboys always have."

"Don't call names, Wenna," her sister said, severely; "especially as I have just given you a new dress. You'll have to get Miss Keam down directly, or else I'll go and cut it myself, and then you'll have Harry Trelyon laughing at you; for he always laughs at people who don't know how to keep him in his proper place."

"Meaning yourself, Mabyn," the mother said; but Mabyn was not to be crushed by any sarcasm.

Certainly Harry Trelyon was in no laughing or spiteful mood when he drove down on that Thursday evening to take Wenna Rosewarne up to the Hall. He was as pleased and proud as he well could be; and when he went into the inn he made no secret of his satisfaction and of his gratitude to her for having been good enough to accept his mother's invitation. Moreover, understanding that Mrs. Rosewarne was still rather ailing, he had brought down for her a brace of grouse from a hamper that had reached the Hall from

Yorkshire that morning; and he was even friendly and good-natured with Mabyn instead of being ceremoniously impertinent towards her.

"Don't you think, Mr. Trelyon," said Wenna, in a timid way, as she was getting into the brougham, "don't you think we should drive round for Mr. Roscorla?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Mabyn, with promptitude. "He always prefers a walk before dinner—I know he does—he told me so. He must have started long ago. Don't you mind her, Mr. Trelyon."

Mr. Trelyon was grinning as he and Wenna drove away.

"She's a thorough good sort of girl, that sister of yours," he said; "but when she marries won't she lead her husband a pretty dance!"

"Oh, nothing of the sort, I can assure you," Wenna said, sharply. "She is as gentle as any one can well be. If she is impetuous, it is always in thinking of other people. There is nothing she wouldn't do to serve those whom she really cares for."

"Well," said he with a laugh, "I never knew two girls stick up so for one another. Don't imagine I was such a fool as to say anything against her. But sisters ain't often like that. My cousin Jue has a sister at school, and when she's at home, the bullying that goes on is something awful; or rather it's nagging and scratching, for girls never go in for a fair stand-up fight. And yet when you meet these two separately, you find each of them as good-natured and good-tempered as you could wish. But if there's anything said about you anywhere that isn't positive worship, why, Mabyn comes down on the people like a cart-load of bricks; and she can do it, mind you, when she likes."

"Remember," he said, after a word or two, "I mean to take you in to dinner. It is just possible my mother may ask Mr. Roscorla to take you in, as a compliment to him; but don't you go."

"I must do what I am told," Wenna answered, meekly.

"Oh no, you mustn't," he said. "That is merely a girl's notion of what is proper. You are a woman now; you can do what you like. Don't you know how your position is changed since you became engaged?"

"Yes, it is changed," she said; and then she added

quickly: "Surely that must be a planet that one can see already?"

"You can be much more independent in your actions now and much more friendly with many people, don't you know?" said this young man, who did not see he was treading on very delicate ground, and that of all things in the world that Wenna least liked to hear spoken of, her engagement to Mr. Roscorla was the chief.

Late that night, when Wenna returned from her first dinner-party at Trelyon Hall, she found her sister Mabyn waiting up for her; and, having properly scolded the young lady for so doing, she sat down and consented to give her an ample and minute description of all the strange things that had happened.

"Well, you must know," said she, folding her hands on her knees as she had been used to do in telling tales to Mabyn when they were children together: "you must know that when we drove up through the trees, the house seemed very big, and grey, and still, for it was getting dark, and there was no sound about the place. It was so ghost-like that it rather frightened me; but in the hall we passed the door of a large room, and there I got a glimpse of a very gay and brilliant place, and I heard some people talking. Mr. Trelyon was waiting for me when I came down again, and he took me into the drawing-room and introduced me to his mother, who was very kind to me, but did not seem inclined to speak much to any one. There was no other lady in the room—only those two clergymen who were in church last Sunday, and Mr. Trehella, and Mr. Roscorla. I thought Mr. Roscorla was a little embarrassed when he came forward to shake hands with me—and that was natural, for all the people must have known—and he looked at my dress the moment I entered the room; and then, Mabyn, I did thank you in my heart for letting me have it; for I had forgotten that Mr. Roscorla would regard me as being on my trial, and I hope he was not ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you!" said Mabyn with a sudden flash of anger. "Do you mean that *he* was on his trial?"

