

"I don't quite know about the elegance of the luncheon; but I am sure our little excursion has been very pleasant. Don't you think so, Miss Rosewarne?" Mrs. Trelyon said.

"Indeed I do," said Wenna, with her big, dark eyes coming back from their trance.

"And here is another thing," remarked young Trelyon. "There's a picture I've seen of the heir coming of age—he's a horrid, self-sufficient young cad, but never mind—and it seems to be a day of general jollification. Can't I give a present to somebody? Well, I'm going to give it to a young lady, who never cares for anything but what she can give away again to somebody else; and it is—well, it is—why don't you guess, Mabyn?"

"I don't know what you mean to give Wenna," said Mabyn, naturally.

"Why, you silly, I mean to give her a dozen sewing-machines—a baker's dozen—thirteen—there! Oh! I heard you as you came along. It was all, '*Three sewing-machines will cost so much, and four sewing-machines will cost so much, and five sewing-machines will cost so much. And a penny a week from so many subscribers will be so much, and twopence a week from so many will be so much;*' and all this as if my mother could tell you how much twice two was. My arithmetic ain't very brilliant; but as for hers— And these you shall have, Miss Wenna—one baker's dozen of sewing-machines, as per order, duly delivered, carriage free; empty casks and bottles to be returned."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Trelyon," Wenna said—and all the dreams had gone straight out of her head so soon as this was mentioned—"but we can't possibly accept them. You know our scheme is to make the Sewing Club quite self-supporting—no charity."

"Oh, what stuff!" the young gentleman cried. "You know you will give all your labour and supervision for nothing—isn't that charity? And you know you will let off all sorts of people owing you subscriptions the moment some blessed baby falls ill. And you know you won't charge interest on all the outlay. But if you insist on paying me back for my sewing-machines out of the overwhelming profits at the end of next year, then I'll take the money. I'm not proud."

"Then we will take six sewing-machines from you, if you please, Mr. Trelyon, on those conditions," said Wenna, gravely. And Master Harry—with a look towards Mabyn which was just about as good as a wink—consented.

As they drove quietly back again to Eglosilyan, Mabyn had taken her former place by the driver, and found him uncommonly thoughtful. He answered her questions, but that was all; and it was so unusual to find Harry Trelyon in this mood, that she said to him—

"Mr. Trelyon, have you been seeing ghosts, too?"

He turned to her and said—

"I was thinking about something. Look here, Mabyn; did you ever know any one, or do you know any one, whose face is a sort of barometer to you? Suppose that you see her look pale and tired, or sad in any way, then down go your spirits, and you almost wish you had never been born. When you see her face brighten up, and get full of healthy colour, you feel glad enough to burst out singing, or go mad; anyhow, you know that everything's all right. What the weather is, what people may say about you, whatever else may happen to you, that's nothing: all you want to see is just that one person's face look perfectly radiant and perfectly happy, and nothing can touch you then. Did you ever know anybody like that?" he added, rather abruptly.

"Oh yes!" said Mabyn, in a low voice. "That is when you are in love with some one. And there is only one face in all the world that I look to for all these things: there is only one person I know who tells you openly and simply in her face all that affects her: and that is our Wenna. I suppose you have noticed that, Mr. Trelyon?"

But he did not make any answer.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONFESSION.

THE lad lay dreaming in the warm meadows, by the side of a small and rapid brook, the clear waters of which plashed and bubbled in the sunlight as they hurried past the brown stones. His fishing-rod lay near him, hidden in the long

grass and the daisies. The sun was hot in the valley—shining on a wall of grey rock behind him, and throwing purple shadows over the clefts; shining on the dark bushes beside the stream, and on the lush green of the meadows; shining on the trees beyond, underneath which some dark red cattle were standing. Then, away on the other side of the valley rose gently-sloping woods, tremulous in the haze of the heat; and over these again was a pale blue sky with scarcely a cloud in it. It was a hot day to be found in spring-time; but the waters of the brook seemed cool and pleasant as they gurgled by; and occasionally a breath of wind blew from over the heights. For the rest, he lay so still on this fine, indolent, dreamy morning that the birds around seemed to take no note of his presence; and one of the large woodpeckers, with his scarlet head and green body brilliant in the sunshine, flew close by him and disappeared into the bushes opposite, like a sudden gleam of colour shot by a diamond.

