

**DONALDA; A
SCOTTISH-
CANADIAN STORY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649184859

Donalda; a Scottish-Canadian story by Elizabeth S. MacLeod

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ELIZABETH S. MACLEOD

**DONALDA; A
SCOTTISH-
CANADIAN STORY**

DONALDA

A Scottish-Canadian Story

BY

ELIZABETH S. MACLEOD

Authoress of

"Carols of Canada," "For the Flag," etc.

"Faith, Hope and Love now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest :
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
Of all the graces best."

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1905

529111
F. H. S.

THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
"Uncle Graeme"
AND, ALONG WITH HIM, ALL OTHERS WHO HAVE
ASSISTED IN THE
UPBUILDING OF THIS GREAT AND GLORIOUS
DOMINION OF CANADA.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Drifting Apart - - - - -	7
II. The Old Home - - - - -	16
III. Overruled - - - - -	24
IV. Severed - - - - -	30
V. Treasured Memories - - - - -	38
VI. Orphaned - - - - -	46
VII. Sunrise - - - - -	52
VIII. Unsatisfied - - - - -	59
IX. The Dawn of Love - - - - -	65
X. The Shipwreck - - - - -	71
XI. The Minister's Man - - - - -	78
XII. The Household Sale - - - - -	85
XIII. Rewarded - - - - -	91
XIV. St. Mungo's - - - - -	98
XV. Jealousy - - - - -	104
XVI. The Highlands - - - - -	110
XVII. Cousin Marion - - - - -	118
XVIII. The Haunted Moor - - - - -	124
XIX. Inequitable - - - - -	131
XX. Love Linked with Genius - - - - -	138
XXI. Mistaken - - - - -	144
XXII. Excelsior - - - - -	150
XXIII. A Village Tragedy - - - - -	155

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIV. Release - - - - -	161
XXV. Too Late - - - - -	170
XXVI. The Golden Rift - - - - -	176
XXVII. The Western World - - - - -	185
XXVIII. Struggle and Triumph - - - - -	191
XXIX. Further West - - - - -	196
XXX. Surprises - - - - -	200
XXXI. Resolves Effected - - - - -	207
XXXII. A Revelation - - - - -	212
XXXIII. Love's Young Dream - - - - -	219
XXXIV. The Escape - - - - -	225
XXXV. In Washington - - - - -	230
XXXVI. The Old and the New - - - - -	238
XXXVII. Walter Bonner - - - - -	245
XXXVIII. The Birthright - - - - -	251
XXXIX. Wedded - - - - -	257
XL. Grateful Hearts - - - - -	262
XLI. Passing Onward - - - - -	270
XLII. Evening's Calm - - - - -	277

DONALDA

A SCOTTISH-CANADIAN STORY

CHAPTER I.

DRIFTING APART.

It was early in the fifties. In a chastely furnished boudoir in one of those elegant and substantial dwellings on the principal street of the modern Athens, a lady is seated before her mirror, while her maid is busily engaged in brushing out the luxuriant golden tresses which adorn the shapely head. Watching the movements of the practised fingers sits a small, dark-eyed child, who has, unobserved, stolen into the chamber, and is quietly, but most interestedly, regarding operations from her corner on the sofa.

A slight tap at the half-open door, with a response from the mistress of the household, and a handsome yet grave-looking man enters the apartment. The lady glances around, shakes back the flowing tresses, and, addressing her maid with that inborn politeness which usually induces cheerful obedience, requests her to withdraw.

DONALDA.

"So you insist upon going to the ball. I had hoped that you would remain at home to-night."

"Oh, Wellesley! I must go. I wouldn't miss it for anything; all Edinburgh will be there."

"What is all Edinburgh to you or to me?"

"Not much to you, perhaps, yet a great deal to me. Why should you wish to deprive me of this very special occasion for enjoyment? Would you have me to be buried alive? Besides, I promised to go, and when Lady Keith calls for me, what excuse could I make for having changed my mind?"

"Is it not excuse enough that I prefer your remaining at home? I have no wish to deprive you of a reasonable amount of pleasure, but this constant frittering away of the years in senseless gaiety is more than I am able to endure. We are both getting older—"

"Pooh! older!" and the lady took one satisfactory glance in the mirror before her. "Time enough to think of age when we see the first grey hair. Again, who asks you to endure it? I leave you most evenings to the quiet perusal of your newspapers and your books, which, you must acknowledge, suits your taste fully as well as the womanly gossip with which I should entertain you."

A smile overspread the hitherto serious countenance of the indulgent husband.

"A wilful woman will have her way," he answered, "and I suppose, Evelyn, you will have yours this evening also. And, as you say, home

DRIFTING APART.

suits me better. It does in more ways than one; for, to tell the truth, dear, I have not felt so well lately."

"Not so well! It seems to me that you were never looking better. It's the worst thing in the world to give way to imagination. I never do. However, we're wasting time. You ought not to reproach me if our tastes differ, more especially since I am so often compelled to go out unattended by my husband."

It had come to this at last. During nine short years of extravagance and indulgence in pleasure the devoted husband had vastly suffered, both in health of body and in weight of purse, while the beautiful wife, the pampered darling of society, had but blossomed into more wondrous beauty and into more determined self-will.

Getting impatient of delay, Mrs. Graeme began restlessly fingering over her dressing-table, and her husband, feeling that further protest was useless, and that, from his wife's latest remark, he was somehow deserving of blame, arose and left the room. The lady, apparently relieved by his absence, raised a small silver bell wherewith to summon her attendant, when her eyes fell upon the tiny figure on the sofa.

"Why, Alda! Were you there all this time?"

"Yes, mamma. Oh, mamma, dear! do not go out to-night. Papa is so vexed," and the child got down, and, crossing the floor, looked up with tearful, beseeching eyes into the flushed face of her mother. This was too much for the lady's patience.