

things. He had a home in Scotland, a humble home it might be, but one to which his heart still turned as a bird to its nest. If one thing should be denied him—the love of woman—well, one greater than he had bidden him beware, and told him that it would be but a hindrance in his path. So that was well also. And no misgiving, scarcely a regret, was in Brian Lyndon's heart as he turned reluctantly from the sunset-gilded minarets only to see the dark and noble pile of the Abbey—home of the illustrious dead—outlined against the crystal clearness of the sky. It seemed to recall him a moment from the material side of things and point him to the immortal, the immortal to which in his early home his thoughts had ever been directed in reverence and love.

And so we leave him, in the joy and hope of young manhood, as yet without stain or disillusionment, turning his face bravely and gladly to the battle. Whether we follow him further into the highways of life rests only with you.

THE END.

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