“Next month,” he was thinking to himself, as he lay with his hands behind his head, not caring to shade his handsome and well-tanned face from the light, “next month I shall be twenty-one, and most folks will consider me a man. Anyhow, I don’t know the man whom I wouldn’t fight, or run, or ride, or shoot against, for any wager he liked. But of all the people who know anything about me, just that one whose opinion I care for will not consider me a man at all, but only a boy. And that without saying anything. You can tell, somehow, by a mere look what her feelings are; and you know that what she thinks is true. Of course it’s true—I am only a boy. What’s the good of me to anybody? I could look after a farm—that is, I could look after other people doing their work, but I couldn’t do any myself. And that seems to me what she is always thinking of—what’s the good of you, what are you doing, what are you busy about? It’s all very well for her to be busy; for she can do a hundred thousand things; and she is always at them. What can I do?”

Then his wandering day-dreams took another turn.

“It was an odd thing for Mabyn to say, ‘*That is when you are in love with some one.*’ But those girls take every-

thing for love. They don’t know how you can admire almost to worshipping the goodness of a woman, and how you are anxious that she should be well and happy, and how you would do anything in the world to please her, without fancying straight away that you are in love with her, and want to marry her, and drive about in the same carriage with her. I shall be quite as fond of Wenna Rosewarne when she is married; although I shall hate that little brute with his rum accounts and his treacle accounts—the cheek of him, in asking her to marry him, is astonishing! He is the most hideous little beast that could have been picked out to marry any woman; but I suppose he has appealed to her compassion, and then she’ll do anything. But if there was anybody else in love with her—if she cared the least bit about anybody else—wouldn’t I go straight to her, and insist on her shunting that fellow aside! What claim has he on any other feeling of hers but her pity? Why, if that fellow were to come and try to frighten her—and if I were in the affair, and if she appealed to me even by a look—then there would be short work with something or somebody!”

He got up hastily, with something of an angry look on his face. He did not notice that he had startled all the birds around from out of the bushes. He picked up his rod and line in a morose fashion, not seeming to care about adding to the half-dozen small and red-speckled trout he had in his basket.

While he was thus irresolutely standing, he caught sight of a girl’s figure coming rapidly along the valley, under the shadow of some ash-trees growing by the stream. It was Wenna Rosewarne herself, and she appeared to be hurrying towards him. She was carrying some black object in her arms.

“Oh, Mr. Trelyon,” she said, “what am I to do with this little dog? I saw him kicking in the road and foaming at the mouth—and then he got up and ran—and I took him——”

Before she had time to say anything more the young man made a sudden dive at the dog, caught hold of him, and turned and heaved him into the stream. He fell into a little pool of clear brown water; he spluttered and paddled

there for a second ; then he got his footing and scrambled across the stones up to the opposite bank, where he began shaking the water from his coat among the long grass.

"Oh, how could you be so disgracefully cruel!" she said, with her face full of indignation.

"And how could you be so imprudent?" he said, quite as vehemently. "Why, whose is the dog?"

"I don't know."

"And you catch up some mongrel little cur in the middle of the highway—he might have been mad——"

"I knew he wasn't mad!" she said. "It was only a fit; and how could you be so cruel as to throw him into the river?"

"Oh," said the young man, coolly, "a dash of cold water is the best thing for a dog when it has a fit. Besides, I don't care what he had, or what I did with him, so long as you are safe. Your little finger is of more consequence than the necks of all the curs in the country."

