

g through the door,

g begun: it lasted all the freshness, and of "life's early morn-
et and frank, but shy
n. Eric found much
a confession of love
certain girlish pride,
nairete, was not easi-
reserve pleased Eric;
e charmed him; each
w grace in her, and
task of winning the
then she did yield it
y and sweetly, as be-
el, the last of a noble
troth to him in the
as an exquisite after-
ed with the shadows
the growth of centu-
within which many a
nd won. The trees,
nn garments, waved
eetings through the
to the youthful pair.
her faith should be
ing to an old tradi-
er race had plighted

theirs; and the legend ran that vows made there were never broken.

Madame and the Douglas gave their consent most joyfully, as might have been expected, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place one month from the day of betrothal; for Eric began to feel that the hearts in his native island must be grieved at his long delay, and that at their time of life, when hopes and pleasures were few, it was cruel to keep them in expectation.

Shortly after Hélène had given her promise, Viscount Stewart rode over to the castle one afternoon. He found Hélène sitting with madame in their usual place, at a window of the morning-room. After some general conversation, he contrived, with his customary nonchalance, to draw Hélène over to the other window, where he could converse with her more at ease. Madame, troubling herself no farther about them, took up a book, and soon forgot their presence.

"The Laplander has been acting quite a romance," said the viscount, sneeringly. "His affair with that village girl placed him in the light of a *preux chevalier*; and then his drowning—"

"Do not trouble yourself to complete the