Antony turned away; but as he turned, he caught sight of a heap of something white upon a piece of wreck. It was a child—a little girl, apparently about six years old, bound securely to a spar.

“It is dead, I doubt—the poor, tender lamb!”

The child is alive, though! As the sole survivor of a terrible shipwreck, the little girl is nursed back to health by Antony, a grieving fisherman, who brings her home to his family. The children immediately call her “Wavie,” since she came to them from the waves. Who she is or where she comes from is a mystery, but Wavie soon steals the hearts of everyone she meets and becomes the very sunshine of Antony’s home, selflessly caring for his blind wife and befriending even the most unlikely neighbors. Not even the terrors of the stormy sea, the cruelty of others, sickness, and poverty deter Wavie from following in Christ’s ways. This is a beautifully descriptive, gently paced story that carries powerful messages of family, selflessness, triumph over trials, and God’s unfailing love.
# Table of Contents

1. ANTONY’S TRIALS ........................................ 1
2. THE OCTOBER STORM .................................. 7
3. SAVED FROM THE SEA ................................ 13
4. AGATHA .................................................. 18
5. THE CURATE’S ADVICE .............................. 24
6. AFTER TWO YEARS ..................................... 31
7. A BURDEN OR A BLESSING ......................... 40
8. THE FALLEN BEAM .................................... 47
9. THE BORDER LAND .................................... 54
10. WAVIE’S PLANS ....................................... 59
11. ON THE SHORE ........................................ 65
12. NEIL’S BOAT ........................................... 71
13. FIRST EARNINGS ...................................... 78
14. ADA SOMERSET ..................................... 83
15. PAST DAYS ............................................. 90
16. FIRELIGHT .............................................. 97
17. WAVIE’S LAST VOYAGE ............................ 102
18. THE TERROR BY NIGHT ............................. 108
19. ELEANOR’S CHILD ................................... 113
20. COLONEL BUCHANAN ............................... 121
21. THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW ................. 128
22. FORGIVENESS ......................................... 134
23. THE GLORIOUS HOME ............................. 140
Is there no hope, Doctor?”

The speaker was a stalwart fisherman, who stood bareheaded beside the doctor’s horse. His rough voice shook with emotion, and his hand clutched the bridle like a vice, as he awaited the answer to his question: “Is there no hope?”

“I fear not,” was the reply, “I fear not: your wife is blind; I can do nothing more for her. It is a heavy affliction, but you must remember, Antony, that at one time we feared for her very life; instead of grieving, you ought to be thankful it is no worse. It’s wonderful how soon folks get to do without their eyesight.”

Dr. Doran was a kind-hearted man, and the words he spoke were intended to be kind and comforting, but they missed their mark widely now. Antony did not even seem to hear them; his hand dropped from the bridle rein as if his arm had been suddenly paralyzed; he stood quite still where the doctor had left him gazing straight before him across the strip of moorland, out to the horizon line of the stormy sea. He was but an Irish fisherman—rude, uneducated, and poor—yet
he had a brave, affectionate heart beating beneath his coarse jersey; uneducated as he was, he had learned lessons from God’s waves and storms, from God’s mountains sleeping beneath the silent stars, lessons which many wise men, with all their boasted booklore, are ignorant of. Poor as he was—in one sense of the term—yet he had riches which are worth thousands of gold and silver, even a humble, contented spirit and a childlike, trusting faith.

He stood there to wrestle awhile with his trouble, heedless of the rising wind which came rushing down the mountain gorges and of the raindrops which the blast began to dash in his face. The seagulls flew screaming above him, and the brook beside him leaped noisily over its stony bed, but he only heard one sound—the echo of the doctor’s words, “your wife is blind.”

“So it’s the truth, that it is,” he said at last, “and she will sit no more on the rocks to watch for the boat a-coming in. Her bright bonnie eyes will shine into my heart no more. Blind! That’s what she is—blind! Darkness, and darkness always.” His voice sank away almost to a groan; and sitting down on a rock, he covered his face with his hands, while big tears forced their way between his toil-stained fingers.

Antony Creigan had lived, as his forefathers had done, on a “farm” by the seashore. He had his two-roomed cottage; his one or two cows; his patches of potatoes, oats, and barley; and his moorland acres of coarse pasturage. Beside this, he had his boat—a crazy old yawl, with sundry tokens of repairs upon her sides, as well as upon her sails; yet he and his neighbor Patrick Boner had brought many a cargo of fish to the little quay and had earned thereby no inconsiderable addition to their means of subsistence. To the minds of the primitive people of the remote corner of Donegal in which Antony lived, he appeared quite a wealthy man; and Margaret Boyd was considered quite a blessed girl when he asked her to be his wife.
Margaret, or “Madge,” as she was generally called, thought so too. She was very young—many years younger than Antony—a pretty, heedless child; and though she brought him no “fortune,” not even a cow, she brought him what he reckoned dower enough and to spare: the brightness of her loving smile and the music of her laugh and of her song.