"Oh! it is mean of you to say that," she retorted, warmly. "You have no pity for those wretched little things that are at every one's mercy. If it were a handsome and beautiful dog, now, you would care for that; or if it were a dog that was skilled in getting game for you, you would care for that."

"Yes, certainly," he said. "These are dogs that have something to recommend them."

"Yes, and every one is good to them; they are not in need of your favour. But you don't think of the wretched little brutes that have nothing to recommend them—that only live on sufferance—that every one kicks, and despises, and starves."

"Well," said he, with some compunction, "look there! That new friend of yours—he's no great beauty, you must confess—is all right now. The bath has cured him. As soon as he's done licking his paws, he'll be off home, wherever that may be. But I've always noticed that about you, Wenna—you're always on the side of things that are ugly, and helpless, and useless in the world; and you're not very just to those who don't agree with you. For after all, you know, one wants time to acquire that notion of yours—

that it is only weak and ill-favoured creatures that are worthy of any consideration."

"Yes," she said, rather sadly; "you want time to learn that."

He looked at her. Did she mean that her sympathy with those who were weak and ill-favoured arose from some strange consciousness that she herself was both? His cheeks began to burn red. He had often heard her hint something like that; and yet he had never dared to reason with her, or show her what he thought of her. Should he do so now?

"Wenna," he said, blushing hotly, "I can't make you out sometimes. You speak as if no one cared for you. Now, if I were to tell you——"

"Oh, I am not so ungrateful," she said, hastily. "I know that two or three do—and—and, Mr. Trelyon, do you think you could coax that little dog over the stream again? You see he has come back—he can't find his way home."

Harry Trelyon called to the dog; it came down to the river's side, and whined and shivered on the brink.

"Do you care a brass farthing about the little beast?" he said to Wenna.

"I must put him on his way home," she answered.

Thereupon the young man went straight through the stream to the other side, jumping the deeper portions of the channel; he caught up the dog, and brought it back to her: and when she was very angry with him for this mad performance, he merely kicked some of the water out of his trousers, and laughed. Then a smile broke over her face also.

"Is that an example of what people would do for me?" she said, shyly. "Mr. Trelyon, you must keep walking through the warm grass till your feet are dry; or will you come along to the inn, and I shall get you some shoes and stockings? Pray do; and at once. I am rather in a hurry."

"I'll go along with you, anyhow," he said, "and put this little brute into the highway. But why are you in a hurry?"

"Because," said Wenna, as they set out to walk down

the valley, "because my mother and I are going to Penzance the day after to-morrow, and I have a lot of things to get ready."

"To Penzance?" said he, with a sudden falling of his face.

"Yes. She has been dreadfully out of sorts lately, and she has sunk into a kind of despondent state. The doctor says she must have a change—a holiday, really, to take her away from the cares of the house——"

"Why Wenna, it's you who want the holiday; it's you who have the cares of the house!" Trelyon said, warmly.

"And so I have persuaded her to go to Penzance for a week or two, and I go with her to look after her. Mr. Trelyon, would you be kind enough to keep Rock for me until we come back?—I am afraid of the servants neglecting him."

"You needn't be afraid of that; he's not one of the ill-favoured; every one will attend to him," said Trelyon; and then he added, after a minute or two of silence: "The fact is, I think I shall be at Penzance also while you are there. My cousin Juliott is coming here in about a fortnight, to celebrate the important event of my coming of age, and I promised to go for her. I might as well go now."

She said nothing.

"I might as well go any time," he continued, rather impatiently. "I haven't got anything to do. Do you know, before you came along just now, I was thinking what a very useful person you were in the world, and what a very useless person I was—about as useless as this little cur. I think somebody should take me up and heave me into a river. And I was wondering, too,"—here he became a little more embarrassed and slow of speech—"I was wondering what you would say if I spoke to you, and gave you a hint that sometimes—that sometimes one might wish to cut this lazy life if one only knew how, and whether so very busy a person as yourself mightn't, don't you see, give one some notion—some sort of hint, in fact——"

"Oh! but then, Mr. Trelyon," she said, quite cheerfully, "you would think it very strange if I asked you to take any interest in the things that keep me busy. That is not a man's work. I wouldn't accept you as a pupil,"

He burst out laughing.

