

across at Hastie's face, so softened and beautified by the light of happiness.

There now came in to this miraculously reunited group Francis Bennerworth, but a few days returned from the north, and who, having been over across the island at early daybreak looking for strayed cattle, had found Lit and brought her in. She was pale and shaken, but something of the old strong-hearted Lit remained, for she told of her father's passing without a tear.

"It is the way he would have chosen to go," she said — "it is the way he did choose. I cannot bear to think of his growing old and feeble — him that loved so to rule by the strength of his arm. You know, mistress," turning to Diana, "the heart has been gone out of him since Salequali's death."

The baby here found Lit, and precipitated himself upon her, crying out that he had found his "booful farver" all by himself, and brought him home. "I div'd him a dink out 'e' cup, 'nen he comed wif me."

"It was even so," Marshall confirmed him, laughing. "I was lying on the deck where some of the sick men had been put that they might enjoy the sunshine. Comes this young man, cup in hand, giving everybody to drink. I saw first my father's name and my grandfather's on the one side of it; then I turned it and saw my own, with the most welcome command, 'Return,' written above it — 'Return Robert Marshall,' said my little basin to me. It was a message I never hoped to get, and therefore, one may say, never deserved."

"Aye, Lit," Diana smiled, sitting down beside the half-perished girl, and taking her hand, "and