"Be quiet. Well, you must know, that Mr. Trelyon was in very high spirits, and I never saw him so good-natured, and he must needs take me into dinner, and I sat on his

right hand. Mrs. Treylon told me it was only a quiet little family party; and I said I was very glad. Do you know, Mabyn, there is something about her that you can't help liking—I think it is her voice and her soft way of looking at you; but she is so very gentle and ordinarily so silent, that she makes you feel as if you were a very forward and talkative, and rude person——”

“That is precisely what you are, Wenna,” Mabyn observed, with school-girl sarcasm.

“But Mr. Treylon, he was talking to everybody at once—all round the table—I never saw him in such spirits; and most of all he was very kind to Mr. Trehwella, and I liked him for that. He told me he had asked Mr. Trehwella because I was coming; and one thing I noticed was, that he was always sending the butler to fill Mr. Trehwella's glass, or to offer him some different wine, whereas he let the other two clergymen take their chance. Mr. Roscorla was at the other end of the table—he took in Mrs. Treylon—I hope he was not vexed that I did not have a chance of speaking to him the whole evening; but how could I help it? He would not come near me in the drawing-room—perhaps that was proper, considering that we are engaged; only I hope he is not vexed.”

For once Miss Mabyn kept a hold over her tongue, and did not reveal the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind.

“Well, after dinner Mrs. Treylon and I went back to the drawing-room; and it was very brilliant and beautiful; but oh! one felt so much alone in the big place that I was glad when she asked me if I would play something for her. It was something to think about; but I had no music, and I had to begin and recollect all sorts of pieces that I had almost forgotten. At first she was at the other end of the room, in a low easy-chair of rose-coloured silk; and she looked really very beautiful and sad, and as if she were dreaming. But by and by she came over and sat by the piano; and it was as if you were playing to a ghost, that listened without speaking. I played one or two of the ‘Songs without Words’—those I could recollect easily—then Beethoven's ‘Farewell;’ but while I was playing that I happened to turn a little bit, and, do you know, she was

crying in a quiet and silent way. Then she put her hand gently on my arm; and I stopped playing; but I did not turn towards her, for there was something so strange and sad in seeing her cry that I was nearly crying myself, and I did not understand what was troubling her. Then, do you know, Mabyn, she rose and put her hand on my head, and said, ‘I hear you are a very good girl: I hope you will come and see me.’ Then I told her I was sorry that something I had played had troubled her; and as I saw she was still distressed, I was very glad when she asked me if I would put on a hood and a shawl and take a turn with her round some of the paths outside. It is such a beautiful night to-night, Mabyn; and up there, where you seemed to be just under the stars, the perfumes of the flowers were so sweet. Sometimes we walked under the trees, almost in darkness; and then we would come out on the clear space of the lawn, and find the skies overhead; and then we would go into the rose garden; and all the time she was no longer like a ghost, but talking to me as if she had known me a long time. And she is such a strange woman, Mabyn—she seems to live so much apart from other people, and to look at everything just as it affects herself. Fancy a harp, you know, never thinking of the music it was making; but looking all the time at the quivering of its own strings. I hope I did not offend her; for when she was saying some very kindly things to me—of course Mr. Treylon had been telling her a heap of nonsense—about helping people and that, she seemed to think that the only person to be considered in such cases was yourself, and not those whom you might try to help. Well, when she was talking about the beautiful sensations of being benevolent—and how it softened your heart and refined your feelings to be charitable—I am afraid I said something I should not have said, for she immediately turned and asked me what more I would have her do. Well, I thought to myself, if I have offended her, it's done and can't be helped; and so I plunged into the very thing I had been thinking of all the way in the brougham——”

“The Sewing Club!” said Mabyn; for Wenna had already spoken of her dark and nefarious scheme to her sister.