They had lived eight years in their cottage on the hillside, the desolate moorlands stretched out behind them and the sea broken by long, bold headlands lying to the west. No strangers ever came to Glenderg: “the neighbors” were poor and ignorant as themselves. There was a rude Roman Catholic chapel on the other side of the mountain, and miles beyond there was the little Protestant church, to which Antony would ride his rough black pony, with Margaret sometimes perched behind him, her arm round her husband’s waist, her prayer-book—which she could not read—carefully wrapped in a red handkerchief on her knee. Antony went to church, for he said, “it was the least he could do to show a bit of respect to the good God who was over all”; but only a few of his Protestant neighbors followed his example. The church was far away; the clergyman, aged and infirm, could not come to visit the scattered cottages of Glenderg; and, in consequence, this distant corner of the parish seemed totally neglected and forgotten. Yet in the fisherman’s home, the light of love and truth shone bright and clear, and Antony continued daily to spell out some portion of God’s holy word, with his wife and babies gathered around him. Occasionally some of the neighbors would drop in and reverently listen while Antony would read some of the precious promises, the teachings, and the doctrines which have been hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto the simple-minded ones.

But dark days were coming for Glenderg. A raging fever broke out among the people: many sickened and died. The hot summer sun beat remorselessly against the cliffs, and the ebb
and flow of the pure, salt sea could not carry off the decaying heaps of seaweed and wrack which the winter’s storms had driven so high up on the shore. The cottages were ill-ventilated and dirty; and in spite of Dr. Doran’s efforts, it was long before Death had gathered in his last sheaf, and the pestilence was stayed. Little John Creigan, Antony’s eldest and most fondly loved child, was one of the first to die; his brother Philip followed him, leaving to the bereaved parents only Dennis and little Madge in their sorrowful home. And though the father’s eyes were full of scalding tears as he stood above his boys’ open grave, he said to himself as he turned homewards: “I have much yet left to me, praised be God; and I know rightly it is all well now with the children. They have a home beyond there, better nor our poor house by the sea; and the knowledge of them up above will be a chain, like, to drag us up to heaven, too.”

But sad news awaited him on his return to Glenderg. They met him on the way and told him his wife had been stricken, and he found her with the flush upon her cheek and the glassy eyes which had already wrung his heart with agony when he had marked the symptoms during the time preceding the death of his two brave boys. For many days he tended her almost in despair. “God’s hand is very weighty on me,” he groaned. “It is more than I can suffer: let me die with her, for to lose her is more than I can bear.”

But Margaret did not die; for long she battled with the fierce fever which had claimed so many victims; and it was not till the summertime was past, and the clear sharp breezes blew again from off the sea, that the sickness relaxed its hold, and Creigan clasped his wife in his arms and knew that the danger was past. The reaction from the depth of his despair made him sorely repent his past murmurings. He felt as if he could never again doubt the goodness and love of God, as if the earnest service of his whole life would be but a faint and worthless proof of the sincerity of his gratitude.
As if to put him to the test, yet another trial was laid upon him. One day Dr. Doran beckoned him out of the house and told him that the blindness, which they had hoped was only temporarily affecting his wife’s eyesight, was becoming a very serious matter—that it was entirely baffling his skill and that he feared the very worst results.

“Do you mean that she’ll see no more, sir?” asked Creigan in a choking voice.

“I cannot say certainly now,” was the answer; “but I shall be here again on Thursday, and then I can tell you. It is sad that in this wild place we cannot get a second opinion: another doctor’s advice I mean.”

“Oh, sir, would that help ye? As it is, I must sell the cows, but there’s the boat and the tenant-right of the land, and I would be only too thankful—”

“No, no, my poor fellow,” interrupted the kindly doctor, “it would be no use: a hundred doctors could do no good, if it is as I fear with her eyes. I only wished for another opinion just for my own satisfaction. Go back to her now, and don’t say anything about it until I come on Thursday.”

And now it was Thursday; the last sad confirmation had been given; Dr. Doran had said: “I can do nothing more: your wife is blind.”

“My poor Madge! My poor Madge, and are ye never more to look upon the blessed sun or to spy the wee bits of flowers coming peepin’ from the bog? Nor race with the childer round the hill when ye hear me shoutin’ on the strand? Ay, it’s hard to bear! It’s hard to bear!”

A child’s voice spoke beside him, and a child’s little hand was laid upon his knee.

“Father, the storm is rising, and it is getting dark; come in. Mother is sleeping, and Dennis and me is lonely all by ourselves.”

“Ay, wee one, I’ll come,” he answered, but he did not stir.
“What for were you cryin’, father?” said little Madge, after a pause. “You tell us John and Phil are right happy where they’ve gone to; and we have mother now, though Paddy Boner’s ones have lost their mammy, and so has Nelly Connel. So why did you cry, father? Sure it’s not for Johnnie or Phil, and it can’t be for mother.”

It all came to him then, the consciousness of his rebelliousness and the murmurings: it was fit he should be rebuked by the lips of his child. “Indeed, yes, why was I cryin’ and frettin’? The childer and I can be as eyes to her here, and if, in Christ’s mercy, we reach the heavenly shore, then, for certain, she’ll have her dear eyes again; for there they all ‘see His face.’” And he went towards the house, carrying little Madge in his arms, and softly repeating: “They need no candle, nor the light of the sun, for the Lord Himself will give them light.”