

and mystical land by the sea, where its mystery and its loveliness are for evermore a joy and a delight to the earth; where the ambient air is full of beauty and witchery; where the twilights and dawns are of rare, unearthly loveliness, and the green earth lies like one in an enchanted sleep, dreaming of sea-caves, and jewelled mines, and costly argosies.

One beautiful, clear evening in the Indian summer they arrived at Foula. The Udallor's home still stood, as of old, a beacon of warmth and comfort to the tired travellers. Around the door had collected a number of villagers to greet their young master. Many of them he had left as children, now grown to manhood; others had become bowed and hoary since he was there; new tombstones, too, had been put up in the little churchyard, bearing the names of some who would have been among the first to welcome him home. The throng outside the door waited eagerly for his coming, and, forgetting the deck of years, expected to see him still a handsome youth, proud, self-willed, and daring—the same who had ruled them with an impetuous sway, half of love and half of fear. They remembered his old air of command, his fearlessness, his daring, his outbursts of