"Why," said he, "do you think I offered to mend stockings, and set sums on slates, and coddle babies?"

"As for setting sums on slates," she remarked, with a quiet impertinence, "the working of them out might be of use to you."

"Yes, and a serious trouble, too," he said candidly. "No, no—that cottage business ain't in my line. I like to have a joke with the old folks, or a romp with the children; but I can't go in for cutting out pinafores. I shall leave my mother to do my share of that for me; and hasn't she come out strong lately, eh? It's quite a new amusement for her; and it's driven a deal of that organ-grinding stuff out of her head; and I've a notion some of those parsons——"

He stopped short, remembering who his companion was; and at this moment they came to a gate which opened out on the highway, through which the small cur was passed to find his road home.

"Now, Miss Wenna,"—said the young man—"by the way, you see how I remember to address you respectfully ever since you got sulky with me about it the other day?"

"I am sure I did not get sulky with you, and especially about that," she remarked, with much composure. "I suppose you are not aware that you have dropped the 'Miss' several times this morning already?"

"Did I, really? Well, then, I'm awfully sorry—but then you are so good-natured you tempt one to forget; and my mother she always calls you Wenna Rosewarne now in speaking to me, as if you were a little school-girl instead of being the chief support and pillar of all the public affairs of Eglosilyan. And now, Miss Wenna, I shan't go down the road with you, because my damp boots and garments would gather the dust; but perhaps you wouldn't mind stopping two seconds here; for I'm going to go a cracker and ask you a question: What should a fellow in my position try to do? You see, I haven't had the least training for any one of the professions, even if I had any sort of capacity——"

"But why should you wish to have a profession?" she

said, simply. "You have more money than is good for you already."

"Then you don't think it ignominious," he said, with his face lighting up considerably, "to fish in summer, and shoot in autumn, and hunt in winter, and make that the only business of one's life?"

"I should, if it were the only business; but it needn't be, and you don't make it so. My father speaks very highly of the way you look after your property; and he knows what attending to an estate is. And then, you have so many opportunities of being kind and useful to the people about you, that you might do more good that way than by working night and day at a profession. Then you owe much to yourself; because if every one began with himself, and educated himself and became satisfied and happy with doing his best, there would be no bad conduct and wretchedness to call for interference. I don't see why you should be ashamed of shooting, and hunting, and all that; and doing them as well as anybody else, or far better, as I hear people say. I don't think a man is bound to have ambition and try to become famous; you might be of much greater use in the world even in such a little place as Eglosilyan than if you were in Parliament. I did say to Mrs. Trelyon that I should like to see you in Parliament, because one has a natural pride in any one that one admires and likes very much—"

He saw the quick look of fear that sprang to her eyes—not a sudden appearance of shy embarrassment, but of absolute fear; and he was almost as startled by her blunder as she herself was. He hastily came to her rescue. He thanked her in a few rapid and formal words for her patience and advice; and, as he saw she was trying to turn away and hide the mortification visible on her face, he shook hands with her, and let her go.

Then he set out for home. He had been startled, it is true, and grieved to see the pain her chance words had caused her. But now a great glow of delight rose up within him; and he could have called aloud to the blue skies and the silent woods because of the joy that filled his heart. They were chance words, of course. They were uttered with no deliberate intention; on the contrary, her

quick look of pain showed how bitterly she regretted her mistake. Moreover, he congratulated himself on his rapid piece of acting, and assured himself that she would believe he had not noticed that admission of hers. They were idle words. She would forget them. The incident, so far as she was concerned, was gone.

