

# THE CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## MASONIC RECORD.

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### THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

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(Continued from last Number.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE REGATTA.

St. Mervin regatta was a great success. The joy bells from the old church tower rang at intervals all day long. The day was glorious, with a splendid breeze from the north-west. All the ships in the harbor were dressed with the flags of all nations; steamers brought multitudes of passengers from Plymouth and Falmouth; and a band was discoursing sweet music in the committee boat at intervals. The royal standard floated from the castle tower, looking very grand and imposing, and inspiring some innocent folk with the belief that Royalty was present somewhere that day.

Lord Esme's yacht, flying the white ensign, as belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose special privilege it is to have that distinctive right, with a multitude of other yachts, whose owners seemed to belong to all the known clubs in England, so various were the flags they displayed; the fishing fleet, with dun sails shining in the sun, from the neighboring ports, which put in, they said, because it was calm outside—or, at least, that the wind was not favorable—but really no doubt glad to get in to see the

sport; and a multitude of boats of all sorts and sizes full of merry Cornish folk bent on pleasure, moving here and there at the imminent peril of their lives, sometimes, as the racing yachts came by sailing close to the wind, and expecting every one to keep out of their way. All these made a picture of life, and color, and beauty not easily to be forgotten.

Henry had brought his friend, Lord Esme, up to the rectory directly he arrived; had introduced him to his uncle, a tall, rather pompous and self-opinionated, but really good sort of fellow; and the young nobleman soon bettered the acquaintance with his friend's aunt and fair cousin.

"What do you think of Lord Earsdon's son?" said Mrs. Penhaligon, as the two men left.

She had long since turned to the Peerage, and found out all about him, you may be sure.

"Oh, I don't know. He has a nice face, but looks rather effeminate; besides, he is short.

Asellya herself was five feet nine inches, but had a very graceful carriage, which carried off her height.

"He has very distinguished manners," said her mother.