"Yes; once I was in it, I told her of the whole affair; and what she could do if she liked. She was surprised, and I think a little afraid. 'I do not know the people,' she said, 'as you do. But I should be delighted to give you all the money you required, if you would undertake the rest.' 'Oh, no, madam,' said I (afterwards she asked me not to call her so), 'that is impossible. I have many things to do at home, especially at present, for my mother is not well. What little time I can give to other people has many calls on it. And I could not do all this by myself.'"

"I should think not," said Mabyn, rising up in great indignation, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "Why, Wenna, they'd work your fingers to the bone, and never say thank you. You do far too much already—I say you do far too much already—and the idea that you should do that! You may say what you like about Mrs. Trelyon—she may be a very good lady; but I consider it nothing less than mean—I consider it disgraceful, mean, and abominably wicked, that she should ask you to do all this work and do nothing herself!"

"My dear child," said Wenna, "you are quite unjust. Mrs. Trelyon is neither mean nor wicked; but she was in ignorance, and she is timid, and unused to visiting poor people. When I showed her that no one in Eglosilyan could so effectively begin the Club as herself—and that the reckless giving of money she seemed inclined to was the worst sort of kindness—and when I told her of all my plans of getting the materials wholesale, and making the husbands subscribe, and the women sew, and all that I have told you, she took to the plan with an almost childish enthusiasm; and now it is quite settled; and the only danger is that she may destroy the purpose of it by being over-generous. Don't you see, Mabyn, it is her first effort in actual and practical benevolence; she seems hitherto only to have satisfied her sense of duty or pleased her feelings by giving cheques to public charities; and she is already just a little too eager and interested in it. She doesn't know what a slow and wearisome thing it is to give some small help to your neighbours discreetly."

"Oh, Wenna," her sister said, "what a manager you are! Sometimes I think you must be a thousand years of

age; and at other times you seem so silly about your own affairs that I can't understand you. Did Mr. Roscorla bring you home?"

"No, but he came in the brougham along with Mr. Trelyon. There was a great deal of joking about the conquest—so they said—I had made of Mrs. Trelyon; but you see how it all came about, Mabyn. She was so interested in this scheme—"

"Oh, yes; I see how it all came about," said Mabyn, quite contentedly. "And now you are very tired, you poor little thing, and I shan't ask you any more about your dinner-party to-night. Here is a candle."

Wenna was just going into her own room, when her sister turned and said—

"Wenna?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you think that His Royal Highness Mr. Roscorla condescended to be pleased with your appearance, and your manners, and your dress?"

"Don't you ask impertinent questions," said Wenna as she shut the door.

CHAPTER XV.

A LEAVE-TAKING OF LOVERS.

WENNA had indeed made a conquest of the pale and gentle lady up at the Hall, which at another time might have been attended with important results to the people of Eglosilyan. But at this period of the year the Trelyons were in the habit of leaving Cornwall for a few months; Mrs. Trelyon generally going to some continental watering place, while her son proceeded to accept such invitations as he could get to shoot in the English counties. This autumn Harry Trelyon accompanied his mother as far as Etretât, where a number of her friends had made up a small party. From this point she wrote to Wenna, saying how sorry she was she could not personally help in founding the Sewing Club, but offering to send a handsome subscription. Wenna answered the letter in a dutiful spirit, but firmly declined the offer. Then nothing was heard of the

Trelyons for a long time, except that now and again a hamper of game would make its appearance at Eglosilyan, addressed to Miss Wenna Rosewarne in a sprawling school-boy's hand, which she easily recognized. Master Harry was certainly acting on his own theory, that now she was engaged he could give her presents, or otherwise be as familiar and as friendly with her as he pleased.

It was a dull, slow, and dreary winter. Mr. Roscorla was deeply engaged with his Jamaica project, and was occasionally up in London for a fortnight at a time. He had got the money from young Trelyon, and soon hoped to set out—as he told Wenna—to make his fortune. She put no obstacle in his way, nor yet did she encourage him to go; it was for him to decide, and she would abide by his decision. For the rest, he never revived that proposal of his that they should be married before he went.

