

and the brave heart told all its story in tears of utter gladness.

"Daughter mine," I whispered, "you will forgive"—but the gentle hand stopped the words.

"Where is your mother?" I asked again.

"Gone to the manse—they went together," and the sun shone through the rain—"I waited for you."

"Wait a moment," I said, "stay here a moment,"—for I knew the ways of love.

I hurried without, and in the church I found the two men lingering for me.

"Mr. Blake, we will walk down to the manse together—Margaret is waiting for you in my room, Angus."

No maiden's fluttering form betrays the soul of love as doth a strong man's face. Ah me! as I looked on Angus's in that moment, I knew to whom my child belonged the most. But the broken emblems of Another's lay before me, and I made the lesser sacrifice with joy.

I watched his eager step, nor did he seek to control its pace. Swiftly he walked, and I could not forbear to follow with my eyes till he stood before the door.

A moment he paused, I know not why—then he slowly entered and the door was shut.