

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen  
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo  
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm  
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Maupassant Schiller  
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka  
Cotton Dostoyevsky Dostoyevsky Smith Willis  
Baum Henry Kipling Doyle Henry Willis  
Leslie Dumas Flaubert Nietzsche Turgenev Balzac  
Stockton Vatsyayana Crane  
Burroughs Verne  
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Vinci  
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Gogol Busch  
Darwin Thoreau Twain Plato Scott  
Potter Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato Scott  
Kant Freud Jowett Stevenson Dickens Plato Scott  
Andersen Andersen Cervantes Burton Hesse Harte  
London Descartes Wells Voltaire Cooke  
Poe Aristotle Wells Voltaire Cooke  
Hale James Hastings Shakespeare Chamberlain Irving  
Bunner Shakespeare Chamberlain Irving  
Richter Chekhov da Shakespeare Chamberlain Irving  
Doré Dante Shaw Wodehouse  
Swift Chekhov Pushkin Alcott  
Newton



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, tredition offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. tredition is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

## TREDITION CLASSICS

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series. The creators of this series are united by passion for literature and driven by the intention of making all public domain books available in printed format again - worldwide. Most TREDITION CLASSICS titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades. At tredition we believe that a great book never goes out of style and that its value is eternal. Several mostly non-profit literature projects provide content to tredition. To support their good work, tredition donates a portion of the proceeds from each sold copy. As a reader of a TREDITION CLASSICS book, you support our mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion. See all available books at [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com).



The content for this book has been graciously provided by Project Gutenberg. Project Gutenberg is a non-profit organization founded by Michael Hart in 1971 at the University of Illinois. The mission of Project Gutenberg is simple: To encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks. Project Gutenberg is the first and largest collection of public domain eBooks.

# **A Singer from the Sea**

Amelia Edith Huddleston Barr

# Imprint

This book is part of TREDITION CLASSICS

Author: Amelia Edith Huddleston Barr  
Cover design: Buchgut, Berlin - Germany

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg - Germany  
ISBN: 978-3-8472-2309-2

[www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)  
[www.tredition.de](http://www.tredition.de)

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations, such as Project Gutenberg, worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.

A  
SINGER FROM THE SEA

by  
AMELIA E. BARR

AUTHOR OF "JAN VEDDER'S WIFE," "THE BOW OF ORANGE  
RIBBON," "FRIEND OLIVIA," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1893, by  
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.

*All rights reserved.*

# CONTENTS.

## CHAP- TER

- I. DENAS PENELLES
- II. OH, THE PITY OF IT!
- III. THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA
- IV. THE SEED OF CHANGE
- V. WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR ROLAND?
- VI. ELIZABETH AND DENAS
- VII. IS THERE ANY SORROW LIKE LOVING?
- VIII. A SEA OF SORROW
- IX. A PIECE OF MONEY AND A SONG
- X. A VISIT TO ST. PENFER
- XI. FATHERLY AND MOTHERLY
- XII. A COWARDLY LOVE
- XIII. DEATH IS DAWN
- XIV. SORROW BRINGS US ALL HOME
- XV. ONLY FRIENDS
- XVI. THE "DARLING DENAS"
- XVII. DENAS

## A SINGER FROM THE SEA.

### CHAPTER I.

#### DENAS PENELLES.

“Tell me, my old friend, tell me why  
You sit and softly laugh by yourself.  
‘It is because I am repeating to myself,  
Write! write  
Of the valiant strength,  
The calm, brave bearing  
Of the sons of the sea.’”

--French Rowing Song

“And that is why I have written this book  
Of the things that live in your noble hearts.  
You are really the authors of it.  
I have only put into words  
The frank simplicity of your sailor life.”  
--Guillaume de la Laudelle.

From Padstow Point to Lundy Race is one of the wildest and grandest portions of the Cornish coast, and on it there is always somewhere a tossing sea, a stiff breeze above, and a sucking tide below. Great cliffs hundreds of feet high guard it, and from the top of them the land rolls 2 away in long ridges, brown and bare. These wild and rocky moors, full of pagan altars, stone crosses, and memorials of the Jew, the Phœnician, and the Cornu-British, are the land of our childhood's fairy-folk--the home of Blunderbore and of Jack the Giant Killer, and the far grander

“Fable of Bellerus old,  
And the great vision of the Guarded Mount.”