Eglosilyan in winter time is a very different place from the Eglosilyan of the happy summer months. The wild coast is sombre and gloomy. The uplands are windy, and bleak, and bare. There is no shining plain of blue lying around the land, but a dark and cheerless sea, that howls in the night time as it beats on the mighty walls of black rock. It is rather a relief, indeed—to break the mournful silence of those projecting cliffs and untenanted bays—when the heavens are shaken with a storm, and when the gigantic waves wash into the small harbour, so that the coasters seeking shelter there have to be scuttled and temporarily sunk in order to save them. Then there are the fierce rains, to guard against which the seaward-looking houses have been faced with slate; and the gardens get dank and wet; and the ways are full of mire; and no one dares venture out on the slippery cliffs. It was a tedious and a cheerless winter.

Then Mrs. Rosewarne was more or less of an invalid the most of the time, and Wenna was much occupied by household cares. Occasionally, when her duties indoors and in the cottages of her humble friends had been got over, she would climb up the hill on the other side of the mill-stream to have a look around her. One seemed to breathe more freely up there among the rocks and furze than in small parlours or kitchens where children had to be laboriously

taught. And yet the picture was not cheerful. A grey and leaden sea—a black line of cliffs standing sharp against it until lost in the mist of the south—the green slopes over the cliffs touched here and there with the brown of withered bracken—then down in the two valleys the leafless trees, and gardens, and cottages of Eglosilyan, the slates ordinarily shining wet with the rain. One day Wenna received a brief little letter from Mrs. Trelyon, who was at Mentone, and who said something about the balmy air, and the beautiful skies, and the blue water around her; and the girl, looking out on the hard and stern features of this sombre coast, wondered how such things could be.

Somehow there was so much ordinary and commonplace work to do that Wenna almost forgot that she was engaged; and Mr. Roscorla, continually occupied with his new project, seldom cared to remind her that they were on the footing of sweethearts. Their relations were of an eminently friendly character, but little more: in view of the forthcoming separation he scarcely thought it worth while to have them anything more. Sometimes he was inclined to apologise to her for the absence of sentiment and romanticism which marked their intimacy; but the more he saw of her the more he perceived that she did not care for that sort of thing, and was, indeed, about as anxious to avoid it as he was himself. She kept their engagement a secret. He once offered her his arm in going home from church; she made some excuse; and he did not repeat the offer. When he came in of an evening to have a chat with George Rosewarne they talked about the subjects of the day as they had been accustomed to do long before his engagement; and Wenna sat and sewed in silence, or withdrew to a side-table to make up her account-books. Very rarely indeed—thanks to Miss Mabyn, whose hostilities had never ceased—had he a chance of seeing his betrothed alone, and then, somehow, their conversation invariably took a practical turn. It was not a romantic courtship.

He considered her a very sensible girl. He was glad that his choice was approved by his reason. She was not beautiful; but she had qualities that would last—intelligence, sweetness, and a sufficient fund of gentle humour to keep a man in good spirits. She was not quite in his own sphere

of life; but then, he argued with himself, a man ought always to marry a woman who is below him rather than above him—in social position, or in wealth, or in brain, or in all three; for then she is all the more likely to respect and obey him, and to be grateful to him. Now, if you do not happen to have won the deep and fervent love of a woman—a thing that seldom occurs—gratitude is a very good substitute. Mr. Roscorla was quite content.

"Wenna," said he, one day after they had got into the new year, and when one had begun to look forward to the first indications of spring in that southern county, "the whole affair is now afloat, and it is time I should be too—forgive the profound witticism. Everything has been done out there; we can do no more here; and my partners think I should sail about the fifteenth of next month."

Was he asking her permission, or expecting some utterance of regret that he looked at her so? She cast down her eyes, and said, rather timidly—

"I hope you will have a safe voyage—and be successful."

He was a little disappointed that she said nothing more; but he himself immediately proceeded to deal with the aspects of the case in a most businesslike manner.

"And then," said he, "I don't want to put you to the pain of taking a formal and solemn farewell as the ship sails. One always feels downhearted in watching a ship go away, even though there is no reason. I must go to London in any case for a few days before sailing, and so I thought that if you wouldn't mind coming as far as Launceston—with your mother or sister—you could drive back here without any bother."

"If you do not consider it unkind," said Wenna, in a low voice, "I should prefer that. For I could not take mamma further than Launceston, I think."

