

have been laid upon him, and I know you love him, too." And the next moment Robin's mother was in Vera's arms, weeping out her poor sore heart, while the girl strove to comfort her with loving, hopeful words and gentle caresses. She brought her wine with her own hands and placed her on a couch, with difficulty excluding the wondering Molly, and together the two women who loved Robin wore out the hours of the long day, waiting for the news of him which did not come, for when Sir James' telegram at length arrived it only said, "No further news. Am remaining in town." And then Vera herself took the invalid to her home, and did not leave her until she had fallen asleep with her hand clasped in hers.

Several days of suspense followed, days in which the two tortured hearts, sick with hope deferred, could only hope and pray, "with every thought, every hour," as Vera had said at the moment of parting, but the prayer sustained the hope so that it did not quite die away. A few lines from his sister told Sir James of the complete reconciliation between her and Vera, and he wrote a reply of heartfelt gladness, but he would not return, he said, until he could bring them definite news. It was nearly a week before this news came, and changed their drooping hopes into fervent thankfulness: "Lieut. R. Campbell of the 2nd Devons, who was missing, and supposed to be killed, has returned to camp. He was wounded in the arm and taken prisoner, but afterwards escaped."

And then, being unable to hear anything more, Sir James came home.

Occasional reports of his progress appeared, which were followed after a time by a note from Robin himself, written with his left hand. His arm had been badly shattered, he wrote, and though so far on the mend that they need not be anxious, the doctors agreed that it could not be serviceable for a long time to come, and therefore he was to come home on sick leave.

It was on a glorious summer day, when the Surrey hills lay golden in the sunshine, that Robin came amongst them again, pale and gaunt, and with his useless arm still in a sling, but glowing with happiness, and as his train steamed into

the station, where quite a crowd had collected to welcome, with ringing cheers, the wounded hero, his delighted eyes fell on the tall form of his mother, leaning on the arm of Vera, as on a daughter.

"I am not sure but that your wound did you good service, my boy," observed Sir James, as he and his nephew sat together that evening. "Your mother might not have known and loved a daughter but for the peril of her son. When are you thinking of taking Lady Campbell home?"

"Lady Campbell!" echoed Robin.

"Even so, my boy. Did you not receive my wire? Did you not hear the cheers for 'Sir Robin'? Your uncle Colin died a fortnight ago, and you know what that means."

That was a happy summer at Firholt, but the engagement which was supposed to be known only to the family proved not to have been such a great secret after all. Everyone seemed to know of it at once, without being told, and kind Miss Marten assured her favorite boarder that she had felt sure of it in her own mind "even before it happened."

Vera could not help smiling a little over her cousin Geoffrey's letter of congratulation. It was kind, and he sent a handsome wedding present, but it struck a distinct note of chagrin at the idea of his cousin having so quickly consoled herself for the defection of his noble self. Robin had gone off singing his old refrain, "Love for love's sake is the love that lasts," after she had shown it to him, and told him how she had received Geoffrey's letter of renunciation on the very evening she had first heard that song.

The bloom had not quite faded from the heather when there was a quiet wedding at The Brackens, happy Molly figuring as one of the bridesmaids. And then Sir Robin Campbell took his bonnie bride to the grey old castle in Argyleshire which was to be their home.

Here also in due time came Mrs. Campbell, who is never so happy as when visiting her son, and she now freely acknowledges her conviction that even a "Campbell of Argyle" could scarcely have found a fitter mate than Veronica—Lady Campbell.