But it is the Undercliff which has the perennial charm for humanity, for all along its sloping face there are bewildering hummocks and hollows, checkered with purple rocks and elder-trees. Narrow footpaths curve in and out and up and down among the fields and farms, the orchards and the glimmering glades, and there the fox-gloves grow so tall that they lift their dappled bells level with the eyes.

Further down are queer, quiet towns, hundreds of years old, squeezed into the mouths of deep valleys--valleys full of delicate ferns and small wild roses and the white heath, a flower peculiar to the locality. And still lower--on the very shingle--are the amphibious-looking cottages of the fishermen. They are surrounded by nets and boats and lobster-pots. Noisy children paddle in the flowing tide, and large, brown, handsome women sit on the door-steps knitting the blue guernsey shirts and stockings which their husbands wear.

Such a lonely, lovely spot is the little village of St. Penfer. It is so hidden in the clefts of the rocks that unless one had its secret and knew the 3 way of its labyrinth down the cliff-breast it would be hard to find it from the landward side. But the fishermen see its white houses and terraced gardens and hear the sweet-voiced bells of its old church calling to them when they are far off upon the ocean. And well they know their cottages clustered on the shingle below, and all day they may be seen among them, mending their boats, or painting their boats, or standing with their hands in their pockets looking at their boats, fingering the while the bit of mountain ash which they carry there to keep away ill-luck.

John Penelles was occupied on the afternoon of that Saturday which comes between Good Friday and Resurrection Sunday. His boat was rocking on the tide-top and he seemed to be looking at her. But his bright blue eyes saw nothing seaward; he was mentally watching the flowery winding way up the cliff to St. Penfer. If his

daughter Denas was coming down it he would hear her footsteps in his heart. And why did she not come? She had been away four hours, and who knew what evil might happen to a girl in four hours? When too late to forbid her visit to St. Penfer, it had suddenly struck him that Roland Tresham might be home for the Easter holidays, and he disliked the young man. He had an intuitive dislike for him, founded upon that kind of "I know" which is beyond reasoning with, and he had told Denas that Roland Tresham was not for her to listen to and not for her to trust to.

"But there, then, 'tis dreadful! dreadful! What a foolishness a little maid will believe in!" he muttered. "I have never known but one woman who can understand reason, and it isn't often she will listen to it. Women! women! women! God bless them!"

He was restless with his thoughts by the time they arrived at this point, but it still took him a few minutes to decide upon some action and then put his great bulk into motion. For he was a large man, even among Cornish fishermen, and his feet were in his heavy fishing-boots, and his nature was slow and irresolute until his mind was fully made up. Then nothing could move him or turn him, and he acted with that irresistible celerity which springs from an invincible determination.

His cottage was not far off, and he went there. As he approached, a woman rose from the steps and, with her knitting in her hand, went inside. She was putting the kettle on the fire as he entered, and she turned her head to smile upon him. It was a delightful smile, full of love and pleasure, and she accompanied it with a little nod of her head that meant any good thing he liked to ask of her.

"Aw, my dear," he said, "I do think the little maid is a sight too long away."

"She do have a long walk, John dear. St. Penfer isn't at the doorstep, I'm sure."

"You see, Joan, it is like this: Denas she be what she is, thank God! but Roland Tresham, he be near to the quality, and they do say a great scholar, and can speak langwidges; and aw, my dear, if rich and poor do ride together the poor must ride behind, and a way-

less way they take through and over. I have seen that often and often."

"We mustn't be quick to think evil, John, must we? I'm sure Denas do know her place and her right, and she isn't one to be put down below it. You do take a sight of trouble you aren't asked to take, father."

"Do I, my dear?"

"To be sure you do. And they that go seeking trouble are very like to find it. Is Roland Tresham home again?"

"Not as I know by certain. I haven't heard tell so."

"There, now! How people do go thinking wrong of others instead of themselves! That isn't the Bible way, is it, father?"

"To be sure it isn't, Joan. But we aren't living among Bible people, my dear, are we now?"

"Well, I don't know that, father. Fisher-folk feature one another all the world over as much as their lines and boats do. I think we could find all those Galilean fishers among the fishers of Penfer. I do, really--plenty of Peters and sons of Zebedee, I'll warrant. Are not John and Jacob Tenager always looking to be high up in the chapel? And poor Crufts and Kestal, how they do deny all the week through what they say on Sunday! And I know one quiet, modest Andrew who never grumbles, but is alway content and happy when his brothers are favoured above him." And she looked and smiled at her husband with such loving admiration that the big fisherman felt the glow of the look and smile warm his heart and flush his cheeks, and he hastened to the tea-table, and was glad to be silent and enjoy the compliment his dear Joan had given him.