"I shall never consider anything you do unkind," said he. "I do not think you are capable of unkindness."

He wished at this moment to add something about her engagement ring, but could not quite muster up courage. He paused for a minute, and became embarrassed, and then told her what a first-class cabin to Jamaica would cost.

At length the day came round. The weather had been bitterly cold and raw for the previous two or three weeks;

though it was March the world seemed still frozen in the grasp of winter. Early on this bleak and grey morning Mr. Roscorla walked down to the inn, and found the waggonette at the door. His luggage had been sent on to Southampton some days before; he was ready to start at once.

Wenna was a little pale and nervous when she came out and got into the waggonette; but she busied herself in wrapping abundant rugs and shawls round her mother, who protested against being buried alive.

"Good-bye," said her father, shaking hands with Mr. Roscorla carelessly, "I hope you'll have a fine voyage. Wenna, don't forget to ask for those cartridge-cases as you drive back from the station."

Mabyn also came up.

"Good-bye," she said to him, with a certain coldness, "I hope you will get safely out to Jamaica."

"And back again?" he said, with a laugh.

Mabyn said nothing, turned away, and pretended to be examining the outlines of the waggonette. Nor did she speak again to any one until the small party drove off; and then, when they had got over the bridge, and along the valley, and up and over the hill, she suddenly ran to her father, flung her arms round his neck, kissed him, and cried out—

"Hurrah! the horrid creature is gone, and he'll never come back—never!"

"Mabyn," said her father, in a peevish ill-temper, as he stooped to pick up the broken pipe which she had caused him to let fall, "I wish you wouldn't be such a fool."

But Mabyn was not to be crushed. She said, "Poor dadda, has it broken its pipe?" and then she walked off, with her head very erect, and a very happy light on her face, while she sang to herself, after the manner of an acquaintance of hers, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!"

There was less cheerfulness in that waggonette that was making its way across the bleak uplands—a black speck in the grey and wintry landscape. Wenna was really sorry that this long voyage, and all its cares and anxieties, should lie before one who had been so kind to her; it made her

miserable to think of his going away into strange lands all by himself, with little of the buoyancy, and restlessness, and ambition of youth to bear him up. As for him, he was chiefly occupied during this silent drive across to Launceston in nursing the fancy that he was going out to fight the world for her sake—as a younger man might have done—and that, if he returned successful, her gratitude would be added to the substantial results of his trip. It rather pleased him to imagine himself in this position. After all he was not so very elderly; and he was in very good preservation for his years. He was more than a match in physique, in hopefulness, and in a knowledge of the world that ought to stand him in good stead, for many a younger man who, with far less chances of success, was bent on making a fortune for the sake of some particular girl.

He was not displeased to see that she was sorry about his going away. She would soon get over that. He had no wish that she should continually mope in his absence; nor did he, indeed, believe that any sensible girl would do anything of the sort.

At the same time he had no doubt about her remaining constant to him. A girl altogether out of the way of meeting marriageable young men would be under no temptation to let her fancies rove. Moreover, Wenna Rosewarne had something to gain, in social position, by her marriage with him, which she could not be so blind as to ignore; and had she not, too, the inducement of waiting to see whether he might not bring back a fortune to her? But the real cause of his trust in her was the experience of her uncompromising sincerity and keen sense of honour that he had acquired during a long and sufficiently intimate friendship. If the thought of her breaking her promise ever occurred to him, it was not as a serious possibility, but as an idle fancy, to be idly dismissed.

"You are very silent," he said to her.

"I am sorry you are going away," she said, simply and honestly; and the admission pleased and flattered him.

"You don't give me courage," he said, laughingly. "You ought to consider that I am going out into the world—even at my time of life—to get a lot of money and come back to make a grand lady of you."

"Oh!" said she in sudden alarm—for such a thought had never entered her head—"I hope you are not going away on my account. You know that I wish for nothing of the kind. I hope you did not consider me in resolving to go to Jamaica!"

"Well, of course, I considered you," said he, good-naturedly. "But don't alarm yourself; I should have gone if I had never seen you. Naturally, though, I have an additional motive in going when I look to the future."

