

itself. Sir John Ude had watched the painter himself daily, and saw him growing weaker and more frail, as, at the same time, his face grew more and more peaceful. He firmly protested against making himself known to his brother, and the priest let him have his will; no good end was to be gained by it, and if the wanderer felt that they would be happier not to know it, it was better so.

"If God wills it," thought the vicar, "He will make it plain."

One day John Pengerssek was in the church again, and stood for some time watching the friar, and speaking quietly now and again, and afterwards, as he stood outside, by the churchyard cross, he said to the vicar—

"I cannot get Brother Huberd's face out of my mind; he seems so altered."

"I think he is," answered the priest. "I would say it with all reverence," said the squire, gently, "but there is something in his countenance of late that makes me think of our blessed Lord Christ after His Resurrection—a kind of look as though he had passed through a terrible struggle and had found peace of the conqueror."

"Perchance you may be right," said the vicar, gravely, and the subject dropped; but it often recurred to the head of Pengerssek Castle, and he could not shake off a feeling of strange attraction to the pilgrim.

He mentioned it to Mistress Joan, and she said:

"He seemed a silent, rough man, when I saw him some time ago, but in some way, I thought I had seen him before, in some dream. I am glad, my lord, that he is happier, for he is certainly a cunning painter."

The good vicar had at last persuaded him to take his walk to the cliff at rarer intervals. There was a little room made ready for him at the vicarage, and when his strength failed him, he used to come home with John Ude, and many were the happy talks they would have together. Nothing could persuade him to alter his frugal fare. Wine he would never touch, but drank only water. The only other food he would take was bread and fruit. It was his only indulgence, and though he did not know it, the vicar would often walk miles to procure for him a few melons or grapes.

Avis, the vicar's housekeeper, took very kindly to their visitor, and her only complaint about him was the small quantity that he ate. She liked her dainty dishes to be duly appreciated, and often annoyed her master very much by sending up his Friday fish or eggs cooked in some delicious manner which made him enjoy his dinner in spite of himself.

"Just a garbaged pilchard, Avis," he would say sometimes, "and nothing more."

And Avis would toss her head and purse up her lips, and answer nothing; but she would send up a dish of stewed eels and a yellow bowl of tossed eggs, and the vicar would eat

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t. Every man has his weakness, and Sir John Ude, though an exemplary parish priest, holy, learned, clever, and one whom his friends and foes alike feared, loved, and respected—even Sir John Ude, I say, did not care to offend his housekeeper.

One evening, when Brother Huberd had finished the painting of St. Michael with the exception of the head of the dragon, he said:

"Father, I think I must try and reach my cave this evening. Once more I must look upon the sea from the dear old cavern; so do not look for me to-night. It is the Eve of the Feast of St. Michael."

The vicar looked distressed.

"Can you walk there, my son?" he said. "I fear you will be so worn and weary, and I like not to think of your tired limbs stretched on that cold and bare stone."

He smiled brightly.

"Only for once more, dear vicar," he answered. "To-morrow I can finish my painting, and then I will rest."

"It looks stormy, too."

"Then I must go. The tide answers well until sunset, and I can reach it easily."

So he started on his walk, but many a time he had to pause, in order that he might gain his breath; and once he sat down on a rock by the roadway, and thought that he must give it up.

"I did not know that I had grown so weak," he said to himself; "but I must look upon the sea once more, and hear it singing over the rocks while I sleep. I feel that I must go there to-night."

So he struggled onwards, with the help of his staff, until he reached Rynsy. The wind was blowing hard by this time, and as far as the eye could reach over the wide expanse of the bay, ridges of white foam chased each other to the shore. The water was a deep, dark blue, for the sun was shining; but a black and heavy cloud was rising from the westward, and the wind was driving it fast onwards. Indeed before the friar could reach his cave a few heavy drops of rain fell; and as soon as his shelter was gained the storm came over fast and furious, beating against the rocks, and appearing to lash the waves into frenzy.

Suddenly there rang out, over the

din of the tempest a piercing shriek, and then another and another. Brother Huberd rushed again through his archway, and saw a woman on the cliff screaming, and wringing her hands in agony.

At Pengerssek Castle that morning there had been some little bustle and confusion. It was not very often that Mistress Joan and her husband went out together for the day; but they had arranged to ride over the hill to the manor at Godolgan, to spend some hours with John Rynsy and Elianora. She had given occupation to Joan and Marjorie—the one at her embroidery frame, and the other to sort out divers silks and threads from the old oaken chest of drawers—and she rode forth from the castle gateway beside her husband with a light and happy heart. They were followed by two or three retainers, and an old deer-hound bounded beside them. The air was fresh and bracing, for the wind had

not yet risen to the storm, though a few white clouds scudding across the heavens were the avant couriers of what was to follow.

They passed through the little church town of Saint Germe, where, nestling under the hill, was the tiny house of God he had built there. It was not yet restored. The next century saw the Millitons rebuilding it. But the shrine of the saintly king was standing within the churchyard, and John and Joan Pengerssek dismounted from their steeds, and passing the little stream, knelt to say a prayer on the spot where his body rested.

Then, with a reverence to the ancient crucifix, which had for hundreds of years, even then, guarded the church door, they passed on their way. The road led them through the tin mine now called Great Work, but then known as Godolgan Bal, and so by a circuitous route to the mansion of Godolgan.

Meanwhile, at the castle the time passed heavily to the two girls. Joan, indeed, worked on steadily at her frame; but Marjorie soon got tired of sorting the silks, and fell to playing with her kittens, who soon made a hopeless tangle of some rare gold thread which Joan was using for her work. Mistress Joan lost her temper, and scolded her sister soundly; whereat Marjorie was saucy, and there was something of confusion in the wonted calm of the embroidere-room; and the maidens who sat with them laughed which they certainly would not have done had their gentle mistress been present. The afternoon wore on, and at last Marjorie took refuge in the broad window-seat and watched the sky and listened to the sea.

"Joan," she said at last, "I wish you would come with me to the rocks;



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