For Joan Penelles was not only a good wife, she was a pious, truthful, sensible, patient woman. The days of her youthful beauty were over, but her fine face left the heart satisfied with her. There was room in her eyes, light upon her face, strength and mature grace in her tall figure--the grace of a woman who has grown up like a forest tree in fresh air and winds and liberty--the physical grace that never comes by the dancing-master. And her print dress and white kerchief and neatly braided hair seemed as much a part

of her charm as the thatched roof, the yellow stone-wort, and the dainty little mother of millions creeping over the roof and walls were a part of the picturesque cottage. The beauty of Joan Penelles was the beauty of fitness in every part, of health, of good temper, of a certain spiritual perception. Penelles loved her with a sure affection; he trusted in her. In every strait of his life he went to her for comfort or advice. He could not have imagined a single day without Joan to direct it.

For his daughter Denas he had a love perhaps not stronger, but quite different in kind. Denas was his only living child. Denas loved the sea. Penelles could remember her small pink feet in the tide, when they were baby feet scarce able to stand alone. As she grew older she often begged to go to sea with the fishers, and on warm summer nights she had lain in the boat, and talked to him and his mates, and sung them such wild, sweet songs that the men vowed she charmed the fish into the nets. For they had always wondrous takes when Denas leaned over the gunwale, and in sweet, piercing notes sang the old fishing-call:

“Come, gray fish! gray fish!  
Come from the gray cold sea!  
Fathoms, fathoms deep is the wall of net.  
Haddock! haddock! herring! herring!  
Halibut! bass! whatever you be,  
Fish! fish! fish! come pay your debt.”

And while the men listened to the shrill, imperative voice mingling with the wash of the waves, and watched the child's long yellow hair catching the glory of the moonlight, they let her lead them as she would. She did not fear storms. It was her father who feared them for her, though never after one night when she was twelve years old.

“You cannot go to-night, Denas,” he said; “the tide is late and the wind is contrary.”

“Well, then,” the little maid answered with decision, “the contrary wind be God’s wind. ’Twas whist poor speed the fishers were once making--toiling and rowing--and the wind contrary, when He came walking on the water and into the boat, and then, to be sure, all was quiet enough.”

There were no words to dispute this position, and Denas went with the fishers, and sat singing like a spirit while the boat kissed the wind in her teeth. And anon the tide turned, and the wind changed, and there was a lull, and so the nets were well shot, 8 and they came back to harbour before the breeze just at cock-light--that is, when the cocks begin to crow for the dawning.

Thus petted and loved, the pretty girl made her way into all hearts, and when she said one day that she wanted to go to the school at St. Penfer and learn all about the strange seas and the strange lands that were in the world, her father and mother were quite thrilled by her great ambition. But she had her desire, and for three years she went to the private school at St. Penfer, and among the girls gathered there made many friends. Chief among these was Elizabeth Tresham, the daughter of a gentleman who had bought, with the salvage of a large fortune, the small Cornish estate on which he lived, or rather fretted away life in vain regrets over an irrevocable past. Elizabeth was his only daughter, but he had a son who was much older than Elizabeth--a handsome, gay young man about whom little was known in St. Penfer.

That little was not altogether favourable. It was understood that he painted pictures and played very finely on the piano, and every one could see that he dressed in the most fashionable manner and that he was handsome and light-hearted. But it could not be hid that he often came for money, which old Mr. Tresham had sometimes to borrow in St. Penfer for him. And business men noted the fact that his visits were so erratic and frequently so long in duration that it was hardly likely he had regular employment. And if a man had no private steady income, then for him to be without steady 9 daily labour was considered in St. Penfer suspicious and not at all respectable. So in general Roland Tresham was treated with a shy courtesy, which at first he resented, but finally laughed at.

"Squire Peverall is afraid of his daughter and barely returns my bow, and the rector has sent his pretty Phyllis to St. Ives while I am here, Elizabeth," he said one night to his sister. "Phyllis is well enough, but she has not a shilling, and pray who would marry Clara Peverall with only a paltry twenty thousand?"