That was not a pleasant thought for Wenna Rosewarne. It was not likely to comfort her on stormy nights, when she might lie awake and think of a certain ship at sea. She had acquiesced in his going, as in one of those things which men do because they are men and seem bound to satisfy their ambition with results which women might consider unnecessary. But that she should have exercised any influence on his decision—that alarmed her with a new sense of responsibility; and she began to wish that he could suddenly drop this project, have the waggonette turned round, and drive back to the quiet content and small economies and peaceful work of Eglosilyan.

They arrived in good time at Launceston, and went for a stroll up to the fine old castle while luncheon was being got ready at the hotel. Wenna did not seem to regard that as a very enticing meal when they sat down to it. The talk was kept up chiefly by her mother and Mr. Roscorla, who spoke of life on shipboard, and the best means of killing the tedium of it. Mr. Roscorla said he would keep a journal all the time he was away, and send instalments from time to time to Wenna.

They went on foot from the hotel down to the station. Just outside the station they saw a landau, drawn by a pair of beautiful greys, which were being walked up and down.

"Surely those are Mrs. Trelyon's horses," Wenna said; and as the carriage, which was empty, came nearer, the coachman touched his hat. "Perhaps she is coming back to the Hall to-day."

The words were uttered carelessly, for she was thinking of other things. When they at last stood on the platform, and Mr. Roscorla had chosen his seat, he could see that she looked more anxious and troubled than ever. He spoke in

a light and cheerful way, mostly to her mother, until the guard requested him to get into the compartment, and then he turned to the girl and took her hand.

"Good-bye, my dear Wenna," said he. "God bless you! I hope you will write to me often."

Then he kissed her cheek, shook hands with her again, and got into his place. She had not spoken a word. Her lips were trembling: she could not speak: and he saw it.

When the train went slowly out of the station, Wenna stood and looked after it with something of a mist before her eyes, until she could see nothing of the handkerchief that was being waved from one of the carriage windows. She remained quite still, until her mother put her hand on her shoulder, and then she turned and walked away with her. They had not gone three yards when they were met by a tall young man who had come rushing down the hill and through the small station-house.

"By Jove!" said he, "I am just too late. How do you do, Mrs. Rosewarne? How are you, Wenna?"—and then he paused, and a great blush overspread his face; for the girl looked up at him, and took his hand silently, and he could see there were tears in her eyes. It occurred to him that he had no business there; and yet he had come on an errand of kindness. So he said, with some little embarrassment, to Mrs. Rosewarne—

"I heard you were coming over to this train; and I was afraid you would find the drive back in the waggonette rather cold towards evening. I have got our landau outside, closed, you know—and I thought you might let me drive you over."

Mrs. Rosewarne looked at her daughter. Wenna decided all such things, and the girl said to him, in a low voice—

"It is very kind of you."

"Then just give me a second, that I may tell your man," Trelyon said, and off he darted.

Was it his respect for Wenna's trouble, or had it been his knocking about among strangers for six months, that seemed to have given to the young man (at least in Mrs. Rosewarne's eyes) something of a more courteous and considerate manner? When the three of them were being rapidly whirled along the Launceston highway in Mrs. Trelyon's

carriage, Harry Trelyon was evidently bent on diverting Wenna's thoughts from her present cares; and he told stories, and asked questions, and related his recent adventures in such a fashion that the girl's face gradually lightened, and she grew interested and pleased. She, too, thought he was much improved—how, she could not exactly tell.

"Come," said he, at last, "you must not be very down-hearted about a mere holiday trip. You will soon get letters, you know, telling you all about the strange places abroad; and then, before you know where you are, you'll have to drive over to the station, as you did to-day, to meet Mr. Roscorla coming back."

"It may be a very long time indeed," Wenna said; "and if he should come to any harm I shall know that I was the cause of it; for if it had not been for me, I don't believe he would have gone."