But not so far as he was concerned. For now he knew that the person whom, above all other persons in the world, he was most desirous to please, whose respect and esteem he was most anxious to obtain, had not only forgiven him much of his idleness, out of the abundant charity of her heart, but had further, and by chance, revealed to him that she accorded him some little share of that affection which she seemed to shed generously and indiscriminately on so many folks and things around her. He, too, was now in the charmed circle. He walked with a new pride through the warm, green meadows, his rod over his shoulder; he whistled as he went; or he sang snatches of "The Rose of Allandale." He met two small boys out bird's-nesting; he gave them a shilling apiece; and then inconsistently informed them that if he caught them at any time, with a bird's-nest in their hands, he would cuff their ears. Finally he walked hastily homeward; put his fishing-rod away; and shut himself up in his study with half a dozen of those learned volumes which he had brought back unsoiled from school.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON WINGS OF HOPE.

WHEN Trelyon arrived late one evening at Penzance, he was surprised to find his uncle's coachman awaiting him at the station.

"What's the matter, Tobias? Is the old gentleman going to die? You don't mean to say you are here for me?"

"Yaäs, zor, I be," said the little old man, with no great courtesy.

"Then he is going to die, if he sends out his horse at

this time o' night. Look here, Tobias; I'll put my portmanteau inside and come on the box to have a talk with you—you're such a jolly old card, you know—and you'll tell me all that's happened since I last enjoyed my uncle's bountiful hospitality."

This the young man did; and then the brown-faced, wiry, and surly little person, having started his horse, proceeded to tell his story in a series of grumbling and disconnected sentences. He was not nearly so taciturn as he looked.

"The maäster he went sün to bed to-night—'twere Miss Juliott sent me to the station, without tellin' en. He's gettin' worse and worse, that's süre; if yü be for giving me half-a-crown, like, or any one that comes to the house, he finds it out and stops it out o' my wages; yes, he does, zor, the old fule."

"Tobias, be a little more respectful to my uncle, if you please."

"Why, zor, yü knaw en well enough!" said the man, in the same surly fashion. "And I'll tell yü this, Maäster Harry, if yü be after dinner with en, and he has a bottle o' poort wine that he puts on the mantelpiece, and he says to yü to let that aloän, vor 'tis a medicine-zart o' wine, don't yü heed en, but have that wine. 'Tis the real old poort wine, zor, that yür vather gied en; the dahmned old Pagan!"

The young man burst out laughing, instead of reprimanding Tobias, who maintained his sulky impassiveness of face.

"Why, zor, I be gardener now, too; yaäs, I be, to save the wages. And he's gone clean mazed about that garden; yes, I think. Would yü believe this, Maäster Harry, that he killed every one o' the blessed strawberries last year with a lot o' wrack from the bache, because he said it wüd be as good for them as for the 'sparagus?"

"Well, but the old chap finds amusement in pottering about the garden——"

"The old fule," repeated Tobias, in an undertone.

"And the theory is sound about the seaweed and the strawberries; just as his old notion of getting a green rose was by pouring sulphate of copper in at the roots,"

"Yaäs, that were another pretty thing, Maäster Harry, and he had the tin labels all printed out in French, and he waited and waited, and there baint a fairly güde rose left in the garden. And his violet glass for the cucumbers—he burned en up to once, although 'twere fine to hear 'n talk about the sunlight and the rays, and such nonsenses. He be a strange mahn, zor, and a dahmned close 'n with his penny pieces, Christian and all as he calls hissens. There's Miss Juliott, zor, she's goin to get married, I suppose; and when she goes, no one 'll dare speak to 'n. Be yü going to stop long this time, Maäster Harry?"

"Not at the Hollies, Tobias. I shall go down to the Queen's to-morrow; I've got rooms there."

