

## *The Cruise of the SHINING LIGHT*

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the skipper and crew, was born and fished as a lad.

They boarded him, and (as they tell) he was brisk and grim and dripping upon the deck—with the lights dancing in his eyes: those which are lit by the mastery of a ship at sea.

"Ay, mates," says he, "I'm come back. An'," says he, "I'd thank ye t' tread lightly, for I've a wee passenger below, which I've no wish t' have woke. He's by way o' bein' a bit of a gentleman," says he, "an' I'd not have ye take a liberty."

This made them stare.

"An' I'd not," my uncle repeated, steadily, glancing from eye to eye, "have ye take a liberty."

They wondered the more.

"A bit of a gentleman!" says my uncle, in savage challenge. "A bit of a gentleman!"

He would tell them no more, nor ever did; but in imperturbable serenity and certainty of purpose builded a tight little house in a nook of Old Wives' Cove, within the harbor, where the *Shining Light* might lie snug; and there he dwelt with the child he had, placidly fishing the grounds with hook and line, save at such times as he set out upon some ill-seeming business to the city, whence he returned at ease, it seemed, with himself and his errand, but something grayer, they say, than before. The child he reared was in the beginning conscious of no incongruity, but clothed the old man with every grace and goodly quality, in faith and understanding, as children will: for these knowing