

IN THE SWING OF THE SEA

CHAPTER I

HIS FATHER'S SON

IF the sea is in one's blood, there is small chance of contentment ashore. Yet Mrs. Newton had hoped in her heart that it might fall out otherwise, and so had fled from sight and sound of the ocean far back into the Massachusetts hills. Soon after there came to her the dreadful tidings of the loss of her husband's ship, with all on board, while hunting the sperm whale beneath the Southern Cross.

So poignant was her grief at Captain Newton's death, that it seemed to her as though only one tie bound her to life—her baby boy, whose big blue eyes, true limpid pools of love and joy, once and again reproved her for allowing the waves of sorrow to overwhelm her.

"My darling Ralph! my precious lamb!" she would exclaim, in keen self-reproach, clasping him passionately to her bosom. "Have I not you to