

she is awake. She fell asleep content after seeing you in port.'

Sir Archie went up and looked in. Aunt Janet was sitting by the window in the fading light, waiting for the sleeper to stir. She beckoned him in, and they slipped over to the sofa, glad to think that she was enjoying such sound, refreshing slumber. There was a sweet smile on her lips, and an expression of perfect peace on every feature.

Having set her earthly house in order, she had entered upon the heavenly inheritance which the world can neither give nor take away.

These things happened many years ago, but they are not forgotten in Orr's Haven, nor will the sweet young girl, who spent her childhood and girlhood among the fisher folk, and who lived so short a time to enjoy her inheritance, ever be forgotten so long as that good boat, the *Annie Erskine*, continues year after year to perform her noble work. There are no Erskines now in Orr's Haven, the skipper and his wife sleep in the auld kirkyard, not very far from the spot where lies the young lady of St. Veda's. On one of the lightships in dangerous waters off the treacherous Lincolnshire coast, Adam Erskine, the last of his race, lives his solitary life alone with the sea, knowing or caring little for aught except his work. He has neither grown moody nor morose, but his likeness to his father increases day by day, because memory and hope dwell within him, and he knows he will see all those he loves some day.

There is a Sir Archie still in St. Veda's, a solitary man also, without wife or child. Old Sir Archie was right; the lad sought no second love, and there is, for the first time in the annals of his race, a bachelor laird of St. Veda's. Neither is he a miserable nor a useless man. He has remembered the message his first and only love left for him, written by her own hand the day she died.