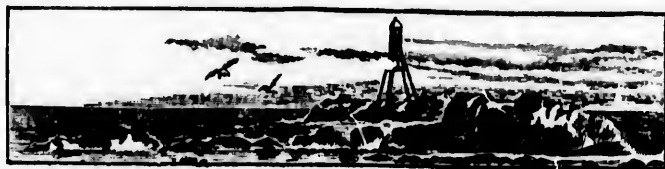


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CHAPTER XLIII.

IN THE LIGHT.

“**T**HERE is only one course open to you, my dear. You must go abroad for a couple of months with me,” said Mrs. Leyden decidedly.

Fiona shook her head. It was the day after the death of the unhappy girl who had cast a gloom over so many lives. Since the moment she had left him at the bedside of his wife, Fiona had not seen or spoken with Donald.

“I am going back to the Glen with my uncle, Mrs. Leyden,” she answered in a low, quiet voice ; but it was sufficiently decided to let Mrs. Leyden know that she meant what she said.

Mrs. Leyden was herself quick to judge and see the fitness of things, and in a moment the great advantage of such a plan appeared to her. Perhaps in the Glen, if anywhere, it would be possible to join the broken threads of these two lives.

“Uncle and I have talked it over,” said Fiona, “and we are going back to-morrow.”

Mrs. Leyden sat still a moment looking steadfastly at the beautiful, sad face of the woman whom in these