



NEW BRIGHTON LIGHTHOUSE.

OR,

## WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY IN MANXLAND.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### MOTHER AND SON.

HERE to spend Bank Holiday? That was the subject on which James Peterson Kerruish was talking with his mother, after tea, one bright, warm evening during the last week of July. They used to talk of everything together, this simple, loving pair, whether it were of a winter evening when the lamp burned between them on the round table in the tiny parlour, or in the happy evening ends of summer as they cultivated together the miniature garden that imparted a certain grace and dignity to their cottage home that stood back obscurely sheltered in a street communicating with one of the great suburban thoroughfares of busy Liverpool.

"It seems a pity, dear boy, that you should not accept the Hepworths' invitation; you certainly need a change after all the hard work you have had at the office," Mrs. Kerruish was saying as she handed the re-filled watering-can to her son, who was busy supplying a few cherished plants with their evening refreshment.

"Well, you see, mother, there are such a lot of odd jobs waiting to be done at

home, and for all you say I look seedy, I assure you I feel fit enough," replied the young fellow—for he was quite young—cheerfully.

"Thank God for that; but still the fresh sea air would set you up for the winter, and I am sure a change is good for everybody."

"And if for everybody, why not for my old mother?" he interrupted, turning towards her with a bright, honest smile.

"No, no—not for me, James. It is rest and quiet the old folks crave for—just such rest and quiet as I enjoy with my dear boy beside me," and she reached out her thin, delicate hand and laid it lovingly on his arm.

"You haven't half rest enough, mother dear," he responded tenderly, for he noticed how the veins and sinews stood out beneath the shrivelled skin; "that is what makes me so impatient to have my screw raised so that we might keep a proper servant and you not be bothered about things as you are."

He laid down the can, took the thin hand and raised it to his lips. He was not ashamed of his love to his mother, as young fellows growing to manhood are at times tempted to be. He knew how much he owed to her—how she