"Clara is a nice girl, Roland, and if you only would marry and settle down to a reasonable life, how happy I should be."

"Could I lead a more reasonable life, Elizabeth? I manage to get more pleasure out of a hundred pounds than some men get out of their thousands."

"And father and I carry the care of it."

"You are very foolish. Why carry care? I do not. I let the men to whom I owe money carry the care."

"But father cannot do that--nor can I. And to be in debt, in St. Penfer, is disreputable."

"Well, Elizabeth, is it reasonable that I should suffer for father's and your inability to be happy, or for the antiquated notions of such an antiquated town as St. Penfer? I am only twenty-nine, and the pleasures of life are necessities to me."

"I am only nineteen, Roland."

"But then you are a girl--that is such a different thing."

"Yes, it is a different thing," and Elizabeth laid down the piece of linen she was stitching and looked up at the handsome fellow who was leaning against the open window and puffing his cigar smoke out of it. She had the English girl's adoration of the eldest son, and likewise her natural submission to the masculine element. Besides which, she loved Roland with all her simple faith and affection. She loved him for his handsome self and his charming ways. She loved him because he had been her mother's idol, and she had promised her mother never to desert Roland. She loved him because he loved her in his own perfectly selfish way. She was just as willing to bear his troubles, and plan for their relief, and deny herself for his pleasure, as Roland was willing to accept the sacrifice. Of course she was foolish, perhaps sinfully foolish, and it is no excuse

for her folly to admit that there are thousands of women in the same transgression.

In one of his visits to St. Penfer, about two years previous to this Easter Eve, Roland Tresham had met Denas Penelles. At that time he had been much interested in her. The little fisher-girl with her piquant face, her strange haunting voice, and her singular self-possession was a charming study. He made several sketches of her, he set her wild, sweet fisher-songs to music, he lent her books to read, he talked to her and Elizabeth of the wonderful London life which Elizabeth could partly remember, but which was like a fairy-tale to Denas.

Fortunately Elizabeth was jealous of her brother and jealous of her friend, and she never gave them 11 any opportunity for private conversation. If Roland proposed to see Denas down the cliff-breast, Elizabeth was always delighted to go also. If Roland asked Denas to go into the garden to gather fruit or flowers, or into the drawing-room to sing her songs to his accompaniments, Elizabeth was faithfully at the side of Denas. She was actuated by a variety of motives. She wished her brother to make a prudent marriage. There were at least three young girls in the vicinity eligible, and Elizabeth believed that Roland had only to woo in order to win. Any entanglement with Denas, therefore, would be apt to delay such a settlement.

She liked Denas, and she did not wish to be the means of giving her a heartache or a disappointment. But she liked her as a friend and companion, not as a probable sister. Mr. Tresham in the days of his commercial glory had once been Lord Mayor of London. Mrs. Tresham had been "presented," and the grand house and magnificent entertainments of the Treshams were chronicled in newspapers, which Elizabeth highly valued and carefully treasured. She had also her full share of that all-pervading spirit of caste which divides English society into innumerable circles, and though she did not dislike the tacit offence she gave to the St. Penfer young ladies by selecting a companion not in their ranks, she was always ready to defend her friendship for Denas by an exaggerated description of her many fine qualities. On this subject she could air the extreme social views which she heard from Roland, and which she always

passionately 12 opposed when Roland advocated them; but she was not any more ready to put her ideas of an equality based on personal desert into practice than was the most bigoted aristocrat of her acquaintance.

There was also another motive for her care of Denas, a strong one, though Elizabeth's mind barely recognised its existence. John Penelles, though only a fisher, was a man who had influence and who had saved money. Once when Mr. Tresham had been in a great strait for cash, Penelles, remembering Denas, had cheerfully loaned him a hundred pounds. Elizabeth recollected her father's anxiety and his relief and gratitude, and a friend who will open, not his heart or his house, but his purse, is a rare good friend, one not to be lightly wronged or lost. Besides these reasons, there were many smaller ones, arising out of petty social likes and dislikes and jealousies, which made Miss Tresham determined to keep Denas Penelles precisely in the position to which she had at first admitted her--that of a friend and companion.

To visitors she often used the adjective "humble" before the noun "friend," glossing it with a somewhat exaggerated account of Denas and their relationship, but with Denas herself she never thought of such qualification. Denas had all the native independence of her class--the fisher class, who neither sow nor reap, but take their living direct from the hand of God. She was proud of her father, and proud of his boats, and proud of his skill in managing them. She said, whenever she spoke 13 of him: "My father is an upright man. He is a fine sailor and a lucky fisher. Every one trusts my father. Every one honours him."