"So much the better; so much the better," said the frank but inhospitable retainer; and presently the jog-trot old animal between the shafts was pulled up in front of a certain square old-fashioned building of grey stone, which was prettily surrounded with trees. They had arrived at the Rev. Mr. Penaluna's house; and there was a young lady standing in the light of the hall, she having opened the door very softly as she heard the carriage drive up.

"So here you are, Harry; and you'll stay with us the whole fortnight, won't you? Come into the dining-room—I have some supper ready for you. Papa's gone to bed, and he desired me to give you his excuses, and he hopes you'll make yourself quite at home, as you always do, Harry."

He did make himself quite at home; for, having kissed his cousin, and flung his top-coat down in the hall, he went into the dining-room, and took possession of an easy chair.

"Shan't have any supper, Jue, thank you. You won't mind my lighting a cigar—somebody's been smoking here already. And what's the least poisonous claret you've got?"

"Well, I declare!" she said; but she got him the wine all the same, and watched him light his cigar; then she took the easy chair opposite.

"Tell us about your young man, Jue," he said. "Girls always like to talk about that."

"Do they?" she said. "Not to boys."

"I shall be twenty-one in a fortnight. I am thinking of getting married."

"So I hear," she remarked, quietly.

Now, he had been talking nonsense at random—mostly intent on getting his cigar well lit; but this little observation rather startled him.

"What have you heard?" he said, abruptly.

"Oh! nothing—the ordinary stupid gossip," she said, though she was watching him rather closely. "Are you going to stay with us for the next fortnight?"

"No; I have got rooms at the Queen's."

"I thought so. One might have expected you, however, to stay with your relations when you came to Penzance."

"Oh, that's all gammon, Jue!" he said; "you know very well your father doesn't care to have any one stay with you—it's too much bother. You'll have quite enough of me while I am in Penzance."

"Shall we have anything of you?" she said, with apparent indifference. "I understood that Miss Rosewarne and her mamma had already come here."

"And what if they have?" he said, with unnecessary fierceness.

"Well, Harry," she said, "you needn't get into a temper about it; but people will talk, you know; and they say that your attentions to that young lady are rather marked considering that she is engaged to be married; and you have induced your mother to make a pet of her. Shall I go on?"

"No, you needn't," he said, with a strong effort to overcome his anger. "You're quite right—people do talk; but they wouldn't talk so much if other people didn't carry tales. Why, it isn't like you, Jue. I thought you were another sort. And about this girl of all girls in the world—"

He got up and began walking about the room, and talking with considerable vehemence, but no more in anger. He would tell her what cause there was for this silly gossip. He would tell her who this girl was who had been lightly mentioned. And in his blunt, frank, matter-of-fact way, which did not quite conceal his emotion, he revealed to his cousin all that he thought of Wenna Rosewarne, and what

he hoped for her in the future, and what their present relations were, and then plainly asked her if she could condemn him. Miss Juliott was touched.

"Sit down, Harry; I have wanted to talk to you, and I don't mean to heed any gossip. Sit down, please—you frighten me by walking up and down like that. Now I'm going to talk common sense to you, for I should like to be your friend; and your mother is so easily led away by any sort of sentiment that she isn't likely to have seen with my eyes. Suppose that this Miss Rosewarne—"

"No; hold hard a bit, Jue," he said, imperatively. "You may talk till the millennium, but just keep off her, I warn you."

"Will you hear me out, you silly boy? Suppose that Miss Rosewarne is everything that you believe her to be. I'm going to grant that, because I'm going to ask you a question. You can't have such an opinion of any girl, and be constantly in her society, and go following her about like this, without falling in love with her. Now, in that case, would you propose to marry her?"

"I marry her!" he said, his face becoming suddenly pale for a moment. "Jue, you are mad. I am not fit to marry a girl like that. You don't know her. Why—"

"Let all that alone, Harry; when a man is in love with a woman he always thinks he's good enough for her; and whether he does or not he tries to get her for a wife. Don't let us discuss your comparative merits—one might even put in a word for you. But suppose you drifted into being in love with her—and I consider that quite probable—and suppose you forgot, as I know you would forget, the difference in your social position, how would you like to go and ask her to break her promise to the gentleman to whom she is engaged?"

