

people among whom I lived would not be any the worse of my presence.'

'But better—much better, Alastair told me,' Sheila said, and her face was all aglow. She knew nothing of coquetry or affectation. She loved Fergus, and he was by her side, seeking her love. She would give it to him, not grudgingly, but out of the fulness of her heart.

'Now that I have come back, Sheila, when I looked on the old place, and saw the light on our hills, and most of all, when I saw your face, I knew that life holds nothing for me more than what is here. You know me, Sheila,—all I have been and am. Will you bridge the great gulf between your beautiful life and mine, and give me yourself? I can't speak about my love. I will prove it to you, if you will try me, unworthy though I am.'

It was no dishonour to his manhood that his voice shook and his eye grew dim. Sheila never spoke, but her smile became divine, and she moved close to him and laid her bright head on his broad breast; and when he clasped her, as a man clasps Heaven's best gift, her hands met about his neck, and her soft cheek touched his. And so, among their own hills, within sight of the loch and the clachan, with which were interwoven the bright memories of bairn days, these two entered upon that new life in which God permits His creatures to taste of heaven.

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And so Love the Omnipotent healed all old sores, made rough places plain, and smoothed the tangled skein into a web of silken sheen. Fergus Macleod left the Glen no more until he took his wife with him. There was no reason why the marriage should be delayed. Sheila, who had found the waiting so dreary, did not say nay. She had an absolute trust in her young lover; she had proved him to the uttermost; and she was willing—nay more, unutterably glad—to give herself to him without a question or a doubt. Fergus accepted this trust, which always brings out all that is best and most worthy in a man, with a humble and yet confident heart. These weeks