Of course Denas recognised the differences in her friend's life and her own. Mr. Tresham's old stone mansion was large and lofty. It had fine gardens, and it had been well furnished from the wreck of the London house. Elizabeth played on the harp and piano in a pretty, fashionable way, and she had jewelry, and silk dresses, and many adornments quite outside of the power of Denas to obtain. But Denas never envied her these things. She looked on them as the accidentals of a certain station, and God had not put her in that station. In her own she had the very best of all that belonged to it. And as far as personal adornment went, she was neither vain nor

envious. Her dark-blue merino dress and her wide straw hat satisfied her ideas of propriety and beauty. A shell comb in her fair hair and a few white hyacinths at her throat were all the ornaments she desired. So dressed that Easter Eve, she had stood a moment with her hat in her hand before her mother, and asked, with a merry little movement of her eyes and head, "what she thought of her?" and Joan Penelles had told her child promptly:

"You be sweet as blossoms, Denas."

There was an engagement between her and Elizabeth to adorn the altar for the Resurrection Service, and it was mainly this duty which had delayed her until John Penelles began to worry about her long absence. He did not ask himself why he had all in 14 a moment thought of Roland Tresham and felt a shiver of apprehension. He was not accustomed to reason about his feelings, it was so much easier to go to Joan with them. But this evening Joan did not quite satisfy him. He drank his tea and ate plentifully of his favourite pie, of fresh fish and cream and young parsley, and then said:

"Joan, my dear, I have an over-mind to light my pipe and saunter up the cliff-breast. I may meet Denas."

"I wish you wouldn't go, father. It do look as if you had lost trust in Denas--misdoubting one's own is a whist poor business and not worth the following."

"Aw, my dear, I just want to talk a few words to her quiet-like. If Denas is companying with Roland Tresham she oughtn't to do it, and I must tell her so, that I must. My dear girl, right is right in the devil's teeth."

He said the words so sternly that they seemed to make a gloom in the cottage, but Joan's cheerful laugh cleared it away. "You be such a dear, good, careful father, John," she said, as she tucked in with a caressing movement the long ends of his kerchief. "I was only thinking that if it be good to watch, it is far better to trust--there then, isn't it, father?"

"Why, my dear, I'll watch first and I'll trust after--that's right enough, isn't it, Joan?"

Joan sighed and smiled, and Penelles, with his pipe in his mouth, turned his face landward. Joan thought a moment and then called to him:

“Father! Paul Tynnton is very bad to-day. He 15 was taken ill when the moon was three days old; men die who sicken on that day. Hadn’t you better call and speak a word with him? He is in your class, you know.”

“He was taken when the moon was four days old; he’ll have a hard little time, but he’ll get up again.”

There was nothing else she could think of, and she knit her brows and turned in to her house duties. Joan did not want any meeting between her husband and Roland Tresham. She did not want anything to occur which would interfere with Denas visiting Miss Tresham, for these visits were a source of great pleasure to Denas and great pride to herself. And Joan could not believe that there was any danger to be feared from Roland; Denas had known him for two years and nothing evil had yet happened. If Roland had said one wrong word to Denas, Joan was sure her child would have told her.

While she was thinking of these things, John Penelles went slowly up the winding path that led to the top of the cliff. It was sweet and bright on either hand with the fragile, delicate flowers of early spring. He stopped frequently to look at them, and he longed to touch them, to hold them in his palm, to put them against his lips. But he looked at his big, hard hands, and then at the flowers, and so, shaking his head, walked on. The blackbird was piping and the missel-thrush singing in one or two of her seven languages, and John felt the spring joy stirring in his own heart to melody. He sat in the singing-pew at St. Penfer Chapel, and he had a noble voice, so he shook the ashes out of his pipe, 16 and clasping his hands behind his back was just going to give the blackbirds and thrushes his evening song, when he heard the rippling laugh of Denas a little ahead of him.

He told himself in a moment that it was not her usual laugh. He could not for his life have defined the difference, but there it was. Before he saw her he knew that Roland Tresham was with her, and in a moment or two they came suddenly within his vision. Denas

was walking a little straighter than usual, and Roland was bending toward her. He was gay, laughing, finely dressed; he was doing his best to attract the girl who walked so proudly, so apart, and yet so happily beside him. Penelles went forward to meet them. As they approached Denas smiled, and the young man called out:

"Hello, Penelles! How do you do? And what's the news? And how is the fishing? I was just bringing Denas home--and hoping to see you."