"Oh, that is quite absurd!—begging your pardon," said Master Harry, coolly. "Roscorla got a chance of making some money, and he took it, as any other man would. You had no more to do with it than I had—indeed, I had something to do with it—but that's a secret. No; don't you make any mistake about that. And he'll be precious well off when he's out there, and seeing everything going on smoothly, especially when he gets a letter from you, with a Cornish primrose or violet in it. And you'll get that soon now," he added, quickly, seeing that Wenna blushed somewhat; "for I fancy there's a sort of feeling in the air this afternoon that means spring-time. I think the wind has been getting round to the west all day; before night you will find a difference, I can tell you."

"I think it has become very fresh and mild already," Wenna said, judging by an occasional breath that came in at the top of the windows.

"Do you think you could bear the landau open?" said he, eagerly.

When they stopped to try—when they opened the windows—the predictions of the weather prophet had already been fulfilled, and a strange, genial mildness and freshness pervaded the air. They were now near Eglosilyan, on the brow of a hill, and away below them they beheld the sea

lying dull and grey under the cloudy sky. But while they waited for the coachman to uncover the landau, a soft and yellow light began to show itself far out in the west; a break appeared in the clouds; and a vast comb of gold shone down on the plain of water beneath. The western skies were opening up; and what with this new and beautiful light, and what with the sweet air that awoke a thousand pleasant and pathetic memories, it seemed to Wenna Rosewarne that the tender spring-time was at length at hand, with all its wonder of yellow crocuses and pale snowdrops, and the first faint shimmerings of green on the hedges and woods. Her eyes filled with tears—she knew not why. Surely she was not old enough to know anything of the unspeakable sadness that comes to some when the heavens grow clearer and more clear, when a new life stirs in the trees, and the world awakes to the fairness of the spring. She was only eighteen; she had a lover; and she was as certain of his faithfulness as of her own.

In bidding them good-bye at the door of the inn, Mr. Harry Trelyon told them that he meant to remain in Eglosilyan for some months to come.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING-TIME.

THE spring-time had indeed arrived—rapidly and imperceptibly; and all at once it seemed as if the world had grown green, and the skies fair and clear, and the winds sweet with a new and delightful sweetness. Each morning that Wenna went out brought some further wonder with it—along the budding hedgerows, in the colours of the valley, in the fresh warmth of the air, and the white light of the clouds. And at last the sea began to show its deep and resplendent summer blue, when the morning happened to be still, and there was a silvery haze along the coast.

“Mabyn, is your sister at home? And do you think she could go up to the Hall for a little while, for my mother wants to see her? And do you think she would walk round by the cliffs—it is such a splendid morning—if you came with her?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Trelyon,” said Mabyn, readily, and with far more respect and courtesy than she usually showed to the young gentleman. “I am quite sure Wenna can go; and I know she would like to walk round by the cliffs—she is always glad to do that—and I will tell her to get ready instantly. But I can’t go, Mr. Trelyon—I am exceedingly busy this morning.”

“Why, you have been reading a novel!”

“But I am about to be exceedingly busy,” said Mabyn, petulantly. “You can’t expect people to be always working—and I tell you I can’t go with you, Mr. Trelyon.”

“Oh, very well,” said he carelessly, “you needn’t show your temper.”

“My temper!” said Mabyn; but then recollecting herself, and smiling derisively, she went away to fetch her sister.

When Wenna came outside into the white sunlight, and went forward to shake hands with him, with her dark eyes lit up by a friendly smile, it seemed to him that not for many a day—not certainly during all the time of her engagement with Mr. Roscorla—had he seen her look so pleased, and happy, and contented. She still bore that quiet gravity of demeanour which had made him call her the little Puritan; and there was the same earnestness in her eyes as they regarded any one; but there was altogether a brighter aspect about her face that pleased him exceedingly. For he was very well disposed to this shy and yet matter-of-fact young lady; and was alternately amused by the quaintness of her motherly ways in dealing with the people about her, and startled into admiration by some sudden glimpse of the fine sincerity of her nature. He had done more to please her—he had gone to church several times, and tried to better his handwriting, and resolved to be more careful of speaking of parsons in her presence—than he ever thought he could have done to please any woman.

So these two set forth on this bright and cheerful morning; and one would have said, to see them as they went, that two happier young folks were not within the county of Cornwall at that moment. Wenna had a pleasant word for every one that passed; and when they had gone