

o sea, where its mys-
ro for evermore a joy
rth; where the am-
auty and witchery;
dawns are of rare,
nd the green earth
uted sloop, dreaming
ed mines, and costly

evening in the Indian
t Foula. The Udal-
s of old, a beacon of
o the tired travellers.
ollected a number of
young master. Many
children, now grown
d become bowed and
re; new tombstones,
in the little church-
s of some who would
first to welcome him
inside the door waited
g, and, forgetting the
ed to see him still a
, self-willed, and dar-
l ruled them with an
love and half of fear.
old air of command,
ring, his outbursts of

passion. When the carriage stopped, a quiet, self-contained, still handsome man of thirty-five stepped out, who first assisted a veiled lady to alight; then, raising his hat, returned their noisy greeting, kindly, courteously, but calmly.

Upon the threshold of the Udaller's home stood the parents, both silver-haired and venerable. To a lady, tall, erect, and stately, Eric spoke:

"Mother, this is Hélène."

Thou Hélène was folded to her heart. But when she had held her there a moment, the mother turned to Eric.

"Son of my heart," she said, clasping him in her arms, "here there is warm welcome for you and for the bride of your love. Welcome, welcome, to the home of your forefathers!"

The Udaller, on whom age was beginning to tell, received them with the most effusive cordiality. Hélène was charmed. She felt like one in a dream when seated by the broad hearth she had learned from Eric to know and love. She felt as if life could give her nothing more than this home in Foula, surrounded by hearts she loved.

And so the heir of the Udallers returned to the home of his ancestors, on the rocky