Master Harry laughed aloud, in a somewhat nervous fashion.

"Him? Look here, Jue; leave me out of it—I haven't the cheek to talk of myself in that connection; but if there was a decent sort of fellow whom that girl really took a liking to, do you think he would let that elderly and elegant swell in Jamaica stand in his way? He would

be no such fool, I can tell you. He would consider the girl, first of all. He would say to himself, 'I mean to make this girl happy; if any one interferes, let him look out!' Why, Jue, you don't suppose any man would be frightened by that sort of thing!"

Miss Juliott did not seem quite convinced by this burst of scornful oratory. She continued quietly—

"You forget something, Harry. Your heroic young man might find it easy to do something wild—to fight with that gentleman in the West Indies, or murder him, or anything like that, just as you see in a story; but perhaps Miss Rosewarne might have something to say."

"I meant if she cared for him," Trelyon said, looking down.

"Granting that also, do you think it likely your hot-headed gentleman would be able to get a young lady to disgrace herself by breaking her plighted word, and deceiving a man who went away trusting in her? You say she has a very tender conscience—that she is so anxious to consult every one's happiness before her own—and all that. Probably it is true. I say nothing against her. But to bring the matter back to yourself—for I believe you're hot-headed enough to do anything—what would you think of her if you or anybody else persuaded her to do such a treacherous thing?"

"She is not capable of treachery," he said, somewhat stiffly. "If you've got no more cheerful things to talk about, you'd better go to bed, Jue. I shall finish my cigar by myself."

"Very well, then, Harry. You know your room. Will you put out the lamp when you have lit your candle?"

So she went, and the young man was left alone, in no very enviable frame of mind. He sat and smoked, while the clock on the mantelpiece swung its gilded boy, and struck the hours and half-hours with unheeded regularity. He lit a second cigar, and a third; he forgot the wine; it seemed to him that he was looking on all the roads of life that lay before him, and they were lit up by as strange and new a light as that which was beginning to shine over the world outside. New fancies seemed to awake with the new dawn. For himself to ask Wenna Rosewarne to be his

wife?—could he but win the tender and shy regard of her eyes he would fall at her feet and bathe them with his tears! And if this wonderful thing were possible—if she could put her hand in his and trust to him for safety in all the coming years they might live together—what man of woman born would dare to interfere? There was a blue light coming in through the shutters. He went to the window—the topmost leaves of the trees were quivering in the cold air, far up there in the clearing skies, where the stars were fading out one by one. And he could hear the sound of the sea on the distant beach; and he knew that across the grey plain of waters the dawn was breaking, and that over the sleeping world another day was rising that seemed to him the first day of a new and tremulous life, full of joy, and courage, and hope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOVE-MAKING AT LAND'S END.

"ARE you dreaming again, child?" said Mrs. Rosewarne to her daughter. "You are not a fit companion for a sick woman, who is herself dull enough. Why do you always look so sad when you look at the sea, Wenna?"

The wan-faced, beautiful-eyed woman lay on a sofa, a book beside her. She had been chatting in a bright, rapid, desultory fashion about the book and a dozen other things—amusing herself really by a continual stream of playful talk—until she perceived that the girl's fancies were far away. Then she stopped suddenly, with this expression of petulant but good-natured disappointment.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, mother," said Wenna, who was seated at an open window fronting the bay. "What did you say? Why does the sea make one sad? I don't know. One feels less at home here than out on the rocks at Eglosilyan; perhaps that is it. Or the place is so beautiful, that it almost makes you cry. I don't know."

And, indeed, Penzance Bay, on this still, clear morning, was beautiful enough to attract wistful eyes and call up vague and distant fancies. The cloudless sky was intensely