"Aw, then, sir, you can see for yourself how I be, and the news be none, and the fishing be plenty."

"St. Penfer harbour is not much of a place, Penelles. I was just telling Denas about London."

"St. Penfer be a hard little place, but it do give us a living, sir; a honest living, thank God! Come, Denas, my dear."

As he spoke he gently took the girl's hand, and with a perfectly civil "Good-evening, sir," turned with her homeward.

"Too fast, Penelles; I am going with you."

"Much obliged; not to-night, sir. It be getting late. Say good-evening, Denas."

17

There was something so final about the man's manner that Roland was compelled to accept the dismissal, but it deeply offended him, and the unreasonable anger opened the door for evil thoughts; and evil thoughts--having a cursed and powerful vitality--immediately began to take form and to make plans for their active gratification. Denas walked silently down the narrow path before her father. He could see by the way she carried herself and by the swing of the little basket in her hand that she was vexed, and he had a sense of injustice in her attitude which he could not define, but which wounded his great loving heart deeply. At last they reached the shingle, and he strode to her side.

"You be in a great hurry now, Denas," he said.

"I want to speak to my mother."

"What is it, dear? Father will do as well."

"No, he won't. Father is cruel cross to-night, and thinking wrong of his girl and wrong of others who meant no wrong."

"Then I be sorry enough, Denas. Come, my dear, we won't quarrel for a bad man like Roland Tresham."

"He isn't bad, father."

"He is cruel bad--worse than an innocent girl can know. Aw, my dear, you must take father's word for it. How was he walking with you to-night? 'Twas some devil's miracle, I'll warrant."

"No, then, it was not. He came from London on the afternoon train, and Miss Tresham had a bad headache and could not set me home as she always does."

18

"You should have come home alone. There was nothing to fear you."

"'Tis the first time."

"And, my dear, 'tis the last time. Mind that! 'Twill be a bad hour for Roland Tresham if I see him making love to my girl again."

"He didn't say a word of love to me, father."

"Aw, then, he was looking it--more shame to him, not to give looks words."

"Cannot a man look at a pretty girl? I call that nonsense, father."

"Roland Tresham can't look at you, Denas, any more as I saw him looking at you to-night--bold and free, and sure and laughing to his own heart for the clever he was, and the devil in his eyes and on his tongue. 'Twas all wrong, my dear, or I wouldn't be feeling so hot and angry about it. I wouldn't be feeling as if my heart was cut loose from its moorings and sinking down and down as deep as fear can send it."

"You might trust me, father."

"Aw, my sweet girl, there's times an angel can't be trusted, or so many wouldn't have lost themselves. It takes a man to know men and all the wickedness mixed up in their flesh and blood. There's your mother, Denas--God bless her!"

Joan came strolling forward to meet them, her large, handsome face beaming and shining with love and pride. But she was immediately sensitive to the troubled, angry atmosphere in which her husband and child walked, and she looked into John's face with the inquiry in her eyes.

19

"Denas is vexed about Roland Tresham, mother."

"There then, I thought Denas had more sense than to trouble herself or you, father, with the like of him. Your new frock is home, Denas, and pretty enough, my dear. Go and look at it before it be too dim to see."

Denas was glad to escape to her room, and Penelles turned suddenly silent and said no more until he had smoked another pipe on his own door-step.

Then he went into the cottage and sat down. Joan was by the fire with her knitting in her hand, and softly humming to herself her favourite hymn:

"When quiet in my house I sit."

Penelles let her finish, and then he told her all that he saw and all that he thought and every word he and Denas had spoken. "And I said what was right, didn't I, Joan?" he asked.

"No words at all are sometimes better than good words, John. When the wicked was before him, even David didn't dare to say good and right words."

"David wasn't a St. Penfer fisherman, Joan, and the wicked men of his day were a different kind of wicked men--they just thought of a bad thing and went and did it. They didn't plot and plan how to make others wicked for them and with them."

"What do you know wrong of Roland Tresham, John?"

"What do I know wrong of Trelawny's little Jersey bull? Nothing. It never hurt me yet. But I see the devil in his eyes and in the lift of