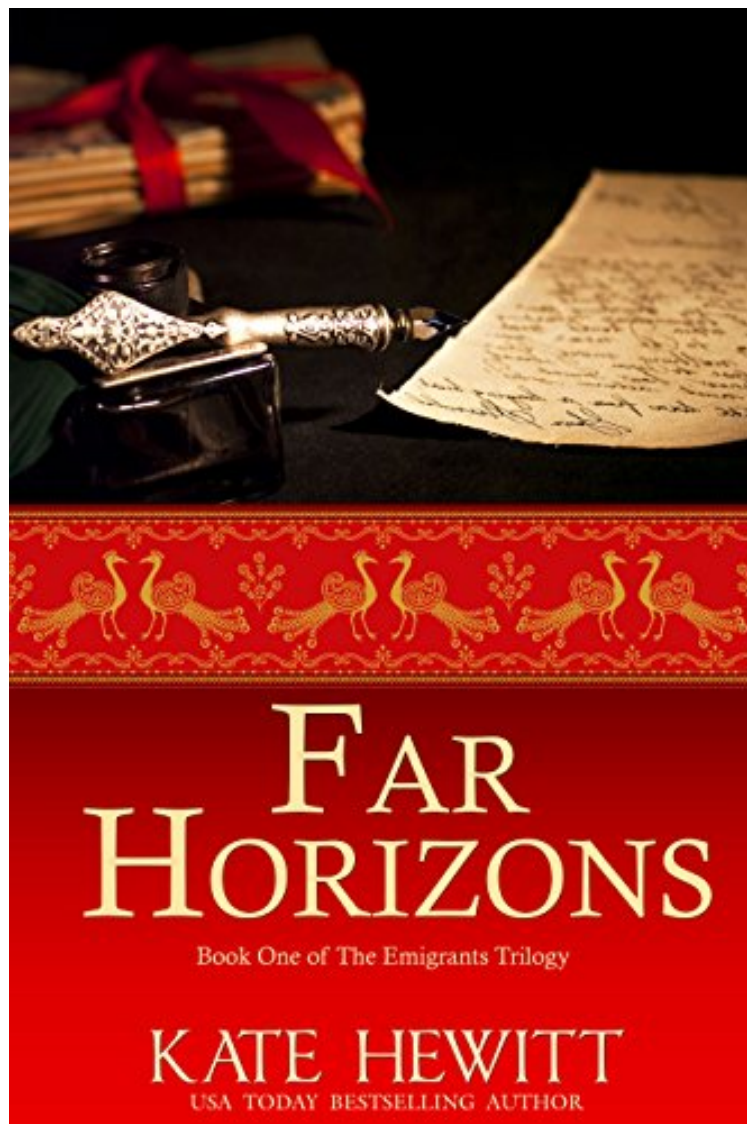


(Download pdf) Far Horizons: A Romantic Historical Saga (The Emigrants Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition)

Far Horizons: A Romantic Historical Saga (The Emigrants Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition)

Von Kate Hewitt

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Von Kate Hewitt : Far Horizons: A Romantic Historical Saga (The Emigrants Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Far Horizons: A Romantic Historical Saga (The Emigrants Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Nice

story Von Biersack Josef Easy relaxing reading. Enough to get your teeth into. Storyline predictable but I didn't get bored for all that. Will probably finish the trilogy.

Kurzbeschreibung On the eve of his departure for the New World, Allan MacDougall asks his beloved Harriet to wait for his return, when he will be established and able to marry her. While Harriet gladly gives her promise, Allan's father insists he is acting dishonourably and so he must free Harriet to marry another while he continues to keep the faith himself. Through years of hardship, heartache, tragedy, and betrayal, Allan and Harriet cling to the love that first brought them together--yet it is the treacherous doubts of their own hearts that could prove to be their undoing, and drive them farther apart than ever. From the Highland clearances of Scotland to the dangers of the untamed Canadian wilderness, *Far Horizons* will sweep you away on a grand and romantic adventure that is based on true events and letters, and celebrates the strength of a promise and the enduring and redeeming power of love. Written by a USA Today bestselling and award-winning author, this book was previously published in hardcover and has been fully edited and revised. Find out more about Kate Hewitt's books at www.kate-hewitt.com. Read An Excerpt: It's not them I want to talk about, Allan said, his voice sounding rusty. It's you... and me. I've just been working up the courage to say it. Harriet's heart fluttered so she felt almost breathless, even dizzy with both trepidation and excitement. You've no need of courage with me, Allan MacDougall, she said, but her voice sounded strange to her own ears. She could hardly believe that Allan was only finding the courage now--now, when he was to sail with the dawn--to speak his mind, and perhaps his heart. We've always had plain words between us. She met his gaze squarely. I know. Allan grasped her hands in his own. And it's plain words I'll use. I love you, Harriet Campbell, and I always have, since the day I found you here, hiding among the rocks. It was meant to be, between us. I've always known it. Oh, you have? The note of cold skepticism in her voice took them both by surprise. These words were ones she'd longed to hear, but not now. Not now, when it was surely too late. Allan frowned. Surely you've known it. If I did, it wasn't because of your many words on the subject! Harriet retorted, and Allan smiled wryly. I didn't want to bind you... Why not? Her demand came out harsh, and she pulled away, her back to him. She couldn't face him, face the useless promises he was making now, when he left on the morrow. She'd imagined this conversation so many times, had expected to feel joy, not pain. Not anger, and certainly not despair. Harriet... Allan began. He sounded lost, as lost as she'd been all those years ago, curled up among the stones of Duart Castle. Her anger drained away and she closed her eyes, summoned a silent prayer for strength. Straightening, she turned around. What is it you want to say to me, Allan? He drew in a deep breath. I know it's much to ask. I ask it anyway, for love of you and believing the love you have for me. Will you wait for me, Harriet? Wait for me to come back to this land when I've made my fortune and bring you home to the New Scotland with me? Harriet was silent. She struggled with the bitterness and resentment that surged up inside her at his presumption to ask such a thing of her, and so late! You've known you were leaving for months, she finally said. Why ask me now? If you loved me...? I told you, I didn't want to bind you... Allan's gaze was steady upon her but Harriet still sensed he was not speaking the whole truth. Bind me? She shook her head, her words nearly carried away on the wind that was now rising, ruffling the surface of the sea. What are you doing now, Allan, but binding me? Binding me to an empty promise, for you're sailing on the morrow! She felt tears sting her eyes and she blinked hard. Anger flashed in his dark eyes. My promises are not empty!"

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